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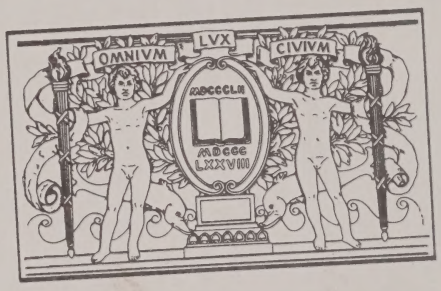

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1909

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CHAMPLAIN AS A HERALD OF WASHINGTON

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

I

"I SAW them come out of their barricades, nearly two hundred men, tall and powerful, and move slowly toward us. . . . Our men advanced with the same order. They told me that the warriors with the three feathers were the leaders, . . . and that I should shoot to kill them. . . . Our men began to call me loudly; and to give me passage they opened into two ranks, and put me at the head, about twenty paces in advance. When I was about thirty paces from the enemy, the latter suddenly perceived me and halted and stared. . . . I put my arquebus to my cheek and aimed straight at one of the three chiefs. At the shot two fell dead, and one of their companions was so wounded that he died shortly after. I had put four balls into my gun. When our men saw this shot they yelled so jubilantly that you could not have heard thunder. The Iroquois were dumfounded that two of their number should have been killed so promptly, as they wore a sort of armor, and carried arrow-proof shields. As I was reloading, one of my companions fired a shot from the woods. . . . Abandoning the field and their fort, the Iroquois dashed into the forest, and, pursuing them, I killed several others. Our savages also killed some, and took ten or twelve prisoners. The rest escaped with their wounded."

This was Samuel of Champlain's account of the battle near the southern end of the Lake of the Iroquois,— the lake which we call Champlain,— in which he and two other white men, on a foray from Quebec with a war party of Hurons and Algonquins, defeated these tribes' old enemies, the Mohawks, in their own territory. In number of participants, the encounter was smaller than many which had taken place earlier between rival bands of red men. It was notable, however, as being the first fight on the Atlantic coast of North America in which white men appeared as allies of any of the Indians; and it was the first, on the northern half of the coast, in which firearms figured.

The encounter was far more notable for its results. Although Creasy has not put it on his list of the decisive battles of the world, yet very few on that roll, from Marathon to Waterloo, had larger consequences. That battle near Ticonderoga on the morning of July 30, 1609, started the blood feud between the powerful Iroquois confederation (the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas, to name them in the order in which they extended westward), which occupied all the region between Lake Champlain and Lake Erie, and the French owners of Canada, which lasted till Champlain's countrymen, more than a century and a half later, were driven off the continent. This vendetta placed the Five Nations on the side of the Dutch and English, the successive owners of New York of the later day; saved the feeble settlements on the Mohawk and the Hudson from capture by the French from the north side of the St. Lawrence; prevented the French from cutting off the connection between Britain's colonies in New England and

her settlements in Maryland, Virginia, and the southern end of the Atlantic coast; enabled those colonies eventually to gain the strength which permitted them, in conjunction with the mother country, to drive France out of North America; preserved that region for the English-speaking race; and helped to precipitate the issues through which the younger and more progressive branch of the race separated from the older part of the family, and appropriated to themselves the best section of the continent.

Manifestly, however, this chain of events was as far beyond Champlain's vision as it was beyond that of his great patron Henry IV, "Henry of Navarre," under whose commission Champlain, who had been a soldier and a sailor on Henry's side during the civil wars, was starting out to build an empire for France in the New World.

Half a century before Champlain was born, or in 1513, Spain's Balboa, whom Keats, in this connection, mistakenly calls "stout Cortez," traversing the isthmus across which the United States is building a canal for the use of the world's commerce,

> Stared at the Pacific, and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Balboa was the first white man who, from the American continent, looked out upon the South Sea. In 1519 Magellan, the Portuguese navigator in the service of Spain, sailed down the Atlantic coast of South America, crept cautiously through the straits which bear his name, crossed the Pacific, discovered the Philippines, was killed there by one of the natives, and the remnant of his fleet, going by way of the Indian Ocean and the Cape of Good Hope, reached San Lucar, Spain, after a three years' voyage, the crew being the first men in the world's history to make a circuit of the globe.

Long before Champlain's time, too, Spain's Cortez had made the conquest of Mexico; her Pizarro had conquered Peru; others of her *conquistadores* had established colonies in other parts of Central and South America; while there were settlements in Cuba and Hayti since Columbus's days. Portugal, also, had started colonies in Brazil. Those were the days when Spain blazed paths for the nations across the world's seas. Yet at the time of Champlain's battle at Ticonderoga in 1609 there were probably less than five thousand whites between the Gulf of Mexico and the Rio Grande and Cape Horn.

At that moment the only white inhabitants along the Atlantic coast of North America—less than five hundred in all—were in Champlain's colony of Quebec, founded in 1608, and in the other and earlier French settlements along the St. Lawrence or near its mouth; in England's little settlement, planted in 1607 on the James River by Newport, Gosnold, and Captain John Smith; and in Spain's Florida colony of St. Augustine, erected by Menendez forty-four years before Champlain's encounter with the Mohawks.

Nor were there any whites in any other part of the present United States at that time, except a few score Spaniards, at Santa Fé and in isolated camps in the valley of the upper Rio Grande, in the present New Mexico, who were there on the sufferance of the Apaches. Two-thirds of a century before Champlain's advent at Quebec, Spain's De Soto made an incursion which carried him from Florida into the present state of Missouri; and her Coronado made a raid inward from the Gulf of California up to within a few miles of the Missouri River, in our present Kansas, each chasing the mirage of El Dorado. Each, however, left almost as little trace of his foray as did the eagles which flew over those regions. By Champlain's time those adventurers were

> Gone like a wind that blew
> A thousand years ago.

For two reasons Portugal fell heir to Brazil, while at the outset Spain laid claim to all the rest of the New World. By a treaty made just after Columbus's second voyage across the Atlantic, Spain

and Portugal established a demarcation line drawn along the meridian 370 leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands, and they agreed that, regardless of the nationality of their discoverers, all heathen lands east of that line should be allotted to Portugal, and all west of it should go to Spain. Thus Brazil would fall to Portugal's share. Portugal also chanced to be the first explorer of that part of the South American coast. Spain, which, through Columbus, went west in 1492 to find India, and Portugal, which sent Vasco Da Gama around the Cape of Good Hope in 1497 on the same quest, were the great maritime countries of that age.

But no Frenchman of Henry IV's day was deterred by this compact, even though it had the Pope's sanction. The Renaissance, with its smashing of ecclesiastical, literary, scientific, and political shackles, created a ferment which, as one of its manifestations, incited a desire for adventure, and for the widening of national boundaries abroad. This influence found expression in the voyages and discoveries of Columbus, Da Gama, the Cabots, Gabriel, Verazzano, and other navigators and adventurers of many countries. Moreover, the journeys were westward and southward because the Turks, by the capture of Constantinople in 1453, were closing Europe's old route to India by way of the Mediterranean and the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris.

Two-thirds of a century earlier than the accession of Henry IV, Francis I, in the earliest of his wars with Charles V, asked Charles to point out the clause in Adam's will which divided up the New World between Spain and Portugal, to the exclusion of France; and not receiving a satisfactory answer, he sent Cartier and others over to America, who, however, failed to establish permanent colonies. Henry, too, was skeptical of Adam's intention to shut France out of the New World, and was particularly skeptical of Spain's ability to enforce any such interdict, because, a year before his accession, the armada which Philip II had sent to invade England had been destroyed by Elizabeth's sea-fighters, Howard, Drake, Hawkins, and the others. Spain had lost her ascendancy on the seas, and had ceased to be a terror to Europe. Thus at last France's colonization in the New World had a chance to start in an effective way. Between 1604 and 1607, through the work of Pontgrave, Chauvin, De Monts, and others, Acadia (the present Nova Scotia and New Brunswick) was founded, and a settlement was made at Tadousac, where the Saguenay enters the St. Lawrence.

But France's real association with the history of the Western Hemisphere began when Champlain erected his log huts on the rock of Quebec in the summer of 1608. There the fleur-de-lis and the cross were established in the New World, with the prosecution of the fur trade with the Indians as the principal object, with the discovery of water connection through the continent with the great Western Sea and a short cut to India as a subsidiary purpose, and with the saving of the souls of the red men as an incident in the work.

Thus it was that the founder of the house of Bourbon historically connected himself with the founding and the founder of New France. To carry out his plans of trade and exploration, Champlain was compelled to establish friendship with his Indian neighbors, and this led to the alliance with the Hurons and Algonquins north of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, which, on the invitation of those neighbors, sent him on that expedition down into the enemy's country in 1609.

II

What was the world doing on that July day of 1609, fateful for America and for France, when, down on the Lake of the Iroquois, Champlain and his red allies struck the Mohawks? Weakened by his contest with Maurice of Nassau, Philip III of Spain was entering into that twelve years' truce with him which was the starting point of Holland's independence

from Spain, soon to become actual; the truce, in the mean time, leaving Holland free to push her colonization schemes, which, long before Champlain's death, brought the Dutch into contact with the French on the St. Lawrence. Philip was also expelling the 900,000 industrious and intelligent Christian descendants of the earlier Moorish residents, thus creating a vacuum among Spain's industrial forces which has not been entirely filled to this day. These blows, and the destruction of its navy by the sea-warriors of Elizabeth of England, checked Spain's colonizing activities and left all of North America, except Mexico and Florida, open to the other maritime nations. Portugal had passed under the sway of Spain, remained there until long after the death of Champlain, and when, under John the Deliverer, it emerged, it had ceased to be a great power.

James I of England, the "wisest fool in Christendom," was, to the embarrassment and humiliation of his own country, soon to come temporarily under the influence of Spain, which, had his friend Henry lived, would probably have been prevented; for in 1610 Henry was about to start on his military demonstration against Spain and Austria when he was stopped by Ravaillac's dagger, which thus changed the history of new and old France and of modern Europe.

Two other things were taking place in 1609 which were to impress themselves on the annals of North America, and aid in shaping the course of events which created the United States of the after time. In search of religious freedom, the Pilgrims were leaving England for Holland. Eleven years later, these Pilgrims were to form the Mayflower colony, which, landing at Plymouth, laid the foundation of those New England settlements and helped to win North America for the English-speaking race. Henry Hudson, the English navigator in the service of Holland, was skirting the coast of Maine in his 80-ton Half Moon, seeking a short water route to Asia, and on that quest entered the River of the Mountains, which to-day bears his name, and sailed up that stream to a point near the present Albany, at the border of the empire over which Champlain's red enemies, the Kinsmen of the Long House, stood guard.

When, in 1614, on the North (Hudson) River, Hendrick Christiansen built Fort Nassau, near the site of the present Albany, which was removed a little later to Albany, and called Fort Orange; when, in the same year, Adrian Block established his trading-post on Manhattan Island; when, in the next few years, settlements by Christiansen's and Block's countrymen were made on the South (Delaware) River, the Connecticut and other streams; and when, in 1626, Peter Minuit bought from the Lenni Lenape tribe of Indians the island of Manhattan for ribbons, gay-colored cloth, and glass beads, worth about twenty-four dollars, Holland established the colonies in America which Hudson's discoveries incited, and began that trading with the red men for furs which, at the outset, was the leading commercial activity with every colonizing nation in North America. This was the beginning of the province of New Netherland, and of its great trading-post New Amsterdam, at the mouth of the big river, both of which were destined to play an active rôle in the stirring drama of the after days. All this territory was claimed by England, but political exigencies — the wars which the two great Protestant nations, England and Holland, were waging intermittently with Spain and sometimes with France; the troubles which Charles I had with his Parliament; and the internal convulsions during the eleven years of Cromwell's Commonwealth — prevented England from asserting this claim in a positive way until 1664, in the peaceful times of Charles II.

On that day in 1618 when the war chiefs of the Cayugas, Oneidas, Senecas, Onondagas, and Mohawks entered Fort Nassau and made their treaty with Jacob Eelkens, its commander, the Dutch agree-

ing to exchange guns and ammunition for the beaver and otter-skins of the red men, the league was started between the Five Nations and the successive white occupants of the territory along the Hudson and the Mohawk, which was to have an important influence on events for the next century and a half.

Two years later, when John Carver, William Bradford, William Brewster, Miles Standish, and their Mayflower colony set up their log-houses at Plymouth, they followed the Dutch example in making peace with their Indian neighbors. Their treaty of friendship with Massasoit, chief of the Wampanoags, was observed faithfully on both sides until, after Massasoit's death, one of his sons, Pometicon, whose English name was Philip, got into that conflict with the whites which figures in the annals of the time as King Philip's War. This long period of peace, extending over fifty years, enabled the colonies in the present Massachusetts to establish themselves securely, and, standing alone, they outnumbered all the French in Canada.

But Henry IV's death, which made his widow, the weak and faithless Marie de Medici, regent during the minority of the feeble Louis XIII, began to alter the course of events in New France, and ultimately in all of North America, even before Christiansen and Block unfurled Holland's flag in the New World. Marie, who was under the sway of her bigoted Italian favorites the Concinis, gave little support to Champlain. Nevertheless, in the intervals of his frequent journeys to France, the heroic and enterprising governor helped to fight the battles of his Algonquin and Huron allies against the powerful Iroquois, though not always successfully; for those lords of the forest, armed with Dutch guns, equaled the French in weapons, courage, and military skill, and were far more than a match for their red enemies. Champlain pushed his search for the water-route to the Pacific, and extended his country's trade with the Indians. His explorations were usually westward and northward, for the Iroquois blocked the path to the southward which he would have preferred to follow. Thus Erie was the last of the lakes which the French traversed. In 1615 Champlain discovered Lakes Nipissing, Huron, and Ontario, sailing his canoe, at the same time, over many streams never previously seen by a white man.

In some of his explorations Champlain was assisted by Recollet and Jesuit missionaries. In answer to his appeals, four Recollets — Fathers Joseph Le Caron, Denis Jamay, and Jean Dolbeau, and Brother Pacifique du Plessis — came from France to Canada in 1615. This was the advance guard of the little unarmed army of religious teachers who, under French auspices, set up their tiny mission-posts from Quebec to Sault Ste. Marie, and from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, showing a loftier courage than was ever displayed by hunter, explorer, or soldier, meeting death at the hands of the Iroquois, the Huron, the Wyandot, the Sioux, and the Chickasaw, by tomahawk, arrow, bullet, or at the stake, with sublime serenity. In addition to those already named, the best known of the Recollets who came to Canada at one time and another were Fathers Hennepin, Ribourde and Membre; while the Jesuits, who were far more numerous, and who were also far more adroit in the rude politics of the wilderness, comprised Fathers Le Jeune, Brebeuf, Masse, Davost, Daniel, Lalemant, Garnier, Chabenel, Jogues, Menard, Guerin, Allouez, Bablon, Marquette, Aubert, and many others whose deeds fill a heroic chapter in the annals of New France.

These missionaries not only learned the languages of the various tribes, in order to save the souls of their members, but lived their lives, wrote their history and legends, discovered lakes, rivers, and mountains, drew up maps of the regions which they traversed, and gave names to water-courses, and to posts which later on became towns, which many of them

bear to this day. In the prosecution of their various tasks, three-fourths of those whose names are mentioned here were killed by the Indians.

Le Caron reached Lake Huron a few days before Champlain and Etienne Brulé, the young interpreter, found it in 1615. Marquette was with Joliet when he discovered the upper Mississippi in 1763. In 1678 Hennepin was the first of white men to see Niagara Falls; and two years later, captured by the Sioux and carried up into their country, he was the first white man to sail on the Mississippi near its source, and gave the name St. Anthony to the falls at the head of navigation. Membré, long a companion of Tonti, La Salle's faithful and chivalrous friend, was with La Salle when that intrepid explorer went down the Mississippi to its mouth in 1682. Aubert, while on the advance line with the Verandrye party in 1737, was killed by the Sioux.

Even the soberest narrative of those days stirs the imagination. Eaton caught the spirit of that heroic age admirably in his song, "The Order of Good Times," which was the name of a social club composed of Champlain and his associates in the early period of their work, in which Gallic gayety shone out brightly amid the dark background of their environment: —

Two hundred years ago and more,
In history's romance,
The white flag of the Bourbons flew
From all the gates of France.
And even on these wild western shores,
Rock-clad and forest-mailed,
The Bourbon name, King Henry's fame,
With "Vive le Roi" was hailed.
O "Vive le Roi," and "Vive le Roi,"
Those wild, adventurous days,
When brave Champlain and Putrincourt
Explored the Acadian bays.
When from Port Royal's rude-built walls
Gleamed o'er the hills afar,
The golden lilies of the shield
Of Henry of Navarre.

With Champlain's death at Quebec on Christmas day of 1635, one of the most fascinating personalities among the path-breakers of the Western Hemisphere disappeared. Soldier, sailor, diplomat, explorer, scientist, and empire-builder, he had the dash, initiative, religious tolerance, and personal popularity of his patron, Henry of the White Plume, with none of Henry's frivolity or immorality. Champlain gave that epic note to the story of New France which remained with it until, in 1759, New France went down with Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham.

III

When Champlain, in 1629, handed over Quebec to Captain Kirke, the commander of the powerful English naval expedition, the first of the many wars of the colonial days between England and France was under way. This, as well as some of the others of the series, was incited by European issues. Some of the later ones had American causes. All of them projected themselves into the history of the New World. Most of them helped to shape the events which led to the creation of the United States. Charles I of England was aiding the Huguenots at this time against Richelieu and Louis XIII, but the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye of 1629 restored Acadia and Canada to France. Champlain returned to Quebec in 1633, received a tumultuous welcome from the white and red inhabitants along the St. Lawrence, and died at that capital two years later.

Meanwhile a rival claimant to the possessions of Spain, England, France, and Holland was coming to the Atlantic coast. A colony carrying a charter from Christina of Sweden sailed up the Delaware in 1638, and planted a settlement on the site of the present Wilmington, in territory claimed by Holland, and also by England. Sweden and Holland were allies at this time in the religious conflicts; but when the Peace of Westphalia in 1648 brought the Thirty Years' War to an end, and at the same time compelled Spain to concede Holland's complete independence, the latter country became more self-assertive in America.

The abdication of Holland's old ally, Christina, the accession of Charles X, who immediately started out on the series of wars which kept him occupied till his death, and the aggressiveness of the intruders, sent Holland's governor, Peter Stuyvesant, into Delaware Bay and up the river with a big fleet in 1655. Thus New Sweden disappeared from the map of America, its settlements became part of New Netherland, and Holland's flag waved over all the territory from the Connecticut to the Delaware.

Unlike the younger Scipio Africanus, who, while regretfully carrying out the orders of the Senate and destroying Carthage, foresaw the fall of Rome in the after day, the victorious Dutch general on the Delaware was unaware that New Sweden's fate awaited New Netherland. In 1664 Charles II asserted England's old claim to the Dutch territory on the Atlantic coast, and granted it to his brother the Duke of York, who a few years later became James II. While England and Holland were still at peace, four British vessels suddenly passed in through the Narrows, and two of them sailed up to a point near Governor's Island. From one of them a boat containing Governor Winthrop of Connecticut and half a dozen others went ashore, where they were greeted by Stuyvesant. Requested to hand over the forts and the province to England, " Old Wooden Leg," as the Mohawks called Stuyvesant, stamped and stormed, and prepared to fight. But he had neither vessels nor soldiers to cope with this armament. In response to entreaties from delegations of prominent citizens that he should avoid provoking an attack, he ordered a white flag to be run up on Fort Amsterdam. The name of the town of New Amsterdam was changed to New York, the same name was attached to the province of New Netherland, and Holland's flag vanished from North America. The Beekmans, Stuyvesants, Roosevelts, and the rest of the immigrants from Holland, became subjects of England. Their descendants helped to found the United States, and some of them have been among the most distinguished citizens.

While New Netherland and New Sweden were playing their little rôles in the drama of American colonization, the French were pushing their wonderful series of explorations westward. Their advance brought them within sight of the Rocky Mountains before the British or Dutch had crossed the Alleghanies, if we except Governor Spotswood of Virginia and his associate " Knights of the Golden Horseshoe," who made a picnicking trip over the Blue Ridge in 1716. In this work and in the fur trade was developed that strange race of French and half-breed wood-rangers, or *coureurs de bois*, which was a distinctive product of New France. Continuing the work of Champlain and his contemporaries, Jean Nicollet, with his canoe, went over that familiar western route from Quebec, by going up the Ottawa to Lake Nipissing and thence to Georgian Bay and Lake Huron. He then pushed through Huron to Sault Ste. Marie, into Lake Michigan, across to Green Bay, in the present Wisconsin, and up the Fox River. In 1641 Father Jogues preached to the Pottawatomies a few miles east of Lake Superior's eastern end. Father Allouez in 1670 was holding meetings, composed of Indians and *coureurs de bois*, at the head of the Wisconsin River, in the northern end of that state. In the same year, St. Lusson, sent out for that purpose by Talon, the intendant at Quebec, went up to Sault Ste. Marie, and, in the presence of hundreds of Indians, representing the Winnebago, Ojibway, Pottawatomie, and other tribes, with a few members of the Sioux nation from Minnesota and the Dakotas, went through the form of " taking possession " of the country, in which all the territory between the lakes and the Gulf of Mexico was claimed for Louis XIV.

All of these and other explorers heard from the Indians about the " great river " which was always said to be a few days'

journey to the westward, and which the authorities at Quebec, still searching for that short cut to China, thought might flow into the South Sea or the Vermilion Sea (the Gulf of California). In 1673 Joliet the fur trader and Marquette the missionary paddled their canoes up the Fox River, carried them over the portage to the Wisconsin, sailed down that stream, glided into the Mississippi, and thus were the first white men to see that stream in its upper waters. After being carried by its swift current down to the mouth of the Arkansas, they discovered that it went south instead of west or southwest, and that it probably flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, a truth which La Salle learned in 1682, when he sailed into it by way of the Illinois, and went down to the big Mexican sea. There he repeated the demonstration of St. Lusson on the lakes a dozen years earlier, and appropriating all the territory drained by the Mississippi for his country, named it Louisiana, in honor of Louis the Great.

During the days of La Salle's activities along the eastern lakes, and on the Illinois, the Ohio, and the Mississippi, Du Lhut, or Duluth, a penniless but proud French nobleman, leading the life of a chief of the *coureurs de bois*, roved the rivers, the lakes, and the forests around Lake Superior, explored that sea throughout its entire circumference, arranged truces between fighting tribes of Indians, made war upon Indians and was warred upon by them, framed treaties which received the sanction of the authorities at Quebec, established trading-posts at strategic points on the upper lakes and streams, among them being one on the site of the present Duluth, in Minnesota, rescued Father Hennepin from the Sioux in 1680, and seven years later was associated with Governor Denonville of New France and with Tonty, La Salle's old ally, in an unsuccessful war against the Iroquois in New York.

It was La Salle's hope, which had the enthusiastic sanction of Count Frontenac, New France's governor, to establish lines of fortified posts at convenient supporting distances on the lakes, and the Illinois, the Ohio, and the Mississippi, to plant a big settlement at the mouth of each of those streams, to fix the capital of Louisiana at the mouth of the Mississippi, to secure safe communication between that point and Quebec, 3500 miles away, and to make Louisiana more populous and powerful than New France. His aim was to make the agricultural attractions of the Mississippi valley known to France, and to induce farmers to settle along the big river and its tributaries.

It was a magnificent dream, and in part at least it might have been realized, had not a series of tragedies cut off its author. Sailing from France in 1684 with four vessels, and with a company of colonists whom he intended to locate at the mouth of the Mississippi, he missed that stream and landed near the entrance to Matagorda Bay, in the present Texas, and was murdered by some of his men in 1687 on the Neches River, in Texas, when they were trying to reach the Mississippi overland. A few years later Iberville attempted to carry out La Salle's plans, which will be mentioned after the consequences of England's conquest of New Netherland are told.

IV

September 4, 1664, when Holland's flag went down on the forts at New Amsterdam, saw the whole of the Atlantic front, from France's possessions in Acadia and New France to Spain's territory in Florida, pass into Britain's hands, giving her the most important harbor and strategic point in North America. That was the most memorable day in the history of England's American colonies between the planting of the Jamestown settlement in 1607 and the expulsion of France from the continent in 1763.

With the annexation of the Dutch colonies, the real struggle between England and France for mastery on the continent began, with the advantage on the side of

England. To the 50,000 people in New England in 1664, to the 35,000 in Virginia, and the 15,000 in Maryland, there were now added 10,000 in the province of New Netherland, 1600 of whom were in New Amsterdam, making 110,000 in all the American colonies under England's sway, as compared with less than 15,000 whites in the whole of New France. And the stupid hostility to the Huguenots which was shown by the immediate successors of Henry IV, — the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth Louis, — which drove them out of old France and prevented them from settling in New France, closed that region to the one element of the French people who would have been glad to go there.

The centralized authority and the military or semi-military training and habits in the French settlements gave their people a readiness, a confidence, and a discipline which, in war, would ordinarily make one Frenchman count for two or three English or Dutch settlers; but this was offset by the greater compactness among the British colonies, and by their vast preponderance in numbers. Six years later, in 1670, Britain's advantage was strengthened when Charles II granted to Prince Rupert the charter which planted the Hudson's Bay Company in territory which was claimed by France, and thus raised up an enemy which many of the British of that day believed could be utilized to attack New France at an unguarded point. Moreover, England strengthened herself still further by immediately following the Dutch example in New Netherland and entering into an alliance with the Five Nations, which were to be the Six Nations from 1715 onward, when they were joined by their kindred people, the Tuscaroras, from North Carolina.

These distinctive qualities of the rival colonists — the military skill and dash of the French, and the English superiority in mass and in facilities for defense — were shown in the various wars in which they engaged between the annexation of Holland's colonies and the expulsion of France a century later. They were especially marked in King William's War, which began when Louis XIV took up the cause of the exiled Stuart, James II, in 1689, and which ended with the peace of Ryswick in 1697.

The exploits of Iberville in that war, on land and sea, in which he took nearly all the stations of the Hudson's Bay Company, and several English posts on the Newfoundland coast, captured two or three British war vessels, and sunk others; and his foray southward from Quebec in which, at midnight in midwinter, he destroyed Schenectady, killed many of its inhabitants, and carried others back to Canada, were remarkable for their audacity and success. This expedition was sent out by Count Frontenac, the governor of New France. Others equipped by him ravaged the frontiers of Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, one of them, in 1697, capturing Haverhill, within 33 miles of Boston, and massacring most of its people. Frontenac himself, at 76 years of age, led a little army of Canadians, *coureurs de bois*, and Algonquins, against the Iroquois, and leveled some of their palisaded towns to the earth. This was the only severe blow ever dealt to the Confederation by the French.

Beyond the destruction of life and property, King William's War altered nothing in the colonies, and the War of the Spanish Succession of 1700–13, which Americans called Queen Anne's War, made but little change, except that the treaty of Utrecht, which ended the war, confirmed England's title to Hudson's Bay, and handed over Acadia, which ever since has been called Nova Scotia, to England.

France, however, now began that colonization of the Mississippi valley which La Salle projected. Iberville in 1699 started a colony at Biloxi Bay, which was reinforced by a settlement at Mobile in 1711, by the founding of New Orleans in 1718 by Bienville, Iberville's

younger brother, and by posts on the Mississippi, Arkansas, Ohio, Illinois, and other streams later on. The work was but slightly interrupted by Maria Theresa's War of the Austrian Succession (King George's War, as British colonists styled it), which, starting in 1741, was ended by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748.

The ink was hardly dry on that compact when Céléron de Bienville, under orders from the Count of Galisonnière, Louis XV's and Mme. de Pompadour's governor of New France, left Montreal with a party of soldiers, *coureurs de bois* and Indians, all in canoes, to explore the Ohio Valley, to learn the temper of the Indians, to bury at strategic points lead plates asserting that the whole region belonged to France, and to drive the British traders out. On his circuit Bienville pushed southward through western Pennsylvania, then westward and northward through Ohio. In 1753, by direction of the Marquis Duquesne, the new governor at Quebec, the French began to fortify Bienville's route, the object being to confine the British between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic. They built a fort at Presque Isle, now Erie, Pennsylvania, cut a road through the woods to French Creek, a tributary of the Allegheny, where, at the site of the present village of Waterford, Pennsylvania, they erected Fort Le Bœuf, and then proceeded to the junction of that stream with the Allegheny, where they put up Fort Venango, on the spot where Franklin now stands; the purpose being to push ahead and fortify the "Forks of the Ohio," the key to the West, where Pittsburg was afterward built.

By discovery, supplemented by occupation, France claimed all the Mississippi watershed, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains. But as England had been calling the Ohio Valley her own; as, in their "sea-to-sea" charters, which theoretically covered everything to the Pacific, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and several other colonies claimed a proprietorship in it; as some British traders were already there; as many prospectors and settlers were planning to enter it; and as Virginia was determined to take possession of it, even at the risk of a war against New France, events undreamed of at the moment by the courts of London and Versailles were shaping themselves to precipitate the irrepressible conflict.

France had the great highways of the continent — the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, the lakes, and the Mississippi and its affluents. But along that fatally thin line of 3500 miles from Quebec to Detroit and Sault Ste. Marie, and between these points and New Orleans, there were only 80,000 whites at the time the conflict began in 1754, while in the English settlements extending 1200 miles along the Atlantic coast there were 1,500,000 whites and a few thousand negroes.

V

Sunset on December 11, 1753, saw two white men, attended by several whites and Indians, ride on horseback up to the palisaded Fort Le Bœuf. The gate of the post was thrown open to them, and they were greeted pleasantly by its officers. The older of the two men who rode ahead was Christopher Gist, a backwoodsman and guide whose name figures prominently in the annals of the Ohio Valley. The other man, then twenty-one years of age, and the commander of the party, whom history now meets for the first time, was adjutant-general of the Virginia militia. His name was George Washington.

Washington handed to St. Pierre, the commander of the post, a note from Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia, asking by whose authority he invaded the territory of the King of Great Britain, and warning him to depart immediately. Washington carried back St. Pierre's answer, which was that he would refer Dinwiddie's letter to the Marquis Duquesne, and that in the mean time he

would hold his post. This response, politely but firmly given, meant war, as St. Pierre intended, as Washington knew, and as Dinwiddie realized when Washington, after traversing the 600 miles of wilderness, beset by hostile Indians, blizzards, and streams of floating ice, reached him at Williamsburg on January 16, 1754.

The first blow was struck three months later, when a party of Virginians under Colonel Trent, sent out by Dinwiddie to fortify the Forks of the Ohio, were captured there by a large force of French under Contrecœur on April 17. Contrecœur built a larger fort at that spot, which he named Fort Duquesne. Washington, with a regiment of Virginia militia, hastening to reinforce Trent, reached Great Meadows, on the Youghiogheny, on May 26, where he built Fort Necessity. Setting out toward Fort Duquesne, he came upon a party of French two days later, killed or captured all of them except one, — their leader, Jumonville, being among the slain, — and kept on his course; but learning that Contrecœur, with a much bigger force, was advancing to attack him, he fell back to Fort Necessity. There, assailed by French and Indians, after a gallant resistance, he surrendered on July 4, 1754, and was allowed to march out with war's customary honors.

" What a mixture of political interests are here with us that a cannon-shot fired in America should give the signal that sets Europe in a blaze! " exclaimed Voltaire. Washington's shot on the Youghiogheny on May 28, 1754, was heard round the world. There the first blood was shed in the conflict, called in America the French and Indian War, which compelled France and England to send troops over to aid their respective colonists, and precipitated the Seven Years' War, starting in 1756, which involved every great nation in Europe, which raged from the Ohio and the St. Lawrence to the Rhine, and from the Rhine to the Ganges, and which, from the Alleghanies to the Carpathians, and from the Carpathians to the Himalayas, altered the world's map.

" The Pompadour has set up a dynasty of the petticoat in France, and now she wants to make the petticoat rule Europe," said Frederick the Great derisively, referring to her vanity, which was then being flattered by letters from Maria Theresa of Austria and Elizabeth of Russia. Stung by this taunt, the Pompadour forced Louis XV into the fatal alliance with Austria against Frederick, which sent French soldiers to fight battles beyond the Rhine in which France had no concern, and prevented them from going to America, where France, as a colonial power, was battling for her life. This drain told decisively against French arms in New France and Louisiana. Among the few soldiers whom Louis sent over, however, was the Marquis of Montcalm, one of the most daring and skillful commanders of his age; but when the crisis came which ended New France's career, he was fatally impeded by the jealousy of the Marquis of Vaudreuil, the governor of New France.

On Washington's retreat from Great Meadows, no flag waved over a foot of ground between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains except the flag of France. In the war here which began with Washington's battle there were many men on the British side who figured prominently in the war of American independence: Gage, who commanded the British at Bunker Hill; Gates, who captured Burgoyne at Saratoga, and thus brought about Louis XVI's alliance with the colonists; Putnam, Stark, Rogers the Ranger, Daniel Morgan, and many others. In his campaign of 1754 which culminated at Fort Necessity, in Braddock's disastrous demonstration against Fort Duquesne in 1755, and in Forbes's capture of that post in 1758, Washington was gaining the military experience which he was to turn to decisive account in the war of which that conflict was to be the prelude.

Under the direction of the Duke of Newcastle and his ministry of incapables,

disaster for several years marked the fortunes of England and her colonists in the French and Indian War. Then came Pitt to the head of the ministry, and with him Louisburg, Fort Duquesne, Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Quebec, Montreal, and victory. The Plains of Abraham, at Quebec, in 1759, where Wolfe the victor and Montcalm the vanquished died together, decided Canada's fate.

Soon afterward, exhaustion seized all the combatants in Europe. On February 10, 1763, England and France signed a treaty of peace in Paris by which France surrendered to England all her territory in Canada and east of the Mississippi except the New Orleans district. By a secret treaty with her ally, Spain, at Fontainebleau, on November 3, 1762, France, as compensation for Spain's losses in the war, ceded to Spain all the French territory west of the Mississippi, and the New Orleans district. France's flag vanished from North America except on two little islands in Canadian waters and a few in the Caribbean.

"So we are driven out of America! Well, it will be England's turn next." These were the words of the Duke of Choiseul, Louis XV's prime minister, as he placed his signature to the evacuation treaty.

"England will repent of having removed the only check which could keep her colonies in awe. They stand no longer in need of her protection. She will call on them to contribute toward supporting the burdens which they helped to bring on her, and they will answer by striking off all dependence." This was the prediction of the Count of Vergennes, then Louis XV's minister at Constantinople, when the news of the evacuation treaty reached him.

In 1778, just after Gates's capture of Burgoyne at Saratoga, Vergennes, then Louis XVI's foreign minister, induced Louis, despite the opposition of Marie Antoinette and Maurepas, his chief minister of state, to come to the aid of the Americans, and he drew Charles III of Spain also into the alliance. Thus, by prevailing on Louis XVI to avenge on England the disasters which England had visited on Louis XV, Vergennes helped to transmute his prophecy of 1763 into the history which registered itself in the treaty of 1783, by which George III acknowledged the independence of the thirteen colonies.

After many obscure windings the rivulet of history which had its rise at the Lake of the Iroquois on that long ago July day broadened into a mighty stream at York River, in Virginia, a century and three-quarters later. The shot heard at the first Ticonderoga had its echo at Yorktown. In the story of America the Frenchmen who assisted in defeating the Mohawks in 1609 associate themselves with Rochambeau, Lafayette, and De Grasse, who aided in capturing Cornwallis in 1781. Champlain links his name with Washington's.

WANTED: AN AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE

BY A BRITISH MARINE OFFICER

At the present time, European statesmen, naval and military experts, merchants and ship-owners, in fact, all men interested in shipping matters, look at America with amazement. What is the cause of this amazement, and how does it concern America? If the American reader will take time to read through these lines, and go away to mark, learn, and inwardly digest, the cause of the amazement will not be far to seek; he will also have food for thought for a day or two.

In the early eighties, or even later than that perhaps, the Stars and Stripes could be seen flying at the peak of at least two American sailing ships in nearly every port of any consequence in the world, especially the eastern portion. American ships were then noted for their beautiful lines, tall masts, snow-white canvas, and above all for their general speed and record passages. Merchants in those days preferred shipping their cargoes in American bottoms to employing ships of any other nationality. Hard-case Yankee skippers and mates were as well known as their ships; in fact, for making smart passages, handling ships under any conditions, and for all-round sailoring, they had no equals. The qualities which go toward making men sailors, they all possessed to a marked degree. A sailor who had served on board an American ship — for one voyage only — was always looked up to by his shipmates and was always reckoned as something out of the ordinary. His abilities were never questioned, nor need they have been; the fact of his having made a voyage in an American ship was a sufficient guarantee that the man knew his work.

At the time I mention, the only countries that possessed a merchant marine worth speaking about were England and America. Though the British flag predominated, American ships had quite a good share of the carrying trade; and it must be remembered that American exports at that time were small in comparison to British. But, as I have said before, in many cases American ships got the preference on account of their speed. Ships like the Dreadnought and Flying Cloud (both American built) were known and talked of by everybody in the shipping world. Perhaps it will come as a surprise to many to know that there are steamers at the present time carrying between two and three thousand passengers across the Atlantic which cannot beat the best day's runs of the ships mentioned. The Flying Cloud holds the world's record for the best day's run made by a sailing ship; that run being over three hundred and forty knots for a twenty-four-hour day.

That America led the way in the matter of building fast sailing ships and producing some of the finest seamen in the world thirty years ago, no one who knows anything about shipping matters will deny. The crews which manned these ships cannot, however, be considered altogether American, as they were composed in part of foreigners who preferred sailing under the Stars and Stripes because both wages and food were better than anything that could be obtained in their own ships.

So far, I have endeavored to show that thirty years ago America possessed some of the finest ships afloat, and the finest material for manning them in the world, and held second place — as far as numbers are concerned — among the mari-

time nations. What has been the cause of the disappearance of "Old Glory" from the ports of the world? Can it be that America cannot produce merchant seamen in this money-grabbing age? Hardly! But to show that the American merchant marine has ceased to exist, and to convince my readers that I speak the truth, I would like to give an experience of my own. Four months ago, while passing along the Liverpool docks on an electric train, I saw the Stars and Stripes flying at the peak of a sailing ship. This so tickled me that I broke my journey and walked back half a mile to get a closer look at the curiosity. Arriving at the dock, I found the ship to be the Homeward Bound of San Francisco. On questioning the dockmaster as to the number of American ships he had berthed, in his position as dockmaster, he replied, "This is the first American ship I have berthed in my twelve years' experience on the docks."

For the last fifteen years I have knocked around all the corners of the earth in nearly every class of merchant vessel, and I can truthfully say that in all that time I could count on my two hands all the deep-water vessels I have seen flying the American flag. Bring the question nearer home! Ask any American harbor-, dock-, or pier-master of any of the principal ports on the Atlantic seaboard only, how often he handles foreign-going American merchant ships. I would wager that not one in ten has handled such ships for at least twelve years. Let any reader who doubts my statement take the trouble to walk along the piers of New York or Boston and see for himself how many deep-water (not coaster) ships he can find flying the American ensign; also with an American port of registry on their sterns. Excepting the three or four transatlantic passenger steamers, it is safe to say that he will not find one.

Let us go back again and see if there is an answer to the question I have asked: "What is the cause of the disappearance of 'Old Glory' from the ports of the world?" The death-knell of American wooden ships and wooden-ship building was sounded when iron took the place of wood in ship construction. American iron and steel industries of thirty years ago were then too small and costly to entertain the idea of building iron ships; therefore, while America was plodding away with her wooden sailing ships, England was building small steamers of one thousand tons or more, registered tonnage; these soon dwarfed the puny efforts of British and American sailing ships. The speed of the new steamers was not so great as the speed of the best clipper ships on short distances, but in long passages they easily outstripped the average sailing ship. This process of substitution was not carried out in a year or two, but extended over a long period of years. Shippers, seeing at once that their cargoes could be carried to the markets on time at a cheaper rate and also with a minimum amount of risk, naturally preferred steam to sail. What effect had this on British and American sailing ships? It simply meant that they had to abandon their old profitable trades and open out new.

It is safe to say that, if American shipowners had followed the example of the British, there would be such a thing as an American merchant marine to-day. But what did they do? Simply drew out of the trade with as good a grace as possible, and left it all to "John Bull;" the result of which has been that British sailing ships, though greatly reduced in numbers, can still show a margin of profit in the present day of steam. The most enterprising of British sailing-shipowners, seeing that steamers had come to stay, rather than relinquish their established trades, strengthened their positions by substituting cargo steamers of small tonnage for sailing ships of large tonnage. The firms which adopted the substitution policy (White Star Line, for instance) hold the foremost place in the shipping world to-day.

As I have already pointed out, the iron

industry in America was too small and costly to allow of building iron ships. But why did not American ship-owners buy ships on the other side to carry on their trades? The reason is not far to seek! Some insane law makes it impossible for a ship whose keel was not laid down in America to fly the Stars and Stripes. What is the meaning of this law, and what good purpose has it served, or does it serve? Is it not "protection" carried beyond a common-sense limit? Suppose an American firm bought a vessel built in a British yard; let the crew be American also; what would the result be? In spite of the fact that it is American property cared for by American citizens, the ship could not fly the American ensign; could not carry cargo from Portland, Maine, on the Atlantic coast, to Seattle, on the Pacific, a distance, roughly speaking, of about fifteen thousand miles. No; the ship would meet with the same treatment and would have the same restrictions placed upon it as any foreign ship. Is this not absurd? Is it not one of the chief causes of the disappearance of the American merchant marine? Unconsciously, the American government is giving to foreign ship-owners a veritable gold mine, and one which it will take years and years to get back again. As American exports increased year by year, — until they reached the enormous proportions of to-day, — so did her merchant marine grow smaller and smaller until it vanished altogether.

I began this article by stating that European statesmen and other foreign experts look at America with amazement. Can they do anything else when they see a country with the biggest coast-line in the world, with some of the finest seaports, harbors, and rivers in the world, a country which exports millions of bushels of wheat, millions of gallons of oil, millions of feet of lumber, and bales of cotton, not to speak of manufactured articles, — for which she has a good share of the world's markets, — yet, with all these exports, valued at billions of dollars, not possessing twenty deep-water ships of her own, worthy of the name, to carry her produce over the seas?

Let us continue; there is much more to consider! Where does the American boast of "always being ahead of the times" come in? How can America be ahead of the times when, although she boasts that she can make steel rails in Pittsburg, ship them across to England, pay railway and steamer freights on them, and still put them on the English markets cheaper than English rails can be put on, yet she cannot make steel plates for ships to be built at home at a cheaper rate than that at which a foreign-built ship could be bought?

Let us look at the obstacles that seem to be in the way of a merchant marine. Many claim that cost of building and running ships, want of government aid, and strong rivalry, are the chief obstacles. Let us take the questions of building and running together, and see if they have not their compensations as well as their drawbacks. If American iron-masters can sell their rails so cheaply to foreigners, surely it is possible for them to sell plates at a cheaper rate than foreigners can buy them at. Would this not compensate for dearer labor? Would not the amount saved in buying plates exceed the amount British or German ship-builders would be to the good on their labor bills? Is the difference between American and British or German shipwrights' wages so great? I am afraid not! I am afraid it is not a question of ship-building at present, but more likely a question of ship-building yards. With the exception of Cramps, America has hardly a private ship-building yard of any consequence. Before ship-building yards can come into existence, the desire for a merchant marine must be felt throughout the whole length and breadth of the land; and not, as it is at present, merely by a few public-spirited, patriotic citizens.

American writers and politicians invariably make use of the statement that, "British and German ships receive state

aid in the way of grants and subsidies." This is pure nonsense! With the exception of one or two of the big mail companies — which receive money grants because some of their best ships are subsidized cruisers, and also for carrying the mails — the great majority of vessels depend entirely upon the energies and enterprise of the owners. These owners have to study economy until it has really developed into a fine art with them. They have to use their wits to the best of their ability to make both ends meet; their unaided efforts are the cause of their rise or fall.

When one reads of Senator So-and-So asking Congress to grant shipping subsidies to encourage shipping, does it not seem like asking for "pap" to feed a grown-up man on? Why should Congress be asked to subsidize merchant ships any more than railways? Both are private enterprises, are they not? Is there any difference (looking at it from a business point of view) between owning a fleet of steamers and owning a railway? Certainly not! State aid if granted to one should be granted to the other. Will a private enterprise that needs coddling by the government be able to compete with the nations now in the field? Does not coddling suggest timidity and weakness? Cannot American business men bring into play the brains, dash, and ability that have made America what it is to-day? Take the case of France. Her ships up to a year or so ago were paid so much per mile traveled. Have her merchant ships increased or decreased? Statistics declare a decrease! The French merchant service is away astern of Britain's and Germany's, whose ships are not state-aided. But leaving this question for the moment, let us look into the question of running expenses.

In the old days, all sailors knew that, though they would be worked like dogs and treated as humans without souls on board American ships, they would get better pay and food than could be obtained in ships of any other nationality. The food served to the sailors (not officers) was of better quality, and better cooked, than that served to officers on British ships. There was as much difference in the food of the ships of the two nations as there is at present between a first-class New York hotel and a ten-cent boarding-house on the Bowery. The question of wages is different from that of food. Cost of living ashore, also cost of labor, must be taken into consideration, so that the higher wages paid to seamen serving in American ships are not what they seem to be at first sight. Yet we cannot lose sight of the fact that higher wages, better food, also the higher cost of the necessary materials for the safe running of a ship, will make a big difference in the annual profits between an American and a cheaper-run British ship. The total yearly running expenses would probably be about half as much again in the American's case. These expenses would have to be met by a ship receiving the same remuneration for freight carried the same distance that a cheaper-run British or German ship would receive. But we must leave this question (or objection) also for the time being, and look into the next.

We now come to the last objection, namely, "strong rivalry." In the carrying of her own produce, not to speak of that of the world, from country to country, America has to face three strong rivals: Britain and Germany on the Atlantic, and Japan in addition on the Pacific. European minds have given up trying to understand why America allows her produce, etc., to be carried all over the world in foreign bottoms. "Does trade follow the flag?" is a question that has been answered by Britain and Germany long ago. They are both convinced that it certainly does. America has not asked herself the question yet.

At the present time America is represented abroad chiefly by consuls and missionaries. Gone are the business houses and banks that could be seen all over the Eastern world thirty years ago — also

in South America. What is the cause of this? Has American commerce increased or decreased? The last question needs no answer. "*The disappearance of the American merchant marine is the cause!*" Let the Stars and Stripes be seen flying at the peaks of ships again in the ports that once knew them, commercial houses and banks will soon spring into existence again. Does it not seem ridiculous that "American goods are placed on foreign markets by foreigners"? Is it not natural for these foreigners to push their own country's wares to the best advantage, and give them first place on the markets before considering American goods? Certainly it is! "Blood is thicker than water."

To the question of state aid, cost of building and running ships, etc., there is only one answer, and that is, "Trade does follow the flag." Why should America fear Britain and Germany on the Atlantic, and Japan in addition on the Pacific? Does she not produce, manufacture, and send all over the world the goods which called into existence a great part of the foreign ships which crowd her harbors? Has she anything to fear from her rivals? Let us look carefully into the last question. Suppose an American merchant marine of a size sufficient to carry her own exports alone sprang into existence; it would be no mean thing and would have to be reckoned with by the other maritime nations. It would also be of sufficient magnitude to act as a feeder to the American navy, and would be able to transport the army over the seas to American colonial possessions.

Would not American ships get the preference with American goods? Would not foreign ships have to go away empty from America while American ships would have cargoes right up to the hatchcombings? A ship to pay must have cargo. While foreign ships would be searching round for cargoes, and at the same time increasing expenses, — with nothing coming in to meet them, — American ships — sailing from America at least — would be making money, while foreign ships would be sinking it. This in itself would wipe clean off the slate nearly all the objections that are raised at present against possessing a merchant marine.

So far I have spoken only of cargo ships. What about the thousands of emigrants who come to the United States in one year alone? What about the thousands of Americans who "do Europe"? Does any of the passage money paid by these people go into American coffers? A little, not much! Out of about one hundred passenger steamers crossing the Atlantic throughout the year, America can claim about four only; and they are hardly up to date in the matter of creature comforts, and so forth, though their speed is fairly good. Surely numberless Americans must have read of the frequent squabbles which have taken place between the British and German passenger lines. Are Americans ever taken into consideration in these squabbles? Certainly not! They simply dance to the tune played by the foreign pipers.

At the present time the manager of the leading German line is trying to bring about another conference between all the leading European passenger lines, to arrange what and how many steamers they shall send across to America weekly. His scheme is to arrange if possible that all firms shall have an equal share of the trade and profits; and also to arrange, if possible, that American passengers — unknown to themselves — shall contribute toward a fund which will recompense the lines for the breaking up of obsolete ships. This sinking fund — as we might call it — is to be made up by the interested firms contributing $5 for every first-class passenger carried, and $1.25 for every second-class passenger. Should this scheme be carried out, it will simply mean that the price of a passage will go up accordingly. I fancy I hear some one say, "Gee whiz! Reach down that blessed Monroe Doctrine and read it over again!"

What a sight it is to see European business men openly discussing their methods and profits at America's expense! Does it not look as though Europe owned America? My present position is that of second officer on a Liverpool liner. In that capacity I have carried thousands of American passengers and thousands of tons of American produce across the Atlantic. In fact, through being in such close touch with things American for the past five years, I have been accused of being more American than British in my sympathies. But no, that can never be! I am British to the backbone, and British I shall remain to the end; I am simply an admirer of certain American men and institutions, and would like to see "Old Glory" flying around the world at the peaks of ships a little more than at present.

So far I have said very little about the Pacific. Let us take a look out there and see what is doing. The trade between the United States and Chile and Peru need not be mentioned, as it is too small to bother about. The American trade with Australia, New Zealand, China, and Japan is of great value at the present time, and would probably increase fourfold if carried on by American ships. What has become of the Oceanic Line that sailed from 'Frisco? Gone! Why? Crowded out and not enough backing! It was too small to stand alone. Even this line showed that "*Trade followed the flag*;" because the exports from the United States to Australasia increased from about $12,000,000 to $28,000,000 in eight years. Surely if Japan can enter the arena as late as she did, and still make her merchant ships pay, America can do likewise.

Up to the present I have dealt only with merchant ships as they affect commerce. I shall now endeavor to show that it is not only a commercial question, but a national one also; and one that America must answer very soon if she intends to hold her place among nations, as well as to hang on to her over-sea possessions. My statement at the beginning of this article, "that naval and military experts look at America with amazement," also requires an answer. Why are European naval and military experts amazed? Is the American navy or army to be sneered at? Are American sailors or soldiers not as good as European? Are American battleships inferior to those belonging to Britain, France, or Germany? These questions cannot be answered collectively, but must be discussed separately, each on its own merits. As this article deals with shipping matters as they affect America, let us take the question of the navy first.

"Are American battleships inferior to those of any other naval power?" In the matter of ships and guns, certainly not! The "White Navy" of America will compare favorably with that of any country. But does a navy consist of ships and guns alone? What use are they without the men to handle them? None at all! In fact, it would be better to be without battleships, if they cannot be manned to full strength; they only give one a feeling of false security.

Every American naval officer could, if he would, bear out my statement when I say that nearly every battleship and cruiser in the American navy is undermanned by recruits; that nearly every ship is simply nothing more than a training ship; that many of the second-class vessels have nothing more than skeleton crews aboard; that to put a new first-class battleship in commission means stripping at least two second-class ships of all their best men. They could also admit that American men-o'-warsmen to a great extent come from inland states, and after serving their commissions go back inland again and seldom, if ever, join for a second term. Personally I have met with the naval men of nearly every country under the sun, and I must honestly confess that to my mind American men-o'-warsmen — so far as seamanlike appearance goes — cannot compare with those of any other nationality; they are what they

seem, "landsmen dressed up in sailor's clothes."

The cruise around the world of the American fleet will do more good toward strengthening the American navy than ten years of harbor or coast work. Hanging around home coasts and ports is bound to weaken the service; more foreign work would go a long way toward making American naval men what they should be; they are simply pampered and cracked up too much. One would think they are all heroes simply because they happen to wear a sailor's uniform. Take less notice of them and let them go about their work without so much flag-waving. Then they might enter into the spirit of their work without the hope of such trashy nonsense as they are treated to to-day.

America's small naval skirmish with the Spanish was about as much as she could stand up to at that time. Every available man was in the first firing line; and had there been a single defeat which required the manning of a reserve squadron, it would have been impossible for her to find either officers or men. Had America been fighting a European naval power of any consequence instead of Spain, her navy would have been completely wiped out. Why? "Simply because she would not have been able to make up the losses among the men which a hard-fought action would entail; while her enemy could have replaced hers two or three times over."

What held one hundred years ago, will not hold to-day. In the old days of wooden ships and guns of simple mechanism, it was possible for a man to be of some use aboard a ship within three months. America then had plenty of sailors to lay her hands on; to-day she cannot do this. Instead of sails and muzzle-loaders, we have at the present time steam, electricity, and highly scientific mechanism of guns and torpedoes to deal with. To acquire even a working knowledge of these, long training is necessary, not to speak of the great expense. The few untrained merchant seamen that America possesses to-day cannot ship on board a modern battleship and handle her as the sailors of old could their ships.

Let us speak of the Spanish war again. Is it not true that the American transport service engaged in carrying troops a few hundred miles to Cuba was a disgrace to the Stars and Stripes? Is it not true that the troops were marched on board ships that were badly ventilated, that were not in a sanitary state, and in some cases were unseaworthy? Were they not packed in ships like herring in a barrel, without proper sleeping accommodation, and without the means of having their food cooked properly? Is it not true also that the number of ships engaged was too small to supply the army and navy with the foodstuffs and materials necessary to carry on a war successfully? All this scandal with the home country not five hundred miles distant! The Spaniards were beaten simply through their own weakness and corruption, and by the bull-dog grit shown by the American soldiers and sailors; not by the foresight of those in authority, whose business it was to see that the transport service was adequate for the purpose intended.

Almost at the same time that America was struggling with the transportation of her few troops, the poor slow Britishers were carrying 250,000 troops to South Africa, from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and India, without a hitch; and to a country at least six times farther away from the home country. If my American reader is not too thick-headed, he will now see by what I have been saying that America has a navy half manned by shore men, with no reserve to fall back on in time of war; and an army without the means of transporting it to any of her foreign possessions in numbers sufficient to fight an enemy like Japan. Her colonies could be taken by Japan without her being able to prevent it, simply because she has "no merchant marine to feed the army and navy with the necessary war materials at any

great distance from the home country." The American navy could not take the offensive, but must act on the defensive, simply because it lacks the vital support of a merchant marine. A navy and a merchant marine go together; one cannot live without the other in time of war, *and for the want of an American merchant marine, Japan, and not America, at the present time is "Mistress of the Pacific," from both a naval and a commercial point of view.*

How long is America going to allow herself to be placed second on the list by an Asiatic power? I cannot and will not believe that the American people — with so much Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins — will be content to play second fiddle to Asiatics much longer. What is the American navy for, as it stands to-day? To protect her coasts and commerce? Surely no foreign power would be mad enough to try to land troops on American soil at the present time. The only damage a foreign power could do to America would be to bombard a few unimportant places, the most important, I take it, being well fortified, and with guns that will carry as far as any naval guns. The navy cannot be used to protect her commerce because that is all carried by foreign ships flying their own flags. What is it to be used for, then? Nothing of importance! *Without an American merchant marine, the American navy is just an expensive toy!*

Let us look at the question of manning ships and see if there is a solution to it.

Can the spirit of adventure be said to be dead among the Americans of to-day? Has the mad rush after the "almighty dollar" killed it altogether? Hardly! Such men as Peary, the 'Frisco and New Bedford whalers, and the Gloucester fishermen are still common around America's shores; but they have no scope. There must be thousands of sons of Britishers and Scandinavians in America who have the "call of the sea" in their blood, and would take to it like a duck to water if they also had scope.

I have often wondered if America realizes that between Portland, Maine, and New York she has some of the finest sailors the world ever did, or ever will, produce; men who face death day in and day out, year in and year out, with a nonchalance that is simply astounding; good, worthy men who are a credit to themselves, and also to the country to which they belong. In fact, from a Britisher's point of view they are simply "magnificent;" every man-Jack of them is a hero. What does America do with these men? Why, simply nothing! They are left there to eke out a bare existence; they have no merchant ships to sail in; they cannot, if they wish to, carry the produce of their country over the seas to foreign climes. No, they must "fish, fish, fish." That is all that America requires of them at the present time. Has she forgotten, I wonder, "that it was the forefathers of these men who founded the American navy?" Has she also forgotten that the old Constitution was manned by such men as these? Yes, she has!

Would it not be better if, instead of brave Peary's trying to place the Stars and Stripes on the North Pole, — where nobody will ever see it, — these fishermen and whalers were given a chance to carry it over the seas to foreign shores? Sailing round the world in a well-found merchant ship is a much more salubrious employment than fishing off the Newfoundland or Nova Scotia coast in a northeast gale.

Let us look at England and see what she does with her merchant seamen.

Recruited from all ranks in her merchant service, a body of men, numbering thirty thousand at full strength, is incorporated in a force called the Royal Naval Reserve. These men undergo an annual training of one month on board a drill or guard-ship, and, to increase the annual retainer which is paid them, enlist in the navy proper for various short periods not exceeding six months in one year. The officers undergo three months' training in a gunnery and torpedo depot,

and put into practice what they have learned, on board a sea-going battleship, with the rank of acting lieutenant, for a period of one year. So popular is this Reserve that of late years the Admiralty have had to refuse thousands of applicants who wished to join, and select only the very best in the matter of physique and qualifications.

In addition to the Royal Naval Reserve, there is also another body of reserves called the Royal Fleet Reserve. The men in this last reserve are certainly much better (from a naval point of view) than the first men, on account of their having been in the navy proper for a period of at least five years; but, as merchant seamen, they do not come up to the standard of the Naval Reserve men. In addition to these two reserves, there is also the Royal Naval Volunteers; but as this force consists of land-lubbers chiefly, it is not worth considering.

The Royal Naval Reserve is recruited entirely from the merchant service, and includes officers, engineers, seamen, firemen, fishermen (Nova Scotia and Newfoundland included), and pilots. Co-operation between the British naval and merchant ships in the matter of signaling by "Morse and semaphore" also exists.

This brief description which I have given of the reserves is given simply to show that a merchant marine can be made use of by the naval authorities in peace as well as in war; and also to point out America's weakness in not having a merchant marine.

Up to the present I have dealt only with ships, men, and material. Now, suppose that America really intends having a merchant marine of her own, what effect would it have on her domestic trades? Ship-building yards, with their dependent trades, would spring into existence all along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Ports which at the present time eke out a bare living would increase in population and size. Such ports as San Diego, San Francisco, Astoria, Tacoma, and Seattle, which all have splendid harbors, would not be content with exporting their grain, lumber, salmon, etc., in foreign ships, but would want ship-building yards of their own. All these cities are as important to the welfare of the United States as are New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, on the Atlantic seaboard; in fact they are the gateways to the Eastern world.

Before finishing this article, there is still one more point I wish to bring forward, and that is the American Hydrographic Department, I make bold to say that hardly one American citizen in a thousand understands the meaning of the word, or has ever heard of the institution. The debt of gratitude which nearly every navigator, foreign or American, owes to this institution can never be paid. Captains and officers of ocean liners know how much they are indebted to the officials who govern the department for the information relating to wrecks, derelicts, and icebergs, which are a constant source of danger to the thousands of passengers who cross the Atlantic. Many a weary watch in fog has lost its terrors simply because the positions of these dangers, almost up to date, are supplied (gratis) to every ship leaving American shores. Sailing-ship captains owe many a smart passage to the wind and current charts supplied (also gratis) to them by the Hydrographic Department. As far as practical benefit to seafarers is concerned, "the American Hydrographic Department is far and away ahead of that of any other nation," and is blessed by navigators of nearly every country under the sun.

In summing up, I should like to point out to my readers once again that America has the material for building ships; has the commerce to make the ships pay; has some of the finest material in the world for manning purposes, and also possesses the necessary scientific marine knowledge. What is wanted yet? Simply more public-spirited, patriotic men who understand the true mean-

ing of the word "patriotism!" Where is the boasted American patriotism one hears so much about? Does it consist only of waving the "star-spangled banner" upon the least provocation? Is there nothing behind it but the singing of "My Country 't is of Thee"? Is it of the Salvation Army order: all bands, big drums, and hideous noises; or has it a deeper meaning? The honest outspoken naval men and politicians who see America's weakness and are not afraid to expose it are the true patriots, and understand the meaning of the word "patriotism" in its true sense. They are not satisfied with seeing the Stars and Stripes floating over buildings in America only; they know full well that there are too many of them there already. What they want to see is, "the Stars and Stripes carried all over the world by American merchant ships as it was thirty years ago," and with them in this matter there is at least one "durned Britisher."

A NORTH-WEST WIND

BY LUCY HUSTON STURDEVANT

THE house was in a hollow of the moors, out of sight of the sea. Out of the sound of it on the Island one cannot be, but the chirping of new-hatched chickens sounded louder in Mrs. Henderson's ears than the roar of the distant surf. She was a henwife by profession and predilection.

"And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in —"

she said. At least that was what she might have said. What she *did* say was, "Land! I'm gettin' just like one of my own hens."

She had been flying about distractedly all day, down the slope to her duck-pond, up again to her hencoops, back to the kitchen and out again, before her daughter-in-law, Susan, had time to get her tongue in commission, and say what she had come out from town to say that morning. She had been rocking and knitting and sighing in the kitchen for hours, and she was tired of it.

"Do set down, Mother Henderson, an' visit. Loren wants me —"

"What ails them ducks?"

"Nothin'. Look out of the door, an' you can see 'em. They're all right."

The ducks were swimming about in a little round pond at the foot of the slope. It was a "pot-hole" pond; the Great Glacier had made it unimaginable centuries before, under a vast and lonely sky, to the crashing of ice and the roaring of water. It did nicely for Mrs. Henderson's ducks. Around its borders was a belt of rushes and reeds, moor-plants, marsh-plants, water-plants, gold and purple and red in the late September sunlight. Now and then a duckling lost himself in their stems, and a terrific quacking ensued, and Mrs. Henderson flew to the rescue, to find him free by his own unassisted efforts, and all the ducks and geese talking about it interminably.

"I never did hold with geese," said Mother Henderson irrelevantly.

"There ain't nothin' the matter with the geese. Loren wants I should ask you —"

"What 's he doin'?"

"He's been workin' on his engine. It ain't exactly runnin' right, an' scallopin' begins a Monday."

"He's pleased to have a power-boat, ain't he?"

"Well, I guess."

"Good season, wa'n't it?"

"Elegant. I never knowed no better August. Mother Henderson, Loren told me —"

"George Raynes hove out a bundle of papers yesterday. They get a good many to the Station. I was readin' a piece about them incubators; it don't seem to me I could relish a chicken that was raised that way. Seems's if they'd taste of the machine, someway."

"Mother Henderson, Loren says he don't want you should stay out here this winter. He says a farm out here on the Commons ain't no place for a lone woman. He wants you should come in an' live with us winters. He says you'll get sick."

"I wun't get sick."

"He says you'll get sick, and I think you'll get sick. We both of us think you'll get sick," said Susan, with damnable iteration. "You see if you don't get sick!"

"I wun't get sick," said Mrs. Henderson quite quietly, now that the contest was upon her. "I can't leave the farm. I got to keep the house open for Marian, in case she comes home to stay. I'm lookin' for her some this winter."

Susan looked at her dumbly. There were things she would have liked to say, but her husband, who had foreseen this complication, had forbidden her to say them. He did not believe, any more than Susan did, that Marian would ever come home again to live, but he refused to tell his mother so, or to allow Susan to tell her. He had given her careful instructions as to what she might and might not say to his mother, and he was sure to require from her a full account as to the manner in which she had fulfilled this duty; all the more that he had declined to undertake it himself. No one is so insistent on faithful work as a shirker.

"She'd have to come by the Boat, an' Loren meets it most every day. He'd tell her you wa'n't here."

"S'pose he did n't meet it!"

"I'd send the children every living day."

"Children 's heedless. They might get to playin', an' miss her, an' if she come clear out here, an' did n't find me a-waitin' for her — 't would be enough to make her leave the Island next mornin'."

Tears welled up in Susan's eyes and rolled down her pasty cheeks. "What 'll I tell Loren? He'll be real mad. He'll think 't is my fault. He'll think I wa'n't convincin'."

Mrs. Henderson repressed a desire to send a fiery message to her absent son. "Tell him you done your best — and I wun't come. Put it on me. I ain't scared of him. I got to wait for Marian, Susan. Think if 't was one of your own little girls!"

Marian Henderson, her mother's only daughter and best loved child, had left the Island some years before, to seek her fortune and see the world, and the Island predicted such disaster as befalls pretty, penniless girls who take their own way. So far it had prophesied wrongly; Marian, on her infrequent visits to her mother, was too shabby, and too obviously ill-fed to be anything but "good." Sin prospers off-Island, and virtue goes to the wall; therefore this thin and threadbare girl who confronted them was no sinner — a failure, very likely, but a virtuous one.

"I guess I'll be goin', Mother Henderson," said Susan, glad to have her task accomplished.

"Good-by, Susan. Come again!"

"Goin' to Loren's fur the winter, I s'pose, Mis' Henderson," said George Raynes, Life-Saver and pessimist, one gray November day. He had to make a long reach to east'ard to fetch the lonely farm-house when he drove in town on his "liberty day," but he never failed to stop.

"No, George, I don't know as I be."

"Loren was tellin' me," said George with solicitude. "Lonesome fur ye out here, Mis' Henderson, ain't it?"

Mrs. Henderson clucked impatiently. Her friends wasted too much pity on her lonely state. "Land! George, I like it. Sittin' 'round with folks all day, an' hearin' 'em talk 's what makes me feel lonesome. 'Tain't livin' alone — it's folks — some folks! Dash here 's more company than most of 'em."

"He's a good dog, Dash."

"An' the light's company, too. I lay in bed nights an' watch it shine out across the Commons, an' die out, an' come bright again. 'T is like a friend."

"It's a good light. I like a flash. Some say give 'em revolvin' lights, an' there was a Cape man to the Station last week spoke up for fixed, but I'd always choose a flash."

"I'm lookin' fur Marian this winter. 'T will be nice for me," said Mrs. Henderson, giving him a sharp look. "I look for her to stay this time."

"'T will so be nice," said George gloomily. "Not much wind stirrin'. Looks like a week of fog — or two. More likely two. No more liberty days for us long 's that lasts."

"Mebbe 't won't come, George."

"I guess it will. Good-by, Mis' Henderson."

"Good-by, George. Come again."

George drove away with a shadow on his weather-beaten countenance. "She won't never come home to live no more. She don't care for the Island — no more than nothin'," he said bitterly.

He was a man with a sorrow; he had a good record in his profession, and had been concerned in rescues and the saving of lives, but his own happiness seemed to have struck on some hidden rock, and gone down.

He did not return to the highway, but kept to the moors, turning from one "rut" to another, choosing the right one unerringly out of a wilderness of such, keeping his direction as truly as if there had been a compass in the wagon and half a dozen landmarks outside. The moors are seamed with these wheel-tracks, which appear unaccountably out of a hollow, or vanish over the brow of a hill, as if they had come out of the Infinite and would presently return there They enhance, in some unexplainable way, the sense of space and solitude and sorrow that marks these treeless plains; by following them it seems one may find some priceless joy or limitless sorrow, or come suddenly upon some great adventure.

George Raynes, driving heavily along, had no such fancies; his eyes were holden against the color and the mystery that surrounded him; he thought bitter thoughts, contemplated broken dreams of a little house by the Station, that was not his but that might have been; of a headstrong girl who was not his, either, but who should have been, for he loved her. Suddenly the steeples of the town came in sight, its shattered wharves and its little harbor; a dusty road loomed up in front of him with teams on it — three, or maybe more; the drivers shouted to him; the world was upon him once more, and he set his face to meet it.

When wind is out, fog is in; if that has not been said, it should be. Mrs. Henderson, sitting at her kitchen window one windless Saturday afternoon, looked out on white mist and heard the reiterated warning of the distant light-ship, the answering hoots of the vessels in the Sound, and nearer, the clamorous whistle on the Boat, as Islanders call the little steamboat that links them with the mainland, feeling her way cautiously into the harbor.

"'T is dangerous weather for all at sea," she said. She was always anxious in a fog; it was in her blood, an inheritance from generations of wives and mothers gone before.

"I'm glad I keep my hearin'. I'd miss 'em if I could n't hear 'em. They're kind o' company."

The distant fog-horns were still roaring in the Sound, but the Boat was silent, which told an instructed ear that she was safe at her wharf, and that her passengers

had disembarked. Mrs. Henderson drew her chair closer to the window. Her house was not on the main road, but one of the ruts passed her kitchen door, and by it all her visitors came. She sighed to see the fog and darkness blot it out; that meant that another day was done.

Her old dog rose stiffly to his feet, and thrust his nose against her hand, as if he felt that she needed him.

" She wun't come to-day, Dash."

Dash licked her hand, and whimpered.

A step sounded on the door-stone, and the latch lifted and fell again, but the door did not open.

" 'T will be Forbes's," said Mrs. Henderson cheerily. " Good, kind neighbors they be."

She threw the door open; through it came a rush of fog, the salt wind, the sound of a gathering sea.

" Come in, folks! "

A girl came in quickly, and slammed the door behind her. " Well, mother! "

" Marian! 'T is n't you! "

The girl kissed her vehemently. " It's me sure enough. Come to spend Sunday with you. I'm cold and wet and hungry, mother. What are you going to do about it? "

" Set right up to the stove, dear. Put your feet up, so's they'll dry. I'll take your coat and hang it up for ye."

It was a shabby coat, worn white at the seams. Mrs. Henderson looked at it fondly; she did not distrust her daughter, but she feared the wickedness of an unknown world.

" Same old coat! I'm getting about ready to have some pretty clothes, the way other girls do."

" 'T is a han'some coat, dear. 'T will do you nice for a long time yet."

Mrs. Henderson flew about her kitchen with noiseless steps; her hands were busy preparing food for her darling, her eyes sought her darling's face every moment.

" Your hair 's all curled up with the fog! " she said, with an attempt at blame that her loving glance belied. " 'T ain't real smooth. Did you see your brother to the Boat, Marian? "

" I slipped by him in the fog. Then I met Mr. Forbes on the Main Street, just starting, and he brought me as far as the Gray Barn, and I walked the rest of the way."

" Meet any one? "

" Only gulls. There's no one else to meet out here."

" There's some Off-Islanders to town, shootin' round the ponds. You might of met some o' them; there's no tellin' what they're a-goin' to do. One of 'em shot one o' my ducks last week — but he paid me for it. 'T was a mistake, he said."

" The gulls were crying and going on like everything. Lots of them."

" They come inland in a fog. Folks says they're lost, but it don't seem likely to me. Wild things like them don't get lost. Seems to me they get scared in a fog, same's we do, an' like to come in where they can see the lights. My chickens an' ducks sense things that way. That old drake's been up to the kitchen door a dozen times to-day, 's if he wanted to see if there was any one here. I guess he knowed you was comin' — an' I did n't! Here's your supper ready, dear. Set where you be, an' I'll bring it to ye. Taste good? "

" Better than anything I've eaten since I was here last."

" That 's a good hearin'. Now don't give it all to Dash. I'll have a good duck dinner to-morrow, an' on Monday — "

" I'm going back Monday."

Mrs. Henderson looked at her keenly. There was an indescribable look of lassitude and weariness about the girl's face; a sentinel who has been on guard too long and will presently fall asleep at his post and betray his trust might have such a look.

" I won't say a word to keep ye, dearie, if — if 't is what you pictured it to be off-Island. But if 't is a disappointment — "

" It's no disappointment," said the girl sullenly. " I like it. I'm going to

bed now, mother. We'll talk to-morrow."

"I'll just run out, an' see to my creatures, an' then I'll go too. Come, Dash!"

Dash followed slowly. He preferred the stove, but the night is full of evil, and the post of danger is the place for a faithful dog. The fog had lifted, and the stars overhead looked very bright and near; the Island had a curious feeling of isolation and detachment, as if it had slipped its earth-anchor, and was drifting out to sea, far and away from a dangerous coast.

Mrs. Henderson clasped her toil-worn hands together. "If the Lord would send a tempest, so't the Boat would n't go a-Monday, an' I'd have time to look about me! If He would!"

She uttered her prayer, if prayer it could be called, without much hope. It did not seem likely to this woman, who was bent with labor and sorrow, that the Lord in heaven would stoop down and listen, and send his winds to do her bidding. Care was near, and sin was near, and poverty, and weariness, but help was as far away as the stars in the sky.

"She looks — as if things was gettin' too hard for her — an' she wun't stay with me! Come, Dash! Stop barkin'! You an' me might as well go to bed."

A little wind came out of the northwest that night, blowing softly. By daylight it had grown into a big wind; by noon it was blowing half a gale, rattling everything that would rattle about the house, shaking everything that would shake, howling across the moors, lashing the sea into fury, making the whole Island into a place of torment.

"The Boat will never go to-morrow," said Marian, looking from the window.

"Think not?"

"I'm sure it won't. Don't you want me to stay over till Tuesday, mother?"

"I guess mebbe I do. An' I'll cook you up a nice chicken."

"It won't be any better than the duck was. Where are you going, mother?"

"Just steppin' over to Forbes's. I wun't be gone long. You don't need to come."

"Look out you don't blow away. What are you going for?"

"I got some little telephonin' to do. I wun't be long."

An hour later she fought her way back through the wind with Dash at her heels. The pair had a look of great contentment, also an air of guilt, like two unrepentant sinners.

"The wind's going down, is n't it?"

"'T is pretty high still."

"How does the sea look?"

"All white caps as fur as you kin see."

"I guess I won't think about going to-morrow."

"Best not," said Mrs. Henderson, without too much enthusiasm. "An' I'll see about that chicken."

George Raynes drove up to the kitchen door the next morning and shouted Mrs. Henderson's name. She had telephoned him the afternoon before to be sure to stop on his way in town if the storm abated sufficiently for him to take his twenty-four hours off.

"Run out, an' see who 't is, dear," said that scheming woman within. "My hands is in the water. Shut the door, so's Dash won't get out. Some horses'll kick a dog."

Instead of a fine, worn face, with no beauty save what lines of self-restraint and kindliness had graven upon it, George found himself confronted by a pretty young one, with no lines at all, but dimples, and a curly head that shone in the sun like gold. Being no physiognomist, but a mere man, he liked it better, and was weak enough to smile and call out, "Hello, Marian. I did n't know you was here."

"Would n't have cared, if you had known, I guess."

"Why, yes, I would," said honest George. "Yes, I would."

She had come out to the wagon, and was standing by the wheel. He was glad of that; it was easier to talk to her that way, easier to explain how he really did feel toward her, as a friend and well-

wisher, not as a lover, for it was a leading article in George's creed that a man must never " ask " a girl twice, that being subversive of his dignity and unworthy of his proper place in the universe. He knew exactly what he wanted to say to her. He had rehearsed it often in lonely midnight patrols along the beach, with only the stars and the tides to bear him company. He had his speeches by heart. Here was his chance — and he was dumb!

" What's the matter, George? " she said softly. " Why won't you talk to me? "

She did not look at him, but stood with downcast eyes, beating a tattoo on the wheel, first with one hand, then with the other. She had pretty hands, little and soft, with delicately tapering fingers.

" You'll get them pretty fingers of yourn muddy," some one said hoarsely. It could not have been George; perhaps it was his subliminal self that spoke.

The girl folded her hands submissively.

" Ain't it considered manners off-Island to look at folks when they talk to you? "

" No one has been talking to me, George."

She spoke so low that George had to lean down from the wagon to hear what she said. It did not occur to him to get out. Suddenly she raised her head and looked straight into his eyes.

" What 's the matter, George? "

" What 's always the matter? " said George brokenly.

" Well? "

" You're the only girl in the world, that's all. You won't never find any off-Island man to love you any better than I do. Would n't you have me — this time? "

" You did ask me before, did n't you? "

" Sure I did. Three years ago — just before you went away. You had n't no time for me. All you wanted was to get away."

The girl was silent. It was true; all she had wanted was to get away, to " seek her fortune," and " see the world " — fine phrases, that had soon resolved themselves into a bare livelihood and the terrified perception of a relentless force that frightened and fascinated her, held and repelled in turn. When the terror grew too great, she took a hasty flight homeward, only to be drawn back again by the very charm of the danger — for she was but clay!

" I remember, George. I'm sorry I was so disagreeable to you."

The ease with which her little victory had been won took away from the pleasure of it. She drew back a little. She had half a mind to go into the house again. The turn of a hand would have decided her.

The curtain at Mrs. Henderson's kitchen window, a much washed, much darned rag of convention, moved a little, and an anxious old face peered out. Then the curtain dropped again, and hung in seemly folds.

George cleared his throat. " I've got some arrants to town," he said. " I guess I'll drive on."

" All right, I would."

George flushed a dark red. Was that the way she talked? He would go when he chose, and not before.

" You might tell your ma I'll stop by next week and see her. She'll be alone by then, I calculate."

" I'll tell her."

George cast an indignant glance at the curly head. When he was ready he would go — not one moment sooner.

" Wind dropped sudden, did n't it? "

" Yes, it did."

" That's the way with a nor'wes' wind," continued George, enchanted with his own fluency; " blows almighty hard, and then drops just as quick — as quick."

" You ought to know."

" What do you mean by that? " cried George, stung by something in her tone.

Marian flashed an indignant look at him. " You're nothing but a nor'west wind yourself," she broke out. Then she turned, and ran into the house.

George swore softly. Then he looked hard at the house, but the rag blocked his view.

"Damn them curtains! She was most cryin'. Mebbe she was mad, mebbe she — wa'n't."

He got down from the wagon slowly and took out of the back of it a weight to which a long strap was attached. This he hooked into the ring of the bridle. It took him an unconscionable time to do it and to find a suitable place on the ground for the weight. Then he collected stones and built a small retaining wall behind each wheel. It was unnecessary, but it took time, and time was what George wanted. Then he straightened himself to his full height, and turned towards the house. He had made up his mind.

"'T will make three times, but if 't was six — I'd do it," he said, and with his head well up, strode manfully into the house.

Susan came out two or three hours later. She had been given a lift as far as the Gray Barn, so she arrived full of breath, and words.

"Loren wanted I should come out an' see if there was anythin' doin'."

"Marian's here."

"They was sayin' so to town, Saturday. Some seen her when she come."

"There's goin' to be a weddin' in the family 'fore the year's out — guess who!" said Mrs. Henderson jubilantly.

"They're tellin' to town that George an' Marian's made it up," said Susan stolidly.

"Why, Susan Henderson! They have n't knowed it themselves more'n a couple of hours."

"Mis' Forbes's garret window looks out this way — an' her sister 's got a telephone," suggested Susan, "but I don't know. Loren wanted I should come out."

"Mebbe Loren'll come to the weddin'," said Mrs. Henderson, with deep sarcasm.

"I should n't wonder but he would. I'm calculatin' on George's drivin' me in town."

"I guess he will."

"Where is he now?"

"They're off drivin' somewheres."

Susan sighed. "They're happy."

"Yes, they be. I tell you, Susan, I believe in the Lord."

"Why, Mother Henderson! I've always believed in the Lord."

"You believed He knew about — the — winds — same's a seafarin' man would?" said little Mrs. Henderson humbly.

"Why, yes."

"You're a believin' woman, Susan, an' I — guess I wa'n't, but I be now. I — I be now!"

"You've got a realizin' sense of His mercy," explained Susan glibly. "Ain't that what you mean? I've always had it."

"That's just what I mean," said Mrs. Henderson reverently. "Them's the words I would have said, if I'd knowed them. An' now, Susan, if you'll just sit quiet here in the best rocker, I guess I'll slip out an' look at the hens. Come, Dash!"

SATURDAY NIGHT

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

The lights of Saturday night beat golden, golden over the pillared street;
The long plate-glass of a Dream-World olden is as the footlights shining sweet.
Street-lamp — flambeau — glamour of trolley — comet-trail of the trains above,
Splash where the jostling crowds are jolly with echoing laughter and human love.

This is the City of the Enchanted, and these are her Enchanted People;
Far and far is Daylight, haunted with whistle of mill and bell of steeple.
The Eastern tenements loose the women, the Western flats release the wives
To touch, where all the ways are common, a glory to their sweated lives.

The leather of shoes in the brilliant casement sheds a lustre over the heart;
The high-heaped fruit in the flaring basement glows with the tints of Turner's art.
Darwin's dream and the eye of Spencer saw not such a gloried race
As here, in copper light intenser than desert sun, glides face by face.

This drab washwoman dazed and breathless, ray-chiseled in the golden stream,
Is a magic statue standing deathless — her tub and soap-suds touched with Dream.
Yea, in this people, glamour-sunnied, democracy wins heaven again;
Here the unlearned and the unmoneyed laugh in the lights of Lover's Lane!

O Dream-World lights that lift through the ether millions of miles to the Milky Way!
To-night Earth rolls through a golden weather that lights the Pleiades where they play!
Yet . . . God? Does he lead these sons and daughters? Yea, do they feel with a passion that stills,
God on the face of the moving waters, God in the quiet of the hills?

Yet . . . what if the million-mantled mountains, and what if the million-moving sea
Are here alone in façades and fountains — our deep stone-world of humanity —
We builders of cities and civilizations walled away from the sea and the sod
Must reach, dream-led, for our revelations through one another — as far as God.

Through one another — through one another — no more the gleam on sea or land
But so close that we see the Brother — and understand — and understand!
Till, drawn in swept crowd closer, closer, we see the gleam in the human clod,
And clerk and foreman, peddler and grocer, are in our Family of God!

MARMOLATA OF THE DOLOMITES

BY LUCY SCARBOROUGH CONANT

When I was a child the sea was my desire and the horizon of its gray my magnet. What a mountain might be, I little knew or cared.

Later, I faced the Alps. For a short time my confused vision wandered confined over palisaded lakes and looked with intense loneliness over uninhabitable heights, lacking the vivifying mark of man's ploughing and kneading. Just once, however, the need of mankind, the suspicion of solitude, were forgotten. Far above the black Sacred Wood a trailing cloud wavered and recoiled. A flashing radiance, silver-smooth, lifted far within toward the sun. That, then, was why men climbed!

Then, for long, sea and inlet, marsh and the sound of waters claimed me, and filled all my memories of youth as the tides fill, silently, completely.

Years later, the gates of high Alps opened, and as I wandered over pasture and *col* came the silent power and influence of high places. After I had watched a faint white cone grow higher and rosier as we drew up the great terraces of valley moraines all day, had seen the writing of the past on worn rocks below crumpled glaciers, and had faced the slow pageantries of sunset and moon and morning across great plains and drifts and peaks of snow, then only came a haunting desire: it was to walk at peace on still paths beside the mountains' quietude, breathe the air drifting past their cool brows, and sleep where the pine made music.

Then I began to wonder. And most of all I wondered at the latent strength of a mountain range. The power of this array of chained giants terrified me. Not the demons of steam, nor the genii of electricity, so stirred me.

I remember once looking from chestnut-shaded terraces, deep in a vale, up broken precipices to the white edge that masked the vast unseen reservoir of a dozen glaciers. White and streaming torrents shot from the height. The June thunder of Bregaglia spoke of a fearful power that should cleanse and cool the gasping plain of Lombardy and lead the proud husbandmen to sing among ripening fields.

This unquestioning servitude of withdrawn high places, solace of an unknown humanity, endowed them with mentality. The hills were foreordained, predestined to be guard and savior. Even the wild ruin their burdened watercourses flung in spring, the waste of power, but ultimately led to that which was not evil. One only had to trust the far-off mountain, seeing whole cities and provinces refreshed, sustained, as by springs of plenty. The farmer planted and digged in accordance with the almanac of the waters. Districts never dreamed of by the passer on routes of men flourished remotely, renewed and graced by the bounty and splendor of streams. When the last rivulets died in July, and lovely sounds in valleys were stilled; when the great river shrunk to a coil of bluish silver, a mirage over the burning dazzle of white-hot sand, then, by the token, the passes were free of snow.

But already the vine was a garland of beauty, maize springing tall and silken, the market supplied. As locust and cicala sighed in heavy August heat, and leaves wilted while cattle lowed for water, the divide caught up vapors from the superb plain, massed them in white confusion.

Thus, after the work of the ground avalanche is done, that of the cloud continues. It gives its life back that the valley may drink. Then the unwearied mountain spins again the white aureole about her venerable head and, Mother of Abundance, sits above the herdsman and his rude pipe, broods over her bare downs and lightning-struck goat, her wizened Arolla pine and fairy flowers. Her great brow, scarred with the weariness of ages we barely can compute, faces the vale. Far down, they call her wiseacre, soothsayer. Still and terrible amid the uproar of boulders leaping down her glaciers, the whistling of her shrieking winds, she divides her gifts blindly, equably. For be it north or south, she quickens harvest and gives the boon of bread.

She rends clouds with thunder, cleaves by lightning, casts them out of her icy alembic, down, rattling down the steep. Then the hill peasant hears the roar and sees the bore of the waters, racing down the dry torrent bed, raiding village garth and field, rolling stones and muttering over them, a yellow coiling dragon. Branches, dead wood ripped from pine and alder, wisps of grass, refuse, such are its burdens. Long after the pass has finished with its heavenly chemistry, shining pale and uncertain in that light of gratitude the opening west sheds on it, the flood growls over pebble and boulder. Far off, the plain is to know that on the mountains there was rain.

On the water-shed least of all, may her gifts be known. There, on a day of beauty, sighting two kingdoms and the rivers deep below, flashing in summer channels, only cloud and dreaming sky and the top of the world are to be seen, all at gentle play. Never a trickling in the short coarse grass. But these lovely high moors, swept by an air of ice, danced on by shadowy clouds, hold little marshy pockets here and there. They are the mossy beginnings of such a stream as rushes under the old wooden bridge at Bassano and waters the plains of Veneto. From cleft and gorge, threads of water issue to join drops trickling through moss and short grass. Wasting snow-banks, low-arched over black dripping earth, let through musical streams that whiten the hillsides below their dirt and soil. Every spring, every rill, carving the mountain, hurries by miniature gully and ravine to join that headstrong brook which shall rise in an hour when clouds burst on the mountain, carrying the very alp itself to raise the valley's level.

Such a pass is untired. Never far from frost, never forgetful of long snows, visited by summer hail, bitter tempests, she broods in short weeks of sun over her children, — fragile, passionate blossomings of intemperate sudden heats, white dervishes of butterflies, sturdy bees. Energy and vitality, immense, far-reaching, leap from the very marrow of this concentrated abundance.

After the long loneliness of winter, as the snow recedes, flowers follow. Every hollow first becomes a drift of blue or delicate purple. Heartsease, drifts of forget-me-nots, blue bubbles of great bells. The patines of yellow poppies shine against precipitous talus. Highest of all, rude crannies give soil for hardy *edelweiss;* on barren ledges, defiant, remote, starts the *edelraute.*

I have loved many a pass, — for outlook on broad glaciers, for ice tarns, for ragged peaks, for a homely inn. One is best loved. Deep in the Dolomites is the Sellajoch, where Sella guards the pass to the east with its walls and towers. Thence one sees the Marmolata.

You may mount the velvet moor sweeping to the ridge, and find the casque of Marmolata's hanging glacier shining out beyond you. You may drop beside the feeding sheep and watch soft summer clouds playing little fleeting layers of lilac shadow over the glacier, dimpling and clustering about the lazy mountain, lying in summer splendor above ravines and ferny streams and wide high pastures. The great *bergkraxler,* proud mountaineer, will pass, wreathed in manila and *crampons,* yet you, poor *jochvogel,*

bird of passage, are contented to breathe this air and face that glacier.

Coral islands or not, you often dream of atolls and the sea in these forever curious Dolomite regions. Surely here washed the wave. The mountain groups are islanded, concise, compact, isolated by clasping valleys. No melting each to other, no sliding of ridge to peak. From the Brenner line the careless traveler may get two or three glimpses of odd serrated reefs, like pen-drawings of Doré, walled in summer gardens by far lower cliffs and outposts. The south blows gently over pass and ridge, and Italy enters this enchanted sequence of cloisters. One range may simulate a vast secluded monastery, chapter-house, or bishop's chair; another may rise like domed choir or ruined chapel from a flower-tufted close.

Farther still within this Marmolata of Italian Tyrol is guarded from vulgar gaze by jealous ranges. If you love her, you must seek. Not like the virgin Weisshorn, glowing from miles away, nor Tödi, startling you from the clouds, nor that ranged splendor of Jungfrau and her court.

Once discovered, you long to see her from every side. Style in a mountain counts for more than brute size.

Marmolata, in lonely white, shines among the warm rock-pinnacles and grass alps. Her south side is horror of precipice. Her hanging glacier, the only one of like size in the Dolomites, faces the north. Edges of blue ice are shorn as clean as the lip of a conch-shell; wrinkled spaces of green, stains of dull rose, tint the modulated surface. This glacier, below the compact snows forming the mountain cap which stands free from surrounding higher peaks (itself the highest in the country), receives but little waste or drain from the small ridges that rise above the ice. It is therefore bare of the grime and weathering of the larger glaciers.

Italy and Austria share the crest followed by Grohmann in 1864. He looked down the sheer southern cliffs, now fitted with irons, from the Punta Penia (11,020 feet), but returned to Caprile by glacier and pass, leaving the conquest up and over to Michael Innerkofler, who died on Cristallo's ice. So died a certain Terza in 1804, one of the first to feel the magnetism of Marmolata—lost on her snows.

Italy and Austria divide the deep Fedaja — valley and pass at once — of chattering stream and green lake. Tyrol speaks a strange dialect where the mountain flings shadow in afternoon. It is a region of images. Punta Vernale — how wintry and bleak! The Ombretta Pass — a stony way of shadows. Marmolata suggests in her name a wall of marble in this green land or, when lit at sunset, brings up the name and color of the rosy " mandorlata " quarried above Verona, which deepens in the well-patted friendly lions by dim old church doors into the true tones of the porphyry Dolomites. The new Bindelweg, literally, the binding or connecting path of frontiers, runs at a height of seven thousand feet across the Fedaja grass alp facing the glacier.

We have so loved the Marmolata that the jealous gods have been kind to us. All the well-trodden ways of the Dolomites are left behind. From dust, noise, and the tourists' whip-snapping way, faint paths or mule-tracks lead up and away to larch-curtained alcoves. Beside the bee on the moor, or the cattle on the sixty-mile Seiser Alp, we have followed the click of bergstock, the pipe aroma of silent lusty Germans, into uplands where no dust lies on the poppy, and where hill folk are calm and kind. Over pasture and pass lies the good Tyrol.

Of all my memories of Marmolata, I hold fast three.

We had walked the Falzarego Pass to Andraz by wood-paths rosy with rhododendron. From the new road, built high along the hills, came that startling view of Civetta, amber across gulfs of air, rising from the tragic green waters of Alleghe, where a drowned village sleeps. To the right, rough shaggy hills above

the rushing Cordevole opened like Limoges doors of a reliquary. Marmolata, Madonna of Snows, in splendor of opal-tinted glacier, stood within.

We sat in silence where the forest ended, gnarled, terribly scarred in age. Down its precipitous darkness came a blind fagot-bearer, grandmother of all good witches, slowly following trails known since childhood. Tawny bent peasants of Buchenstein, quaint in high-waisted, gathered skirts, embroideries, and steep Welsh hats, passed smiling, — good-natured gnomes. Behind them the vast mountains ripened in the autumn of evening to the mellow bloom of fruit, long and slowly sunned.

A year later, one noon, we climbed from Wolkenstein, engaged a room at Sella-joch clubhouse, white as a nun's cell, piled with crimson feather-beds, and turned to the pass.

Stretched like skin, the brown yet greening moor was moulded over core of rock. Three gaunt groups of terrible pinnacles sat down on it to the right, Langkofel and the rest. To the left, Sella hid the Boé. The air was tingling bright. Sheep were cropping the small close flower that looks an orchid. We reached a hooded crucifix, that all the winds may shake, yet it stands; looked over and out. Marmolata returned the gaze. Her glacier took the sun. The desolate rock amphitheatre and scarred empty ravines of wild Contrinthal, the splendor of light and purple shadow playing about lower wood and warm headland gave Marmolata's white beauty distinction. I remember how Rodella's crag hung out over the fiord of Fassathal; how silver jodels dropped out of the sky where guides and men wrestled with rock chimneys and crannies in the Five Finger. All day, even after the three menacing rocks crouched there sent a shadow chill that we inhaled like ether, we watched bending clouds touch the glacier and fleet into the immense air with their light burden of freshness.

It is a serious thing to watch the earth at her renewal.

Later, following the Bindelweg, perhaps an old smuggler's trail, now a new club path, we climbed the Padon grass alp to its pass, looking from nearly eight thousand feet into the very heart of Marmolata glacier.

Not from the deep ravine do we know a mountain. Not from the long valley, where ice and water have long since bossed and scooped rock-folds; where we must plod and toil to near the crest, to get above worn-off angles, and face the upthrown crag, its teeth set against ravaging winds that blow along the mountain wall.

That strong quiet elusiveness of a mountain draws our heart to it. Once at its altitude, we begin to share. Priest-like, through dazzling air and shining ice, it offers a nobler deliverance than the plain, gives clean youth to them that ask.

For this then, men climb! To the valley, harvest; to us, a heavenly wine.

Where great golden foxgloves nodded against a broad sky of untroubled blue, we turned to Marmolata last of all before going down into the cornfields. The mountain was grave. Like a Holy Grail, the glacier cup was upheld in a white light of noon.

And so we left it then, — that which we still must follow.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

II

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

After several abortively offensive movements by each of the armies during the autumn of 1863, they went into winter quarters: Lee, with his army well in hand, on the south bank of the Rapidan; Meade, between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock. The former's headquarters were among some pines and cedars at the foot of Clarke's Mountain, his principal depot of supplies at Orange Court House. The latter's were on a knoll covered with tall young pines about a mile and a half northwest from Brandy Station. The bulk of the army of the Potomac was around Culpeper and Stevensburg; one corps, the 5th, under Warren after Hancock returned to duty, stretched northward along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad — at present the Southern — as far as Calverton. Our principal depot for supplies was at Brandy, where I passed the greater part of the winter in charge of the ordnance depot.

The town then consisted of only three or four houses, and is about midway between Culpeper on the south and the Rappahannock on the north. A good deal of military history of interest is connected with it; for in the rolling fields of the plantations about, Lee, just before setting out for Gettysburg, reviewed Stuart's cavalry, ten to twelve thousand strong. The dew was still on his great victory at Chancellorsville, won in the month before, and the review, according to all ac counts, was a pageant, drawing people from far and near. Ladies, young and old, of Culpeper, Charlottesville, and more distant points in Virginia, were there, and around some of the horses' necks, and hanging from the cantles of the saddles, and at the heads of the fluttering guidons, were bouquets and bunches of wild flowers which they had brought with them. They were proud, and justly so, of their sons, brothers, and lovers; and I really believe that the future of the Confederacy never looked so fair to them, or to those at its helm, as on that June day.

It will be remembered that in the deep mist of the morning following the review our cavalry crossed the Rappahannock and gave Stuart desperate battle right around Brandy; and it is a matter of history that it had its baptism on that field. For two years it had been a negligible quantity, and scorned by its enemy; but from then on to the end our cavalry met the enemy sternly, with increasing bravery and effectiveness. The battle lasted nearly all day and was very severe; Buford, Gregg, Custer, Merritt, Kilpatrick, and the lamented Davis, were all there. My tent at the station, pitched after dark and partly floored, I discovered later was over the grave of some one who had fallen in those repeated charges. I wandered over those same fields the other day: cattle and sheep were grazing up the slopes where the squadrons had marched in the June sunshine; killdeers with banded necks and bladed wings, turtle doves, meadowlarks, and serenely joyous little sparrows were flying and singing where the flags had fluttered and the bugles sounded.

In view of the fact that about all the supplies to meet the daily wants of the army, then consisting of a hundred thousand men, and between forty and fifty thousand animals, were sent to Brandy,

it is easy to imagine that it was a very busy place. Supplies came by rail from Washington and Alexandria. Those for the ordnance, hospital, and clothing departments were put under cover in temporary buildings, while forage, and unperishable quartermaster and commissary stores were racked up and covered by tarpaulins along the track and sidings. Some of the piles were immense, and from morning till night trains of army wagons were coming and going, or stood occupying all the open space around the station, waiting for their turn to load.

In the history of the Fifth Massachusetts is the following letter from one of the sergeants of the battery. It is dated April 30, 1864.

"The next battle will be a rouser! The rebels of Lee's army are all ready for us, and are said to be ninety thousand. They will give us a tough pull if my opinion amounts to anything.

"To-day I was up to Brandy Station. You can form no idea of the bustle and confusion at this depot when the army is getting ready to move. It looked to me as if a thousand or more wagons were waiting to load, and there were immense piles of ammunition and all kinds of Ordnance Stores, etc., etc., and piles of boxes of hard bread as high as two and three-story houses. It reminded me some of a wharf in New York with twelve or fifteen ships loading and unloading."

The trains were generally in charge of sergeants, but were often accompanied by the brigade and division officers in charge of special departments, so that those of us at the head of depots gained a wide acquaintance throughout the army. Frequently these officers staid with us for dinner; and as my fellow messmate was Dr. J. B. Brinton of Philadelphia, in charge of the medical supplies, and as doctors and surgeons, like certain aspiring lawyers, never cease to talk about their cases, I knew a good many surgeons well, and understood at least a part of their professional lingo.

The wagons were generally drawn by four mules driven by negroes, who rode the nigh wheeler and managed the team by a jerk line to the nigh leader. In these days it may seem like a shiftless way to drive a team, but it worked well, and possibly because the darkies and the mules, through some medium or other, understood each other perfectly; at any rate, the drivers talked to their teams as if they comprehended every word said to them. And sometimes it was worth listening to, when the roads were bad and some of the wagons ahead of them were stuck in the mud. "Calline" (Caroline, the nigh leader), giving her an awakening jerk of the line, "stop dreamin' with dem y'ears of yourn." "Jer'miah" (Jeremiah, the off wheeler), "you'll think the insex is bit'n you if you don't put dem sholdahs agin dat collah." "Dan'l" (Daniel, the wheeler he is on), giving him a sharp dig in the ribs with his boot-heels, the road getting heavier every minute, "no foolin', you old hahdened sinnah!" "Member, Mrs. N'nias" (Mrs. Ananias, off leader), reaching for her left hip with the tip of his black snake, "if dis yere wagon sticks in dat hole ahead o' you, you'll wish your down in dakh grave 'longside dat lie'n husband o' yourn." And, on reaching the worst place in the road, yelling "Yep! Yah!" loud enough to be heard half-way from Washington to Baltimore, every prophet and lady mule in the team knew what to expect if the wagon stuck, and generally the faithful creatures pulled it through.

In one of the teams of the ammunition trains that came to the depot, there was a little bay mule, the leader, that wore a small and sweetly tinkling sheep-bell. I stroked her silky nose and neck often and was always glad to see her. On the Mine Run campaign, one of the abortive campaigns referred to above, in December, 1863, while riding from Ely's Ford to Meade's headquarters at Robinson's Tavern on the Orange and Fredericksburg pike, a road which will be mentioned over and over again later, I overtook a long train. My progress by it was necessarily

slow, for it was a pitch-dark night and the road narrow and very bad. But when I got near the head of the train I heard the little tinkling bell, and soon was alongside the faithful creature tugging away to the front. It may seem ridiculous, but I felt I had met a friend, and rode by her side for quite a while. I do not remember seeing her again till the army was crossing the James near Fort Powhatan.

While I do not wish to encumber the narrative with a burden of figures, yet it may interest the reader to know that we had in the Army of the Potomac, the morning we set off on the great campaign, 4300 wagons and 835 ambulances. There were 34,981 artillery, cavalry, and ambulance horses, and 22,528 mules, making an aggregate of 57,419 animals. The strength of the Army of the Potomac was between ninety-nine and one hundred thousand men. Burnside, who caught up with us the second day of the Wilderness, brought with him about twenty thousand more.

My original telegraph book, now before me, shows that I called for and issued between April 4 and May 2, the day before we moved, in addition to equipments and supplies of all kinds for infantry, artillery, and cavalry, 2,325,000 rounds of musket and pistol cartridges as a reserve for what was already on hand. When Sheridan returned from his Trevillian Raid and battle, we then had gone as far on our way toward Richmond as the White House, Mrs. Washington's attractive old home on the Pamunkey. At the mention of the memorable place, back comes the odor of mint being brewed in a julep, mint gathered in the famous war-stricken garden; and back come also the dust-covered soldiers removing the bodies of their gallant commanders, Porter and Morris, from ambulances, and bearing them aboard the boat for home. While at White House I ordered 88,600 rounds of pistol and carbine ammunition for Sheridan's command alone. When we reached City Point a few days later, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor lay behind us; I called, on one requisition, for 5,863,000 rounds of infantry and 11,000 rounds of artillery ammunition, this 11,000 in addition to a like amount received at White House.

I should be untrue to my memory of Brandy if I did not record my high regard for my messmate through all that long winter of '63 and '64, Dr. J. B. Brinton, an assistant surgeon in the regular army. Transparency in minerals is rare, and always carries a suggestion of refinement; in the characters of men it is supreme, overtopping genius itself. It was Brinton's steady characteristic, and in all the long procession of friends that have blest my way through life I recall no one more humanly real, or who had more natural sweetness, or who cherished better ideals. Moreover, there was a fountain of joyousness about him, too. I fondly believe that the recording angel has but little in his book against either of us for those winter days and nights. For I know we passed them without envy, hatred, or malice toward any one in the world.

There was an incident in our life at Brandy, connected with Gettysburg, which possibly is worth relating. Batchelder, whose map of the battlefield of Gettysburg is authority, and whom we had fallen in with while we were there, asked to join our mess at Brandy when he came to the army to verify the positions of the various commands. One night we had just sat down to dinner when he entered our big hospital tent, quite tired. "Well," he announced, after taking his place at the table, "I have been down in the Second Corps to-day, and I believe I have discovered how Joshua made the sun stand still. I first went to —— regiment and had the officers mark on the map the hour of their position at a certain point. Then I went to —— regiment in the same brigade; they declared positively it was one or two hours earlier or later than that given by the other. So it went on, no two regiments or brigades agreeing, and if I hinted that some

of them must certainly be mistaken, they would set me down by saying, with severe dignity, 'We were there, Batchelder, and we ought to know, I guess;' and I made up my mind that it would take a day of at least twenty hours instead of thirteen at Gettysburg to satisfy their accounts. So when Joshua's captains got around him after the fight and they began to talk it over, the only way under the heavens that he could ever harmonize their statements was to make the sun stand still and give them all a chance." Any one who has ever tried to establish the exact position or hour when anything took place in an engagement will confirm Batchelder's experience; and possibly, if not too orthodox, accept his explanation of Joshua's feat.

My duties called me daily to Meade's headquarters; and when my chief was away on leave I took his place there permanently. Meade at this time was in his forty-ninth year, and his Gettysburg laurels were green. His face was spare and strong, of the Romanish type, its complexion velvety pallid. His blue eyes were prominent, coldly penetrating and underhung by sweeping lobes that were inclined to channel. His height was well above the average, and his mien that of a soldier, a man of the world, and a scholarly gentleman. He wore a full, but inconspicuous beard, and his originally deep chestnut, but now frosted hair, was soft and inclined to wave on good, easy terms with his conspicuous and speaking forehead. His manners were native and high-bred, but unfortunately they laid an air of restraint on all subordinates around him, the most serious defect in critical times that a good cause ever encounters in a commander. I doubt if the Army of the Potomac would ever have rallied around him had he been relieved and reappointed, as it did around McClellan. In social hours, when things were going well, no man in civil or military life would outshine him in genial spirits or contribution of easy and thoughtful suggestive speech.

He had, too, that marvelous instrument, a rich, cultivated voice. But nature had not been altogether partial: she had given him a most irritable temper. I have seen him so cross and ugly that no one dared to speak to him, — in fact, at such times his staff and everybody else at headquarters kept as clear of him as possible. As the campaign progressed, with its frightful carnage and disappointments, his temper grew fiercer — but, save Grant's, everybody's got on edge, and it was not to be wondered at. Notwithstanding, Meade was a fine, cultivated, and gallant gentleman, and as long as the victory of Gettysburg appeals to the people he will be remembered gratefully, and proudly too. In camp his military coat, sack in cut, was always open, displaying his well-ordered linen, vest, and necktie; when mounted, he wore a drooping army hat, yellow gauntlets, and rode a bald-faced horse with a fox-walk which kept all in a dog-trot to keep up with him, and on more than one occasion some one of the staff was heard to say, "Damn that horse of Meade's! I wish he would either go faster or slower."

Hancock, who commanded the Second Corps, was, like Hooker, a very handsome, striking-looking man; both looked and moved grandly, satisfying every atavistic ideal of chieftainship. He was symmetrically large, with chestnut hair and rather low forehead, but great authority was in his open face, which, when times were storming, became the mirror of his bold heart; "so that in battle, where his men could see him, as at Williamsburg and Gettysburg, he lifted them to the level of his impetuous valor. But when he was surrounded by woods and he could not see his enemy, as at Ream's Station and the Wilderness, he was restless and shorn of much of his effectiveness, very unlike the great commander he was as he rode up and down his lines, inspiring them with his electrical energy, until severely wounded, when Pickett was coming on." When he returned to duty I happened to be at Meade's headquarters. Some one

called out, "There's Hancock." He was just dismounting and Meade was coming out from his quarters, bare-headed and with illuminated face. I can hear his rich-toned voice saying, "I'm glad to see you again, Hancock," as he grasped the latter's outstretched hand with both of his. They had not seen each other since the great day.

Sedgwick, who commanded the Sixth Corps, was stocky, and was called, endearingly, Uncle John. No one served with him who did not love him. He had curling chestnut hair, was a bachelor, and spent lots of time playing solitaire. His whole manner breathed of gentleness and sweetness, and in his broad breast was a boy's heart. I saw him only a few hours before it ceased to beat at Spottsylvania.

Sheridan I saw much less of than of any of the other corps commanders, for he joined the army just before we moved and was generally detached. He was not of delicate fibre. His pictures are excellent, and preserve faithfully the animation of his face, with its large, glowing dark eyes. With his close army associates, I have no doubt he was companionable, and Lee's final overthrow is due in great measure to him. He had some of the hard mystery of greatness about him, and his name will last long.

Meade's chief of staff was Humphreys, and as so much of the success or failure of an army hangs on that position, a word about him will not be out of place. Moreover, his services were great as a corps commander, for after we got in front of Petersburg, Hancock, on account of his Gettysburg wound, had to give up command, and Meade assigned Humphreys to succeed him at the head of the famous Second Corps. He was a small, bow-legged man, with chopped-off, iron gray mustache; and when he lifted his army hat you saw a rather low forehead, and a shock of iron-gray hair. His blue-gray unconquerable eyes threw into his stern face the coldness of hammered steel. I never saw it lit up with joy but once, and that was long after the war, as he met an old classmate at West Point on graduation day. Look at him well: you are gazing at a hero, one who has the austere charm of dignity and a well-stored mind. Like a knight of old, Humphreys led his brigade squarely up against the heights of Fredericksburg; and at Gettysburg on the second day he was only driven from the Emettsburg road salient after a most desperate defense, probably saving the line. He graduated in the class of 1831, Meade in that of 1835.

And now I come to two men on Meade's staff whose names appear and reappear in the history of the Army of the Potomac: General Seth Williams, who was the Adjutant-General, and General Henry J. Hunt, Chief of Artillery. To set them forth so that the reader would see them and know them as they were, would give me keen pleasure, for there never was a sweeter-tempered or kindlier heart than Williams's, or a braver one than Hunt's. Williams's hair was red, his face full, open and generous, and always lit up as if there were a harp playing in his breast. At Appomattox, when Lee was going through the trying ordeal of surrendering his army, the only one of all in the room whom he greeted with anything like cordiality was Williams; for all others his face wore its native dignity. Williams was from Maine, and had been Lee's adjutant at West Point when he was superintendent.

Hunt, the chief of artillery, whose complexion was about the color of an old drum-head, had rather dull black eyes, separated by a thin nose. His West Point classmates loved him, and called him "Cupid." He was lion-hearted, and had won brevet on brevet for gallant conduct. At Gettysburg it was Hunt, riding through the storm, who brought up the fresh batteries and put them into action at the critical moment of Pickett's charge. Both he and Williams have long since made their bed in the grave.

There is a great temptation to dwell on other members of the staff. On In-

galls, a classmate of Grant's, the chief quartermaster, a chunky, oracular-looking man who carried sedulously a wisp of long hair up over his otherwise balding head, and who, besides being the best quartermaster the war produced, could hold his own very well with the best poker players the old army or the new could show. On McParlin, the head of the medical department, Duane, the chief engineer, Michler, Wendell, and Theodore Lyman of Boston, of Meade's staff. All were my seniors, and their character and services I remember with veneration. Especially would I love to dwell on those who were about my own age, not one of us over twenty-five, mere boys as it were: Sanders, Bache, Bates, Cadwalader, Biddle, Pease, George Meade; with several of whom I passed many a happy hour. So far as our services or personalities had significance, we were like little feathery clouds fringing great ones as they bear steadily on. And, like them, we have melted away. The big clouds, on the other hand, that we accompanied, at more or less distance, with such light hearts, Grant and Meade, are lying richly banded low down across the glowing sunset sky of History. When I visited the knoll, a few weeks ago, where Meade had his headquarters, — it is now bare, clothed only in grass, with here and there an apple tree or a locust in bloom, that have taken the places of the young pines, —I thought of them all. It is needless to say that the scene from the old camp offered its contrasts. Where desolation had brooded, clover was blooming; in the fields where the bleaching bones of cattle, horses, and mules, had stippled the twilight, the plough was upturning the rich red earth with its sweet, fresh breath of promise. In short, the choral songs of Peace and Home had replaced the dirge which underlies the march of glory.

Grant had his headquarters in the Barbour house in Culpeper, now the site of the county jail. At this time he was in his forty-second year, having graduated at West Point in 1843. I am not vain enough to think that anything I may say will add to the world's knowledge of him. Several of his aides, many friends and admirers, have all told us about him in a friendly way, and lit their lamps about him. Now and then, too, a predaceous critic has driven his beak into him, and yet the mystery of his being is unpenetrated.

When he came to the Army of the Potomac — I remember the day well — I never was more surprised in my life. I had expected to see quite another type of man: one of the chieftain type, favored with a commanding figure, flaunting the insignia of rank, and surveying the world with dominant, inveterate eyes and a certain detached military loftiness. But behold, what did I see? A medium-sized, mild, unobtrusive, inconspicuously dressed, modest and naturally silent man, with a low, gently vibrant voice and steady, thoughtful, softly blue eyes. Not a hint of self-consciousness, impatience, or restlessness, either of mind or body; on the contrary, the centre of a pervasive quiet which seemed to be conveyed to every one around him — even the orderlies all through the campaign were obviously at their ease. I often looked at Grant as I might have looked at any mystery, as day after day I saw him at his headquarters, especially after we had reached City Point, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, with their frightful losses lying behind us.

There was nothing in his manner or his tone or his face that indicated that he had ever had anything to do with the victories of Fort Donaldson, Vicksburg, and Missionary Ridge, or that his unfinished task, so momentous for the country, troubled him. I felt, what all observers felt, that I was in the presence of a man built on a great plan. There was certainly something evoking about him; what of the earth, earthy, what of exceeding greatness, what dim constellation of virtues, were looking out of that imperturbable but sadly earnest face? At one time,

and not long before the period dealt with, lean Want had sat at his table. Few tried companions frequented his door or cheered his fireside then. The war comes on, the spirit of the age, as I believe, in the guise of Opportunity knocks at his door, and without powerful friends to back him, and with no social or political influence to clear the way for him, in less than four years, never courting advancement, never resenting malevolent criticism or ill treatment, tempted always, there he was aloft in the country's eye, the winner of its telling victories, a Lieutenant-General in command of all the armies of the North, and with the destiny of the Republic hanging on him! Has Genius ever shown her transcendency more masterfully?

It is needless for me to add that, marvelous as this career had been, the future was to unfold it rising far above the level of Wonder. If his antagonist Lee be the culmination of the gentleman and soldier of our land, and of all lands, Grant made the splendor of his background for him by putting into the hitherto hard face of war two humanizing features, magnanimity and modesty in the hour of Victory.

There was one man on Grant's staff whose name should not be forgotten; in fact, it ought to be carved on every monument erected to Grant, for it was through him, Colonel John F. Rawlins, his chief of staff, that Grant's good angel reached him her steadying and uplifting hand. He was above medium size, wore a long black beard, and talked in a loud emphatic voice. Sincerity and earnestness was the look of his face.

He had on his staff three of my West Point acquaintances, Comstock, Babcock and Porter. Comstock had been one of the instructors in mathematics; Babcock and Porter had been in the corps with me. Captain Hudson of his staff I have good reason for remembering. I was playing "seven-up," with him and the late Admiral Clitz of the navy, when my ordnance depot at City Point was blown up by a torpedo. It was made in Richmond, and placed by a couple of daring Confederates clothed in our uniform on the deck of a barge loaded with artillery ammunition. Our innocent game was going on in the tent of Captain Mason, who commanded Grant's escort. First came the explosion of the depot, that shook the earth and was felt for miles, then a solid shot tore through the tent. I doubt if a game of cards ever came to an end quicker than that one. We fairly flew from the tent, and at once came under a shower of bursting shells and falling wreckage. One of the barge's old ribs, that must have weighed at least a ton, fell immediately in front of Clitz. Changing his course, he uttered only one remark, the first half of the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of the Holy Gospel of Saint John. Then, with eyes on the ground, and wondering, I suspect, what would come next, he passed at great speed right by Grant, who in his usually calm voice asked, "Where are you coming, Clitz?" The admiral hove to, and then streaked it for his war vessel, and we never finished the game.

The youngest and nearest my own age on Grant's staff was "Billy" Dunn, one of the best and truest friends I ever had. He had reddish hair and naturally smiling eyes, and died not long after the war. Peace, sweet peace be on the spot where the brave and sweet-hearted fellow lies!

The looming gravity of the situation North and South, which I have tried to depict, left no doubt, I think, what the coming campaign called for in the minds of Grant and Lee. Of Lee's plans we can rest assured, for a crushing defeat of Grant at the very outset of the campaign would drive him back across the Rapidan, stunned and helpless for months, as Burnside and Hooker had been left before him. Lee knew, and every observer of the times knew, that such a defeat would give to the Peace Party, on whom the last hope of the Confederacy hung,

immediate and bold encouragement. At once, "the War a failure" would be the political cry, and at the coming presidential election Lincoln's administration, pledged to the continuance of the War for the Union, would be swept away. In that case, leader and private in the Confederate Army knew that, once their milky-hearted friends got hold of the helm, under the cowardly cloak of humanity they would ask for an armistice. That granted, the goal would be reached and their weary, staggering Confederacy, weighted down with slavery, would be at rest. The children of the leaders of the Peace Party of the North are very fortunate that their fathers did not succeed, for where would their present pride of country be? The situation called on Lee for a victory; on Grant, on the other hand, for the complete destruction of Lee's army, for until then there could be no peace with safety and honor.

It does not seem necessary to discuss the military problem that confronted these two great Captains. The moves they made were determined primarily by the natural features of the country and the safety and facility of obtaining supplies.

As I have said, Grant's and Lee's armies were on the Orange and Alexandria, now the Southern, Railroad; the former between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, the latter at Orange Court House and beyond. Each was about the same distance from his capital, whose capture meant in either case the end of the war. The Confederacy would have its place among nations if Lee took Washington, its death beyond resurrection if Grant took Richmond. Grant's headquarters at Culpeper were about sixty miles southwest from Washington; Lee's at Orange Court House, sixteen or eighteen miles farther south, were in the vicinity of seventy miles northwest from Richmond; in geometrical terms, the armies were at the apex of a flat isosceles triangle, its base a line running almost due north and south from Washington to Richmond. Twenty odd miles to the west, beyond the camps of both armies, rose the incomparable Blue Ridge, whose azure sky-line, stars, sun and moon were arrayed in matchless splendor, lifting the hearts of the sentinels of both armies, I have no doubt, above the passions of war to a sense of adoration. Down from this beautiful range come the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, — rivers whose names we shall repeat so often, — which, after flowing through many an oak and chestnut wood and by many a smiling plantation, meet in the northern belt of the Wilderness, about twenty miles as the crow flies east of Culpeper, and nearly the same distance west of Fredericksburg.

These rivers, the Rappahannock somewhat the larger, hold many secrets of the struggle, for the armies camped on their banks again and again, crossed and recrossed them, sometimes in victory, sometimes in dismal defeat. And now that I speak of them, I see them once more. Sunrise is breaking on them, and I hear their low musical tongues. The Rapidan is much the faster. The country through which they run, and the positions our corps occupied, can best be seen from the top of Mt. Poney, a wooded detached foothill of the Blue Ridge, that rises abruptly on the edge of Culpeper. We had a signal station on it. Looking north the railroad is seen bearing on southwestward from the Rappahannock, through an undulating farming section, that is green and lovely: first past Elkwood, then Brandy, and by one plantation after another, on into the old and attractive town of Culpeper. To the northeast, and four or five miles away, and about equidistant from Brandy and Culpeper, is a hamlet of a half-dozen age-worn houses called Stevensburg, sitting at the foot of a lonely bare hill that looks like a giant asleep. It is Colés or Lone Tree Hill, so called from a single tall primeval tree that spread its leafless limbs against the winter morning and evening skies. On and around this hill

were the camps of Hancock. Warren's Fifth Corps was at Culpeper and beyond; the Sixth, under the beloved Sedgwick, near Brandy and Welford's Ford on the Rappahannock, several miles northwest from Meade's headquarters. A short while before we moved, Sheridan assembled the second and third divisions of his cavalry near Stevensburg. Custer had his headquarters in the Barbour House, and Wilson at the old Grayson Manor, known as Salubria, where Jefferson on many an occasion was a guest. Stevensburg, like so many of the old dreaming country towns of Virginia, has proud memories of her distinguished sons.

From the northwest comes into the little village the road from Brandy, and from the southwest that from Culpeper; and a mighty pleasant one it is to follow in May, when the rolling fields on either hand are dotted with herds of grazing steers and the meadow larks are piping their clear, high skyey notes. Meade and his staff came down the road from Brandy, Warren with all the troops around Culpeper down the Culpeper road, when we set off for the Wilderness. At the village these roads enter the main one that was built in Washington's boyhood to connect Stevensburg and the upper settlements on the Rappahannock with Fredericksburg. This old highway is narrow, and its course from Stevensburg is almost due east, warping its way most of the time through sombre woods, woods with a natural deep silence, but flaming here and there with clumps of azaleas in their season. It crosses the Rapidan at Ely's Ford, three or four miles above the point where it falls into the Rappahannock. At Sheppard's Grove, a hamlet midway between Stevensburg and Ely's Ford, a road branches from it to the right that runs to Germanna Ford on the Rapidan.

Alone in the woods along this road, and standing close by it, is a little frame house painted white. In its narrow dooryard and under each window to the right and left of the door is a yellow rose-bush. On passing it lately, attracted by the beautiful roses then in full bloom and the open door, I ventured to call. — In the name of the Pilgrim's Progress, will you tell me what this has to do with the Campaign of the Wilderness? — Yes, I discovered that one of our old cavalry soldiers lives there. He was not at home, but his wife, a frank, naturally pleasant gray-haired woman, told me that she was born near by, her people rankly Southern, and that she fell in love with her husband while he was a sentinel at her father's house. After the war — and she remembered the volleys in the Wilderness well — her Yankee lover came back, they were married, bought the little farm, built the house, and transplanted the roses from the old home.

About a mile and a half beyond their little clearing is Germanna Ford on the Rapidan. From there runs a road to Stevensburg; in our day it was called the Plank Road. All the roads that I have mentioned and over which we moved are intersected by many country roads that are but little more than tracks through the woods and fields.

There are two streams flowing through the landscape that spreads from Mt. Poney, which I should like to mention, for I am indebted to them for many a pleasant murmur, and because their mingled waters, pouring over the dam at Paoli Mills, now known as Stone's, told me where I was in the still hours of the night, when misled by a guide while carrying Grant's first despatches from the Wilderness. They are Jonas and Mountain runs. The former, much the smaller, rises in the fields beyond Brandy, the latter among the foothills of the Blue Ridge. They meet near Lone Tree Hill. From there Mountain Run winds on northeastwardly to the Rappahannock, through stretches of oak, pine, and cedar forest, where wild turkeys breed and redbirds sing.

When I was down there the other day, the miller at Clarico's Mill, three or four

miles above Stone's, told me that a tame turkey, perfectly white, had joined a flock of wild ones and roamed the neighboring woods with them — which suggests that our natures, like theirs, perhaps, are not changed by the feathers we wear.

Finally, before leaving Mt. Poney there is one more feature to which I wish to call attention. Away to the south, after traversing a gently sloping country sprinkled with farms and woods, the eye catches the top of a blue veiled peak. It is Clarke's Mountain, beyond the Rapidan, and was Lee's signal station. The particular feature to which I wish to direct the reader's eye is a vast expanse of forest green that lies east of Clarke's Mountain. In spots, as you see, it is almost black, and reaches clear to the distant circling horizon. That is the Wilderness.

What is known as the Wilderness begins near Orange Court House on the west and extends almost to Fredericksburg, twenty-five or thirty miles to the east. Its northern boundaries are the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, and, owing to their winding channels, its width is somewhat irregular. At Spottsylvania, its extreme southern limit, it is some ten miles wide. There, as along the most of its southern border, it gives way to a comparatively open country.

This was the battle-region, for in its wooded depths three desperate engagements were fought between the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia, — Chancellorsville, Wilderness, and Spottsylvania, — in which, first and last, over sixty thousand men, whose average age did not exceed twenty-five years, were killed and wounded. A circle described from Piney Branch Church with a radius of five miles will take in all these fields.

This theatre of bloody conflicts is a vast sea, so to speak, of dense forest — a second growth more than a century old. It is made up chiefly of scrubby, low-limbed, stubborn oaks, and disordered, haggard pines, — for the soil is cold and thin, — with here and there scattering clumps of alien cedars. Some of the oaks are large enough to cut two railroad ties, and every once and a while you come across an acre or two of pines some ten to twelve inches in diameter, tall and tapering, true to the soaring propensities of their kind. But generally, and above all where the battle was fought, the trees are noticeably stunted, and so close together, and their lower limbs so intermingled with a thick underbrush, that it is very difficult indeed to make one's way through them.

The southern half of the Wilderness may be designated as low or gently rolling; but along the rivers and at the heart, where the engagement took place, it is marked by irregularly swelling ridges. Where the actual fighting was done, the surface of the ground resembles a choppy sea more than anything else. There, like waves, it will heave, sometimes gradually and sometimes briskly, into ridges that all at once will drop and break in several directions. Soon recovering itself, off it will go again, smoothly ascending or descending for awhile, then suddenly pile up and repeat what it did before, namely, fall into narrow swales and shallow swamps where willows and alders of one kind and another congregate, all tied together more or less irrevocably by a round, bright-green, bamboo-like vine.

There is something about the feeble, moss-tagged pines, the garroted alders, and hoary willows, that gives a very sombre look to these wet thickets; and yet, for a few weeks in May and June, from them a swamp honeysuckle, and now and then a wild rose, will greet you joyously. As might be expected where the trees stand so thickly as they do in the Wilderness, a large number are dead. Here and there a good-sized oak has been thrown down by a storm, smashing everything in its way and pulling up with its roots a shock of yellowish earth, making a bowl-shaped pool behind it,

on whose banks the little tree-frogs pipe the solitude. But most of them are only half-grown and are still standing, some broken off half-way; and others in falling have been caught in the arms of their living competitors and rest there with their limbs bleaching. The woods everywhere abound in tall huckleberry bushes, from whose depending limbs hang racemes of modest, white, bell-shaped flowers.

As in all the woods in Virginia, there are many dogwoods scattered about. Both they and the huckleberries were in full bloom when the battle was going on, the dogwoods, with outspread, shelving branches, appearing at times through the billowing smoke like shrouded figures. I wonder how many glazing eyes looked up into the blooming bushes and trees and caught fair visions!

The Wilderness is penetrated from west to east by two roads that set out from Orange Court House for Fredericksburg. The northernmost is called the Pike, the other, the Plank Road; both in the time of war had lapsed into common mud roads. Where the battle of the Wilderness was fought they are about two miles apart, and shortly after join at Chancellorsville. There is a road bearing south that leaves the Pike about a mile east of Wilderness Run, a little less than halfway to Chancellorsville, known as the Brock Road. It winds through the woods by Todd's Tavern, and on to Spottsylvania. There is another that starts at Germanna Ford, crosses the Pike at Wilderness Run, climbs diagonally up to the leaning bridge, enters the timber, and unites with the Brock about midway between the Pike and the Plank Road.

If a map be available and the reader has interest enough in the narrative to consult it, their relations to each other, to the Lacy farm, and to the runs which I shall now mention, will, I hope, be measurably clear.

The Lacy farm, which may be called the heart of the Wilderness, lies just south of the Pike where the Germanna Ford road crosses it. It is a part of a once large domain known as Elkwood, and has what in its day was a stately homestead. Its fields, leaning against a ridge, all face the east. The two runs I have in mind are Wilderness and Caton's, and they may well be called Warrior Runs, for at their cradle and along their voiceless banks more men lost their lives, and more blood mingled with the leaves that fall around them, than along any two runs in our country, I believe. Caton's is much the smaller and heads among the swales, heretofore described, in the angle between the Germanna Road and the Pike. It loiters down out of the woods till it meets the former, and then follows it south to within a few rods of the Pike, when it strikes across and falls into Wilderness Run. The latter is born in and drains all the trapezoid between the Pike, the Plank and the Brock roads, or, in other words, the battlefield. Having gathered in all of the crimson-dyed waters, it flows noiselessly under willows and alders, gleaming in the sunlight and moonlight in front of the Lacy house, on to the Rapidan.

The clearings throughout the Wilderness, save the Lacy farm and the openings about Chancellorsville, at the time of the war, and it is almost as true now, are few and small. Many of them are deserted, and their old fields preëmpted by briars, sassafras, dwarf young pines and broom, beneath whose waving, dun, lifeless tops the rabbits in great numbers, and now and then a flock of quail, make their winter homes. There are several of these little clearings lying in the battlefield, but they were not large enough, and the lines so ran in reference to them, that they did not allow the artillery of either army to play a part. These lonely places are connected with one another and the roads by paths that are very dim and very deceitful to a stranger. Their real destination is known only to the natives and the lank cattle that roam the woods, getting a blade here and a blade

there, oftentimes up to their knees in the swales and swamps for a tuft, the lonely kling-klang-klung of their bells pensively sweet to hear.

This whole mystery-wrapped country is a mineral region, holding pockets of iron ore and streaked with insidious veins of gold-bearing quartz. On account of these ores Colonel Spottswood, for whom the County of Spottsylvania is named, became the owner of large tracts of the Wilderness. He built iron furnaces, and the primeval forest was cut down and converted into charcoal to feed them. Some of the pits, and many of the wood roads from them, and from the ore-beds to the furnaces, are still traceable. All this was at an early day, as far back as the reign of King George II, for the colonel speaks of him in his deeds as his Sovereign Lord. The present timber aspect is due entirely to the iron furnaces and their complete destruction of the first noble growth.

And now, in reference to these furnaces, I beg to hint at something which is very real to me, and throws a note every once and a while into the narrative. There were gangs of slaves from Virginia sold to Georgia and the Southwest. Who knows whether some of the ore smelted in those furnaces did not find its way at last into hammered manacles around the wrists and ankles of the very men who had mined it, and who night after night had faithfully tended the smoldering pits? Who knows what happened there, what wrongs, what heart-breakings due to slavery, and to slavery alone, which the Wilderness was witness to, or had had borne to it on a moaning south wind?

Finally, has the Wilderness a memory? Else why did it strike at slavery twice, when Jackson and Longstreet fell, one at Chancellorsville, the other in the Wilderness, on the same road, not two miles away, both generals being taken for enemies by their own men? Answer this as you may, something tells me that there is something deep here. Reader, I do not know what it is, but let me say this to you in all seriousness. Add a few more bars to the ear, develop a few more lobes of delicate cells in the brain, and man will come near sharing in his Creator's relation with sun, moon, and stars, and above all with his fellow mortal robed in green, called Nature. Then, then, perhaps, the woods of the Wilderness will tell us why it struck at the Confederacy twice.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PASSING OF INDOORS

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

INDOORS is going. We may just as well make up our minds on this revolutionary point, and accept it with such degree of hardy rejoicing or shivering regret as our natures prompt in us.

The movement has been long under way, gradually working the perfect ejection which seems now at hand. We might have recognized the dislodging process long ago, had we been far-sighted enough. It began — who shall say when it did begin? Surely not in the shaggy breasts of those rude ancestors of ours whom we hold in such veneration, and to whose ways we seem to ourselves to be so wisely returning. They dragged their venison into the depths of a cave darker and closer than any house, and devoured it in great seclusion. Perhaps it began in the San Marco Piazza at Venice, with the little open-air tables under the colonnades. "So delightful! So charming!" Thus the tourists, as they sipped their coffee and dallied with their ices. They were right; it was delightful and charming, and so it is to this day, but it was perhaps the thin edge of the wedge which is turning us all out now.

Supper was the first regular meal to follow the open-air suggestion, country supper on the piazza in the warm summer evening. That also was delightful, of course, and not at all alarming. All nations and ages have practiced the sport of occasional festive repasts out of doors when the weather has permitted. But breakfast was not long in following suit; and, when dinner, that most conservative, conventional of meals, succumbed to the outward pressure and spread its congealing gravies in the chilly air, we were in for the thing in good earnest, the new custom was on. No longer a matter of times and seasons, the weather had nothing to do with it now; and in really zealous families the regular summer dining-room was out of doors. Summer dining-room — that sounds well; since summer and warmth go together traditionally. But not always actually in New England, where bleak rains overtake the world now and then, and clearing northwest winds come racing keenly. It was soon essential to introduce a new fashion in dinner garments: overcoats, sweaters, and heavy shawls, felt hats and mufflers.

"Excuse me while I run upstairs to get a pair of mittens?"

"Finish your soup first, dear; it will be quite cold if you leave it."

The adherents of the new doctrine are very conscientious and faithful, as was only to be expected. We are a valiant race in the matter of our enthusiasms and can be trusted to follow them sturdily, buckling on armor or overcoats or whatever other special equipment the occasion demands. Conscientiousness is a good trait, but there is perhaps more of the joy of life in some other qualities.

Sleeping outdoors was the next great phase in the open-air movement. That also began casually enough and altogether charmingly. One lingered in the hammock, watching the stars, musing in the still summer night, until, lo! there was the dawn beginning behind the eastern hills. A wonderful experience. Not much sleeping about it truly, — there is commonly not much sleeping about great experiences, — but so beautiful that the heart said, "Go to! why not have this always? Why not sleep outdoors every night?" Which is of course exactly the way in which human nature works; very reasonable, very sane and convincing,

but unfortunately never quite so successful as it should be. That which has blessed us once must be secured in perpetuity for our souls to feast on continually; revelation must fold its wings and abide with us. So we soberly go to work and strip all the poetry of divine chance, all the delight of the unexpected, from our great occasions by laying plans for their systematic recurrence.

> He who bends to himself a joy,
> Does the wingèd life destroy;
> But he who kisses a joy as it flies,
> Lives in eternity's sunrise.

It is a pity that William Blake could not teach us that once for all. As a matter of fact, of course, great occasions care nothing at all for our urging; and a plan is an institution which they cordially abhor. The stars and the dawn do not condescend to such paraphernalia for waylaying them as sleeping-bags, rubber blankets, air-pillows, and mosquito netting, with a stout club close at hand in case of tramps or a skunk.

One experience of my own recurs to my memory poignantly here, and I think I cannot do better than set it forth. I had passed an unforgettable night all alone in a meadow, detained by the evening almost insensibly into "solemn midnight's tingling silences," and thence into the austere dawn. It was an episode such as should have sealed my lips forever; but I profanely spoke of it, and at once the contagion of interest spread through the little village.

"What fun! Did you have your rubbers on? Did you sit in a chair? I should think you would have sat in a chair — so much more comfortable! Well, I tell you what, let's do it together, — a lot of us, so we won't be afraid, — and let's climb a mountain. The sunset and dawn will be beautiful from a mountain."

We did it; I blush to confess that some twenty-five of us did it. It was an excursion planned and discussed for a matter of two weeks (a full moon being part of the programme), and there was no accident unforeseen, no event unprovided for. The procession that wended its way, toiling and puffing, up the ascent of Haystack, — the favored mountain selected for the high pedestal of our rapture, — on the auspicious night, was about as sad, and withal as funny, an affront as the secrecy of beauty ever received. Blankets, steamer-rugs, pillows, shawls, hammocks, whiskey-flasks — how we groaned beneath the burden of all these things! We lost the way, of course, and had to beat the woods in every direction; we were tired and hot and — cross? Perhaps. But we knew what our rôle was, and when we reached the top of the mountain, we all of us stood very solemnly in a row and said, "How beautiful!"

It was beautiful; that was just the fineness of the night's triumph over us — over me at least; I cannot speak for the other twenty-four. To this day, be it said in parentheses, whenever we mention that night on Haystack we lift our eyes in ecstasy, and no one of us has ever confessed any sense of lack. But honestly, honestly at the last (dear stalwart relief of honesty!), that experiment was a failure — so beautiful that the spirit should have been lifted out of the body, and would have been, had it stood alone, had it not already exhausted itself in plans and expectations. Beneath us, a far-spreading sea of misty, rolling hills, all vague and blended in the light of the soaring moon; above us, such a sweep of sky as only mountain-tops command; around us, silence, silence. Yet the unstrenuous orchard at home, with its tranquil acceptance of such degree of sunset light as was granted to it, and of the moon's presence when she rose above the apple trees, would have conveyed the night's message a thousand times more clearly.

It is seldom worth while to describe any failure of the spirit very minutely, and tragedy is not the tone this paper would assume; but one slight episode of the dawn following that fatal night must be related. We were gathered on the eastern edge of our mountain top, a tousled,

gray, disheveled lot, heavy-eyed and weary. Does the reader understand the significance of the term " to prevent the dawn "? He does if he has stood and waited for the sun to rise — or the moon or any of the constellations, for that matter. All heavenly bodies retard their progress through the influence of being waited for. " Surely now! " a dozen times we warned one another there, with our faces toward the quickening east; yet no glittering, lambent rim slid up to greet our eyes.

At last a decent comely cloud came to the rescue of the sun, halting and embarrassed, and settled snugly all about the mountain of the day-spring. Into this the sun was born, so obscurely that it rode high above the mountain's edge, shorn and dull, a rubber ball, before we discovered it. " Why — why — " some one began, stammering; and then there was a dramatic pause. Brave and determined though we were in our pursuit of ecstasy, we could not burst forth into song like Memnon statues at the sight of that belated orange, " Lo, the Lord Sun! " Not at all. It was the merest varlet. In this dilemma of our hearts, a funny little wailing cry came from the cliff's edge. " I want my money back! I want my money back! " It was a perfect commentary on the whole situation, as fine and humorous and true an utterance as could be asked on the foiled occasion. We laughed at it, and all the air was straightway clearer for us. Then down the mountain-side we trooped, and went home to bed.

Of course I am not unaware of the impatience of some readers, if they have taken pains to scan so far this earnest exposition. The outdoor movement is not one primarily of sentiment, but of health and happiness; and the story just related is aside from the point. That may be true. I certainly stand in respect of the great claims of the physical side of the subject, and would not deal with them. By all means, let all people be as well as possible. But it is still the other side, the side of sentiment and rapture, which is most pleadingly and often brought home to me.

It is pitiful how helpless we are against the invasions of a new enthusiasm like this — we sober, conservative folk. I still sleep in my bed, in my room, but the satisfaction I used to take in the innocent practice is broken of late by haunting fears that I may not be able to keep it up. My friends will not let me alone.

" Of all things! why don't you sleep out here, on this little upper piazza? Precisely the place! I can't understand how you can ignore such an opportunity."

" Well, you see," — my answer was glib at first, — " the piazza overhangs the road, and the milk-wagons go by very early. I don't want to get up at four o'clock every morning."

" They could n't see much of you, I should think," — with a thoughtful measuring glance, — " not more than your toes and the tip of your nose."

" Oh, thank you, that 's quite enough! "

" Well, you might saw off the legs of a cot, to bring it below the railing. Or just a mattress spread on the floor would do very well."

Just a mattress spread on the floor! That closes the argument. I have no spirit left to prefer any other objections to these dauntless souls, such as the rain (the piazza has no roof). But what would a cold bath be if not distinctly so much to the good in view of the toilet operations of the following morning? There is no course left me but that final one, — which should in honesty have come first, — of damning myself by the hopeless assertion, " I don't want to sleep out of doors." This locks the argument, and the barrier stands complete, shutting me off in a world by myself, interrupting the genial flow of sympathetic friendship. But I love my friends. Therefore it follows that I tremble for my further repose in my bed. I fear I shall yet utter midnight sighs on that piazza floor.

Indoors, dear indoors! I would I might plead its cause a little here. Does no one

ever pause to reflect that there was never any outdoors at all until indoors was created? The two had a simultaneous birth, but it was an appurtenance of the latter that marked the distinction and gave the names. A little humiliating that might have seemed to any creatures less generous than woods and mountains — to have been here really from the beginning, ages and ages in glorious life, and then to take their first generic name, find their first classification, all of them in a lump together (what a lump!) as the other side of a fragile barrier to a mushroom construction. One wonders that those who exalt the outdoors as everything nowadays, do not find some better title for it than its dooryard term. But those who love the indoors too, though they may smile at the calm presumption of its dubbing the universe, accept the conclusion without any question. Man is after all the creature of creatures, and his life is of first importance. We do not hear that the woodchuck speaks of *out-hole*, or the bird of *out-tree*.

Such life of man is an inner thing, intensely inner; its essence lies in its inwardness. It can hardly know itself " all abroad; " it must needs have devised for itself a shelter as soon as it came to self-consciousness, a refuge, not only from storm and cold but from the distracting variety of the extensive world. Indoors is really an august symbol, a very grave and reverend thing, if we apprehend it rightly. It stands for the separate life of man, apart from (though still a part of, too) the rest of the universe. Take any one room inhabited daily by a person of strong individuality, — how alive it is! How brisk and alert in the very attitudes of the chairs and the pictures on the walls! Or, more happily, how serene and reposeful! Or how matter-of-fact! Morbid and passionate, flippant, austere, boisterous, decorous, — anything, everything a room may be which a human creature may be; and that range, as most of us know, is almost unlimited.

It is hard to understand how any person can fail to respond to the warm appeal of his own abode. Say one has been abroad all day (another term that assumes the house as a starting-point), climbing the mountains, exploring the woods, ravishing eyes and heart with the beauty of the excellent world. Night comes at last, and weariness droops upon the flesh. Enough! Even the spirit's cry finds a pause. Enough, enough! The wide world suddenly spreads so vast that it overwhelms and frightens; there is something pitiless in the reach of the unbounded sky. Then, as fast as they can, the lagging feet make for a point on the hillside where the eyes can command the valley, and swiftly, eagerly flies the glance to one dear accustomed goal. A white house nestled among the trees, — that is all, yet it thrills the heart with a potent summons which mountain-peaks and sunsets do not know. Home! Ah, hurry, then!

Down the hill, across the pasture, in at the white gate, and up the two marble steps. The front door stands open unconcernedly. The house makes no stir at receiving its inmate back, — its inmate whose life it has held and brooded during his absence, waiting to reinvest him with it when he wants it again, — but there is a quiet sense of welcome, a content of returning, which is among the sweetest and most establishing of human experiences. The clock ticks steadily in the hall, its hands approaching the genial hour of supper-time. Within the open library door, the books dream on the shelves. Little sounds of a tranquil preparation come from the dining-room; the tea-kettle sings, the black kitten purrs. Blessed indoors! It draws a veil gently over the tired head, bewildered with much marveling, lays a cool hand over the eyes, says, "Now rest, rest." Indoors is like the Guardian Angel in Browning's poem.

After supper, one sits by the lamp and reads peacefully. Aunt Susan reads, too, on the other side of the big table, and

Cousin Jane sews. The books and the pictures look on benignly, and even the furniture is instinct with a mute eloquence of companionship. The song of the night insects throbs without, and millers hurl themselves with soft thuds against the windows; an owl mutters to himself in the maple tree. But not for anything would one go out, not for anything would one leave this glowing, brooding, protecting indoors which one has regained. After a while, one goes upstairs and lays one's self in the safe white bed in one's own room. The windows are open to the night, but solid walls are all round about; and, before the sleepily closing eyes, gleam one's own peculiar cherished belongings in the creeping moonlight. Into the very heart of one's life one has returned at the close of the day, and there one goes to sleep. " In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

And we will not? Is the discouraged clause, promptly succeeding to that most beautiful verse of Isaiah, true, then, of us? Are we going to despoil ourselves of all the poetry, the intimate meaning of our indoor life?

" A place in which to dress and undress — that is all I want of a house," an energetic young woman said.

A bath-house would suit her perfectly. Perhaps that is what we are coming to — rows of bath-houses, with sleeping-bags stored up in them against the night. Alas for the pictures! Alas for the music! Alas for the books!

The books! There is a happy suggestion. I believe the books will save us. There is certainly nothing that objects with greater decision and emphasis to sleeping out of doors than a book — yes, even a volume of Walt Whitman. Books are obstinate in their way; they know their own minds, and there are some things which they will not do. The effect of leaving one in the orchard inadvertently over night has a final melancholy about it which most book-lovers understand poignantly. Could books be printed on india rubber and bound in waterproof cloth? Perhaps; but the method does not sound attractive enough to be feasible even in these practical days. No, I believe the books will save us. They are a great army and they have power; a steady conservative hold is theirs on their restless owners. Other threatening situations they have saved and are constantly saving.

" I sometimes think I'd give up housekeeping, and not have a home any more," one woman said, " if it were n't for my books. But I can't part with them, nor yet can I get them all into one room; so here I stay."

" Buy books? " exclaimed a New York man. " No; it hurts them too much to move them."

Which innocent implication has caused me many a thoughtful smile.

Essentially human, — with the humanity of the ages, not of a few decades, — books understand what man really wants, and what he must have, better than he does himself. In the serene and gracious indoors, they took up their places long ago, and there they remain, and there they will always make shift to abide. Perhaps, if we sit down close at their feet, we, too, may abide.

THE BRINGING-OUT OF BYRA KLACK

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON

THERE were frivolous young teachers at Jefferson School who never gave their scholars a thought after school-hours; but Miss Hickerson, of the Eighth Primary, was not of them. She was as proud of the progress of Hattie Klack at 10 P. M. as at 10 A. M., and as ready to consider seriously the problem of Byra Klack's backwardness.

Some teachers in her place would have felt that the problem resolved itself into how to get rid of a pupil who threatened to become a permanency in the Eighth Primary, but not so with Miss Hickerson. Hers was a purely altruistic and professional concern at the failure of Byra Klack to advance as became her years; a concern wholly unshared by Byra Klack herself.

"How can I draw her out?" she would ask Mr. Dresser, the principal.

With the care of something like eight hundred other pupils upon him, — including a considerable percentage of poor scholars, — Mr. Dresser would willingly have been excused from minute consideration of Byra Klack's case.

"There will always be some like that," he would say, pardonably enough regarding Byra Klack, whom he did not know by sight, categorically rather than personally.

If he had known her by sight, it is at least doubtful whether his interest would have been materially increased. An undersized girl of fourteen, shabby of clothes and rather tousled of hair, she was in no way conspicuous in the ranks of the Eighth Primary except for somewhat longer skirts, poor scholarship, and blameless deportment. Hattie, on the other hand, was always to the fore, acquitting herself of every task with dazzling distinction, and frantically signaling eagerness to tackle supernumerary problems.

It was currently reported in Eighth Primary circles that Hattie Klack was Miss Hickerson's "pet;" and, as a matter of fact, twenty-five years of teaching in the public schools had deepened rather than diminished Miss Hickerson's appreciation of a good pupil. That she was still capable of earnest endeavor in behalf of one so poor as Byra argued her, what in truth she was, no ordinary woman.

"There is simply nothing to take hold of," she would confide to Mr. Dresser; "not a spark of ambition — or anything!"

"You'll just have to do the best you can," Mr. Dresser would pronounce, in default of any more definite counsel. As if there could be any doubt of her doing her best!

Certainly she had done her best for Byra Klack, enforcing every penalty made and provided for poor scholarship, exhausting every incitement to good — including appointment to the honorable position of Collector of Papers. This last move she subsequently considered ill-advised. The small concern which Byra Klack had hitherto manifested as to her scholastic standing dwindled to the vanishing point.

"No, I did n't get through," she would say cheerfully, after a "test," in answer to inquiries, — "but I took up the papers!"

Hardly more successful was Miss Hickerson's attempt to prod her slumbering ambition with the splendid example of Hattie. Not yet eleven, Hattie had caught up with her in the Eighth

Primary and was reasonably sure to pass her.

"Hattie's caught up with me," Byra would tell people, overflowing with pride in Hattie's powers. "Hattie never has missed promotion yet." And Hattie would volubly confirm the statement.

"And she's nearly as tall as me, too," Byra would add. "Soon she'll be bigger 'n me!"

That Hattie should surpass her in everything, even in the matter of inches, she obviously accepted as the most natural thing in the world.

Quite unabashedly, she got Hattie to help her with her lessons, and congratulated herself on the feasibility of doing so; Hattie, with dresses to her knees, and a mouth showing disproportionately large new teeth protruding in unexpected places, conceding the service with no lack of buoyant patronage.

The first mark on deportment that Byra got that session she incurred by her eagerness to communicate to a friend the news of an exceptionally brilliant achievement of Hattie's. The lines were forming in the hallways to march out to recess, and the Eighth Primary pupils were thus in close contiguity to the Sixth Grammar.

"Hattie got ninety-seven!" she seized the opportunity to announce to Herbert Hokpins.

"What did you get?" he inquired in a gruff whisper. It was not an ill-natured gruffness, but one which went with the downiness of his freckled face. Herbert Hopkins was not as old for the Sixth Grammar as Byra Klack was for the Eighth Primary, but he was old.

"I ain't going to tell you," she said, with a jerk of her shabby, gray-cloaked shoulder.

But the monitor had her name down, and after recess, when it was read out, she laid her head down on her desk and wept.

Subsequently it developed that his name had been taken down too.

"But that wa'n't nothing," he said. Habitually, Herbert Hopkins declined to submit to the trammels of formal grammar. A certain roughness and readiness of diction was but suitable to one who had seen so much of life — in consequence of being put to work by a drunken grandmother, his only relative, at the earliest age eligible to unregulated child-labor; and who, at that very time, enjoyed the dignity of being employed after schoolhours in a green-grocery. It was the one, as it happened, upon which the Klacks bestowed their not particularly welcome patronage. Byra had got to know him by being sent there on errands, and she appreciated to the full the honor of the acquaintance.

Actually, he did n't have to bring excuses to school for absence or anything! — because, the drunken grandmother being dead, he had n't anybody to write them. It was a unique distinction, making emphatically for respect, though he himself took it modestly. There was in him no disposition to boast of his advantages; not even of living alone in a little room back of the green-grocery, completely his own master in the small remnant of the day which remained after school and business hours, and on the whole of Sundays.

There was about him a manly carelessness which made him almost venerable in the eyes of Byra, despite the fact that he was nearly as short for his age as she was for hers. It was, though, with him, a very sturdy brevity.

"That wa'n't nothing," he said of the demerit. "It takes fifty to expel you."

His way and hers lay along the same narrow, hilly side street. It was not a prosperous section of the city, and the back views of premises are not apt to be the best; particularly under the sallow afternoon light of a November day.

"The only thing is," he added, "I have n't got no time to be kept in."

"I reckon dinner'll be all over when I get home," Byra remarked with her customary placidity. Not to be on hand at dinner, in the Klack establishment,

might well mean more than a cold meal, — or rather somewhat less, — there were so many mouths to feed! For a married daughter and her family shared the not too abundant space in the Klack home; while common to son-in-law and father-in-law was a chronic difficulty in finding and keeping " places," to the serious disturbance of systematic provision for the joint housekeeping expenses.

" I won't have time for no dinner," Herbert remarked — not as boasting. It was simply not in human nature not to bring out the fact of such pressure of occupation — merely as a fact. " You don't have time for nothing much, staying in a green-grocery. 'T was 'most eleven last Saturday night before we shut up."

He whistled slightly to add to the off-hand effect of his words.

" Two of my sisters stay in stores," Byra remarked. " They come home awful tired sometimes."

She was glad she could contribute something to a topic so much above the level of her own experience. Not that she felt any imperative need of keeping up the conversation. It would have seemed to her entirely fitting that she should receive with mere passive gratitude such verbal crumbs as he should throw her over his shoulder, as he walked homeward half a pace ahead of her, at the width of the pavement.

" I dunno but what I'll have a green-grocery of my own, some o' these days," he let fall, with admirable indifference.

With speechless respect, Byra received the announcement. Already he wore cuffs on Sundays. No superiority of destiny upon his part could have surprised her.

" Hattie says she's going to be a school-teacher," she said, with a dim impulse to match glories. " Hattie 'most never *is* kept in! "

" Being kept in ain't nothing," said Herbert. He picked up a pebble, aimed it with accuracy at a cat reposing peacefully on a shed-roof, and discharged it with telling effect. "I'd just soon been kept in to-day as not."

" 'T ain't so awful bad," Byra agreed. Even the disgrace of a mark on deportment was enormously alleviated by sharing it with one who could take it with such high distinction of bearing.

The street sloped upward. Notoriously hill-climbing should be done with a certain measure of deliberation. Therefore it was, no doubt, that instead of using to the full the advantage of his manly stride, he kept unincreased the distance between them, going on just a little ahead, at the extreme verge of the sidewalk, his books slung over his shoulder by the encompassing strap.

" I reckon the books are awful hard in the Sixth Grammar," Byra said, gazing deferentially upon his burden.

" They are pretty hard, if you don't have no time, hardly, to study," he conceded, with manifest pride of preoccupation.

" Hattie gets her lessons awful quick," said Byra. " Hattie can do denominate numbers! "

" Denominate numbers! " said Herbert. " Denominate numbers ain't nothing. You got to be doing denominate numbers *all* the time in a green-grocery! "

Never in all her acquaintance with him had she enjoyed so extended a conversation; their intercourse, indeed, except that incidental to the purchase and vending of green-groceries, having been limited to cordial interchanges of " Hello, Byra! " and " Hello, Herbert! " though it is true that in his professional capacity he had always shown a friendly interest by no means warranted by the anxiety of his superiors for the Klack patronage. He positively would not allow her to buy frost-bitten potatoes or wilted greens or doubtful eggs. Nay, he even gave her what snatches of instruction he might, in the hurried moments at his disposal, in the eternal principles of green-grocery selection. " Pick out kind o' rough eggs," for example, he adjured her earnestly. " Slick eggs ain't no good! "

Much as she appreciated his professional consideration, his personal con-

descension was more. Putting from her eyes the filaments of neutral-tinted hair, blown out from the abundant mass under the faded red felt hat, she looked about her with a feeling of expansion. The unkept-ins were at play in the streets.

"Hattie can beat everybody hop-scotching," she said.

He made no pretense of interest in Hattie's hop-scotching; but she had expected none in that, or any other subjeet which she might introduce. She spoke but from the fullness of her content in the honorable comradeship which was, for the nonce, vouchsafed to her.

"Hazel's cutting another tooth," she hazarded again. "It makes her cry a lot; but she's *awful* cute!"

"Who's Hazel?" he demanded.

"Hazel's my sister's baby. She ain't but ten months old, and she can say bish and coo-coo, and a whole lot o' things. I mind her when I'm at home, and I'm making her a dress at school, in sewing lessons. Only Miss Hickerson says she don't know whether I can go on with sewing lessons, I do so awful poor in arithmetic and things."

"Shucks!" he said. "Arithmetic and things ain't nothing! You beat 'em on some things all right!"

Unaffected astonishment reigned upon Byra's face.

"I don't reckon I'll get a certificate on deportment," she said, "now I've got this demerit."

"Certificates on deportment ain't nothing," he said. "I wa'n't talking about no deportment."

"I can sew some," she recommenced — "but not so awful good."

"I ain't talking about no sewing!" he rejoined.

She was too nonplussed even for a further guess at his meaning.

"What's the matter with being the prettiest girl at Jefferson School?" he said.

Hattie, triumphantly hop-scotching in the street, greeted her with friendly derision as she approached the undesirable residence, forlornly in need of paint, which sheltered the Klack and Pinner families — or overflowed with them into the surrounding area.

"Kept-in scholar,
Ain't worth a dollar!"

chanted Hattie with shrill exuberance from among the juvenile friends and connections swarming upon the uneven brick pavement.

The keenness of Byra's sensitiveness upon the subject of being kept in might well have become blunted by the familiarity of the experience; and yet, so goaded, she was accustomed to grow red and tearful, and tacitly plead for mercy. To-day she went on through the front gate, unmoved.

"Being kept in ain't nothing," she said, with spirit and idiom alike superb and alike surprising.

Being kept in, I repeat, had always been a common incident in her school career, on account of the weakness of her scholarship. It became more common than ever when the impeccability of her deportment departed, and her name began to figure with frequency in the monitor's fatal list.

"It takes fifty demerits to expel you!" she said, in answer to Hattie's scathing commentary upon the growing imperfection of her record.

Every day when the lines were forming to march out to the stirring strains evoked by Miss Jones of the Kindergarten Department from the cabinet organ at the head of the central stairway, there came from the Sixth Grammar ranks the splendid temptation of a "Hello, Byra!" How could she refrain from an answering "Hello, Herbert"? It was not possible for the monitor always to catch one in the reckless act. When she did, she was very apt to put down *both* names. Duly Byra would decline her head upon her desk and cry — but the subsequent walking home together was not unpleasant.

The dress of Hattie, as has been remarked, was to her knees, Byra's was

almost to her shoe-tops. Otherwise they were the same, except as chance differences were introduced in the utilization of cast-off dresses of the older sisters, who, working in stores, were precluded from shabbiness.

In the public schools there was perfect liberty to be shabby; and there was this advantage in that, among others — if Byra and Hattie had not been so shabby all the week they could not possibly have had the right "dressed-up" feeling on Sundays. Nevertheless, Byra, without consultation with Hattie, began suddenly to wear her Sunday dress to school. Nor could she give any reason for the innovation. When pressed by Hattie for an explanation, she could only say that she did it " just so."

From Mrs. Klack, who bore up under her many cares through a disposition which took care lightly, no opposition was to be looked for. Constitutionally indulgent, she was perfectly willing for Byra to wear what she pleased when she pleased; the more so, as Byra's wardrobe was a perfectly fixed quantity, and the wearing-out of her Sunday dress entailed consequences to no one but herself.

Despite Byra's lapse from the high perfection of her former standard of conduct, Miss Hickerson began to be encouraged.

" She is beginning to get some ideas of neatness and order," she told Mr. Dresser; " and she really is learning denominate numbers, at last. I can't help thinking that hitherto she has been perfectly satisfied with getting a deportment certificate, and that her losing all chance of that — though why she has fallen back in deportment so, I can't imagine — has been a blessing in disguise."

It was a case unique in her pedagogical experience; reminding her in a shadowy way of that of Donatello in the *Marble Faun.*

Always she had had an illogical liking for Byra. She was glad to embrace any opportunity of encouraging her.

" You get on very well with denominate numbers, now, Byra," she said kindly.

Byra looked up with animation from her example. For the first time Miss Hickerson noticed the clear green-gray of her eyes, the low curve of her dun eyebrows, the way her dun hair grew upon her forehead, the faint young bloom of her cheeks.

" You have to do denominate numbers all the time in a green-grocery," she said, with a spontaneous application of the subject to practical life which at once pleased and astonished her teacher.

Passing the green-grocery on her way to and from school, it was no wonder that the thought of it was familiar to her mind. It was not a very splendid green-grocery, but, really, with trays of oranges and apples set out on one side of the door, winter vegetables on the other, plumply nude fowls garnishing the entrance, there was something about it not unattractive, even to the passer-by.

For the mere sake of long acquaintance, it was but natural that Byra should look in as she passed; the more so as she no longer went in. The strained relations between the Klack-Pinner household and the management had culminated in a decisive break, and all her errands now in quest of supplies lay in the direction of a rival store. Personally she had not been involved in the unpleasantness, nor had Herbert Hopkins. Both had been at school when an order from her family — transmitted through the oldest Pinner — had been dishonored, and the youthful emissary sent back, empty-handed, bearing a message more curt than courteous. The next day, Byra held her head down, when the lines were forming to march out at recess, and did not respond to Herbert's " Hello, Byra! " though the monitor was not even looking, and Miss Jones was playing the organ with the loudest stops pulled out. But she need not have been ashamed. So elaborately he demonstrated his entire ignorance of the affair, — abstaining even from any comment upon the cessation of her vis-

its to the establishment, — that insensibly her ease with him returned. Once more the perilous exchange of "Hello, Byra!" and "Hello, Herbert!" in the hallway was a purple patch upon the day of each.

Then, suddenly, it ceased. The Sixth Grammar line which had known Herbert Hopkins, for the time being knew him no more. And through the school percolated the news that Herbert Hopkins was "suspended."

"For fighting," Hattie could add, with her usual unctuous superiority of information.

It was not strange, as I have said, that Byra should glance into the familiar recesses of the green-grocery as she went by; but there was small chance of the issuance of a "Hello, Byra!" — the green-grocery existence of Herbert Hopkins, when he was not, with professional deftness, doing denominate numbers, being passed, as a rule, with his nobler half engulfed in the depths of potato, apple, and other barrels. Sometimes, though, he withdrew his head in the nick of time; for example, on the Friday following his retirement from school, when she was going by, with Hattie, in the morning.

The customer to whom he was selling turnips poked him with her umbrella.

"I have n't got time for you to be staring into the street!" she said, with asperity.

On Sunday, in all the glory of cuffs of the largest purchasable size, he was standing as usual on the pavement in front of the church with the other "fellows," when the congregation broke up. As the Klacks and Pinners straggled homeward, — the older girls with their respective beaus, Hattie with a flock of her contemporaries, — Byra lagged in the rear, accommodating herself to the short steps of the next-to-the-youngest Pinner, who had remained over from the infant class to the church services, to the considerable disturbance of the congregation. In a casual way, Herbert caught up with her.

"I s'pose you've heard about me being suspended," he said.

She would have liked to tender her sympathy; but it was hard to find words adequate to the crushing occasion.

"Yes, I've heard," she answered in awe-stricken tones.

"Being suspended ain't nothing," he said. And he seemed to mean it. He had the effect almost of being tall, as he walked beside her, at the width of the pavement — so high he held his head. "I beat him good — and I'd do it again. I ain't going to have nobody writing your name up on walls."

"Writing my name up on walls?" she queried blankly. "What's anybody writing my name up on walls for?"

"It's about me — about me loving you," he said. "And it's all right about that. Only it ain't none o' Joe Garber's business; and shan't nobody write up your name on a wall!"

Hattie, skipping up behind from an excursion part way home with a friend, caught an imperfect fragment of the conversation.

"My name's been on the blackboard five weeks," she remarked. "Byra don't *never* get on the Roll of Honor."

"The Roll of Honor ain't nothing," said Herbert. Hattie had skipped on.

"Seems like," he said, "ain't nothing nothing to me — but just you!"

Hattie was very bright, unquestionably; but it was not until she perceived that Herbert was actually walking with Byra up to her own gate, — the gate upon which Hattie at that good moment was engaged in swinging, — that her fine intelligence really took hold of the case.

The instant he left, came her question.

"Herbert Hopkins is your sweetheart, ain't he?" she demanded, her face illumined with characteristic greediness for knowledge.

Byra turned toward the house.

"I don't know," she said absently. Not that there was any shadow of doubt in her own mind — but little girls can't expect to be told everything.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES[1]

VI

THE ANXIOUS SUMMER OF '63

Monday, July 13, 1863.

The army is still at rest. Halleck stays here in Washington, within four hours of the army, smoking his cigar, doing as little as the army. If he gives orders for an onward movement and is not obeyed, why does he not remove to headquarters in the field? If this army is permitted to escape across the Potomac, woe be to those who permit it!

The forces which were on the Pamunkey have been ordered up, and are passing through Baltimore to the great army which is already too large, four times as large as the rebels who have been driven onto the banks of the Potomac, and are waiting for the river to fall so that they can get back into Virginia, without being captured or molested, and Meade is waiting to have them. Drive them back, is Halleck's policy.

Wrote a congratulatory letter to Porter on the fall of Vicksburg. Called on the President and advised that Porter should be made a Rear Admiral. He assented very cheerfully, though his estimate of Porter is not so high as mine. Stanton denies him any merit, speaks of him as "a gas bag," who makes a great fuss and claims credit that belongs to others. Chase, Seward, and Blair agree with me, that Porter has done good service. I am aware of his infirmities. He is selfish, presuming, and wasteful, but is brave and energetic.

[On Saturday, July 11, the new draft began in New York City and was followed by four days of wild rioting.]

Tuesday, July 14, 1863.

We have accounts of mobs, riots and disturbances in New York and other places in consequence of the conscription act. Our information is very meagre; two or three mails are [over]due, the telegraph is interrupted. There have been powerful rains, which have caused great damage to the railroads and interrupted all land communication between this and Baltimore.

There are, I think, indubitable evidences of concert in these riotous movements, beyond the accidental and impulsive outbreak of a mob or mobs. Lee's march into Pennsylvania, — the appearance of several rebel steamers off the coast, the mission of A. H. Stephens to Washington, seem to be parts of one movement, are all concerted schemes between the rebel leaders and northern sympathizing friends — the whole put in operation when the government is enforcing the conscription. The conjunction is not all accidental, but parts of a great plan.

In the midst of all this, and as a climax, comes word that Lee's army has succeeded in re-crossing the Potomac. If there had been an understanding between the mob conspirators, the rebels, and our own officers, the combination of incidents could not have been more advantageous to the rebels.

LINCOLN'S DEJECTION

The Cabinet meeting was not full today. Two or three of us were there when Stanton came in with some haste and

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asked to see the President alone. The two were absent about three minutes in the library. When they returned, the President's countenance indicated trouble and distress. Stanton was disturbed, disconcerted. Usher asked Stanton if he had bad news. He said, "No." Something was said of the report that Lee had crossed the river. Stanton said abruptly and curtly he knew nothing of Lee's crossing. "I do," said the President emphatically, with a look of painful rebuke at Stanton. "If he has not got all of his men across, he soon will."

The President said he did not believe we could take up anything in Cabinet today. Probably none of us were in a right frame of mind for deliberation; he was not. He wanted to see General Halleck at once. Stanton left abruptly. I retired slowly. The President hurried and overtook me. We walked together across the lawn to the departments and stopped and conversed a few moments at the gate. He said, with a voice and countenance which I shall never forget, that he had dreaded, yet expected, this; that there has seemed to him for a full week a determination that Lee, though we had him in our hands, should escape with his force and plunder. "And that, my God, is the last of this Army of the Potomac! There is bad faith somewhere. Meade has been pressed and urged, but only one of his Generals was for an immediate attack. [He] was ready to pounce on Lee. The rest held back. What does it mean, Mr. Welles, Great God, what does it mean?"

I asked what orders had gone from him, while our troops had been quiet with a defeated and broken army in front, almost destitute of ammunition, and an impassable river to prevent their escape. He could not say that anything positive had been done, but both Stanton and Halleck professed to agree with him and he thought Stanton did. Halleck was all the time wanting to hear from Meade. "Why," said I, "he is within four hours of Meade. Is it not strange that he has not been up there to advise and encourage him?" I stated I had observed the inertness, if not incapacity, of the General in Chief and had hoped that he, who had better and more correct views, would issue peremptory orders.

The President immediately softened his tone and said, "Halleck knows better than I what to do. He is a military man, has had a military education. I brought him here to give me military advice. His views and mine are widely different. It is better that I who am not a military man should defer to him, rather than he to me."

I told the President I did not profess to be a military man, but there were some things on which I could form perhaps as correct an opinion as General Halleck, and I believed that he, the President, could more correctly, certainly more energetically, direct military movements than Halleck, who it appeared to me could originate nothing, and was, as now, all the time waiting to hear from Meade or whoever was in command.

I can see that the shadows which have crossed my mind have clouded the President's also. On only one or two occasions have I ever seen the President so troubled, so dejected and discouraged.

Two hours later I went to the War Department. The President lay upon a sofa in Stanton's room completely absorbed, overshadowed with the news. He was, however, though subdued, sad, calm and resolute. Stanton had asked me to come over and read Dana's [1] report of the materials found at Vicksburg. The amount is very great, and the force was large. Thirty-one thousand, two hundred prisoners have been paroled. Had Meade attacked and captured the army above us, as I verily believe he might have done, the rebellion would have been ended. He was disposed to attack, I am told, but yielded to his generals who were opposed. If the war were over those generals would drop into subordinate positions.

[1] Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War.

Wednesday, July 15, 1863.

We have the back mails this morning. The papers are filled with accounts of mobs, riots, burnings, and murders in New York. There have been outbreaks to resist the draft in several other places. This is anarchy, the fruit of the seed sown by Seymour and others.

Thursday, July 16, 1863.

It is represented that the mob in New York is about subdued. Why it was permitted to continue so long, and commit such excess, has not been explained. Governor Seymour, whose partisans constituted the rioters, and whose partisanship encouraged them, has been in New York talking namby-pamby. This Sir Forcible Feeble is himself chiefly responsible for the outrage.

Lee's army has re-crossed the Potomac unmolested, carrying off all its artillery and the property stolen in Pennsylvania. When I ask why such an escape was permitted, I am told that the generals opposed an attack. What generals? None are named. Meade is in command there. Halleck is General in Chief here. They should be held responsible. There are generals who, no doubt, will acquiesce without any regret in having this war prolonged.

In this whole summer's campaign I have been unable to see, hear, or obtain evidence of power or will, or talent or originality on the part of General Halleck. He has suggested nothing, decided nothing, done nothing, but scold and smoke and scratch his elbows. Is it possible the energies of the nation should be wasted by the incapacity of such a man!

Friday, July 17, 1863.

At the Cabinet Council Seward expressed great apprehension of a break-up of the British ministry. I see in the papers an intimation that should Roebuck's motion for a recognition of the Confederacy prevail, Earl Russell would resign. I have no fears that the motion will prevail. The English, though mischievously inclined, are not demented. I wish the policy of our Secretary of State, who assumes to be wise, was as discreet as theirs. He handed me consular despatches from Mr. Dudley [our consul] at Liverpool who is exceedingly alarmed, fears England will let all the ironclads and rovers go out, and that the sea-robbers will plunder and destroy our commerce. Mr. Dudley is an excellent consul, vigilant, but somewhat, and excusably, nervous, and he naturally presents the facts which he gets in a form that will not do injustice to the activity and zeal of the consul. Seward gives, and always has given, the fullest credit to the wildest rumors.

[Three days earlier, General Meade, stung by criticism, had asked to be relieved of the command of the army, but the request had been refused.]

Some remarks on the great error of General Meade in permitting Lee and the rebel army with all their plunder to escape, led the President to say he would not yet give up that officer. He has committed, said the President, a terrible mistake, but he would try him farther. No one expressed his approval, but Seward said that excepting [for] the escape of Lee, Meade has shown ability. It was evident that the retention of Meade had been decided [upon].

In a conversation with General Wadsworth who called on me, I learned that at the council of General Officers, Meade was disposed to make an attack, and was supported by Wadsworth, Howard, and Pleasanton, but Sedgwick, Sykes, and the older regular officers dissented. Meade, rightly disposed, but timid and irresolute, hesitated and delayed until too late. Want of decision and self-reliance in an emergency has cost him and the country dear, for had he fallen upon Lee it could hardly have been otherwise than the capture of most of the rebel army. Had Meade done his duty, we should have witnessed a speedy change throughout the South.

It is a misfortune that the command of the army had not been in stronger hands and with a man of broader views, and that he had not a more competent superior than Halleck. The late infirm action will cause a postponement of the end. Lee has been allowed to retreat unmolested, with his army and guns, and the immense plunder which the rebels have pillaged. The generals have succeeded in prolonging the war. Othello's occupation is not yet gone!

Friday, July 24, 1863.

This being Cabinet day, Mr. Seward spent an hour with the President, and when the rest came in, he immediately withdrew. Some inquiry was made in regard to army movements and Meade in particular, but no definite information was communicated. Meade is watching the enemy as fast as he can since he let them slip and get away from him.

[In the operations against Charleston, the fleet under Dahlgren was coöperating with a land force under Gen. A. Gilmore.]

Sunday, July 26, 1863.

Despatches from Admiral Dahlgren under date of the 21st were received. He says Gilmore had but 8000 men when he commenced operations, that of these he has lost by casualties, killed, wounded, and prisoners about 1200, and a like number are useless by illness, the result of over-exertion, etc., so that he has actually less than 6000 effective men. The War Department does not propose to strengthen him. Dahlgren three or four times has said the force was inadequate, and expressed a hope for reinforcements. I sent Assistant Fox with these despatches to Halleck, who rebuffed him, said General Gilmore had called for no more troops, and if he would take care of the navy, he would take care of the army.

I went this noon (Sunday) to the President with Dahlgren's despatches, [and] told him the force under Gilmore was insufficient for the work assigned him; that it ought not now to fail, that it ought not to have been begun unless it was understood his force was to have been increased; that such was his expectation, and I wished to know if it could not be done. It would be unwise to wait until Gilmore was crushed and repelled, and to then try and regain lost ground, which seemed to be the policy of General Halleck; that instead of remaining inactive till Gilmore, exhausted, cried for help, his wants should be anticipated.

The President agreed with me fully, but said he knew not where the troops could come from, unless from the Army of the Potomac. but if it was going to fight it would want all its men. I asked if he really believed Meade was going to have a battle. He looked at me earnestly for a moment and said, "Well, to be candid I have no faith Meade will attack Lee. Nothing looks like it to me. I believe he can never have another as good opportunity as that which he trifled away. Everything since has dragged with him. No, I don't believe he is going to fight."

"Why then," I asked, "not send a few regiments to Charleston. Gilmore ought to be reinforced with ten thousand men. We intend to send additional seamen and marines."

"Well," said the President, "I will see Halleck. I think we should strain a point. May I say to him that you are going to strengthen Dahlgren." "Yes." I replied. "But it would be better you should say you ordered it, and that you also ordered the necessary army increase. Let us all do our best."

Our interview was in the library, and was earnest and cordial. If, following the dictates of his own good judgment, instead of deferring to Halleck who lacks power, sagacity, ability, comprehension and foresight to devise, propose, plan, and direct great operations, and who is reported to be engaged on some literary work at this important period, the President were to order and direct measures, the army would be inspired and the country benefited. A delicacy on the part of Gilmore

to ask for aid is made the excuse of the inert General-in-Chief for not sending the troops which are wanted; and when he learns from a reliable source of the weak condition of the command he will not strengthen it, or move till calamity overtakes it, or he is himself ordered to do his duty. Halleck originates nothing, anticipates nothing to assist others, takes no responsibility, plans nothing, suggests nothing, is good for nothing. His being at Headquarters is a national misfortune.

Monday, July 27, 1863.

Had a strange letter from Senator John P. Hale [1] protesting against the appointment of Commodore Van Brunt to the command of the Portsmouth Navy Yard, because he and V[an] B[runt] are not on friendly terms. He wishes me to become a party to a personal controversy, and to do injustice to an officer for the reason that he and that officer are not on cordial relations. The pretensions and arrogance of Senators become amazing, and this man, or Senator, would carry his private personal disagreement into public official actions.

Tuesday, July 28, 1863.

The Secretary of War promises that he will reinforce General Gilmore with 5000 men. I thought it should be 10,000 if we intended thorough work, but am glad of even this assurance. General Halleck excuses his non-action, by saying Gilmore had not applied for more men. Vigilance is not one of Halleck's qualifications.

AN INTERVIEW WITH RAWLINS

Friday, July 31, 1863.

I met at the President's, and was introduced by him to, Colonel Rawlins, of General Grant's staff. He arrived yesterday with the official report of the taking of Vicksburg and capture of Pemberton's army. Was much pleased with him, his frank, intelligent and interesting description of men and account of army operations. His interview with the President and Cabinet was of nearly two hours duration, and all, I think, were entertained by him. His honest, unpretending, and unassuming manners pleased me, the absence of pretension, and I may say the unpolished and unrefined deportment of this earnest and sincere man, patriot and soldier pleased me more than that of almost any officer whom I have met. He was never at West Point and has had few educational advantages, yet he is a soldier, and has a mind which has served his general and his country well. He is a sincere and earnest friend of Grant, who has evidently sent him here for a purpose.

It was the intention of the President last fall that General McClernand, an old neighbor and friend of his, should have been associated with Admiral Porter in active operations before Vicksburg. It was the expressed and earnest wish of Porter to have a citizen general, and he made it a special point to be relieved from associations with a West Pointer; all West Pointers, he said, were egotistical and assuming, and never willing to consider and treat naval officers as equals.

The President thought the opportunity a good one to bring forward his friend McClernand in whom he has confidence, and who is a volunteer officer of ability, and possesses moreover a good deal of political influence in Illinois. Stanton and Halleck entered into his views, for Grant was not a special favorite with either.

Rawlins now comes from Vicksburg with statements in regard to McClernand which show him an impracticable and unfit man. He has not been subordinate and intelligent, but has been an embarrassment, and, instead of directing or assisting, has been really an obstruction to any movements and operations. In Rawlins's statements there is undoubtedly prejudice, but with such appearance of candor, and earnest and intelligent conviction, that there can be hardly a doubt McClernand is in fault; and Rawlins has

[1] Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, and a source of constant irritation to Secretary Welles.

been sent here by Grant in order to enlist the President rather than bring despatches. In this I think he has succeeded, though the President feels kindly toward McClernand. Grant evidently hates him, and Rawlins is imbued with the feelings of his chief.

[" Appreciating the benefit and even the necessity," says Rhodes, "of support from the Democratic Executive of the chief State of the Union, the President wrote Seymour a serious letter, with the design of becoming ' better acquainted,' and with the wish for ' a good understanding ' in the common purpose of ' maintaining the nation's life and integrity.' " During the course of the correspondence thus originated, the military arrest of Vallandigham roused Seymour's wrath and widened the breach between one of the more patriotic of the Democratic leaders and the Republican President.]

Tuesday, August 4, 1863.

The President read to us a letter received from Horatio Seymour, Governor of New York, on the subject of the draft, which he asks may be postponed. The letter is a party political document, filled with perverted statements, and apologizing for and diverting attention from his mob.

The President also read his reply, which is manly, vigorous, and decisive. He did not permit himself to be drawn away on frivolous and remote issues, which was obviously the intent of Seymour.

Sunday, August 9, 1863.

Have not been well for the last two days, and am still indisposed, but cannot omit duties.

Monday, August 10, 1863.

Admiral Farragut has arrived in New York, and telegraphs me that he will report in person when I direct. I congratulated him on his safe return, but advised repose with his family and friends during this heated term, and to report when it should suit his convenience.

At the Cabinet Council the President read another letter from Governor Seymour. I have little respect for him. It may be politic for the President to treat him with respect in consequence of his position.

Wednesday, August 12, 1863.

The President has a brief reply to Governor Seymour's rejoinder, which is very well. Stanton said to me he wished the President would stop letter-writing, for which he has a liking, and particularly when he feels he has facts and right reasons. I might not disagree with Stanton as regards some correspondence, but I think the President has been more successful with Seymour than [with] some others. His own letters and writing are generally unpretending and abound in good sense.

Thursday, August 13, 1863.

Chase spent an hour with me on various subjects. Says the administration is merely departmental, which is true, that he considers himself responsible for no other branch of the government than the Treasury, nor for any other than financial measures. His dissent to the war management has been very decided, though he says he is on particularly friendly terms with Stanton. In many respects, he says, Stanton has done well, though he has unfortunate failings, making intercourse with him at times exceedingly unpleasant. He thinks he is earnest and energetic, though wanting in persistency, steadiness. General Halleck, Chase considers perfectly useless, a heavy incumbrance — with no heart in the cause, no sympathy for those who have. These are Chase's present views. They are not what he at one time entertained of Halleck, but we all know H[alleck] better than we did.

We had some talk on the policy that must be pursued respecting slavery, and the relation of the state and Federal government thereto. It was, I think, his principal object in the interview, and I was glad it was introduced, for there has been on all sides general avoidance of the

question, though it is one of magnitude, and has to be disposed of. His own course, Chase said, was clear and decided. No one of the rebel states must be permitted to tolerate slavery for an instant. I asked what was to be done with Missouri, when the recent convention had decided in favor of emancipation, but [with the proviso] that it should be prospective [and that] slavery should not be extinguished until 1870. He replied that the people might over-rule that; whether they did or not, Missouri is one of the excepted states, where the proclamation did not go into effect.

Friday, August 14, 1863.

Had a call from Governor Tod of Ohio who says he is of Connecticut blood. Governor Tod is a man of marked character, and of more than ordinary ability — has a frank and honest nature that wins confidence and attaches friends.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF GENERAL MEADE

General Meade called at the Executive Mansion whilst the Cabinet was in session. Most of the members, like myself, had never met him. Blair and he were classmates at West Point, but they have never met since they graduated until to-day. He has a sharp visage and a narrow head. Would do better as second in command than as General-in-Chief. Is doubtless a good officer, but not a great and capable commander. He gave some details of the battle of Gettysburg clearly and fluently. Shows intelligence and activity, and on the whole [I] was as well or better pleased with him than I expected I should be, for I have had unfavorable impressions, prejudiced perhaps, since the escape of Lee. This interview confirms previous impressions of the calibre and capacity of the man.

Seward leaves to-day for a rambling excursion with the foreign ministers. Stanton did not come to the meeting whilst I remained. Chase left early, followed by Mr. Bates and myself.

Saturday, August 15, 1863.

I had to-day a very full and interesting account of the campaign and fall of Vicksburg from General F. P. Blair, who has done good service in the field and in politics also. He was a fearless pioneer in the great cause of the Union, and breasted the storm in stormy Missouri with a bold front. Of the factions and feuds in St. Louis, I pretend to no accurate knowledge; and am no partisan of either [side]. Frank is as bold in words as in deeds, fearless in his utterances as in his fights. He is uncalculating, impolitic it would be said, rash without doubt, but sincere and patriotic to the core. I detect in his conversation to-day a determination to free himself from personal and local complications, and if possible to reconcile differences. It is honorable on his part, but I apprehend he has materials to deal with that he cannot master.

CHASE'S VIEWS ON RECONSTRUCTION

[Ex-Governor Chase of Ohio had, from the outset, been the Cabinet representative of the more aggressive Emancipationists.]

Saturday, August 22, 1863.

Mr. Chase called and took me this evening for a two hours' ride. We went past Kalorama north, crossed Rock Creek near the Stone Mill, thence over the hills to Tenallytown, and returned through Georgetown. The principal topic of conversation, and the obvious purpose of this drive, was a consultation on the slavery question, and what in common parlance is called the reconstruction of the Union with the incidentals. After sounding me without getting definite and satisfactory answers, he frankly avowed his own policy and determination. It is unconditional and immediate emancipation in all the rebel states — no retrograde [step] from the Proclamation of Emancipation, no recognition of a rebel state as a part of the Union, or any terms with it except on the extinction, wholly, at once and forever, of slavery.

I neither adopted nor rejected his em-

phatic tests, for such he evidently meant them. The questions are of vast magnitude and have great attending difficulties. The re-establishment of the Union is a practical and important question, and it may come up in a way and form which we cannot now anticipate, and not improbably [may] set aside any hypothetical case which may at this time be presented. I consider slavery, as it heretofore existed, has terminated in all the states, and am not for intruding speculative political theories in advance, to embarrass official action.

North Carolinians are just now beginning to discuss the subject of disconnecting their state from the Confederacy. I asked Chase if he believed Congress would refuse to recognize her, and the government attempt to exclude her from the Union if she came forward and proposed to resume her place, with slavery, like Maryland and the other border states. He said much would depend on the President, — all, in fact; for, were the President to acquiesce in her return, it could not be prevented. But, on the other hand, if he planted himself firmly, and with Jacksonian will, on the proclamation, he had no doubt North Carolina would be excluded or refused her original place in the Union unless she modified her constitution and abolished slavery. He was confident, if the government persisted in emancipation, the state would ultimately yield.

"That," said I, "brings up other questions touching the powers and limitations of the Federal Government. Where is the authority for Congress, or a fraction of Congress, to exclude a state, or to prescribe to one of the original states new conditions upon which one of the original commonwealths which founded and established a government shall hereafter [be permitted to] compose a part of the Federal Union? Where is the authority for the President, or Congress, to deprive her of rights preserved and guaranteed to all, or to dictate her local policy? [such] restrictive conditions being new, not a part of the Federal compact or known to the constitution. The state must have equal political rights, or the government cannot stand on the basis of 1789."

He replied that those states had severed their connection with the Union without cause, had broken faith and made war on the government. They had forfeited their rights. They no longer retained the positions they once had. They were to be subjugated, conquered. In order to be restored to the Union, they must be required to put away the cause of disturbance, the source of rebellion, disunion, and strife. The welfare of the nation, the security and perpetuity of the Union, demanded this. To admit them now to a full and equal participation with ourselves, without extinguishing slavery, would be, with the aid of their sympathizing friends, to place the government in the hands of the slave-holders.

WELLES'S OWN VIEWS

"That there may be something to be apprehended were all the rebels and their old party associates in the free states to reunite and act in concert, I admit may be true, but this is not a supposable case. The rebels would not all come back at once, were pardon and general amnesty extended to them. There is also, bear in mind, deep and wide hostility to the Confederate proceedings through almost the whole South; and the old party associates of Davis and others in the North are broken up and pretty thoroughly alienated. The re-establishment of the Union and harmony will be a slow process, requiring forbearance and nursing, rather than force and coercion. The bitter enmities which have been sown, the hate which has been generated, the blood which has been spilled, the treasure, public and private, which has been wasted and lost, and, saddest of all, the lives that have been sacrificed, cannot be forgotten and smoothed over in a day; we can hardly expect it in a generation. By forbearance and forgiveness, by wise and judicious

management, the states may be restored to their place and the people to their duty, but let us not begin by harsh assumptions, for even with gentle treatment the work of reconciliation and fraternity will be slow. Let us be magnanimous. Ought we not to act on individuals, and through them on the states?"

This enquiry seemed to strike him favorably, and I elaborated it somewhat, bringing up old political doctrines and principles which we had cherished in other days. I reminded him that to have a cordial union of the states they must be equal in political rights, and that arbitrary measures do not conduce to good feeling and are not promotive of freedom and good will. As regards individuals who have made war on the government and resisted its laws, they have forfeited their rights, and could be punished and even deprived of life, but I know not how we could punish states as commonwealths except through its people. A state could not be struck out of existence like an individual or corporation.

Besides, it must be remembered, we should be classing the innocent with the guilty, punishing our true friends, who had already suffered severely in the Union cause, as severely as the worst rebels. We could have no *post facto* enactments, could not go beyond existing laws to punish rebels; we should not [then] do this with our friends, and punish them for wrongs committed by others. We could now exact of rebels the oath of allegiance before pardon, and could perhaps grant conditional or limited pardons, denying those who had been active in taking up arms the right to vote or hold office for a period. Such as came in on the terms granted would build up loyal communities.

In these general outlines we pretty much agreed; but there is, I apprehend, a radical difference between us as regards the status of the states, and their position in and relation to the general government. I know not that I clearly comprehend the views of Chase, and am not sure that he has fully considered and matured the subject himself. He says he makes it a point to see the President daily and converse on this subject; that he thinks the President is becoming firm and more decided in his opinions, and he wants me to second him. Stanton, he says, is all right, but is not a man of firm and reliable opinion. Seward and Blair he considers opponents. Bates, he says, is of no account, and has no influence. Usher he classes with himself, though he considers him of no more scope than Bates. Seward, he says, is unreliable and untruthful. The President, he compliments for honesty of intentions, good common sense, more sagacity than he has credit for, but [thinks him] greatly wanting in will and decision, in comprehensiveness, in self-reliance, and clear well-defined purpose.

The re-establishment of the Union is beset with difficulties. One great embarrassment, the principal one, is the intrusion of partyism. Chase, I see, is warped by this. It is not strange that he should be, for he has aspirations which are likely to be affected by these issues. Others are in like manner influenced. I believe I have no personal ambition to gratify, no expectations. There is no office that I want or would accept in prospect, but my heart is [in] beholding us once more United States and a united people.

This subject should not become mixed with partyism, but yet it can scarcely be avoided. Chase gathers it into the coming presidential election. [He] feels that the measure of emancipation which was decided without first consulting him has placed the President in advance of him on a path which was his specialty.

Saturday, August 29, 1863.

Have reluctantly come to the conclusion to visit the Navy Yards. It is a matter of duty, and physicians and friends insist it will be conducive to health and strength. If I could go quietly it would give me pleasure, but I have a positive dislike to notoriety.

Friday, September 11, 1863.

I left Washington on the 31st ult., on an official visit to the several Navy Yards. Have a good report of affairs during my absence. Met the members of the Cabinet, with the exception of Stanton, at the regular meeting. All glad to see me; none more so than the President, who cordially and earnestly greeted me. I have been less absent than any other member, and was therefore perhaps more missed.

Had a call from Admiral Farragut, of a most cheerful and friendly character.

Saturday, September 12, 1863.

Exceedingly busy in bringing up and disposing of matters which accumulated during my absence. Admiral Farragut and a few friends to dine with me. The more I see and know of Farragut the better I like him. He has the qualities I supposed when he was selected; the ardor and sincerity which struck me during the Mexican War when he wished to take Vera Cruz, with the unassuming and the unpresuming gentleness of a true hero.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE JUDGES

[The suspension of the writ of Habeas Corpus by Presidential proclamation in the autumn of the preceding year had raised such a storm of protest that Congress, in whom this power was properly vested, had passed, on March 3, 1863, an act authorizing the President to suspend the writ " during the present rebellion . . . whenever in his judgment the public safety may require it."]

Monday, September 14, 1863.

The President called a special Cabinet council this morning at 11. The course pursued by certain judges is, he says, defeating the draft. They are discharging the drafted men rapidly under *habeas corpus*, and he is determined to put a stop to these factious and mischievous proceedings if he has the authority. The Secretary of State and Attorney General have each been consulted, and declare they have no doubt of his authority. Mr. Blair was satisfied the President had the legal power, but [thought that] the measure proposed (which is an order from the President directing the provosts-marshal [either] to disregard the writ, or make return that the person to be discharged was held by the authority of the President) was perhaps not the best process. Mr. Chase feared civil war would be inaugurated if the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus was suspended. Mr. Usher had doubts and uncertainties.

The President was very determined, and intimated that he would not only enforce the law, but if Judge Lowry and others continued to interfere and interrupt the draft he would send them after Vallandigham. As considerable discussion had taken place, he was prepared to act, though willing to listen, and, if mistaken, to defer to others. Up to this point neither Mr. Stanton or myself had taken part in the discussion, though Stanton had undoubtedly expressed his opinion and prompted the proposed action.

I remarked that the subject was not new to me, that I had two or three times experienced this interference by judges to release men from service, not in relation to the recent draft, but that we were and had been suffering constant annoyance. Vessels were delayed on the eve of sailing, by interference of state judges, who assumed jurisdiction and authority to discharge enlisted men in the national service in time of war, on *habeas corpus*. I had as high regard and reverence for that act as any one, but it seemed to me there should be some way to prevent its abuse. A factious and evil-minded judge, and we had many such holding state appointments, could embarrass the government, could delay the departure of a vessel on an important mission, involving perhaps war or peace, or interrupt great military movements by an abuse of service of this writ. I had questioned whether a local state or municipal judge should have this power to control national naval and military operations in a civil war during the existence of hostilities, and

suggested that, especially in time of war, United States judges were the only proper officers to decide in these naval and military cases affecting the law and service of the United States. Hitherto the army had suffered less than the navy, and I was not sorry the subject had been brought forward by others.

The President said he would prepare and submit a paper at an adjourned meeting for criticism to-morrow at 9 A. M.

Tuesday, September 15, 1863.

The President read the paper which he had drawn up. Mr. Chase proposed as a preferable course that the President, pursuant to the Act of the 3d of March last, suspend by proclamation the issuing of the writ of *habeas corpus* on military questions. This proposition after discussion met with favor from all, and the Council adjourned to 1 P. M. [to enable] Mr. Seward to prepare a proclamation. On meeting at one o'clock the draft which Mr. Seward had prepared was criticised and, after some modifications, was ordered to be re-copied and carried into effect. All came into the arrangement cordially after Stanton read the reports of sundry provosts-marshal and others, detailing the schemes practiced for defeating the draft.

The question is raised whether the Executive can suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* without Congressional action. If the Executive can suspend in the cases specified, which is generally admitted, the policy of falling back on the Act of 3rd of March last is more than questionable; for if Congress has, as claimed, the exclusive right, can it delegate away that right? If the right is in the Executive, it is not wise nor proper to place the proclamation on the delegated grant in the law of last March, which is made the basis of the proclamation. I think I am not mistaken in my impression that Mr. Chase is one of those who has claimed that the President had the constitutional right to suspend the privilege of this writ, yet he was to-day sensitive beyond all others in regard to it, and proposed relying on the act of Congress instead of the constitutional Executive prerogative. He feared if the President acted on Executive authority a civil war in the free states would be inevitable. I have none of his apprehensions and, if it is the duty of the President, would not permit legislative aggression, but maintain the prerogative of the Executive.

Thursday, September 17, 1863.

A new panic is rising respecting the ironclads in England, and some of our sensational journals foster the excitement. It does not surprise me that the *New York Times*, Raymond's paper controlled by Thurlow Weed, and all papers influenced by Seward, should be alarmed. The latter knows those vessels are to be detained, yet will not come out and state the fact, but is not unwilling to have apprehension excited. It will glorify him if it is said they are detained through protest from our minister.

If he does not prompt the *Times*, he could check its loud apprehensions. I am under restrictions which prevent me from making known facts that would dissipate this alarm. The *Evening Post*, I am sorry to see, falls in with the *Times* and its managers, and unwittingly assists those whom it does not admire. Both these journals are importunate, and insist that the Roanoke shall be returned to New York. But the Navy Department is not under newspaper control, though they have the coöperation of distinguished men. To station a steam frigate in New York would involve the necessity of stationing one also in the Delaware, and another at Boston. There would be no limit to the demand for naval defences, yet it is claimed the coast defences belong exclusively to the military.

Friday, September 18, 1863.

The proclamation suspending the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* has been generally well received. I have never feared the popular pulse would not beat

a healthful response even to a stringent measure in these times, if the public good demanded it.

A MYSTERIOUS INTERVIEW WITH SEWARD

At the Cabinet meeting Chase enquired of Seward how he and the Secretary of War got along with the English ironclad rams. Seward treated the matter lightly, and turned the conversation aside skillfully I thought, for I was interested in the question. No one could do this more adroitly than he. On returning from the Cabinet I found upon my table two letters received by the noon mail, one from Consul Dudley of Liverpool of the 5th, and one from Consul Cleaveland at Cardiff of the 3rd, both private, but each warning me, earnestly, that the English government manifested no intention to detain these vessels, and expressing their belief that they will be allowed to leave.

I went directly to the State Department with these letters, which I read to Seward, and reminded him of our conversation in August, when he quieted my apprehension so far that I left Washington to visit the Navy Yards, by assurances which he had received that we should not be disturbed by these formidable vessels.

He answered very pleasantly that he remembered the interview and the assurance he gave me, and seemed not in the least disturbed by the information of the threatened danger. On the contrary, he appeared gratified and self-satisfied. After a remark or two of assumed indifference, he saw I was in earnest, and not to be put off with mere words, [and] suddenly asked if I was a Mason. I replied I was, but [that] this [subject before us] was a matter of public concern. He said he wanted to tell me a secret which I must not communicate to a *living* person, and he should be unwilling to tell it to me on other consideration, while things were in their present condition. He must enjoin upon me especially not to tell the President nor let him know I had been informed, for he should himself probably let the President have the fact which he was about to disclose to me. "You must promise me," said he, "that you will neither communicate nor talk about it."

I said that any matter thus communicated I should not be likely to repeat, but I must necessarily talk about these rams and communicate with others concerning them. It was my business and duty to do it. I had come to him to talk about them, and I must, from the information I had, some of which I had just submitted, take action unless I had something from him to justify my abstaining to move.

He had a hesitating and enquiring look. "If," said he, "England lets these vessels out, we must let loose our privateers."

This I had repeatedly said on previous occasions (and I now fully concurred), but I had delayed extra efforts in consequence of his assurances, and we are in no condition for these troubles. We must act, and with promptness and energy, unless he has something to say as a preventive.

"Well, they won't come out," said he. "The English Ministry are our friends, with the exception of the Chief. His course and conduct are execrable, and his organs are *damnable*. I don't know," continued S[eward] "what he, the Premier [Lord Palmerston], means. For certain reasons they gave out on the 4th of November that the government would do nothing to prevent the rams from coming out. On the 5th of November, the next day, they gave us assurances they should not come out. They will be retained in port, but you must not know this fact, nor must any one else know it. Mr. Adams is not aware of it. No one but you and the President and I must know it here, and it is best that he should not know that you know it."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that this state of facts was communicated to you last November — nearly one year

ago?" "No," replied he, "did I say November, I meant September. I have despatches here. I have not read all. I left the Cabinet early as you observed."

After some farther remarks, some additional injunctions, assurances that no member of the Cabinet knew or must be allowed to know anything on the subject (there being a necessity that I should be informed, but yet appear to the world as if I were not informed), some allusions to the Emma recently captured and taken into service, our interview terminated. Before leaving, however, he expressed the wish that we had a fast steamer off Brest to capture the Florida, without recollecting that neither of our good neutral friends of England and France will allow us to coal or remain in port over twenty-four hours.

The information thus given in confidence relieves me of much labor and anxiety, yet I am not without some anxiety. I dislike this mystery, this reticence, toward our colleagues in the government. Should the English fail us, or Seward find it convenient under a calamitous condition of affairs to deny what he has told me, or claim that he was misunderstood, I could not escape censure and condemnation. There is no record or writing in my possession. I, with only verbal, confidential assurances, [have] omitted to take precautionary measures, which, without those assurances, I should have taken, and it was my duty to take last August and now. If the rams come out and damage us, the denunciations against me will be severe, and I am without remedy but must bear the odium of neglect and inaction, for I cannot make public what has been told me.

THE DREADFUL NEWS OF CHICKAMAUGA

[On September 20 the army of the Cumberland under General Rosecrans was disastrously defeated, and might have been destroyed but for the determined stand of General Thomas. Rosecrans telegraphed Halleck, "We have met with a serious disaster. . . . Enemy overwhelmed us, drove our right, pierced our centre and scattered troops there." This despatch, reinforced by another from Charles A. Dana, that "Chickamauga is as fatal a name in our history as Bull Run," was the cause of the President's tense anxiety.]

Monday, September 21, 1863.

A battle was fought on Saturday near Chattanooga and resumed yesterday. Am apprehensive our troops have suffered, and perhaps are in danger. As yet the news is not sufficiently definite.

The President came to me this afternoon with the latest news. He was feeling badly. Tells me a despatch was sent to him at the Soldiers' Home shortly after he got asleep, and so disturbed him that he had no more rest, but arose and came to the city and passed the remainder of the night awake and watchful. He has a telegram this P. M., which he brings me, that is more encouraging. Our men stood well their ground and fought, Union heroes for their country and cause. We conclude the rebels have concentrated a large force to overpower Rosecrans and recapture Chattanooga. While this has been doing, Halleck has frittered away time, and dispersed our forces. Most of Grant's effective force appears to have been sent across the Mississippi, where a large force is not needed. Burnside is in northeastern Tennessee, two hundred miles away from Chattanooga. While our men are thus scattered, a large division from Lee's army in our front has been sent under Longstreet to Bragg; and Hill's and Ewell's corps, it is reported, are there also. I trust this account is exaggerated, though the President gives it credence. I do not like [to think] nor can I ascertain that General Halleck was apprised of, or even suspected what was being done. Certainly he has made no preparation. The President is, I perceive, not satisfied, but yet he does not censure or complain. Better, perhaps, if he did.

I expressed surprise to the President at the management [of the troops] and his forbearance, and it touched him. I asked what Meade was doing with his immense army and Lee's skeleton and depleted show in front. He said he could not learn that Meade was doing anything, or wanted to do anything.

"It is," said he, "the same old story of this Army of the Potomac. Imbecility, inefficiency — don't want to *do*, — 'Defending the Capital.' I inquired of Meade," said he, "what force was in front. Meade replied he thought there was 40,000 infantry. I replied he might say 50,000 and if Lee with 50,000 could defend their Capital against our 90,000, — and if defence is all our armies *are* to do — we might, I thought, detach 50,000 from his command, and thus leave him with 40,000 to defend us. Oh," groaned the President, "it is terrible, terrible, this weakness, this indifference of our Potomac generals, with such armies of good and brave men."

"Why," said I, "not rid yourself of Meade, who may be a good man and a good officer, but is not a great general, has not breadth or strength, certainly is not the man for the position he occupies. The escape of Lee with his army across the Potomac has distressed me almost beyond any occurrence of the War. And the impression made upon me in the personal interview shortly after was not what I wished, had inspired no confidence. Though he is faithful, he can't originate."

The President assented to all I said, but "what can I do," he asked, "with such generals as we have? Who among them is any better than Meade. To sweep away the whole of them from the chief command and substitute a new man would cause a shock, and be likely to lead to combinations and troubles greater than we now have. I see all the difficulties as you do. They oppress me."

Alluding to the failures of the generals, particularly those who commanded the armies of the Potomac, he thought the selections, if unfortunate, were not imputable entirely to him. The Generals-in-Chief and the Secretary of War should, he said, know the men better than he. The Navy Department had given him no trouble in this respect, perhaps naval training was more uniform and equal than the military. I thought not, [and] said we had our troubles, but they were less conspicuous. In the selection of Farragut and Porter, I thought we had been particularly fortunate; and Dupont had merit also. He thought there had not been, take it all in all, so good an appointment in either branch of the service as Farragut, whom he did not know or recollect when I gave him command. Dupont he classed, as he has often, with McClellan, but Porter he considers a busy schemer, bold but not of high qualities as a chief. For some reason he has not so high an appreciation of Porter as I think he deserves, but no man surpasses Farragut in his estimation.

Thursday, September 24, 1863.

I am more desponding than I care to acknowledge. The army management distresses all of us, but we must not say so. It is no time for fault-finding, besides I understand there is a move to reinforce the army in Tennessee.

Friday, September 25, 1863.

The President was not with us to-day at the Cabinet meeting, being at the War Department with Stanton. All were present but they. Little known of army movements, but anxiety on the part of each. The English government has interposed to prevent the armored ram built by Laird's from coming out. Seward announced the fact, and also that he had placed me under injunctions of secrecy. This was the reason why no explanation had been given for my non-action for which I had been much blamed.

The Russian fleet has come out of the Baltic and is now in New York, or a large number of the vessels have arrived. They are not to be confined to the Baltic by a Northern winter. In sending them to

this country at this time there is something significant. What will be its effect on France and the French policy we shall learn in due time. It may moderate — it may exasperate. God bless the Russians!

[At a conference in the War Department on the night of the 23d, the President, after much hesitation, acquiesced, at Stanton's urgent request, to the plan of detaching two corps under Hooker from the Army of the Potomac and sending them to relieve Rosecrans, now intrenched in Chattanooga. Reinforcements sent from orders by Grant were also hurrying to his assistance.]

Saturday, September 26, 1863.

General Halleck has earnestly and constantly smoked cigars and rubbed his elbows while the rebels have been vigorously concentrating their forces to overwhelm Rosecrans. We all, except General Halleck, know that Longstreet with 20,000 men has gone from Lee's army somewhere. The information does not seem to have reached Halleck; if it has, he has taken no measures in regard to it. Not a man, until within three days, and probably too late, was sent to Rosecrans, who has the key that controlled the rebel centre, and of which they must dispossess him or their cause is endangered. H[alleck] has never seemed to realize the importance of that position, nor, I am sorry to say, of any other.

I learned from the President that two divisions of the army under Hooker are moving to strengthen Rosecrans. It was decided at the War Department that an effort should be made. Seward and Chase were there, and I think the latter suggested the movement, which was warmly seconded and adopted by Stanton. The President does not say how active a part he took, but from our conversations I knew his anxiety for this step has been great.

The most reliable account we have of the battle leaves little doubt we were beaten, and only the skill and valor of General Thomas and his division saved the whole concern from a disastrous defeat.

WAYFARING

BY JAMES BRANNIN

The road winds over the hill
Where sets a rose-white star:
O tired heart, be still:
The end is far.

Down in the darkening west
The chill winds fail and veer:
O wild heart, rest, rest!
The end is near.

THE GERMAN WAY OF MAKING BETTER CITIES

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

In no other country has the art of city-planning been carried to so high a degree as in Germany to-day. This is due to several important factors. Among them are the extraordinary industrial progress in the past quarter century, the highly organized character of German institutions, the thoroughness with which the Germans attack their problems, and the strongly idealistic quality of the national temperament. The unification of Germany in 1871 made possible the development of large plans and vast enterprises, political, economic, and industrial. The great industrial movement, favored by a generation and more of uninterrupted peace, has vastly enhanced national prosperity and created an enormous volume of new wealth. The growth of urban population — the creation of new centres, the expansion of villages into cities, of small cities into large ones, and of the larger ones into complex metropolitan communities — has not been surpassed by similar movements of population in newer-settled countries like our own.

The German urban movement in a great measure is marked by elements of conscious development, of finish, of well-considered attainment of definite ends deliberately aimed at. The same skill, the same deliberately conscious determination, that has given Germany the industrial primacy of Continental Europe, has been applied to the development of her cities. Here the demand has induced the supply. With the creation of so many new centres of trade and industry, and with the certainty that this meant an indefinite continuance of urban expansion, it was felt that this growth should be intelligently provided for. Thereby what is practically a new art, a new science, came into being. Like architecture, it is both a fine art and a technical science. Like landscape architecture, it may be regarded as a phase of architecture. It is akin both to landscape architecture and to structural architecture, but it has qualities that carry it beyond the limits of either profession. The members of both are drawn to practice it, but to practice it successfully needs further training and the acquisition of new points of view. It means something more than planning. The planning of cities, both intelligently and unintelligently, is something very old. Were it merely city-planning, it would hardly be worth ranking as a new profession. The German name has the merit of a greater precision than English speech can impart. *Städtebau*, literally translated, would be "city-building." But the term is a shade more inclusive than that would imply; "city-development" more nearly expresses the comprehensively formative nature of the task.

In Germany, the new profession numbers many scholarly and able members, headed by leaders like Stübben, Baumeister, Gurlitt, Henrici, and Theodor Fischer. Their practice is by no means confined to Germany. The success of a master like Stübben, for instance, with his admirable plan for the expansion of Cologne, led to his being commissioned with a like scheme for the expansion of Antwerp — a community where a dominance of French, rather than of German, influences might naturally be looked for. The profession has a handsomely illustrated organ in the monthly magazine *Der Städtebau*, which finds no end of fascinating subjects in the problems involved. The planning for the new growth of hundreds of communities in all parts

of Germany presents an ample field for professional activities. This German school naturally includes Austria within its scope, for the lamented Camillo Sitte of Vienna may be said to have founded it no further back than when, in 1889, the appearance of his important book, *Der Städtebau nach künstlerischen Grundsätzen* (City-Building according to Artistic Principles), gave definite form and correlation to ideas that had been gradually shaping themselves in the minds of architects.

Within the sphere of influence of this German school, Switzerland and the three Scandinavian countries are also to be reckoned, as well as Belgium. It is significant that its ideas are also dominant in giving shape to the remarkable " town-planning " movement that is now gaining headway in Great Britain. It may be noted that in probably no other part of the civilized world is there such need of its good offices. British cities, like Topsy, have " jest growed; " the new industrial centres of Germany, have been developing intelligently. Hence in stamina, and correspondingly in intelligence, their populations present a marked contrast with the ill-housed, ill-nourished, anæmic, and ignorant swarms that characterize the squalid manufacturing centres of Great Britain, — a factor that must more and more seriously handicap that country in the contest for commercial and industrial supremacy wherein Germany is ever becoming a closer second.

The new art, as practiced in Germany, is a gradual development away from formal and geometrical ideas embodied in the checker-board and gridiron plans that, in fact, derive themselves from a remote antiquity rather than from a Philadelphian modernity, and from the diagonal and radial systems for which the plans of Paris and Washington, as masterworks of their kind, are prototypes. Vienna, with its radical reconstruction in the middle of the nineteenth century, also furnished another master-example. Here, as in Paris, the razing of fortifications struck the keynote. It created the typical circumferential way: the boulevards of Paris, the Ringstrasse of Vienna. So the word boulevard, a French attempt to speak the German military term *bollwerk* (English *bulwark*), harking back to its ancestral home, gave rise to the *Anlagen*, or " layings-out," — the irregular rings of promenades, drives, and gardens replacing the ancient walls, so charmingly typical of nearly all the old German cities.

These first innovations agree so well with the character of the old cities that they make all the more discordant the effects produced by the second main elements in the new growth that induced an extensive cutting through of new streets to accommodate increased traffic. These streets led to the development of needed radial arteries, but their rectilinear character did violence to the picturesque aspects of many old towns. Hence there arose a keen antagonism to the ruthless procedure. The increasing value attached to such qualities made the demand for their retention a leading impulse in the development of the new art. " Something new can be made any day, but it requires hundreds of years to produce something old," remarks Gurlitt. And he continues: " Although for centuries people may have had the good sense to preserve an ancient structure, the folly of a moment is sufficient to destroy it."

Considerations like this led to the observation how much easier, more sensible, economical, and convenient, as well as genuinely artistic, it was to proceed along the lines of least resistance, to respect what existed, — particularly what had existed for generations and perhaps centuries, — and make the new conform therewith in plan and character. The scientific procedure was the way indicated by nature. Many an old city has been sadly marred by the reckless slashing of new streets straight through its picturesque quarters, regardless of property lines, of treasured landmarks, and having a view only to achieving the shortest cut from point to point. In the growth of

cities, modern traffic-requirements and the needs of trade — often hygienic considerations as well: the necessity for reforming slum districts, and the opening up of alleys and of narrow streets to admit light and air — usually made the cutting through of new streets and the widening of old ones absolutely essential. But careful studies showed that invariably the better method was to adapt with extreme nicety the new thoroughfares to the old-time conditions. The most direct lines often proved the most undesirable routes.

The turnpike period, that in our own country just preceded the railway era, was distinguished by a mania for straight lines. But when, in rugged New England, adherence to this principle carried the highway in a bee-line up and down the sides of steep hills, it demonstrated the truth of the proverb, " The longest way round is often the shortest way home." So it was discovered that, in dealing with the traffic problems of an old city with narrow, crooked streets, some sacrifice of distance in laying out a new thoroughfare found rich compensation in various advantages thus gained. For example, a somewhat circuitous route, by serving a wider district, makes one new street take the place of two or more that otherwise would be called for. This increases the area of betterment, and makes the improvement yield more profitable returns.

The reckless planner cuts and slashes at will in pursuit of his " ideals." All this makes improvements unduly costly, and often prohibits them altogether. The modern German school, however, keeps a constant eye upon the taxpayer; it cherishes a tender regard for the " pocket-nerve " and the city treasury. Economy in money, as well as in energy, is a cardinal principle. Hence a careful adjustment of plan to property lines, and a thorough studying of all existing conditions, is precedent to taking any given work in hand. Great savings have been effected, for instance, through observing that the cutting of new traffic routes across an old quarter with narrow streets only served to aggravate the congestion by inviting new traffic into a district. It was therefore found to be much more important to devise means for conducting traffic around such a district than across it. The observation that heavy traffic through a city between given points often follows a circuitous route rather than a direct one, simply because the grades of the longer way are easier by even a few feet, indicates how this end may best be achieved. Heavy teams will go a mile out of the way in crossing a river to gain the benefit of a low-level bridge.

The systematic study of old cities instituted by this school has served to bring out many interesting facts, which show that certain aspects, in their apparently rambling ways and planless lay-out, were the results of deliberate and very sensible taking of thought. Dr. Stübben, for instance, has pointed out some very nicely conceived features in the plan of Ghent. One is that when a street crosses another diagonally, acute intersections are avoided by diverting the lines to right angles, or something approaching them. By this simple device congestion at junction-points is avoided, and points of possible collision are greatly diminished.

Another important matter, in which the old-time architects thoroughly understood what they were about, was the placing of their churches and other public buildings. The nineteenth century was marked by a general disposition to " improve " things by opening up to view great cathedrals and other monumental edifices. The cathedrals of Cologne, of Milan, and of Notre Dame in Paris, are famous examples of the procedure. While the buildings are thereby placed in striking relations to the vistas thus developed, the results on the whole are disappointing. In fact, the impressiveness of an old-time building thus dealt with is diminished rather than enhanced. A modern building, like the Capitol at Washington and other monumental structures there, or like such stately European examples as the Opera House in Paris,

carefully planned with particular reference to vistas, axes, etc., may be superbly effective in its deliberate adjustment to its environment. Cities planned in this grandiose fashion have a festal and spectacular splendor. We would not have Washington or Paris otherwise. But when such an all-pervading formality sets a fashion to be followed, the sameness that comes from set rules makes one city too suggestive of another, and becomes tiresome — just as, in a still worse way, the aping of New York and Chicago sky-scraping precedents by our minor cities, all the way from Atlanta to Oshkosh, makes for monotony. In city-development, as in landscape design, the spontaneous or unpremeditated effects in grouping and in the relations of monumental landmarks to their surroundings are what most charm and delight.

In the designing and placing of mediæval cathedrals it now appears that certain principles were intelligently followed. Symmetry in plan was avoided for the very good reason that, in actuality, symmetry of effect is never secured in that way. The harmonious balancing and proportionate adjustments of part to part thus sought are better obtained by taking intelligent thought of the relations produced from changing points of view, just as the trained architect studies his elevation, not with reference to itself, — since his structure is never seen purely in elevation, — but for the sake of the way in which it causes his edifice to reveal itself from certain points of departure thus conveniently indicated. So in those old days, the architect never located his cathedral in the very middle of an open place: he made subordinate structures, like cloisters, chapels, and arcades, grow out of it; he took no heed of the houses that might be clustered about the site, and often he even took pains to make them nestle close about the huge edifice. He knew that these would furnish scale for comparison,— his work the more majestic by contrast.

As a rule, the bodies of these great structures were not intended to be externally interesting, except perhaps for ornamentation developed at certain points and so designed as to be scrutinized in detail and not to be effective at a distance. It was not the purpose to have these large buildings declare themselves to the eye all at once — *auf einem Guss*, in one big lump, as it were. It was abundantly sufficient to leave enough free room to see the building in its essential parts, and from a point of view satisfactorily remote. Such a treatment made the structure look much larger than it really was, and conferred upon its surroundings a quality of mystery, of intricacy. Theodor Fischer points out how, with only the tower and the big roof looming above the wreath of surrounding houses, " the church itself, whose base is invisible, recalls the Eternal Providence whose ground and foundations we may not know! "

An appreciation of these considerations has taught the exponents of the new school to study their problems from like points of view. For example, the *Stadtkirche*, the City Church, in Darmstadt, a picturesque, but not ostentatious building, needed more air and space about it. So it was " opened up " with a finely studied regard to keeping it in relation with its surroundings, and particularly to maintaining the seclusion demanded by its character. A most notable instance is that of the great cathedral in Ulm on the Danube — a thoughtfully modernized old city which in various respects furnishes a model for enlightened procedures in city-planning. Only a generation has passed since the cathedral's surroundings were " improved " in the accepted fashion of that period, and with the inevitably lamentable consequences.

A competition for the revision of these conditions, lately held, has attracted uncommon attention throughout Germany. The innovations of 1874–1879 had swept away a group of buildings, consisting of a monastic church and cloistered connections, that occupied a corner of the Münsterplatz in front of the cathedral.

This left a featureless and desolate expanse that sadly impaired the impressiveness of the great edifice. It is significant that all three of the prize designs provided for restoring in a large measure the original character of the place, including a new group of buildings on the old site — the winners of the first prize showing a market-house and other structures disposed in a rambling, mediæval-like cluster, the lofty Gothic tower of the ancient minster completing a superb composition from the most effective point of view, looming out of a saddle-shaped depression in the group. In thus undoing a costly piece of well-intentioned mischief, by practically doing over what had been so well done centuries before, Ulm has set an example which doubtless will lead to like atonements for similar offendings in other cathedral cities — possibly inducing Cologne, and perhaps even Paris, to resort to analogous procedures for remedying their own shortcomings.

The new school is particularly severe upon the "handsome-picture plan" method which seeks a symmetrical layout and aspects of balance that are effective mainly upon paper, the qualities aimed at seldom counting for anything in practice. It has been remarked that to practice this method the sole equipment called for consists of nothing but straight lines and some circles. This academic procedure induces peculiarly involved street relations. Gurlitt remarks that the author of such planning, one might almost believe, appears to be influenced by considerations of arabesque ornament in his endeavor to bring together many lines at one spot, in order to create crossing-points for artistically working up his lacework of streets. Invariably typical of the "handsome-picture plan" is the circle always created at such points of intersection. Open spaces of this sort are objected to as tending not only to monotony, but to obstructiveness — complicating, confusing, and entangling traffic, by causing several main thoroughfares to converge, thus tying up the streets into a sort of enlarged knot. These circles are monotonous; a city thus conventionally planned is dotted with them. But the proper sort of open space is developed out of local circumstances thoughtfully considered in careful planning according to topographical conditions. Each individual instance thus obtains a character of its own. It is true that the monotony of the circle may be mitigated by a diversified architectural development — just as in Washington, for instance, Scott Circle differs from Thomas Circle. On the other hand, the supersaturation of Washington with equestrian statuary intensifies this objectionable quality.

The leaders of the new school confess that it is still in its infancy, that the future is stored with things yet to be learned as they gradually feel their way to solutions, — each task a new problem to be considered according to its own peculiar circumstances: topographical, climatic, industrial, economic. The old procedure would apply some conventional formula to the case regardless of everything else: a misfit the inevitable resultant. The new methods assure individuality of treatment: an endless diversity that is the expression of a wholesome vitality. Historic examples are reverently studied, not in an antiquarian mood, but to ascertain and assimilate the spirit whereby such admirable results were achieved. Irregularity is often aimed at, not for its own sake, not because the delightful thoroughfares of the picturesque old cities were irregular, but because thereby monotony is avoided, the interest of the city scene heightened, and often most practical results, in the way of easy gradients, economy of construction, and other desirable ends, are best attained.

It is pointed out that a long arterial thoroughfare should occasionally change in direction, at least slightly, and likewise in width and in other distinctive characteristics, in order to avoid the tedium proceeding from keeping on and on in a straight line, as if interminably. A trip

over a route diversified by changes in direction and in the character of the way seems much shorter and more interesting than a straight route of the same length. Capital illustrations of this principle are to be found in the new quarters of Munich, where the main streets, keeping in the same general direction, curve very slightly here and there, according to topographical circumstances; the distance is not appreciably increased and the interest of the street is very considerably enhanced. These streets are instinctive features of Henrici's masterly plan for the extension of Munich, which is considered one of the most successful achievements among modern examples of the kind.

One feature of these new Munich streets is the way in which they break with one of the most venerated dogmas of conventional planning, — that the lines of a street must invariably be parallel. These long streets broaden out here and there in gentle curves, giving space perhaps for a cab-stand, for a group of trees, or to make some notable architectural feature more conspicuous. In this sort of planning advantage is taken of any circumstance that may lend diversity to the work. Old roads or cart-paths suggest ways to be followed; property lines likewise indicate how best to run the new streets in order to effect the most economical distribution of building sites, as well as the desirable individuality in development.

Gurlitt points out that modern city-planning, as regarded by the German school, is distinguished by the predominance of the artistic motive. At the same time the artistic implies the practical. The architect is truly an artist only when he plans his edifice with complete adaptation to its purposes, expressing utility in terms of beauty. Likewise, artistic city-planning ignores systematic rules and regards only the specific conditions of the case in hand. Hence, to be artistically creative, the city-planner must take all the peculiarities of his problem into consideration, emphasizing each according to its individuality; reconciling, wherever possible, every contradiction between his own operations and the natural aspects of the site. " He should take into account irregularities of surface, existing streets and ways in their normal configuration, the property lines, and each natural feature — even if nothing but some old trees. Moreover, he should develop for traffic requirements, for circumstances of habitation, and for the utilization of individual properties, all the advantages practicable. Finally, he should supply architects with opportunities for interesting solutions of their problems, while he draws from the case in hand inspiration for achieving the most individual and diversified results imaginable. It must always be borne in mind that diversity in working up a plan encourages the architect with opportunities for developing his own ground-plan and his façades in interesting fashion, with corresponding embellishment of the city internally and externally."

Little or none of this extraordinary activity, which for some years now has been inspiring this enthusiastic school of city-planners with all manner of delightful problems, has to do with the creation of cities *de novo*, as in past centuries Carlsruhe and Mannheim were planned. But the results are practically very much the same as if such were the case. The almost marvelous growth of German cities in the course of the past generation has entailed the addition of extensive new quarters that practically mean new cities built up about a comparatively small nucleus of the old.

A good example of the characteristically German thoroughness with which these problems are dealt with, is to be found in the plans prepared a few years ago for the extension of Stuttgart. The Würtemberg capital lies in the comparatively narrow valley of the Neckar, and its expansion must largely spread up the fairly steep slopes that for the greater part have been long covered with vineyards. The original plans for the city's

extension were of the conventional old sort, involving permanent inconvenience with their execution. The new plans were intended to overcome these difficulties and turn the peculiarities of the situation to the best account. A resident architect of high standing, the *Stadtbaurat Kölle*, commissioned with the work, devoted more than five years to his task. The plans were then thoroughly discussed and subjected to expert criticism from various points of view. Finally, for the information of the public, the plans were published by the city authorities, together with the various criticisms and other documents relating to the case — altogether an important contribution to the literature of the subject.

First came an introduction from the Oberbürgermeister, the mayor-in-chief, — in itself an able review of the case. It was not the expression of the off-hand ideas of some politician, business man, or other prominent citizen, who had chanced to be at the head of the city for the time being, but was the utterance of a man thoroughly versed in municipal affairs. In German cities all leading officials are trained specialists, or experts. Then came a detailed explanation of the plans by their author, accompanied by expert criticisms from Professor Baumeister of Carlsruhe, and from Theophil Frey, city councilor and resident architect. Each of these criticisms was accompanied by notes in reply, made by the author and inserted in the text in different type. The next thing was an elaborate critical essay considering the question from a social-economic point of view, written by Dr. Rettich, second salaried city councilor and head of the municipal statistical office. Following this was a correspondingly elaborate reply from the author. Then came two hygienic criticisms, one from the city physician, Dr. Knauss, considering both the work of the author of the plan and the counter propositions of Dr. Rettich, together with suggested modifications of his own; the second, a review of the several preceding propositions, including that of the city physician, by Professor Nussbaum, of Hanover. Finally, the æsthetic point of view was embodied in the report of a special commission of architects and other artists appointed to consider the plans. In conclusion, came a summary of the main considerations that had been brought out in all the discussions of the subject, made by another Dr. Rettich, also a member of the city council. A supplementary paper was by Dr. Erck, of Munich, devoted to a consideration of the natural ventilation of the valley of Stuttgart, as affected by the prevailing air-currents — a factor of no little moment in determining certain phases of a city's plan. In this way the public was given the advantage of all the different points of view concerning a measure of vital concern for the city's future.

This statement of the Stuttgart case is of value, both as an example of the practical fashion in which the Germans consider a question of the sort, — all the parties to the discussion being men either trained in municipal practice or professionally competent in the special aspects involved, — and as an illustration of the numerous elements that enter into a problem of city-planning.

Indeed, the mere planning, the laying out of streets and open spaces, is but one factor, though a fundamental one. The plan has largely to be determined by the character which a given section or quarter is to possess: whether, for instance, the manner of building is to be close or open, whether a certain part of the city is to be residential, mercantile, industrial, or commercial. In Germany it is generally the custom to restrict the character of the various city quarters accordingly, and even to establish the minimum cost and specify the character of the houses that may be built in a certain district. The housing question is regarded as all important, — a chief element in determining a city plan; an immense amount of study is given as to how best to avoid the congestion that means disease and pov-

erty, and how best to make life for the masses of the people happy, wholesome, and prosperous.

It should not be inferred, however, that the way to better things has been wholly a smooth one. The Germans have found the path beset with a due amount of obstacles. Human nature in Germany is very much the same as human nature elsewhere, and no nearer perfection. Their large measure of success has chiefly been due to the organizing capacity which has been encouraged by the development of their national institutions. This has made them open to regard such problems in a rational, logical manner. Extraordinary progress has been made. The art, considered definitely as such, dates its conscious beginnings from the appearance of the last part of Camillo Sitte's important work, *Der Städtebau nach künstlicheren Grundsätzen*, previously referred to. Sitte demanded liberation from the intellectually desolate schematic methods of the day, and urged the artistic procedure that comes with freedom of treatment. Naturally, the greatest impediment has been presented by the obstacles imposed by selfish real-estate interests, which, in Germany as elsewhere, look at such matters purely with regard to their own profit. Excellent as municipal government is in Germany, the landed interests tend to be unduly influential in the city councils. The extraordinary expansion of the cities has led to corresponding opportunities for land speculation. Many great fortunes have been made in this way.

It is related that in one of the Berlin suburban towns alone there are as many as forty " peasant millionaires," men who a few years ago were peasant proprietors, and are now made rich by the values that the growth of the great capital has given to their land. To land speculation is largely attributed the house famine that has afflicted many German cities in recent years. Both governmental authorities and city-planners have been studying how to counteract this evil. In 1901 the Prussian government issued a notable series of decrees on the housing question, recognizing the need of a persistent cooperation between the economic and social influences of the community and the legislative and administrative powers of the state, together with a comprehensive treatment of the question by the municipalities. The state recognized that all social and hygienic considerations require the abolition of the evils connected with the housing of the poorer classes, and urged the municipalities to do their utmost toward bringing about better conditions. Various practical suggestions of great value were made to this end.

In this connection it is instructive to note how, in a highly organized state, one function may be made to facilitate the operation of another; and how, when a new activity is entered upon, the powers and the resources of established functions that apparently bear no relation to it may be employed most efficiently in its behalf. A most admirable example is to be found in the great national insurance institutions of Germany, organized to protect the working classes against the suffering and destitution caused by accidents, sickness, and the infirmity of old age. The law requires employers and employees to contribute to funds established for the purpose, the national government also giving financial assistance. These funds are administered by great insurance organizations carried on coöperatively by the imperial government in association with employers and employees. These organizations, having large sums at their disposition, are important factors in the money market. Very sagaciously they give preference, where possible, to objects of a beneficent character. For example, the sick-funds insurance organizations thus assist the establishment of sanatoriums for the treatment of tuberculosis, an enlightened self-interest teaching that it is a paying investment: the more sanatoriums the less tuberculosis, consequently the lighter the draft upon their treasuries. In the same way, these

insurance organizations perceive that, by issuing loans, at lower rates than could be procured from ordinary financial sources, for the building of better houses for the working classes, they are more than repaid for the difference between these and the higher rates that might be obtained in the open market, since their dwellings mean better health, and, consequently, lessened expenditures for sickness and death.

Likewise, the cause of better housing is promoted by such public institutions as the municipal savings banks, and by financial institutions organized with special reference to these ends. The arms of the public service have also contributed enormously. In thirteen years, Prussia built something like twenty-eight thousand dwellings for the small-salaried officials and the workingmen of the State railways, and of the War Department. Municipalities also very extensively build houses for the members of the civil service, both minor officials and workingmen. This makes for contentment, health, and efficiency, attracting the better grades of workers to the public service. Consequently a modest compensation goes much further than otherwise. Is this not better, both for the city employee and the public, than our American practice of paying municipal employees in excess of the market rate, and encouraging them to "loaf on the city"?

German procedure in the encouragement of better housing is remarkably flexible. Methods vary according to circumstance. There is no cut-and-dried formula. In some instances, the municipality builds the houses directly; again, it encourages in various ways, by loans or otherwise, building societies organized for the purpose; and it even offers extraordinary inducements to regular builders to supply the demand. Frankfort-on-the-Main has pursued all three courses with signal success in relieving an acute famine in dwellings. Mutual building societies (*gemeinnützige Bauvereine*) have long been a popular institution in Germany. Upon these were modeled the "copartnership tenants" societies that in recent years have come into favor in England. Societies of this sort, whose resources would be slender when unaided, are often powerfully supported by municipalities or other public institutions, in ways that vastly increase their efficiency, and at the same time amply secure the parties advancing the funds against possible loss. Occasionally a municipality will aid such a society with land for building, and perhaps with financial assistance as well.

A striking instance of coöperative activity is that whereby the imperial government recently bought a tract of land in a Dresden suburb for about $60,000, and leased it on a ground-rent of about $1340 a year for eighty years to a local savings and building society, which has covered it with model dwellings for nearly one thousand people. Upon the security of the lease the National Insurance Institution of Saxony advanced something like $250,000 at three and four-fifths per cent, —a rate that covers sinking-fund charges. A second loan of about $50,000 at four per cent was advanced by the Interior Department of the empire. The controlling motive of the imperial government in this procedure was to provide minor officials of the postal service with suitable homes, a condition being that at least a third of the dwellings should be let to post-office employees. In a similar way, through loans to building societies, the Prussian government, in the last seven years of the nineteenth century, built twelve hundred workingmen's dwellings in rural places for employees of the Department of Agriculture, State Lands and Forests.

Several states have recently enacted elaborate laws in relation to city-planning and the housing question. The conditions imposed by the old Prussian law were too inflexible. Residential streets had to be needlessly wide, and uniformly so, regardless of varying circumstances of site. In fact, the procedure was such as to

encourage the erection of high, barrack-like blocks of dwellings, while the spaces between the streets were so great as to promote the occupation of the back land by blocks with sunless courts. New legislation has aimed to remedy such evils.

The building law enacted by Saxony in 1900 is a model of enlightened legislation. It provides in the outset that no land can be built upon until it has been made to conform with the city plan in regard to streets and building-lines. With the health, convenience, and good looks of the community in view, the new parts of a city must be divided into building districts, in which the closeness of building and the consequent density of population are regulated, respectively, according to distance from the urban centre.

In planning for a new quarter of a city it is often found impossible to reconcile the interests of land-owners with a plan that otherwise would best meet the requirements of the site. The land-owners very naturally want to cut up their properties into lots, in a way to bring them the greatest profit. But the interests of individual owners often conflict with one another, as well as with those of the public. Unsuitable plans are likely to result. The law of Saxony meets this difficulty by requiring that, in cases where individual properties cannot be subdivided into suitable lots in accordance with a proper plan, such lands shall be expropriated as a preliminary to an equitable redistribution among the owners after the plan has been determined upon. The law lays down very carefully many requirements that must be observed in behalf of such demands as fire-protection, the needs of traffic, sanitation, water-supply, drainage, to meet the need for dwellings according to local conditions, and even to protect streets and open spaces against disfigurement. Street lines, building lines, and the location of buildings, must be adapted both to the configuration of the land and to giving all rooms an adequate supply of sunshine. The width of streets and footways must be governed by the traffic requirements of the locality, according to whether a street is to be a main thoroughfare, a by-street, or one used only for dwellings. A street of detached or semi-detached buildings, without through traffic, may have a roadway about twenty-seven feet wide. But where through traffic, particularly a tramway line, is eventually expected, adequate space between such a roadway and the building lines on both sides must be allowed for, such space to be occupied as front yards until a widening may be needed. All streets with open building and a moderate through traffic, or with close building, must be at least thirty-nine feet wide, while all main streets must be at least fifty-five feet wide.

So far as possible, gradients must be evenly distributed: heavy gradients, deep cuttings and embankments, and inordinately long straight streets, must be avoided. There must be short and convenient connections between streets and the centres of traffic. Due provision must be made for open spaces, playgrounds, recreation grounds, and sites for schools and churches. In determining the character of building to be permitted in a given locality, and whether factories and workshops shall be allowed, the existing character of the district, or part of a district, must be considered. An undesirable development of a high-class neighborhood, either by manufacturing establishments or by an inferior class of dwellings, is thus guarded against. Front yards must have a depth of at least fifteen feet. The height of buildings is regulated according to the character of a given locality and the width of the street. In rural regions and in suburban districts, with detached houses, three stories is the limit; elsewhere, as a rule, it is four; only for unusually wide streets or open spaces may there be five. As a rule, dwellings are permitted on back land only on condition that sunlight at an angle of at least forty-five degrees enters all the windows of the house; moreover, the space between the front and back buildings must have a

garden-like character. Back buildings must also be either detached or semi-detached.

These features are sufficient to show the thorough character of a law that was framed in accordance with the views of the foremost experts in city-planning, building, hygiene, and other fields relating to enlightened municipal development, consulted for this purpose. That the law shall be complied with in all planning done by local authorities is assured by requiring that all such plans must be approved by the state authority having jurisdiction in the matter before they can become effective.

Other German states have since enacted laws of simliar character. The law framed by Oberbürgermeister Adickes of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and enacted by Prussia with special reference to that city, goes still further than the Saxon statute in certain respects. One aim of the "Lex Adickes," as it is called, is to increase the supply of building land around the city. The method pursued is to expropriate the holdings of a tract for which a city-extension plan is needed, divide it up into building plots according to the plan adopted, and then restore it to the owners with due regard to the part retained by the city for streets and open spaces. The method employed takes not only the land immediately covered by the plan, but all land in the neighborhood affected by the increased values thus conferred. In redistribution, an amount of land proportionate to the value of the respective plots is deducted from all plots, in order to reimburse the city for constructing the streets and open spaces planned for.

The provisions for the inspection of small dwellings are a notable element in the German system. To make sure that satisfactory conditions of comfort and sanitation are maintained, frequent inspections of the dwellings of working-people are required. The lines followed resemble those that characterize the famous Elberfeld system of poor relief. A city is divided into districts, and the work of inspection is delegated to competent persons carefully selected by the authorities. These serve without pay, as a matter of public duty; they would be fined if they refused their appointments. Hamburg has one hundred and sixty-two inspectors, serving under nine superintendents with as many districts; both superintendents and deputies are unpaid. Stuttgart has one hundred and twenty small inspection districts, in charge of as many unpaid visitors, aided by a staff of paid officials. Here the inspection covers, not only small dwellings, but all large houses with rooms occupied by servants or apprentices. The city has a dwellings-office, which twice a week publishes a list of dwellings to be let, and gives information to persons seeking them. In Saxony the inspection system has been extended to villages. The Saxon law defines the qualities requisite in inspectors: "common sense, insight, public spirit, and the enjoyment of public confidence."

Düsseldorf has done some most admirable work in dealing with the housing problem. The city's rapid growth had resulted in a house famine. A municipal mortgage bank was founded to promote credit for house-building. Something like $250,000 was appropriated as a reserve fund; a loan of about $5,000,000 at four per cent was authorized to be issued in twenty installments of $250,000 each, its payment, including sinking-fund charges, covering a term of fifty-seven years. From this fund loans are granted for the building of houses on the security of first mortgages. This system was complemented by the adoption of a land policy whereby the city acquired large holdings to provide for its proper expansion. It was felt that the community would thus duly share in the increased values created by its growth. A department, called the "Land Fund." was instituted to administer such publicly held lands as were not immediately needed for municipal purposes. A loan of about $1,250,000 was negotiated to furnish capital for the fund,

its operations duly limited by requiring the interest on the loan to be covered by the income of the fund and by the proceeds of sales.

Besides establishing a mortgage bank, the city itself undertook the building of houses. The policy followed was not to include builders' profits in charges for rents, and on the other hand not to burden the treasury by reason of these building operations. The rents were therefore governed by the actual outlay; tenants were thus assured that rents would not be raised, much to the encouragement of a contented spirit. In addition, a group of new houses, nearly finished, was purchased, to be let by the poor-law authorities to people who, while not poor in the legal sense, had not been able to find suitable homes, either because of too many children or because the house famine had raised rents beyond their means.

To encourage other building activities, the city let a local society for savings and building have some of its land as sites for workingmen's homes, at about twenty-five per cent less than its real value, beside giving credit for part of the purchase money at four per cent. For the cost of street-building, the society was charged only the expense of macadamizing. Finally, the city guaranteed ninety per cent of the society's debt, amounting to more than $50,000. Another important aid in providing houses was the " Aders Fund " of about $250,000, bequeathed in trust for the erection of workingmen's dwellings, the rents accumulating and used to erect additional dwellings.

Ulm, a city of about fifty thousand inhabitants, furnishes a remarkable example of enlightened activity in dealing with the housing question. Under the lead of its progressive chief magistrate, the Oberbürgermeister Wagner, the city has developed a most comprehensive policy of municipal land-owning and building. More than three-fifths of all the building land within the city limits belongs to the city and its public institutions. The public holdings amount to nearly seven hundred acres. Moreover, to provide for its proper expansion, as early as 1891 the city had acquired two thousand, nine hundred and twenty-six acres beyond its boundaries. The city government felt that to carry out on a large scale the provision of dwellings for working people a public holding of the largest possible amount of land was essential. Besides giving a control of housing conditions, it is represented that this policy enables the city to establish parks, playgrounds, and other open spaces, and gives it a commanding position for influencing the social, hygienic, and architectural development of the community. As Oberbürgermeister Wagner puts it, in a most interesting book on the activities of his city, it also enables the municipality " to attract sound industrial undertakings, which are likely to develop and add to the welfare of the place, to discourage the establishment of unsound undertakings, to restrict unwholesome speculation in land and buildings by exercising a moderating influence on the price of the land, and to secure for the community the increase in the value of land."

To carry out such a programme successfully, a city must represent a highly advanced civilization. This appears to be the case with Ulm, judging by the results. Its land-policy, for instance, is economically justified by the fact that in the reselling of not quite one-sixth of the land acquired since 1891, the city has recovered about nine-tenths of the total outlay. Moreover, in making these sales, the city has imposed conditions that have prevented speculation, and have also safeguarded the interests of the community, by duly restricting the character of the buildings to be erected, both houses and factories. The city builds houses for workingmen as soon as they are ready with ten per cent of the cost. This ten per cent is treated as a loan until the house is ready for occupancy; four per cent interest is paid upon it. The city's policy is made still more liberal by its proposition to provide, as soon as the demands

of these applicants are met, houses for all who show themselves willing to save money until they can pay the ten per cent installment. The city agrees to repurchase a house should its owner for any reason wish to sell. In this event, the price paid allows for the land the same valuation at which it was originally sold. The municipality is thus assured any benefit from increased values which its operations have given the property. Should the owner of a house, by reason of misfortune, be temporarily in need of money, he can borrow back the ten per cent of the purchase price originally paid.

In building these homes for working people, Ulm has adopted the democratic policy of not separating socially the various classes of the community. The quarter is therefore planned with particular reference to the erection by the city of numerous new houses designed especially for middle-class occupants. Since the workingmen's houses are tastefully built, there is nothing about the neighborhood to repel the other class. It is notable that in Berlin the proposed establishment of a village colony near the city was objected to, on the part of the workingmen, for the reason that it tended to separate and isolate the classes and correspondingly weaken their sense of mutual interest. This policy of bringing the classes together in the same neighborhood is one of the distinctive features of the garden-city movement in England. In countries with practically homogeneous populations, like Germany and England, such measures are attended with less difficulty than would be the case under our American conditions, where the existence of so many unassimilated foreign elements in the working-classes, with habits and standards of living so radically different from that of the native population, tends to make their neighborhood undesirable for a better-circumstanced class. An important result of the policy adopted by Ulm has been the attraction of a higher class of working people, and, consequently, the development of improved industrial advantages, which encourage manufacturing and promote local prosperity, by a body of skilled workingmen, contented, and identified with the community by the possession of homes which, under the economical system adopted, cost less than otherwise would have to be paid out in rent.

The example of Frankfort-on-the-Main is important as showing the various measures taken by a large and enterprising industrial city to relieve an acute house famine. The population of Frankfort is increasing at the rate of about eight thousand a year. Besides making up the deficiency of past years in house-building, the annual erection of about sixteen hundred new dwellings, at a cost of something like $1,500,000, was required. But before normal conditions could be established, the city had to encourage building which would provide thirty-seven hundred new dwellings at a cost of about $3,500,000. Besides building about two hundred and fifty houses for municipal employees, at a cost of more than $250,000, Frankfort has encouraged both mutual building societies and commercial building companies by providing sites on ground-rent and by advancing funds in addition. A permanent Building and Loan Department was organized. With the land thus obtained, it was easy for the builders to secure fifty per cent of the building cost on first mortgage. Then, with the city advancing forty per cent on second mortgage, it was necessary for the builders to find only ten per cent of the net cost. One of the mutual companies thus aided — in which, besides, the city has taken shares to the extent of about $50,000 — has built dwellings for five thousand persons.

This society, in its choice of tenants, gives preference to families that have been living in congested districts. Besides, since families with many children find it difficult to obtain proper dwellings, it reserves half its accommodations for them. Tenants are given the use, in turn, of bathrooms and laundries in the base-

ment of its blocks. The society buys for its tenants at wholesale prices such supplies as coal and potatoes. Tenants who subscribe five cents a month can have the services of housekeepers at twelve cents a day. Each block has small libraries. In the courts are gardens with flowers, and playgrounds. There is also a day-nursery, and there are pleasant rooms reserved for resting and reading.

One of the commercial building companies aided by the city builds on lands of its own. The city has taken stock in the company to the extent of $25,000; it guarantees the principal and interest of the company's obligations; it regulates the rate of rental; all the plans for building have to meet the approval of the authorities; and the city devotes all profits from the enterprise to the gradual purchase of all the other shares; so that eventually it will own all the houses built.

The examples cited above are typical of what many German cities are doing, both in the way of broad general improvements and in directly bettering the conditions of life for their people. The movement has manifold aspects, economic, social, and artistic. Its influence, already great outside of Germany, has been particularly strong in Great Britain, where in organizing movements for garden cities and model villages, and in shaping legislation dealing with town-planning and the housing question, many leaves have been taken from German experience. Present-day English sentiment seems to be particularly open to such innovations, even though they may involve radical departures from customs and traditions deeply rooted in conservative institutions. Here in America we can at present hardly hope to go beyond the stage of admiration for successful and humane achievement that eventually may make our public opinion receptive as to possibilities of commensurate results under a quite different environment.

THE LISTENER

BY KEENE ABBOTT

WONDERFUL things had been happening to that old clockwork of a man, and for the second time in forty-two years he was late by more than an hour. Only this time he did not take his tardiness to heart, nor did he even realize his delinquency.

Humming a song, but in a tuneless fashion and grotesquely off the key, as any man with absolutely no sense of hearing might hum a song, he entered the Exchange Room, a sort of cave walled in on every hand by the ponderous bound volumes of the newspaper files. In this place of perpetual darkness, with its dry, acrid odor of dust, he sat all day at his desk, his bald head shining below the tin funnel of the drop-light, and always tilted at the same angle, his hands forever spreading newspapers open before him, and his black-rimmed eyeglasses perkily balanced at the tip of his nose.

As an office-boy he had nursed the ambition of some day being a reporter; as a reporter he had fed upon still higher hopes; but a difficulty with his hearing had choked the life from aspiration, until now he was tolerably laughed at, ridiculed for his fussy ways, and greeted with all sorts of nonsensical comments which his deafness would of course not permit him to hear.

His whole life was centred in looking over the newspapers, in tearing off wrap-

pers, in sorting out the city and country dailies, and in marking articles with a blue pencil to call editorial attention to them. Years ago the president of the publishing company, in an effort to reward the old man for his long service, ordered that he be given a clerkship in the business office, at an increase of salary. The Exchange Editor could scarcely believe it; he was both astonished and hurt. What, take him away from his newspapers? No, no, it would n't be right.

Apparently he could think only of those duties of his. His coat might wear shiny, his trousers need patching, his celluloid collar and cuffs be cracked in a hundred places, without ever giving him a hint as to the shabbiness of his attire. Upon entering his lodging-place, with a corpulent bundle of newspapers under his arm, he would first try to recall whether he had eaten his dinner; if there were gravy spots on the front of his vest they would sometimes set his mind at ease, and he would rigorously set to work.

Unfailingly he went to bed at ten o'clock, well pleased with the day he had spent, and smiling complacently at the thought of the new influx of papers which would deluge the Exchange Room on the morrow.

Thus flowed the tranquil life of this quiet man who, despite his deafness and the endless monotony of his daily toil, remained forever placid. And thus his peaceful existence might have continued, had he not one day, while reading a newspaper, come upon the description of a new invention, some sort of electrical contrivance which was said to be a marvel. With the use of it, any one could hear.

Impossible, thought the old man, but he began ruminating about the invention. What, he asked himself, would it be like to go to church of a Sunday and actually hear something: a good sermon, perhaps, and perhaps beautiful music that should pulse all through him as it did in his younger days? How if he were really to hear, understand, enjoy everything?

Suppose that such a machine would really do what was said of it? — But, no! nonsense! It was probably a fraud. Several months later the Exchange Editor was thoroughly convinced of that, for he knew the person who had obtained the agency for the acoustical instrument. Goulstein was the man, Levi Goulstein, dealer in jewelry, diamonds, microscopes, opera-glasses, and optical supplies. It was the same dealer from whom, years ago, the old man had purchased an ear-trumpet.

That instrument, to be sure, had served its purpose well enough, but it had been used only a little while, for one is usually sensitive about having attention called to his deafness, and in truth, the Exchange Editor did not like to have acquaintances notice him on the street; it made him uncomfortable to have them shout at him in such a way that people invariably stopped to see what was the matter.

All the same, he did like to hear the voices of his friends, and by reading of the new invention he was so invaded by an aching loneliness that he rummaged out his old ear-trumpet from the rubbish and cobwebs of the shelf over his bed. The battered brass of the bell, he noticed, was splotched with green stains of verdigris, and the small, ball-like tip of hard rubber which used to fit into the ear had been broken off.

Well, now, why not have the thing repaired? The work, he concluded, while on his way to take the instrument to L. Goulstein, might be worth a dollar, or, at the outside, not more than a dollar and a half. Still considering this point, he entered the establishment where the proprietor, a bald, pudgy little man, with three folds of flesh at the back of his neck that squeezed out above his white collar, was taking down a green curtain used to protect the clock-shelves from the dust.

"Good-morning. How goes it?" said the Exchange Editor; and spoke rather falteringly, for he had seen the fat hand of Mr. Goulstein try three separate times to unfasten one of the little curtain-rings

from a hook, and as he was an excitable man, any annoyance might put him into such a humor that he would be likely to demand as much as two dollars for repairing the ear-trumpet.

The customer laid his parcel on the show-case, and removed the newspaper wrapping.

" Here, now," he said, " a little work. A very good instrument. A new tip, that's what it needs. Then if it is polished up a bit, the dents hammered out, and — Well, you see what is required."

Goulstein looked at the ear-trumpet, wiped his florid face and afterward his large nose upon a white handkerchief with a lavender border, then took up the instrument, but raised it in the newspaper, as though it would be likely to contaminate those white, corpulent fingers of his. As he held the battered thing to the light, he shook his head over it in a way that made his puffy cheeks quiver like jelly; then he laid the ear-trumpet back on the show-case, and dusted his hands together.

Meanwhile there was a swallowing movement in the old man's throat, as though he choked with discouragement.

" Why, Mr. Goulstein, why can't you ? " he asked. " Why not fix it up for me ? "

The only answer the dealer made was to wrap up the ear-trumpet in the newspaper, and start to tie the string about it.

" Never mind about the polishing; I can do that myself," said the Exchange Editor. " A tip, one of those little hard rubber tips — that's all it wants."

From an inside pocket of his coat the tradesman brought out an envelope, and with a pencil wrote on the back of it, —

" They don't make them any more."

The Exchange Editor read the words, spat to one side, and then exclaimed, —

" Goulstein, what is the use of lying ? "

" No, but it's the truth, the God's truth! I'm a Turk and a Dago if I lie to you! " In the earnestness of his protestations the dealer stopped short, while suddenly his thick-lidded eyes brightened with inspiration. From his desk he produced a circular describing a new instrument which would permit the deaf to hear; and straightway, when the old man looked at the printed page through his black-rimmed eyeglasses, he grew dizzy, as if he had drunk three or four toddies, one after another.

" You have them, those new machines ? " he stammered. " Well, but no matter. I could not have one. I have no money for that."

On the envelope the dealer wrote, —

" They work splendid."

" A fake! I'll bet it's a swindle! " the old man protested with unnatural calmness, but his face was a-quiver.

" Vait till I get 'em in. You'll see! " Goulstein shouted, as the Exchange Editor bent forward, a hand scooped about his ear. Ordinarily the dealer could speak English very well, for his children at home kept correcting him, but sometimes, in a moment of excitement such as this, there was an occasional word which stubbornly refused to come right. " Shust you vait till I get 'em in! " he repeated.

Goulstein came out from behind the show-case, trundled forward with the labored jouncing of a wheelbarrow, went up to the old man, raised on his toes, and said in a loud voice, —

" To introduce the goods I vouldt make it to you scheap. Guarantee it. They are on the road, were shipped by express last Wednesday. No satisfaction, no pay. Ven you not hear, den I get nudding. Hey ? "

To get at the price of the contrivance, the old man cunningly exclaimed, —

" But a machine like that — how much ? As much as ten dollars, what ? "

" Ten dollars! Who said ten dollars ? Not me. I never said that — nudding like it! No, sir, you don't get one of dose machines for a hundred dollars. Look here: they list 'em at a hundred and fifty, but ven I knock off my commission — you being an old customer — ven I do that, then vot ? Vell, then you carry him

home for a hundred and twenty. And vot do I make on it? Not a red damn cent. No, sir. It's only to introduce the goods."

"A hundred and twenty dollars!" the old man gasped.

"That's it — the wholesale price, and if you get the large attachment, it will mount up to a hundred and sixty."

"Don't — I beg of you, *please!*" The words came with husky faltering, and the Exchange Editor moistened his dry lips to add, "A very good instrument, this ear-trumpet. You sold it to me. Nothing much wrong with it. A new tip — that's the main thing. The dents don't matter. I will polish it up myself."

Goulstein said no more. He merely tied the string about the parcel on the showcase, and with the ear-trumpet under his arm, the old man took his departure.

All that day the Exchange Editor could not get done thinking about the new machine. The circular, with half-tone engravings to illustrate what the instrument was like, he had brought with him from the dealer's, and he read it several times on his way to the newspaper office; often he looked at it during his working hours, and the last thing he read before retiring for the night was again that description, every detail of which was as clearly in mind as though he himself had been the one who had written it.

During the two months that followed, the new invention was much in the old man's consideration; but one day, with the ear-trumpet under his arm, he again visited Goulstein's establishment, in the hope that the youth who did watch-and-clock repairing might be in charge of the shop; for who knows? — it might be possible to talk reason with that young man. A hasty inspection of the establishment revealing that the proprietor was conveniently absent, the Exchange Editor briskly dodged in, but as he was untying the string of his parcel, his courage suddenly failed. Through a rear door Goulstein had appeared.

Plunged thus abruptly into confusion, the old man felt ashamed, guilty, as though he had been caught in some mean trick; and before he knew it he was inviting the dealer across the street to the Duxedo Bar, where they drank together, a toddy for the Exchange Editor, a gin fizz for Mr. Goulstein. Afterward the jeweler thumped the old man's parcel, striking it with his fat middle finger which seemed to be inflated with gas; but the thick nail made the brass under the paper ring with a dull metallic clink, as Goulstein exclaimed with solemn finality, "It can't be fixed!" Officiously ordering a second toddy, he stood on his toes, stretched his fleshy neck, and in a loud voice said to the Exchange Editor, "Come now, I am going to fit you out with one of those new instruments."

But the old man abruptly tore himself away, alarmed at the thought of such a great expenditure, and afraid of the temptation, which seemed to grow ever more alluring. Better never to see one of those machines! Better to forget all about it! But that, the Exchange Editor came to understand, was impossible, utterly impossible, and all peace of mind went out of him, since he had grown so sick at heart through his yearning to hear again.

Then he began to save more rigorously than he had ever saved, and for that reason he was much chagrined when his landlady raised his room-rent. Yet he considered that it would scarcely be treating her right to move out, for he was gratefully mindful of the times she had patched his trousers for him and also of the time, during a spell of illness, when she had made him gruel and prepared a mustard-plaster. And besides, she was a good woman, a widow with seven children, and with so noisy a house that, if she were to keep any lodger very long at a time, he would surely have to be deaf.

There was still another consideration which reconciled the old man to the deplorable rise in his room-rent: it was that the woman had been struggling hard to keep her eldest son in college. A good boy, Charley Holland! The Exchange

Editor had a real fondness for him and was proud to think how the lad was working diligently to get an education.

No, everything considered, it would not be right to move out, and the old man was resolved to try, in other ways, to accumulate money. This could be done by not riding on the street car even in bad weather, by breakfasting on ten instead of fifteen cents, and by burning less coal. Of evenings, if he were to take his work into his landlady's sitting-room, even though the children liked to climb over him and pull his white fringe of hair, he would not have to light a fire in his own room.

It was hard, a little bit hard, to get used to this way of living, but then, after all, what had been the use of pampering himself? And besides, he was still a little extravagant; every other week, on Sunday, he took a cup of coffee at breakfast.

As often as once a month, and sometimes twice a month, the Exchange Editor talked with the dealer about the instrument. Would n't those machines come down in price, he inquired, if one were to wait a year or two? Who had been buying them? Were they all right? Did they give perfect satisfaction?

After every conference of this kind the old man was greatly pleased and also a little troubled, almost wishing that he had given himself the pleasure of testing the instrument; and that he never did test it was because he wanted to treasure up the joy until he should actually have the money to pay for the machine. The day of all days it was to be, and he must not do anything to cheapen or lessen the mighty effect of it.

The time for making the purchase was gradually drawing near, and he was greatly rejoiced to consider that now only four more months remained, four additional months of pinching and saving. It made him quite dizzy to think how rapidly and how easily he had been amassing his funds, for at the beginning he had thought it was going to be very, very hard to accomplish; but see, now, it had not been so very difficult!

How the time came at last for him to buy the instrument; how he hastened to Goulstein's shop as soon as he received his pay-check at the end of the week; how he saw a sign posted on the door, "Closed on account of Jewish holiday," and how the establishment would not open again until Monday — all this he told the men at the newspaper office; and it was hard, so hard on him to be kept waiting that, on the great morning when he awoke, his temples throbbed with a wretched headache. "This will soon pass off," he declared, for he did not like to admit his threatening state of health; and yet he was painfully conscious that he had been unable to sleep much, that his fevered mouth was as dry as a crust, and that he felt heavy, stiff, enfeebled all through and through. As he got out of bed a shuddering fear invaded him, a fear that, after all, he might not get the instrument. "Perhaps," he told himself, "it was never intended for me; perhaps I have been too covetous of it."

Even though he was long in getting dressed and in walking downtown, he arrived at Goulstein's shop before it had opened; and leaning against an iron trolley-post, he waited a while before deciding that it might help to pass the time if he were to go to a restaurant for something to eat. This morning he ordered a cup of coffee, and every minute, while at breakfast, he kept fumbling inside the breast of his waistcoat to feel the roll of paper money pinned fast to his pocket.

He was determined to be very cautious in parting with that sum, and in short, the first thing he said to Goulstein, when the dealer was using a fresh, lavender-bordered handkerchief to wipe the different parts of the acoustical instrument, was this: —

"It may be all right, but will it *stay* all right?"

With a fat smile that displayed the gold fillings of his teeth, the dealer shouted: —

"Shust vait; you'll see!"

To the breast of the old man's coat he fastened a black disc, a transmitter to which an electric battery was attached, and a cup-like thing, with green cords like the receiver of a telephone, was pressed to the customer's ear. Then, immediately, the old man began to roll his eyes. He heard something; yes, truly, he heard music, but it was a frying and a sneezing panic of music — the noise of a phonograph with a bad record and running much too fast.

"My stars! Good heavens!" he gasped. "What a row!" He jerked away, peered all about the room and then out into the street, but nowhere could he see any disturbance; and the dealer, although momentarily nonplussed, was quick to stop the rasping suffocation of noise.

"Can you hear me distinctly?" Goulstein questioned, and holding up his watch, he added, "Hear it?"

Silent, engrossed, spell-bound, the Exchange Editor did not move, for the room had suddenly become vocal with a score of voices: the rapid pulsation of the watch, the metallic galloping of alarm clocks, the confused respiration of time's machinery, tickings vague and distinct, leisurely and fast, dignified and clownish, an immense chorus of palpitating seconds as sung by a variety of movements.

"It will have to be fitted," said the dealer, "shust as glasses are fitted to the eye. Maybe everything is too loud, maybe not loud enough. I vill find out about that."

He spoke pompously, giving himself airs like a street-corner salesman, and he did not fail to mention that only through friendship and because he wanted to introduce the goods, was he reducing the price to a hundred and twenty dollars. But the old man had decided to take precautions.

"I must see how it works," he said. "Let me have it on approval, and then, you understand, if it gives satisfaction — "

Goulstein looked discouraged.

"If you would pay something down," he suggested.

"To-morrow, yes," the old man replied, "that is, if it works right."

Convinced that the machine would prove indispensable, Goulstein reluctantly permitted it to be taken on trial; and with the black little cup-thing fitted and held in place like an ear-muff, the Exchange Editor, upon leaving the shop, began to walk he knew not whither.

It was a spring morning, one of those fine days almost like June, and the sunlight, the air, the clean, sweet freshness of the sky, all, everything was new; surely it had never before been like that, never, never, since the world began! It was as though the hour had been made for him, and it was as though a young girl whom he passed on the street had been made for the hour. She was all in white, with a red parasol over her head; but it was less her daintiness and youth than it was the crispy whisper of her gown that filled him with an unaccountable joyousness. It seemed to him that he, too, was still young and that now, at last, he was going to live, perhaps have a romantic adventure of some sort, and in the end have a home of his own with children in it. And then — only think: if a little boy were to call him father, he would be able to hear that sweet word; yes, actually, he would be able to hear it!

The mere thought of such a thing delighted him so much that he laughed aloud; and afterward, while stepping gayly along in this exultation of spirit, he presently halted, for some little maple trees, beside the curb in front of the Lloyd Hotel, were very interesting to him. In point of fact, they were puny, city trees of the most discouraged sort, each one protected against horses' teeth by a circular casing of iron rods; and although there could be no charm in such absurd and struggling greenery as that, the old man stood there in amazement, his face upturned, his hands clasped, and reverence in his eyes, as a playful whiff of breeze set the meagre foliage to lisping

and whispering. So affected he was that he could scarcely keep from calling out to every passer-by, " Little trees, yes, but what sounds! Good heavens, what a rippling loveliness! " It was as sweet to him as rain upon the roof, one of those gentle April showers that used to fall, years and years ago, when he was a little boy in his father's house.

He went on one side of the trees, then on the other, drew away, came nearer, and listened, and listened, yet could not get his fill of listening. To him there was something anxious and timorous and loving in those quiet voices, as though they were trying to tell him beautiful secrets which nobody but he, nobody in all this world but he, would ever be allowed to understand.

After many delays he finally reached the newspaper office, more than an hour late for the second time in forty-two years. But, unconscious of his tardiness and tunelessly humming a song, he entered the Exchange Room, with a feeling that all the staff, from managing editor to office-boy, must have learned of his great affair. The men did indeed come in to see him, to offer congratulations, and to listen — some of them quite patiently — to his exhaustive explanations about the acoustical instrument. And the pleasantries he heard, all those jocular comments, filled him with confusion, caused him to stammer, and made him blush to the top of his bald head.

In the circumstances it was hard for him to keep on babbling, he was too happy for that; and yet he tried to think of something clever to say, in order that these friends of his might see what a vast difference it makes in a body's life to be able to hear.

Well, taken all in all, these were the most glorious hours of his life. his cup was running over, and at night, when he reached home, he was still inwardly aglow with pride and satisfaction. But before he went to bed the old man lit his oil lamp that he might compare the acoustical instrument with the pictures of the circular which he had been treasuring through all these months of deprivation.

Yes, here it was, this little machine, exactly as he had known it was going to be! He brought out his old battered ear-trumpet, and contrasted the two contrivances, putting them side by side on the bed; then he laughed aloud, so great was the difference, so much more modest and unassuming did the new instrument appear! It gave him such a desire to brag, to tell afresh the wonderful things he had been telling all day long, that he adjusted the contrivance to his ear, and went downstairs to call on his landlady.

Twice he knocked at the sitting-room door, and when, after a long interval of waiting, it creaked wearily open, he saw by the face of the woman that something woeful must have been happening to her.

" I have here," he began, but paused in the belief that she was in no mood to be appreciative. " Better to come here at some other time," he thought; yet even in the presence of her trouble he plucked up spirit to say, " Everything — I can hear everything. A little machine — I can hear very well, but it has not been fitted yet. They fit them, exactly as they fit glasses to the eye. Maybe this one is too strong, or maybe not strong enough, but it appears that — I think it is going to be all right."

" Come in," said the woman, with a show of interest in her voice, but she had turned her face away from the lamplight that he might not see those tear-swollen eyes of hers.

" Have you hurt yourself? " the Exchange Editor sympathetically inquired, as he noticed that her right hand was bound up in a white cloth.

" Oh, *that!* " she exclaimed rather contemptuously, and added with a shrug of vexation, " Burned it with hot lard."

It was plain that a hurt more serious was troubling her. But what? The old man noticed that the room, commonly so neat, was now in great disorder, and something, it seemed to him, must have gone out of it. Where, he wondered, was the

sofa? And what had become of the rug with the blue dog woven into it, and the other rug with the two red and green bull-fighters?

"The installment men! What?" the Exchange Editor suddenly exclaimed.

"They have been here, yes," the woman admitted. "I got too far behind in my payments."

After this brief statement of fact, spoken without bitterness, she asked her visitor to be seated, and he took his old place at the centre table, beside the lamp, where he had spent so many evenings to save the burning of coal in his own room. Only this time, instead of looking over a pile of newspapers, he gazed curiously at the woman, being conscious how frail and little she had grown, and how tired and old, although he was certain she could barely have reached middle age.

"With my hand like this," she presently observed, "I can't hold a pen very soon, and I want a letter written, a letter to my son." Three boys she had, but the eldest, he who was away at college, was the only one she ever referred to as "son.'

"Why, yes — certainly," said the Exchange Editor, and with pen poised above the paper, his black-rimmed eyeglasses astride the end of his nose, he added, "Well, now, how shall we begin?"

With her left hand the woman began to pluck ravelings from the frayed edge of the bandage, and it was long before she spoke again: but at last she said, pausing thoughtfully between the phrases, —

"I don't want to ask you to come home, Charley; you know that, but I just have to ask you. Things are in such a state; the furniture for the front bedroom is gone. A lodger engaged the room yesterday, but to-day the installment folks cleaned it out. All the rooms but one are vacant. I can't earn enough at washing and ironing. I am not strong any more. I am afraid you will have to come home and help us out."

Toward the close of the letter the old man wrote slowly, as though it had become very hard work for him to use the pen; for he had taken a deep interest in that boy at college, and was fond of imagining how it might have turned out if he himself could have gone to school, learned more, and been better prepared for newspaper work.

Before the Exchange Editor had finished the letter his pen stopped short, and he wiped his face with his handkerchief, knocked off his eyeglasses, stared at the sheet of paper, got up, walked about, then paused, raised the written page, and nervously tore it into small bits.

"No," he said, "no, Mrs. Holland, we won't write that letter." He cleared his voice several times, but could not succeed in getting all the huskiness out of it, and as he passed slowly behind the woman's chair he gently laid his hand on her shoulder. "I want you to do me a favor," he went on. "I have here a little money. I — I don't need it. I want you to borrow from me. In the summer Charley will work. He will pay it back. Good-night."

No time was given the woman to protest. Into her lap dropped the roll of bank bills, and the old man quickly strode away, hurried upstairs to his room, and locked the door.

Once there, safely inside his own four walls, he breathed deep, and smiled as he took up the battered ear-trumpet from the bed; he even tried to laugh at it again, but this time he could not, and he gently put it back in its old place on the shelf — gently, for there had been a time when it had helped him to hear a little.

The new instrument he lovingly put down on the table, and over it he spread a snowy handkerchief, as if it were the face of some dear friend who had died.

The old man soon went to sleep that night, and he slept well. A time of rest and quiet breathing had come to him, as though he might be lost in some fragile dream woven of such pretty sounds as the rain makes, or perhaps a timorous whispering of leaves, or else the jolly voices of those men at the office who had been kind to him.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL MOVEMENTS

BY HAYES ROBBINS

THE church is becoming its own chief accuser. Self-criticism is a frequent note in pulpit, convention, and denominational periodical. "Are we reaching the 'masses'? Are we losing the workingman? Are we becoming a select, middle-class institution? Are we leading — are we even fairly abreast of the living problems and movements of the new time?"

It is a hopeful sign that the self-searching has become so active and earnest. Perhaps the surest proof of an institution's permanent vitality is its capacity for discontent with anything short of the largest fulfillment of its possible mission; the ability, at least, to locate its own weak spots, whether able at once to strengthen them or not. This is the safeguard against that self-satisfaction which passes so readily into indifference, thence into dry-rot and decay.

In this present disquiet of the church, the object of chief concern is the seemingly elusive workingman. Now it is quite possible, in passing, that the workingman is not elusive, in any special or class sense, to the extent commonly supposed. He is present in large numbers in at least the Roman and Jewish folds, and it should not be forgotten that in every large American city there is a considerable population of foreign-born wage-workers who either do not find the services of their accustomed faiths within reach, do not understand the new, and eventually lose interest; or who have brought with them bitter remembrance of oppression under forms of government in which the church was an established part, held jointly responsible for their sufferings. Here is a peculiarly baffling situation, and it is not greatly surprising that immigration has rolled up the problem at a rate by far exceeding, as yet, the ability of the church to meet it. Bearing this in mind, it is reasonably probable that the remaining wage-earners without church affiliations of any sort do not greatly exceed the proportion of the similarly unconnected, or at any rate non-attendant, in other large groups in the community. This might be a literal fact, however, and highly important in any general view of the situation, yet contain little comfort for those sections of the church universal which do not have the workingman, know that they do not have him, and feel it a reproach that they do not.

Many have been the attempts to seek and find him. The institutional church was one of the earliest, and it is not by any means an abandoned experiment. Some of these centres of many-sided activity — physical, vocational, and mental, as well as moral and spiritual — enjoy a success indicating that at least they meet a need, whether realizing all that was hoped from them or not. Yet the suspicion has been growing, after several years of experience, that, after all, the gymnasium and the shower-bath, the trade-school, the boys' club, the sewing and cooking classes, the kindergarten, the game-room, the circulating library, and the provident fund, may not be striking to the heart of this very tremendous and very terrifying Labor World. The women and children, clerks, young men new to the city and seeking a start in life, respond in great numbers; with them a few skilled craftsmen, it may be, a few others of alien tongue — but Tubal Cain remains unmoved. In all this varied offering, there seems to be little that the average grown mechanic, earner of daily wages and supporter of a family, indi-

vidually feels the need of, or that he cannot obtain as easily in other and sometimes, to him, more congenial quarters.

Then the special meetings were tried, the " open forums " for free discussion of labor and social issues, and these are still with us. " Let the people have a chance to ' get back ' at the preacher, and they will come." They came: some of them earnest seekers after truth; but, outnumbering these and usually dominating the discussions, a large representation of insistent propagandists of social panaceas, chronic orators, excitable cranks with no following outside the range of their own populous imaginations, and radical extremists of the class with whom the rank and file of the wage-workers, the trade-union men especially, have little part, or sympathy. Indeed, for the most part the two elements are openly, even bitterly, hostile; perhaps nowhere to-day is the conflict with the socialist propaganda being waged so continuously, so actively, and at such close range, as within the ranks of the organized industrial crafts.

Other and still more formidable efforts have been directed to the same end. Episcopalians, for a number of years, have had their " Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor." The Presbyterians have organized a " Department of Church and Labor," and sought to supply the missing link between the two elements in the person of an earnest and able gentleman who has carried the sympathies of his wage-earning experience with him into the pulpit, and still retains his trade-union affiliations. Congregationalists, Methodists, nearly all the leading denominations, are canvassing and testing ways and means of meeting the situation. In a number of cases " fraternal delegates " have been appointed to sit in the meetings of labor organizations, and, while not allowed to vote, have been accorded the privileges of the floor. Joint meetings have been held in connection with several conventions of religious and labor bodies, in recent years, to further a better mutual understanding; and at some of these the attendance has been very large.

Here the seekers are obviously getting nearer the sought, but right at this point disagreement of a pronounced sort crops out among the seekers. Some very earnest and devoted clergymen, not by any means lacking in breadth of sympathy, feel strongly that, in the search for the workingman, no countenance should be given to his trade organizations, either by exchange of fraternal delegates or by any other arrangement which might imply approval of an institution to which, as they view it, the church cannot possibly give its sanction. On the contrary, workingmen should be warned against the union, they feel, and if possible drawn to other agencies of material and moral progress.

Facing this dilemma, it might appear at first sight that the church, before it can go much further in its quest, must officially pass upon the merits and demerits of trade-unionism. There is, however, a wide difference between express indorsement of a given institution or movement, and simple acknowledgment, in practical every-day relations, that it exists as a present fact in the community. The church does not necessarily become either advocate or judge in basing its procedure upon frank recognition of the actual social environment, in and out of and through which in every part it seeks to weave its own threads of ethical and spiritual influence. In reality, the problem here raised is fundamental, and as old as the history of organized religion.

What is the true attitude of the church toward the social, political, and industrial life surging about it? Going still deeper, what is the ultimate object of its mission? Humanity, or systems? Life, or things? Institutions, or men?

Must the church become the arbiter of institutions — the trade-union, for example, the employers' association, the political party, systems of industry, forms of government — as a pre-condition of venturing outside its own safe portals to

seek and to help men where they may be found? Apparently it has so believed at many times, in many lands and ages, and has acted upon that belief, with results as varied as the verdicts rendered. For the most part, this has been wasted energy — a tournament with windmills! Institutions, social structures, are after all but names, forms of expression, lengthened shadows of their creators, not living things in themselves, to be either saved or damned. Society is no self-existent being whose parts draw their life from the whole and exist for the sake of the whole, and it is not, therefore, an *organism;* rather, it is an *organization*, an association of individual organisms, drawing its own life wholly from these units, existing for their sake and their welfare; not they for it. Before society, man was; and society might vanish but man would remain, however reduced in numbers or miserable his nomadic existence. No matter how complex human relations become in the process of time, the primary order remains — man the creator, social institutions the creation. The only living, thinking, acting factor in the community is the true starting-point of whatever is to affect either him or his relations to others.

We are in some danger of concerning ourselves so much about the works of men that we lose sight of the man himself in our methods of social endeavor. We are much given to talking about the mission of the church, or of religion, to this or that social, political, or industrial institution. It has no mission to things — relations — forms; it has a mission to human lives, — one, of course, which should vitally affect every outworking of those lives; but the word of inspiration and help must strike through the institutional shell to the living germ.

If the merits of the shell are made the issue, the minister is likely to find a barrier of prejudice and misunderstanding raised between himself and his opportunities of influence among, and service to, multitudes of those who believe in and are working through all manner of institutions, framed by and for themselves, and which therefore express roughly their own ideals and character at the given time, reflect their accustomed habits of thought, and largely measure the quality and capacity of their understanding. Perhaps the minister does not approve some one of these. If, instead of passing judgment, he will adopt, for example, the method of the great apostle who was willing to look beyond externals and endure many things that he might deliver his message; if he will walk with those who will not walk with him, working with and among men of whatever affiliations, in sympathetic endeavor to realize ideals of larger life, of justice, of helpfulness,to inspire the spirit of brotherhood, his word will at least have a hearing. To the extent that it takes root it will unfold in human life, and in due time the social expressions of life will either reflect more and more of this influence or give way to others that do. The temptation to grasping misuse of economic or civic opportunity cannot be removed by damming up this or that institutional stream; it may leave old channels, but it will find new. Let the sun in, and dry up the poisoned springs!

Suppose, however, the church does consider it essential to become the inquisitor and appraiser of institutions and social movements, instructing the community as to which ought to be supported, which condemned and abandoned. Returning to the case of the trade-union, for example, it begins to apply its tests. But what are its tests? Not that an institution, to command approval, must be perfect: by that standard none could escape the ban, possibly not even the church itself. Shall it be that the union must, on the whole, have in it more good than bad? Clearly, there ought to be, then, some common agreement upon what constitutes the good and bad of its character and methods.

A specific case is taken. There has just been a great strike, with the usual

accompaniments of bitterness, suffering, loss, possibly violence. The employers, let us assume, are generous and upright men who, nevertheless, are hard pressed and cannot see their way clear to grant the demands. Need there be any great difficulty in imagining fifty per cent of the clergymen interested reasoning that a labor body responsible for such a situation must be bad and worthy of condemnation, the other fifty per cent equally impressed with the fact that here is a notable sacrifice being made by a group of men and their families for the improvement of one another's lives, homes, educational and other uplifting opportunities for their children, and for all who may hereafter work in the positions they seek to better; that while civilization is developing ways of adjusting labor differences with less and less of strife, even strife is better than injustice or stagnation?

Shall we have a sociological pope to determine which view is right, and what the proper attitude of the church should be? Suppose the decision, however reached, is in condemnation of the union on the ground that its ultimate weapon is some form of compulsion, and its very existence a provoker of discord. It is all settled, and the council draws a long breath of relief; but in the moment of adjournment some belated member arrives with the records of an important group of unions that very rarely call strikes, that have regular agreements with their employers, and work along from year to year quite as harmoniously as men engaged in various other commercial and industrial pursuits, both sides sufficiently satisfied that at least they are not crying for anybody to come into Macedonia and help them. Are these arrangements, these unions, to be included in the disapproval or not? If not, it then becomes the further task of the minister to adjust the balance of good and bad between this organization and that, with the further complication that the bad one this year may be very good next season, while some tried and true model union, sharing the vicissitudes and frailties of all things mortal, may later get into a tight place, show its teeth, yield to the passions or fears of the moment (even St. Peter fell!), make a huge mistake, and bring down the wrath of the community on its head.

Is it wise to invite these needless dilemmas by seeking to apply to complex and shifting institutions those generalizations which hold true only of simple and eternal principles?

The general attitude suggested need not, of course, be carried to an extreme merely to save a theory intact; indeed, a theory without elasticity, like a rule without exceptions, cannot be saved intact, and is usually of small social value. There are, it is true, institutions and movements with objects so closely related to the church's own that coöperation is natural, and sometimes of much practical advantage; and it is equally true that other institutions may and do arise, of such character as to neutralize, if not virtually prevent, that very access to individual lives which is our primary concern. But, in truth, the utterly hopeless social fabrics in the community, at least those that we can be sure are such, are exceedingly few. It is easy to label a thing on superficial evidence, or without having fully considered what the label itself signifies. For illustration: suppose the church declares the spirit and tendency of trade-unionism to be essentially selfish, and thus opposed to the ideal of brotherhood. Is not that a test which, unless we are very clear what we mean by selfishness, would equally set the church at war with nearly every existing human institution?

What is the motive of organized democracy? In the broad sense, essentially self-interest; a joint method of a few thousands or millions of men for best securing their own happiness and prosperity. Does some one protest that the comparison fails because trade-unionism often gains its ends by duress, while democracy is the rule of all for all? Are

we so sure of that? Every political election means that a minority is constrained against its will to accept the ideas and wishes of a majority; and if the question of taxation is involved, it means the compulsory taking of the property of some citizens for objects the larger number think will be for the best good of all. But the trade-unionist is equally convinced that the higher wages he seeks will not in the long run prove a burden to the employer, but will so increase the consuming capacity of the population and stimulate improvement of productive methods that larger prosperity for all will be the net result; and he has much industrial history and good economics to support his view. He will insist, further, that compulsion by violence is but an occasional and diminishing incident of labor controversy, not in any sense a recognized element in trade-union philosophy or practice; on the contrary, discouraged and condemned by every reputable unionist leader; while the kind of compulsion involved in refusal to work upon unsatisfactory terms is immoral only if the right to maintain any form of liberty is immoral, — civil or religious as well as industrial. All progress involves some friction, some readjustment, temporary loss, perhaps; the labor advocate does not feel it a matter for specific or exceptional criticism that this universal social fact is true of the union and its activities.

What is the motive of the political party? Essentially self-interest: to win, and establish its policies. What is the motive of the Henry George single-tax programme? — not of any particular advocates, but the inherent element of attraction the plan itself has for the average man? Again, essentially self-interest: to establish common rights in land by depriving the present owners of its economic rent. Ah, the objection comes, it is not selfish even for a landless wight who would benefit thereby to seek a thing like that, because he believes it is just. Indeed, then, your trade-union friend will reply, "It is not selfish for me to seek higher wages, shorter hours, the uplift of my material circumstances; I have wrought out the right to this with my brain and muscle, and it is just that I should have it." What is the motive of socialism? To secure to many men greater abundance with less labor, by a method which necessarily involves for many other men less abundance with more labor. Very proper, its advocates may hold, as an object to accomplish, but struck through with a self-motive nevertheless, however glorified in sociological rhetoric.

Science, philosophy, religion itself — everything through which men seek a higher good for their kind, has its self-aspect in some degree. In truth, our common definitions of selfishness are too narrow. Civilization starves unless most men pay at least their own bills to nature; the tissue rots if the red blood turns white. The wisest charity teaches self-help. A race of martyrs would become extinct in one generation! Self-relying, self-sustaining effort, just provision for one's own, are not inconsistent with thought and care for others, — indeed, are nearly always the pre-conditions of being able to render effective help at all. Who wants to ride on your shoulders if your feet are in quicksand? Behind the out-flowering of every Luther and every Lincoln were years of self-preparation, however unconscious of the mighty service to come. Self and the other self each has its necessary place in the scheme of creation; both, in their proper relation, must be present in a true expression of the law of life. If we are to condemn either men or institutions, then, on the score of selfishness, we must know, not merely that self-interest is present, but that it excludes or is surely tending to exclude the altruistic aspect.

By this test, again, is the case of the trade-union such that the church, while it need not exalt, must inevitably condemn and ostracize? Undeniably the self-seeking side is in evidence, aggress-

ively, sometimes brutally; but quite as certainly the brotherhood spirit is there also, not alone in germ, but much of its outgrowth, along with what still remains base. Many who have considered broadly the history of this movement during the last century, not overlooking the grave evils, nevertheless rank it the most effective educator in coöperation for common advancement, in mutual service and willing self-sacrifice, in discipline and self-government, that has ever emerged from a strictly laboring-class environment. True, the range of sympathies is narrow, extending as yet very little beyond the limits of the unions themselves. Such, however, is the natural history of human progress, which moves always in waves, now here, now there, never in universal tides. Altruism is a growth; it does not suddenly fire the individual heart with a zeal for all humanity. Normally it extends from small to larger groups, according to the broadening range of knowledge and interests and expansion of ideas. In the labor world we are to-day in one of these special-group stages; and those who are rightly troubled about many serious faults may regard the future possibilities more hopefully if they do not forget the antecedents and environments of the workers, who have come up thus far through uncounted centuries of conditions still cruder and narrower, still less altruistic, still less promising.

What has been said is not intended as a plea for the trade-union; rather, to show its common human heritage of complex characteristics, motives, and methods. A parallel may be found for its worst incidental aspects — ambition, greed, monopoly, even violence — in nearly every institution, at times in the Christian church itself. That it has brought forth good fruit in some measure is hardly to be denied; that it yields to gross temptations in the hour of prosperity and power is not peculiar to itself. It is but one in the long list of organized groups professing to work for human welfare, and submitting at least a reasonably debatable claim to a place and function in the community. Has the church the infallible wisdom to go down the line, setting one upon the right hand and one upon the left? Has it agreed upon the multiple test? And what shall it profit, when the labors and discords of the process are weighed against the gain? Sooner or later the old familiar cracks will appear in every new piece of social machinery devised to replace one discarded, until we get at the faulty metal in man himself. Then and then only the movement or system of actually superior possibilities may hope for just and adequate opportunity to demonstrate its worth.

In the course of its history, however exalted the motive, the church has suffered much through misdirection of effort from the man to the thing. Its Founder set up no external kingdom, promulgated no system of economics, no scheme of social reorganization, passed judgment upon neither Roman nor Jew, courts nor temples; rather, upon wrong, hypocrisy, and selfish materialism, in high places or low, proclaiming those clarifying and energizing principles of truth, duty, and brotherhood, which, though spoken by the wayside to a solitary man, are yet so vital that no social or political structure in which they do not find fertile soil can escape decadence and famine. But the church — how often! — has set the institution before the man, fought the battles of king and noble, crowned and excommunicated, pronounced its judgments, torn itself asunder in the partisanship of wars, politics and industrial uprisings, one faction challenging the other in the name of religion and hurling scriptural ammunition across the chasm. Even to-day, in the field of economic and social reforms, it is a poor panacea indeed that some one does not announce as the precise thing Jesus Christ came to teach. This, for example, was the dominant note in a recent convention of socialist clergymen in New York, in the course

of which a prominent political figure in the socialist movement was declared to have a message to the present time similar to that of Moses and Christ in earlier epochs. On the other hand, the writer, a few years ago, sat in the congregation of a brilliant and influential minister who began an eloquent review of the saviors of mankind, with brief mention of Jesus, and concluded with an extended panegyric of Mr. Henry George, conveying the distinct idea that the mission of Christ on earth to-day would have been to preach the single tax.

It is by no means an unfamiliar experience to hear the petition, "Thy Kingdom come," followed by the glowing affirmation, "Lo, here is that kingdom," or, "Lo, there it is;" but in neither case locating it where the Maker of the petition himself declared it was to be found. Men who seem to consider the Christian message inadequate as it stands, exhibit an exceeding proneness to paste heaven's label on their own particular nostrums; to cut up parable, beatitude, and prophecy alike into advertising material for sundry partial and often conflicting social cure-alls. "Come now, let us create God in our own image, and mankind will flock hither as it no longer does to the Original! The Word has been misunderstood by the human race, until I arrived with my private key to the locked treasures. Behold, here it is!"

The church has no need to follow after strange gods in order to affect modern life and share in the world's work of human betterment. Is it powerless to inspire practical sympathy for the oppressed, the destitute, the suffering, or to arouse interest in their economic problems, unless it can prescribe another infallible specific for poverty and misfortune? Is it powerless to throw its weight in behalf of civic righteousness and stir men to action, unless it becomes an investigating bureau and prints the records of candidates, or proclaims the relative ethics of contending theories of taxation, finance, and administration? Is it powerless to create active, intelligent interest in education, in the safeguarding of public morals, in the protection of child-life, unless it maps out school systems or conducts political and legislative campaigns? Is it impotent to lead men to live in the spirit of good-will and brotherhood; and if it is thus impotent, can we believe it competent to frame any scheme or set of relations that will establish compulsory brotherhood by machinery?

The church's work of moral leadership and inspiration to larger life underlies, and is greater than, any particular reforms, however important. If it is true that its influence has declined in recent years, it may indeed be partly due to inadequate grasp of modern needs, but there is a deeper cause. Organized religion is suffering, in common with our entire social and civic life, from the wave of materialism following the enormous increase of wealth during the past century, and exceeding by far, in swiftness and magnitude, our ability to assimilate and devote wisely to the highest civilizing ends. So much the less, then, in seeking a new lease of influence, can the church afford any concession to that "spirit of the time," if such it be, which regards meat as more than the life, or holds it possible, after all, for man to live by bread alone. We must not get the commissary wagon ahead of the colors. To uphold the standard of moral and spiritual values, keep it to the fore, make its meaning known and its prior claim heeded, is the highest, broadest, and ultimately the most practical service of the church to humanity in all time, no matter what the hue and cry of this age or that, no matter what the new and startling forms of old, old problems. Let it adopt any lesser ideal, subordinate it, or allow its summons to be drowned in the roar of socio-economic machinery or political agitation, and civilization all along the line sinks to lower levels, as surely as armies retreat when the heights are abandoned.

Whatever of civic improvement has come in the last few years, in the struggle to uproot long-intrenched "graft," the setting of closer bounds to abuses of power, political or industrial, the raising of higher standards of public trust, the success in notable instances of a higher grade of public men, has not been the fruit of any "new gospel" of social salvation. Honor, faithfulness, justice, — iron strings, wrought long ago but struck with new vigor, — have given the keynote; yes, "mere morality," which, as Emerson remarks, is as if men should say, "Poor God, with nobody to help him." Nothing in this is strange or revolutionary; no more so than in the life which creeps up into tree and bush and plant after a long winter and thereupon transforms the earth. It is there always, whether the passing season that at times conceals it be one of ice and snow or of materialism and indifference. And it is this — peculiarly the church's supreme message — that present national tendencies are proving, not obsolete, but never more needed, never more practical.

If any criticism is to lie against the church, it is not that it has stood for these elemental things too much or too long; rather, that it may have too much neglected them, perhaps at times lacked courage to set them forth distinctly and boldly, or let them become too hackneyed, formalized, dogmatized, allowing the sacred fires to die down into the ashes of theological controversy or literary disquisition or rich ceremonial. If such indeed be the case, there may be those, justly alarmed, who call unawares upon the Baal of this *ism* or that *ism* for new embers; but unless the fire comes as to Elijah's altar, we are not likely to see it rekindled.

The minister of wide-reaching activities and broad outlook will not shut his eyes to the collective achievements and experiments of a very real and practical world. He will frankly recognize that institutions react upon their creators, and, built by men, have much to do with the building of yet other men to come. The problem, however, is the method of approach, and the ultimate end, sought through whatever societary maze, is still the man. The church need not be halted or turned from its quest by the glaring labels of party, trade, or class affiliations. Its opportunity — shall we not say its high duty? — is so to reach the lives, share the burdens, and stir the consciences of men, wherever found or under whatever banner, that their public and private undertakings alike shall give larger and finer expression to qualities of universal and enduring worth.

We cannot mould a body politic out of the dust blown about by every wind of controversy and breathe into it the breath of life. Only that really lives into which men voluntarily put themselves; and it will live to good or bad ends according to the character, sympathies, and ideals of its makers. Here are the vital contact points of the church with the complex social outworkings of modern life.

NOON

BY FREDERIC MANNING

Charmed into silence lay
The forest, dimly lit;
No wind that summer day
Moved the least leaf of it:

No choric branches stirred
Its calm profound and deep,
Nor voice of any bird,
But silence dreamed like sleep.

Like dew upon the grass
It fell upon my soul:
Loosed it to soar and pass
Beyond the stars' control.

Vague memories it woke,
Shapes far too frail for touch;
And then the silence broke:
Lest I should learn too much.

FRENCH CONSERVATISM

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

One day in the summer of 1907, a feeble and impecunious octogenarian, who was straining every nerve to complete a work of higher mathematics before death should overtake him, was rudely disturbed in his labors by the sudden irruption into his tiny dwelling of the agents of the fisc, who had come to dispossess him because he had failed to pay his taxes. The poor old man stood by indifferent, scarcely realizing what was going on, during the removal of his scanty household furniture and personal belongings; but when the invaders laid their hands upon his books, he burst into tears, and pleaded so eloquently for his "old friends," that the agents considerately withdrew.

This delinquent tax-payer was M. Mouchot, a laureate of the Institute. He had sent many esteemed communications to the Academy. He had published works of pure science which won the approbation of scholars and became almost classics in their kind. "M. Mouchot," said the mathematician Joseph Bertrand, at the time he was Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, "is one of those we are obliged to read pen in hand." Furthermore, M. Mouchot had devoted years to researches into the utilization of the heat of the sun, the results of which would have made him a millionaire had he been willing to accept personal profit from them. He refused persistently to bear any part in their exploitation. He would have fallen irretrievably in his own esteem had he permitted himself to reap pecuniary benefit from discoveries susceptible of application to industry. He practiced science solely for science's sake, with no ulterior motive.

In this respect, "Papa Mouchot," as he is called, is an admirable type of the French scientist of the epoch.

Chevreul might have secured a princely income by merely consenting to participate in the exploitation of a patent for the utilization of stearine. He had only to say the word to become the master of millions. He kept his lips resolutely closed. He lived modestly and died relatively poor.

Curie, simple, austere, single-minded, so penurious that he used a bicycle in all weathers — to save car-fare — for his almost daily journeys between Bourg-la-Reine and his Paris laboratory, Rue Lhomond, rejected a rich man's offer of half a million francs for a few decigrammes of radium, because he wanted the precious stuff to experiment upon.

Berthelot, whose services to science carried him to the Pantheon, is remembered by the dwellers on the left bank of the Seine as a stoop-shouldered old man, with a drooping mustache, who trudged up and down the streets of the Latin Quarter in a long, rusty black coat which gave him the air of a seedy, superannuated clerk. His three salaried positions (Senator, Professor of the Collège de France, and Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences) brought him in altogether about $6000 a year. He had practically no other income. While allowing himself to play an active part in the political affairs of his country, he never took out patents on discoveries which were capable of bringing him a colossal fortune, although he had six children to bring up. He resisted all solicitations to become entangled in business, even refusing to permit his name to be placed upon the lists of directors of great industrial enterprises. To a deputation of

sugar refiners who implored him to seek a new method of extracting glucose, offering him, by way of commission, a life annuity of at least a quarter of a million francs should he succeed, Berthelot replied, "Messieurs, I feel sure that it is possible to find what you desire and thus assure to your industry the economy for which you hope. I am going to study the subject. I even promise you to study it immediately. Glucose? It is possible, it must be possible. I trust, then, to find a new process, and when I shall have found it, I will turn it over to you. But I will give it to you for nothing. We work for honor in our French laboratories."

In a word — not to multiply illustrations unduly — the gratuitousness of science is a cardinal article of the French scientist's creed. The tradition of his order decrees that discoveries calculated to affect the welfare of the race are a part of the common patrimony of the race, and must be dropped without money and without price into the hands of all. Honor imposes upon him a complete detachment from the scramble for riches. For a scientist to endeavor to reap pecuniary profit from his labors is in the highest degree "unprofessional" — most damning word! The commercial spirit of the age has thus far been powerless against the conservative attachment of the French scientists to this old-fashioned conception of professional dignity, which is terribly unpractical, surely, as modern standards go, but which is nevertheless not without its beauty and nobility. The reputable scientists of France have all duplicated at one time or another, in one way or another, the *beau geste* of Berthelot.

There may be other countries where these time-worn scruples are not unknown, but it is doubtful if there is any other country where they prevail to an equal extent. Even in Germany (currently considered the paradise of science) numbers of reputable savants hold it legitimate to acquire a fortune along with glory. While Robert Koch, who directs a factory of pharmaceutical products, sold his remedies at Berlin, Louis Pasteur sowed broadcast his tubes of safety and life.

Renan declared that the intellectual liberty of England and America is the cause of "a veritable inferiority in criticism," and "offers too many facilities to stupidity and charlatanism." He insisted upon the necessity of a recognized central authority in scientific matters. The opinion of Renan may or may not have been well founded, — there is not a little to be said in favor of a *régime* of unqualified freedom for science, — but he certainly expressed the prevailing sentiment of French scholars; and granted the need of authority, it is evident that nothing could well be more hostile to its proper operation than the introduction of mercantile considerations into scientific researches.

There is another quality which French scientists possess in an eminent, if not a surpassing, degree: a capacity for restraint under the excitement of a probable discovery. They have to reproach themselves with fewer errors attributable to unseemly haste than the scientists of almost any other people. They do not, as we say familiarly in America, go off at half-cock. In spite of the reputed mercurialism of the French nation, and the reputed phlegmatism of the German nation, no French scientist of equal standing with Koch has been guilty of giving to the world a half-verified discovery, as Koch did in announcing his ineffective and dangerous anti-tuberculous serum; and the system of control in the French laboratories is so rigid that it is practically impossible for such a thing to occur — a superior scrupulousness which is loyally recognized by fair-minded German scientists.

Whether the relation between the French unwillingness to benefit financially by scientific discoveries, and the French absence of precipitation in the promulgation of them, is that of cause and effect, it is not easy to determine. It is

perfectly safe to say, however, that they are both manifestations of a conservatism which could not possibly hold out against the rush and rapacity of modern life, if it were not inherent in the spirit of the race.

Another province in which the conservatism of the French is pronounced, if not preëminent, is that of finance. But the bases of French finance have been made so clear by divers authoritative articles in the American daily and periodical press during the last twelvemonth, that it would be superfluous at this late date to call public attention to them. Suffice it to say that it is primarily to the conservatism of her system of banking (as typified by *La Banque de France*), and of her individual investors, that France owes her present proud position as the banker of the world.

French finance is based upon the proverbial French woolen stocking, that is, upon French thrift — a trait which has been much written about first and last, but regarding which foreigners continue to be skeptical, because it is accompanied by a light-heartedness, a blitheness, and a whole-souled appreciation of the good things of this world, particularly of that "good sister of common life, the vine," which seem to belie it, instead of being ascetic and morose as economy is popularly supposed to be. The French people continue to follow the sound advice Nicolas Pasquier gave centuries ago to his son Etienne: "Begin to economize early. Every saving in household management produces an incredible revenue far above all other revenues." The real "simple life" — not that travesty of it made fashionable by American faddists, which is a luxury within the reach only of the very well-to-do — is lived by nearly all classes of the French people, because it is ingrained in their nature, and accords with their ideas, ideals, beliefs, and traditions; because, in other words, it is "the resultant of all the aptitudes and inclinations of the race." So far as his own country was concerned, the *Vie Simple* of Charles Wagner carried coals to Newcastle. Its message was scarcely needed by his compatriots, and that is the main reason, perhaps, that they took no interest in it until after it had been given an artificial prominence by the encomium of the chief of a foreign state.

The Frenchman and, in an even higher degree, his model helpmeet, the French woman, possess an extraordinary faculty for making the most of a meagre exchequer. On four to five francs a day, in the laboring class, they procure for themselves, and for a modicum of children, lodgings, food, clothes, and amusements, help their less fortunate relatives, and contrive to put something by for a stormy day besides. It is more particularly in the matter of providing for the table that this economizing faculty works wonders that are very close to miracles; but it is operative in every department of household management.

As French finance is based upon the national thrift, so the national thrift is based upon the national conception of the family. This conception is the direct lineal descendant of the Roman conception, to which it bears a striking resemblance. The authority of the father as head of the household is not absolute, to be sure, as it was in ancient Rome. Nevertheless, the French father is master, theoretically, of all the acts and choices of the children (who look to him to assign them their respective rôles in life and to direct their energies in the interests of the family as a whole), and of most of the important acts and choices of the wife; and he generally is so actually, except in so far as the French woman's surpassing cleverness enables her to "manage" the lord and master, while seeming to accept his domination. The father, in return for the obedience of the children, holds himself responsible for their welfare, not only during their minority, but throughout their entire existence.

As to the daughters, his chief ambition is to see them well married. With this end in view, he devotes himself sedu-

lously to amassing sturdy dowries and to striving (naturally with the advice and coöperation of the mother, who is the immediate supervisor of their education) to find them husbands whose fortune and social position equal or exceed his own. True to the prudent instincts of his race, he deems a bank account a surer sheet-anchor than perfervid protestations of limitless and undying affection; mutual esteem and community of interests a much more solid foundation for domestic happiness than passionate love. He would subscribe heartily, in fact, to the sage observation of Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of his disquisitions on the tender passion [I quote from memory]: "The lion may be the king of beasts, but he is a very troublesome domestic animal." "Love passes," he is very fond of saying, "but the appetite for the daily bread endures."

The marriage of their daughters lifts an immense burden of anxiety from the minds of the parents. but it must not be supposed that such marriage terminates parental responsibility. On the contrary, the old folks continue to act as the young folks' watchful Providence. The tender solicitude, the sleepless vigilance, the fluttering interest (meddling, we should call it in America), of the mother in particular, follow, pursue almost, the bride into her new home, where they are so conspicuous that a French writer has been led to remark, "The French mother has the heart of a hen who is resolved to brood her chicks her whole life long."

As to the sons, the father rarely expects them to become magnates of finance or captains of industry. His fondest hope is to see them settled in stable, if modest, positions, which will guarantee them against all possible buffets of fortune when he shall no longer be by to render aid. He desires, rather than dreads, to make them mere cogs in the wheels of a great machine, so that said machine be a solid one. Rarely does a French father cut a boy adrift to shift for himself when his studies are finished. Far from holding that he has done all that can reasonably be expected of him when he has fitted him for a trade or a profession, he recognizes that the real tug-of-war comes in the first years of practical contact with the world, and does everything that lies within his power to serve as a buffer for him against the hard knocks of these critical years. Thus, the French man literally remains papa's boy (*le fils à papa*), and the French woman mamma's girl (*la fille à maman*), so long as the father and mother live.

It is because the French people are jealous of everything tending to impair the integrity and the dignity of the family that they are very reluctant to modify the body of venerable law which controls marriage, divorce, and inheritance.

It is not such a long time ago, as time is counted in the annals of nations, since it was impossible for a man or a woman, whatever his or her age might be, to marry without the formal consent of his or her parents; or, if the parents were dead, without furnishing properly certified documentary evidence of their decease. It is only twelve years since it was impossible for a man under thirty, or a woman under twenty-five, to marry without the consent of the parents unless he or she had warned the parents of the intention by so-called "sommations respectueuses," — a proceeding which was both complicated and costly. It is only a little over a year ago since it was impossible for a man under twenty-five, or a woman under twenty-one, to marry without the formal consent of the parents; or for a man over twenty-five or a woman over twenty-one to marry in the absence of that consent without resorting to the "sommation respectueuse." At present, a man or a woman may marry freely after thirty years of age; but before twenty-one, he or she is absolutely under parental control, and between twenty-one and thirty must still resort to the disagreeable formality of notifying the parents of an intended marriage. Furthermore, in the last-named case, the future

conjoints are obliged to produce a number of documents, the collection of which costs both time and money. If the parents of both are dead, the persons about to marry must produce at least nineteen certificates of various sorts. If one of the parties chances to be a foreigner, as happens frequently in these days of cosmopolitanism, the preliminaries are still more complicated and costly. "In no country," says Dr. Jacques Bertillon, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the City of Paris, "are marriage formalities so complicated as in France."

Divorce, which was promulgated by the Revolution, was afterwards withdrawn. Divorce of a highly restricted nature was reëstablished in 1884, but was made so difficult and costly that it has not often been solicited with lightness of heart. There is no denying that the number of divorces is slowly increasing, and there is an unmistakable tendency toward a modification of the extreme rigidity of the present laws. It is still a far call, however, from the French to the American attitude divorceward; and it will probably be a long time before what we understand in America by "easy divorce" will obtain in France, where many of those who make light of the Church view of the indissolubility of marriage deplore any change which would subordinate the interests of the family to the interests of the individual, the former, not the latter, being esteemed by them the social unit.

Liberty in the bequeathing of possession can scarcely be said to exist in France, well-nigh prohibitory obstacles having been placed in the way of willing property to other than natural heirs. Not only are the rights of children inalienable, to all intents and purposes, but the inheritance laws create rights for cousins, nephews, etc., either directly or by imposing an enormous and progressive inheritance tax upon legacies to mere friends or to philanthropies and charities.

Opposition to innovations that militate against the unity and continuity of the family, which is strong even in Paris, where the solider and soberer qualities of the people are disguised by a veneer of flippancy, is tenfold stronger in the provinces.

Among the pastoral peoples of the Pyrenees, the homestead and all the lands attached thereto, which have been kept undivided from generation to generation, are turned over to a single heir, who becomes by this token the accredited representative and head of the family. This heir keeps with him his brothers and sisters, if they are unmarried, aids them if they emigrate to a distance, and receives them back, if they fail in their ventures. He also keeps with him his married brothers with their wives and children (if they choose to remain), his sons, his uncles, and nephews (with their families if they are married), and his unmarried aunts and daughters. He directs the activities of all the members of this family-community, and exercises an authority over it akin to that of the patriarch of old; but he cannot dispose of the property, which he holds merely as a trust. The young men and young women frequently take resolutions (amounting to vows of celibacy) [1] in order to continue to work for the good of the family-community; and they are held in the highest esteem by reason of this sacrifice of their individual happiness to the general good. Thus the conservative sentiment of respect for law is here overborne and superseded by a much stronger and even more conservative sentiment, namely, reverence for tradition. In order to maintain the patrimony intact in spite of the law, which commands equal division between children, all the other heirs agree together to waive their legal rights in favor of the chosen heir. Furthermore, they are aided and abetted in evading the law by the lawyers and civil authorities of their districts, who are thoroughly imbued with the local spirit. At any cost and at all hazards, the chim-

[1] An easily explained exception to the contempt for the *vieille fille* current in France.

ney of the homestead must be kept smoking (*il faut que la maison fume*).

Efforts to protect the family patrimony continue to be made, to the knowledge of the writer, in Armagnac, in the Basses-Alpes, in those sections of Languedoc known as Lozère and Aveyron, in Auvergne, in Guyenne, in the Bourbonnais, in the basin of the Loire between Orléans and the sea, and in the Vendée; and it is highly probable that a similar phenomenon exists in a large portion of France. Last winter, when the master-builders of Paris resorted to a lock-out, in order to starve their masons into accepting their terms, the majority of the excluded workmen, who were Limousins, returned to their province, where they could count on the financial aid of all their relatives; and there they calmly awaited developments. The result was that the lock-out was of short duration, the employers speedily realizing that they were powerless to cope with such splendid family solidarity.

Paul Deschanel gave fresh and striking expression, on the occasion of the reception of M. Ribot into the French Academy, to a profound, if venerable, truth. "The French," he said, "are a people of revolutionary imaginations and conservative temperaments." Mazarin, in the seventeenth century, expressed the same idea in the phrase, "the French make a great outcry, but they pay;" and Sainte-Beuve, in the nineteenth century, when he said, "France, whatever its taste and its prayers for liberty may be, is a country in which authority, when it has in its favor priority and form, does not displease."

Of a truth, without charging the French with insincerity (conscious or unconscious), which would be an inexcusable blunder, it may be affirmed that their incendiarism is mostly on the surface, and that nine-tenths of their radicalism is to be ascribed to the passion for generalization (particularly along humanitarian lines) of a highly mentalized people; is, in other words, largely an affair of the imagination — an intellectual exercise or diversion bearing as little relation to real life as did the theological theses of the scholastic philosophers of the Middle Ages. The French adore sonorous promises of a general overturn on the campaign rostrum or on the election poster, but they are not deceived thereby, and are little surprised and less disgruntled when the maker of them, on being raised to power, reveals himself a thoroughgoing conservative.

It may wear the air of a paradox, but it is a fact of history, that French conservatism is so firmly intrenched that it has been necessary a number of times for a discouraged minority to resort to revolution to make the slightest breach in it. Even this heroic method has not always succeeded. France, next to China, probably, is the country which has had the most revolutions and has been the least affected by them. Her revolutions, speaking broadly, have changed only the names of things; they have not touched the things themselves. The French nation, to employ a homely illustration, is like the diner in a restaurant who obliges the waiter to change his cup of tea because he prefers a different brand, and finds the very same brew excellent when the waiter, after an ostensible journey to the kitchen, replaces it before him. After the manner of the Romans, who would have gone to death rather than set up a monarchy, but who adapted themselves very readily to an Empire, the French are horrified at the mere mention of reactionism, but rub along very well under a species of imperialistic demagogism. The Third Republic has put an imperial administration at the service of a majority. It is a régime of Bonapartism with a republican label. The code, the laws, and the usages are unrepublican; but so long as the motto "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité" is inscribed on the walls, the majority are satisfied.

It is a dear and inveterate habit of the Frenchman to follow routine, to be directed, to be administered, to respect

an official uniform; and this is true of him even in times of disturbance, when he is sublimely contemptuous, presumably, of every species of authority. Thus, during the revolutions of 1830 and 1848, the ploughman remained beside his plough and the mechanic at his bench; and in 1871, when twenty-seven of the eighty-odd Departments were occupied by the conquerors, the other Departments continued to pay their taxes and to respect the laws and the regulations of the defunct Napoleonic government. While France has gloried in projecting into the world great, generous, humanitarian ideas and formulas, atavism and tradition have continued, in her despite, to be the controlling forces within her own borders. "We are a singular people," says André Lefèvre; "we talk incessantly of changes, and at bottom we do not desire changes. Whatever our political complexions may be, we are all ultra-conservatives. Our programmes are crowded with reforms, but if you should venture to realize one of them, you would immediately set everybody against you."

In the domain of the amenities, as well as in that of politics, the conservative temperament of the French serves as a check upon their revolutionary imagination. That Latin strain to which they owe "their love of measure, their sense of average humanity, and also their respect, their prejudice even in favor of administrative orderliness" (to cite Bourget), is here very much in evidence. "Rien de trop" is the formula of their intellectual and artistic endeavor, as it is of their economic and financial activity.

The French Academy is an admirable symbol of the national conservatism. From its foundation by Richelieu in 1634 to the present, the Academy has been splendidly faithful to its special mission of conserving the national traditions. Formally loyal as an institution to the Third Republic, as it has been successively loyal, by the very necessities of the case, to every preceding government, the personal sympathies of a goodly portion of its members are probably reactionary in a most Platonic and inoffensive fashion. It prides itself upon always having among its members at least one lofty dignitary of the Church and several scions of the nobility; and though it accords seats readily enough to eminent statesmen, it is rare indeed that it admits one, however brilliant his parts, of a sufficiently radical sort to wound the tender susceptibilities of the great ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. Even from among the authors (the class which it is more particularly designed to distinguish) it seldom elects to membership an innovator until long after his innovations have ceased to be remarked. Writers who, like Cherbuliez, Theuriet, Coppée, Bazin, and Rostand, present, with due respect for form, the more wholesome sides of life, are more academisable, other things being equal, than those who ridicule or defy the accepted moral code. The Academy did not admit the mocking Halévy until he had produced his idyllic *L'Abbé Constantin;* nor the turbulent Richepin until he had been completely tamed by age; nor the affected Barrès until he had renounced his most offensive affectations; and if it has let down the bars to dramatists who, like Donnay and Lavedan, have been guilty of flippancy, it is because they have amply redeemed their flippancy by restrained and serious dramas which have received the seal of approval of the official Théâtre Français.

To its conservative Academy, then, French literature is indebted, in a measure at least, for its poise and precision of form. It would be a pity, doubtless, if it should succeed in dominating the national literature absolutely with its cold conventionalism, but it would be no less a pity if it should cease to act as a restraining force.

Thanks also to the Academy, or rather, to be more precise, thanks to the literary conservatism of which the Academy is a salient manifestation, foreign literatures never succeed in influencing French liter-

ature intensely enough or long enough to modify it permanently in any essential respect. The French creative faculty is as uneasy and ineffective in an alien atmosphere as is the typical French man on foreign soil. Detached from the wonted "milieu," the one like the other is bound to peak and pine. While each and every one of the exotic literary movements of the last two generations has burned out like a punch, the tendency (known as "regionalism") to exalt local traditionalism into a cult, to which Mistral and his Félibriges first gave noteworthy expression over half a century ago in Provence, has invaded steadily province after province until it has literally made the conquest of France. An aggressive conservatism, characterized by a fervent zeal for propaganda, akin to the conservatism of a portion of the ancestor-worshiping Japanese, is, all things considered, the most significant fact in the French literary world to-day.

The history of painting and sculpture in modern France is replete with conflicts between individual impulse and academical authority, between initiative and inertia, between the classicism and the romanticism coexistent in this bizarre people of conservative temperament and revolutionary imagination. The French artistic innovator has almost invariably been obliged to overcome a tremendous amount of official opposition, because he has seemed, at the moment of his appearance on the scene, to ignore fundamental principles and to flout revered standards. It was not until a few years ago that the works of the masters of impressionism were admitted to the Luxembourg, and then they were hung in a room where it was impossible to see them properly. Rodin's L'Homme au Nez Cassé was greeted with jeers, and his Bourgeois de Calais with violent abuse. His L'Age d'Airain was at first refused exhibition on the ground that the sculptor must have made a mould of the marvelously modeled face. The Commission of Art Works declined to accept his monument of Victor Hugo, designed for the Pantheon, and the Société des Gens de Lettres, his Balzac. Recognized the world over as the greatest sculptor now living, Rodin is still eyed askance by the representatives of official art in his own country, and has not yet been honored with an election to the Académie des Beaux-Arts.

The Ecole Nationale des Beaux-Arts and its adjunct, the Villa Medicis at Rome, hold rigidly to academic traditions, as is evidenced by the time-worn classical and religious subjects of their prize competitions. The official Salon of the Champs-Elysées is scarcely more hospitable to novelties to-day than it was in 1863, when the Salon des Refusés contained exhibits by Cals, Cazin, Chintreuil, Fantin-Latour, Harpignies, Jongkind, Jean-Paul Laurens, Legros, Manet, Pissarro, Vollon, and Whistler. It is still considered *the* Salon by typical Parisians, who prefer its cold, correct, classical art to the more modern and vital art of the seceding Salon du Champ de Mars, of the very existence of which, for that matter, most of them are ignorant, although the two exhibitions are held at the same time in the same building.

In the large, retrospective view, it is evident that there is an element of almost classic restraint in all the best French art, even in that which at the time of its production was deemed the most extravagant; and that this element is due to the resistant force of the national conservatism. Without this balance-wheel French art would have flown off at a tangent time and again. Thanks to it, French painting and sculpture have remained, in spite of apparent venturesomeness, stable and continuous for three centuries. It is only necessary to witness once the freakiness and the formlessness of the majority of the exhibits of the Salon des Indépendants, whose motto is "Neither Juries nor Awards," to appreciate the services French conservatism has rendered and is still rendering in art matters. Contemporary France is unquestionably suf-

fering from excessive art-production. What the result might be, how many miles of crazy canvases, and cubic yards of eccentric statues, would be inflicted upon the public, if there were no such counterbalancing influence, one shudders to contemplate.

"When a Frenchman speaks ill of himself," said a shrewd observer of national traits, "he is boasting." He might have added that, when a Frenchman speaks ill of the institutions and achievements of his country, he is admiring them. With the Frenchman, admiration does not preclude criticism; on the contrary, it seems to involve it. The more outcry he makes about a thing, the more he thinks of that thing, you may be reasonably certain; such vociferousness being merely the natural vent of his revolutionary imagination. Thus, he has heaped enough satire and anathema upon the cautious policy of the national theatre, the Comédie Française, to fill a small library. It was so before the fire which threatened to consume the famous playhouse; it has been so since. And yet, for an hour or more on that night in March, 1901, when it looked as though the House of Molière would go up in flames, your critical Frenchman blenched with dismay and sobbed like a child. And when he repaired the damage, ignoring or defying his own criticisms, he characteristically made the strictest possible restoration — even to the hot red velvet chairs, which might very well have been spared. The gist of the matter is that France, notwithstanding her assumed superciliousness and her impatience with the old-maidish ways of her national theatre, really worships it and is deeply touched by any and every circumstance that brings its long and noble career to her mind.

The Comédie is primarily the depository of the best French dramatic traditions, as the Academy is of the best French literary traditions. It is incumbent upon it to perpetuate the old rather than to promulgate the new, to conserve rather than to initiate, to signalize success rather than to force it, to register reputations rather than to make them, to accept the results of revolutions rather than to lead them. Its rôle is defensive and not offensive; it must serve ten times as a rampart to once as a battering-ram, and give ten thoughts to the ancestors where it gives one to posterity. It proscribes — very properly, considering its peculiar mission — liberty of theme, liberty of thought, liberty of method, and liberty of language. Daring ventures must come from the free stages, where the revolutionary imagination is allowed full swing. By reason of its very limitations, the Comédie Française has rendered an incalculable service to the French stage in conserving the elements of control, steadiness, and finish, without which it might have fallen a victim to the disintegration from which the once magnificent stage of England has suffered. If France has never ceased to have a fine and abundant dramatic literature, it is in part her Comédie she has to thank. And if the poetical drama (the most venerable of theatrical forms) continues to be in such high favor with authors, actors, and audiences that it may almost be said to be a distinctive glory of France, this again is largely due to the protection this species of dramatic art has received, during nearly two centuries, from the Comédie Française and, during a shorter period, from the second national theatre, the Odéon.

At the time when the excitement over the Moroccan affair was at its height, an article appeared in the *London Chronicle* under the striking caption, "The French a Phlegmatic People," which presented in a more or less bantering tone a number of thought-provoking facts. The adjective "phlegmatic" cannot be truthfully applied, of course, to a people who are endowed to as large an extent as are the French with a revolutionary imagination, and whose great cities are unquestionably subject to periods of ebullition. Nevertheless, if, putting aside all

prejudices and preconceptions, one views the career of France for the last thirty-seven years, one is constrained to admit that she has displayed, under most trying and even humiliating circumstances, not phlegm, surely, but a patience, a forbearance, a coolness, a correctness, a clearheadedness, a continuity of purpose, and an inflexible determination to play a pacific rôle — a conservatism, in short, which, during the same periods, the reputed phlegmatic peoples have barely equaled, and have certainly not excelled. In genuine political crises, even the normally turbulent Chamber of Deputies has surprised its detractors by assuming an attitude of exemplary dignity; while in moments of financial uncertainty, authorities and people alike have not only kept their heads admirably, but have materially aided, by their superb self-confidence and self-control, the authorities and the peoples of all the countries of the world to keep their heads likewise.

Conservatism, evidently, is not the most brilliant of the attributes of the French, nor is it the most charming; but it is the most reassuring. So long as it continues to be what it has been in the past, the strongest continuous force in French public life, the question of the durability of the present Republican régime sinks into insignificance, since it guarantees the durability of the traditional France — a consideration of vastly greater importance. In the domain of private life, also, French conservatism, while it approaches at certain points dangerously close to what we call old-fogyism, is not without redeeming features. Nowhere is home-life richer, fuller, more wholesome, more replete with beautiful, unabashed expressions of mutual support and affection; nowhere does the individual enjoy a more genuine material well-being, and nowhere is he guided by a saner and sunnier philosophy.

It is far from axiomatic that the doctrine of the strenuous life as it is at present understood and practiced in America is the acme of wisdom. As between the American system of spending vital force prodigally just as long as there is any vital force to spend, and of continuing to amass wealth after one has enough and more than enough to insure the security and comfort of his old age, and the French system of husbanding vital force, and of retiring early upon a modest but sure income with leisure for the pursuit of cherished avocations and for the extraction from life of its savory juices, — the last word has not yet been spoken. Signs are not lacking that in the country of feverish activity *par excellence* a reaction in favor of the conservation as against the expenditure of energy, of acquisition as a means to an end instead of acquisition as an end in itself, is already setting in. It would not be surprising if in ultimate America men and women should conform their lives to the law of the least effort, as the French do now.

THE MISSION OF THE LAND

BY DAVID BUFFUM

I HAD occasion, some time since, to go upon a large country estate. It comprised about one thousand acres of naturally good farm-land which, until the previous year, when it was purchased by its present owner, had formed two adjoining farms, each operated by a tenant farmer. The farms had not been well managed; tenant farmers rarely do manage land well. And yet one had yielded its occupant a fair living, while the lessee of the other had not only brought up and educated a family of children upon its profits, but at the end of his term of occupancy had a considerable sum of money laid by.

As I walked up from the shore, for the land sloped beautifully to an arm of the sea, I noticed that, although it was late in August, the grass in the mowing fields was uncut, and there was no live-stock in the pastures. My eyes wandered over a broad expanse of brown, dried grass, unrelieved by animal life and broken only by the white blossoms of that foul land-pest, the wild carrot. A footpath, now evidently unused, led through the orchard to the farmstead. The apple trees were loaded with fruit, and, under several of one early variety, many bushels lay rotting on the ground. Outside of the great cattle-barn was an immense pile of last year's manure completely covered by a rank growth of weeds. In the empty farmhouse were broken window-panes and unhinged shutters; and the stone walls which fenced the farmstead and the outlying fields were broken, dilapidated, and overrun with blackberry vines. The whole scene was a melancholy picture of agricultural neglect, realizing vividly the words of Solomon: " I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down."

And yet the owner of this land was not " slothful " in the sense intended by Solomon, though " void of understanding " he very possibly might be. He was a man whose wealth ran far into the millions, having only to give the word of command to turn a wilderness into a garden, if he so chose; and the condition of the estate was not the result of neglect, or even of carelessness, but of intention. What purpose lay back of what was visible could only be surmised. Perhaps it was a game preserve. The lay of the land and the character of its owner warranted the supposition. Perhaps, as I was told by the general manager of the estate, it was " a park-like effect, running here and there into the careless wildness of nature; " and in the distance a great stone mansion, with macadam roads running from it through the more picturesque parts of the property, gave some color to the statement. Or perhaps it was only a whim, for the owner was widely known for his " eccentricity," a word which, in the case of very wealthy men, is too often used to describe that lack of sanity in word and deed which, in less favored people, is called by a harsher term. But whatever the object in view, this fact remained: a thousand acres of good farm-land had been taken out of commission, and was no more to be used for the production of crops or the support of domestic animals.

To me, an agriculturist by profession, and with the inherited instincts of a long line of farming and stock-breeding ancestors, the fact seemed most deplorable. But there is always more than one point of view, and the opinions of no one man

or class of men can properly be taken as a criterion in such a case. What concern is it of ours whether or not a man buys a thousand or ten thousand acres of land, or what he does with it after it is bought? Presumably the former owners wanted to sell and he wanted to buy; the land has become lawfully his, and — assuming that he does not injure or incommode his adjoining neighbors — shall he not do as he sees fit with his own? These are pertinent questions; and concerning, as they do, a matter of most vital importance, are not to be answered lightly or off-hand. They merit the most careful consideration, and that regard for the rights of the well-to-do and prosperous which, in an argument for the " rights of the people," is too often given scant place. For the well-to-do have rights as well as the poor; and it is the part of justice, not to deny them, but simply to consider in what they rightly and properly consist.

There is no question that there is an increasing tendency on the part of the very rich in America to buy land in large tracts. It is likewise beyond doubt that, speaking broadly and with no reference to special cases, the greatest good to the greatest number generally accompanies a more even division of the land. The recognition of this principle is as old as civilization; and Moses, probably the most sagacious and far-seeing of the ancient law-makers, carefully provided in his code against the accumulation of landed property in the hands of the few. His provisions apply only to country property; city property could be sold absolutely to the purchaser, " his heirs and assigns forever," as with us; a period of redemption of one year, however, being granted to all who had lost their property by foreclosure of mortgage or a sale under stress of circumstances. But in the country the period was much longer, and the law expressly states that " The land shall not be sold forever. And in all the land of your possessions ye shall grant a redemption for the land."

To a superficial view this may seem only a zealous attempt to keep the land fairly divided among men, to the end that each might have a share of the surface of the earth upon which he was born. But a deeper insight into the matter is essential to an understanding of its full and true purport. We must inquire *why* a general distribution of the land is usually productive of the best results. And if we study the question correctly, we shall see that it is not because man, being born upon the earth, has an inherent right to a portion of its surface; such a view is unreasonable and wrong. We must go far back of the days of Moses to read, in the teachings of geology no less than in the Bible, the first statement of the Mission of the Land; and, this learned, we cannot go far astray as to what is right or wrong in its ownership and use.

Thousands of years ago, at the very dawn of the era when man had emerged from his prehistoric struggle with adverse forces and had taken his place as the dominant power in the world, the fiat went forth, " Let the earth bring forth grass! " Later came grain and fruits, and the whole tell simply and directly of the object in view; but the production of grass spoke most eloquently, as it maintained live-stock, which, in turn, enriched and repaid it. I may add, in parenthesis, that it has since been proved again and again that there can be no permanently successful agriculture without the keeping of live-stock; and the story of the offering of Abel being more acceptable than that of Cain is credible, because Abel, a keeper of live-stock, was more in harmony with the purpose of nature, than Cain, who, a tiller of the soil, typified and foreshadowed that vast army of agricultural pirates who, by sowing and reaping but never restoring, have done to the land a wrong which is beyond the range of estimate.

The Mission of the Land is to produce and keep on producing food, live-stock, lumber, and other commodities, for the service of man. He who owns land and is indifferent to this, is guilty of a moral

wrong; and he who takes good land out of commission and suffers it to lie unproductive and useless is guilty of a greater one. This is the only criterion by which we can properly judge of the right of an individual to own land in large tracts. The good results attendant upon small individual holdings are natural. The purposes of nature in the upward evolution of man are usually better carried out in this way; and not because, as is so frequently argued, every man has an inherent right to its ownership. The lazy, the incapable, and the densely ignorant, assuredly have no such right; and land is too precious, and its mission too high, to be thus wasted. If the owner of a great country estate can farm his land as well as, or better than, if it were in small holdings; if, following the precept of Swift, he make two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow where one grew before; if he supply his section with a better breed of horses, cattle, or sheep, well and good; no one with any knowledge of economics could say he was doing any injury to the world or mankind. It is not the amount of land that he owns, but what he does with it, for which he is morally responsible.

But while great fortunes have put it in the power of man to acquire land in great tracts, nature has placed a limit on the ability of even the most capable to manage it properly if it exceed the dimensions which reason and common sense would dictate. It might easily happen, for instance, that one of our modern millionaires should purchase a tract as large as one of our smaller states; and yet the man does not live who could manage a farm the size of the smallest county in the smallest state, in such a way as to get even moderately good results from the whole of it. By a farm is, of course, meant a tract of land suitable for general agriculture, and not a pasture range, which is rightly held in much larger areas. But be the land tillage, pasture, or woodland, the standard of conduct for him who assumes its ownership and management is precisely the same. " Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed and the tree yielding fruit; " see that you do not hinder it; do not take the land out of commission; this law is written large in the evident purposes of nature and the needs of the world, and it lays upon the land-owner an obligation so sacred and so imperative that it not only demands his best powers of mind and body, but forbids him to undertake more than he can carry out. For he has assumed the kingship of a portion of the universe; he is dealing directly with the forces of nature and of evolution.

To me, personally, the sacredness of land-ownership, and its radical difference from the holding of all other kinds of property, were first brought home in a peculiarly emphatic manner; and while I am not so vain as to suppose my personal experiences would prove interesting to many of my readers, I may perhaps be pardoned for referring briefly to them in so far as they have a bearing on the matter in hand. Born to comfortable circumstances, and brought up with a taste and training in agriculture, I began my business life on a large country estate, where for many years I lived as a farmer and breeder of horses. Then the failure of certain outside enterprises in which our family was heavily interested brought me to financial ruin. I was obliged to sell everything and begin life over again.

To a strong man, in the prime of life, the acquisition of money seems an easy matter. I went to the tropics, associated myself with others in a large agricultural enterprise, and for some time felt that another fortune was soon to be mine. Then the financial stringency of the year 1893 crippled us in obtaining needed funds. Not long after, the price of coffee dropped, never to regain its former place, and, in a few years, the abandonment of the whole enterprise was an unavoidable result.

This was sufficiently disappointing, but life in the tropics had given me a great and abiding faith in the agricultural future of those regions, and I immediately started in another tropical enterprise.

Again fortune seemed fairly in sight, when stormy and revolutionary political conditions in the region we had chosen rendered successful agriculture impossible.

The greatest truths in life are often the slowest to impress themselves upon the minds of men, and it was not till this second disappointment that it dawned upon me, not only that life might be too short and too precious to be all spent in seeking a fortune, but that my whole view-point had been wrong: that the fortune and the privileges which, from association and long habit of thought, I had come unconsciously to assume were mine by right, and which, if lost, were simply to be sought till regained, were not so at all; and that the only rights that were inherently mine were those which nature has accorded to every man who is willing to work with hand and brain: namely, the right to have some land and cattle of his own, to maintain himself and family by the labor of his hands, and to be his own master.

And with the recognition of this great truth came the desire, both sweet and compelling, to abandon the campaign as a soldier of fortune, and to buy a tract of land where I would not be dependent upon political conditions or capricious peasant labor; where my own hands would be a leading factor in its working, and where I could establish a permanent home. But where should I seek for such a tract? In the tropical belt, notwithstanding its unparalleled agricultural resources, I knew of no locality where the conditions were wholly satisfactory for the object in view. I turned again to my own land, the land that, for generations, has been a land of working farmers.

But here the search proved no trivial matter. I had been less than a dozen years absent, and yet a tremendous change had taken place, and in the better agricultural portions of the state the land was owned on a new basis. Farm after farm had been bought up by wealthy men, a single individual frequently owning half a dozen contiguous places, which he included in one grand country estate. The picture of agricultural abandonment drawn at the beginning of this article, though seen sufficiently often to force home its lesson, was not common; on the contrary, in the rich farming districts, costly barns, blooded stock, new walls and fences, and large crops were the general rule. But, to the eye of one who knew, the farming was not good farming, — indeed, farming carried on at a heavy loss never is, — and, despite the large crops, a very little investigation seemed to show that on scarcely a farm of them all was anything approaching the amount of produce put on the market that there had been when the same place was owned by a working farmer. The land, so far as its maintenance of mankind was concerned, was largely inoperative.

Nor was this all. The intervening land between these millionaire farms was held at a figure commensurate with the possibility of selling to a millionaire purchaser; and, in too many cases the hope of making such a sale paralyzed the best efforts of the working farmer who owned it.

The details of the search and the finding of the farm which I ultimately purchased need not here be given; suffice it only to say that the experience gave me a realization of the existing state of things that could hardly have been had in any other way. It gave me some insight into the land-hunger that must possess many who seek for a moderate acreage for their own maintenance, and a keener perception of the evil of great holdings.

But if the evil is great, what is the remedy? Is it the system recommended by Henry George? In my whole career I have never yet found a man who ever owned land, or who hoped to own it, who would favor anything short of absolute ownership. Nor is the time yet ripe for a law limiting land-ownership to a certain acreage; for the great "plain people," who make public sentiment and shape events, have not that knowledge and grasp of the matter which is needful to its intelligent regulation.

And knowing this to be the case, the only effective remedy, I am persuaded, lies in that better understanding and appreciation of the Mission of the Land which must come, as time advances, to the minds of mankind. For no one who looks back over the long path by which the human race has reached its present status can doubt that its evolution is still going on: and that, step by step, that which is fittest and best will prevail over the evil that is in the world.

How soon this better understanding will become sufficiently general to have an appreciable effect is more than can be foretold. But the subject of the land and its uses is receiving more attention than ever before, and it would seem that the time cannot be far distant. There is that which forces the attention, whether we would or no: for, besides the threatened evil of great holdings, which is of recent date, we are now paying the penalty of some mistakes in the past which were equally serious; indeed, it may be doubted if the harmful effect of great holdings would ever equal that of the despoiling of our forests of lumber, with no provision for restoration, that has already taken place; the heavy cropping of farm-lands without return, or the devotion of land to purposes for which it was unsuited by nature. The high price of lumber, and the low average yield per acre of our staple crops, are things which affect us all; and the abandoned back-country farms tell eloquently of the folly of conducting agriculture upon lands which nature intended for forest or grazing. Permanent success can rarely attend such misplacement, and I have sometimes thought that in no other way is the Mission of the Land so seriously thwarted. In the tropical belt I have seen millions of acres of the finest sugar-land lying idle and unproductive, while, far in the north, with an unwilling soil and a colder sky, men were coaxing from beet-root a wretched modicum of sugar. The human race has to pay for such errors; for, in the school of nature, man must always be pupil: he can never be teacher. He can, it is true, turn the forces of nature to his account, and it is his duty to do so; but to do it successfully he must follow the channel in which they were intended to flow, and recognize the law of the eternal fitness of things.

I have spoken of the imperative obligation that the land lays upon those who own and manage it, but it is right for me to say, in conclusion, that, to those who realize and accept this obligation, it is neither hard nor unpleasant. On the contrary, its discharge is replete with pleasure, the consciousness of power, the joy of possession, and the joy of living. It opens up new and fascinating fields, fields which are bounded only by the limits of life and its manifold forces, and which a lifetime is too short fully to explore. If the landowner be rich and his tract of reasonable size, he will find that what one of the best of our old-time writers has called " the God-appointed duty of working land to the top limit of its producing power," will yield him a pleasure far more satisfying than any that can come from the ownership of unlimited, and therefore half-farmed, acres. Or, if he finds it necessary to work with his hands, he will find that the man who tills his own soil, feeds his own stock, and drives colts of his own raising, may be equally a king on his own domain, and experience a satisfaction no less keen.

ON THE CLAIM

BY FLORENCE McDOWELL

We had been walking through close-woven Jack-pines. Did I say walking? Well, climbing is the better word; for if you have made your way through our Wisconsin woods with their fallen trunks — relics of great Norways and white-robed birches — with their masses of fern fronds, and their soft, deep beds of needles and luxuriant mosses; if you have threaded the stubborn maze of "Yaks," as the settlers call them, and guided your two feet successfully, keeping out of unexpected holes that tell of the "furtive folk," — if you have done this, you will agree that it is not unlike mounting a long ladder with steps far apart — a ladder that differs from Jacob's in that this one leads not only to, but through, the Kingdom Beautiful.

Well, as I said, we had been walking, and as the result of an afternoon's effort we had found one corner-post, for Statia is the proud possessor of a claim and for that reason owns four corner-posts, though I know that she has seen only one, the other three being on paper and in Mr. Ericcson's head. Mr. Ericcson is a most important person in this region of scattered cabins and wilderness, — surveyor, carpenter, and autocrat in all matters of hunting and agriculture.

This claim is Statia's latest hobby. She usually drives several at a time, but now she has found something so engrossing that it has taken the place of the D. A. R., settlement work, golf, stamp-, coin-, and china-collecting, socialism, and even the Woman's Club; and she has come up here with one purpose, — that of holding a model claim, and building an ideal cabin, with a more than ideal boulder fireplace.

When she first proposed that we spend a summer in this big, new Northwest, I confess that my sisterly devotion was somewhat strained. I had always liked the country when I knew that I could get into it and out of it; but I had wanted the road to lead both ways, and I knew that in this scheme the arrow pointed in but one direction. Nevertheless, I assented, and there has been no regret. The spirit of the Wild has won me, and I love it, not only for the broad stretches, the hills, the lakes, and the remnants of the once noble forest, but also for the human interest that is already part of it. When man's hold upon the soil is so slowly tightened, the struggle borrows from the romantic, and Hercules slaying Hydra is not more admired than is the patient grubber who finally pulls out the last root of the scrub-oak.

And now I go back to the corner-post. We had found it with the aid of two compasses and six pairs of eyes, for we had company and all had joined in the search. Statia had well-nigh caressed the rude little block, — the joy of ownership is strong within her, — while we had seated ourselves to rest and to admire, not the marker, but the tangled ravine below us. Suddenly Allen, our twelve-year old nephew, exclaimed, "Why, what's on that stone?" There, only a few feet below, on a huge rock-table, lay something distinct from the cones and mosses. It proved to be a book wrapped in a bit of gingham and tied with grass, — a cheaply bound copy of *Lorna Doone*. The fly-leaf bore the one word, "Jane."

Now, in these parts, neighbor is spelled with a capital. Every settler knows every other settler within a wide radius, and even then his list of acquaintances is not long. And we — the "summer folks" —

have in our sojourns learned, or caught, the same friendly curiosity. We knew the names of these daughters of the wilderness, — the Irish Maggie, Katie, and Mulvania, the four Swedish maidens who looked just alike; but among these and the few remaining we found no Jane.

Concluding that some hunter must have dropped it, I kept the book and its wrappings as we started homeward, for the leveling rays told us that we must hasten if we would see the sun set while we were eating our bread and milk and blueberries on the screened-in porch — our latest pride.

We had just reached the trail when we saw approaching Hal Thrall, the young Abe Lincoln of our neighborhood, — a rather picturesque figure, too, — lank and awkward when ill-luck brings him into conversation, but almost graceful when wielding his mighty axe. Hal had worked for us as often as his own claim-duties had permitted, and I, the maker of muffins and johnnycakes, had several times wrung from him sentences! To be sure, they were blunt and embarrassed, but the strong, rugged features and the twinkle in the kind eyes had again suggested the great hero.

This time he came swinging along, his yellow wolf-dog at his heels. The man seemed to be looking for something, for his keen gaze was bent upon the blueberry and winter-green leaves that lined the path; but seeing us, he halted and his eyes fastened upon me.

" 'Scuse me, Miss, but could I see you a minute? " The others went on and I stood beside the young giant, who, after much shifting and hesitating, blurted, —

" Miss, you found that! "

" Yes, Mr. Thrall, I did — over on a big rock below the thick woods."

" Thankee, Miss. That's where I was dinner hour." Sunburn could not account for half the color that had kindled his honest face.

" *Lorna Doone* is a beautiful story," I remarked.

" I ain't much of a reader, but — I've heard it said." The book was safe in his big hand, but still he stood.

Woman's intuition is sometimes overcredited. That Hal Thrall should be confused was not strange, especially when the topic was literary. And now I led on blindly.

" Mr. Thrall, we heard that you had given up your claim."

" Yes, ma'am, I've traded with Pete Rickbaum."

" I don't know the Rickbaum claim. Where is it? "

" Over by Moon's corners — where the road 's like a double S. You know that white house? "

" The one next to the schoolhouse? Why, Mr. Thrall, how are you going to run a bachelor shack over there? You know whoever lives on that place has to board the school-mistress! "

For a moment he faltered. Then came the answer — this time clear and steady: " Yes, ma'am, that's just what I'm thinkin' of doin'! "

THE CITY'S ICE

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

STRAIGHT from the north sweeps down the icy blast, cresting the snowy mountain-top, clearing its rugged barriers, and swaying to rhythmic pulsations the pines along the borders of the lake. Day after day the winds bear down increasing burdens of cold. Hour after hour the ice-crystals sink deeper and deeper into the depths below. Then, when the leaden skies are bordered with dull northern gold, figures of men advance upon this natural stage, whose background is the majestic mountain, whose wings are forested with white-capped green. The stillness ends as workers, in gay blanket-coats or heavy corduroys, harvest their winter store, cut out huge squares upon the surface of the lake, trace and retrace their steps, moving like living chessmen in steps of knight or queen. The cold wind of the open north congeals the ice. Hot, dust-filled city winds return it to its normal state once more. Whatever the purity of the source, the summer days, when the ice-cars reach the city, see this common food thrust out on dirty platforms through dirty chutes, thrown into wagons which stand open and exposed to the dust of the city street. Nor does delivery at the door end the possibility of contamination. Solid water may turn to liquid water in unclean refrigerators, cool the refreshing drink of car, of office, or of street in positively filthy water-tanks, or become infected by the hand of its server. Make a personal experiment, look at your own refrigerator after a hundred pounds of ice have melted, and see whether or not the compartment is clean.

Few of the topics considered in this series belong more exclusively to the city than this of ice. Food, air, and milk vary the conditions of their supply by the different requirements of the crowded street and the isolated farm. Ice, on the other hand, to-day as always, finds its chief use in the city. The cold cellar or the well still serves the refrigeration purposes of a large portion of rural America. Where ice is used on the farm, it is commonly taken directly from the individual ice-house, where it has had all the benefits which come from storage and few of the disadvantages which come from handling. Farm food, moreover, is not only fresher and in less need of cold storage than the city's supply, but it may well be possible that the freer life of the country breeds less desire for cooling foods and drinks than does the far greater confinement of our brick-walled existence. Certainly the city's necessity for refrigeration and for ice is beyond question. Its food, brought from long distances and often unnaturally preserved by storage methods, must be chilled to be healthful. Its children, wearied by the nervous exhaustion of the streets, have a real need of the tinge of attractiveness which cooled viands provide to obtain a sufficient nourishment.

No other nation can compare with the United States in the consumption of ice. Its use in the Orient is chiefly limited to the foreign settlements and the selected upper classes; while in Europe, though it is used for cold storage, its service as a food is relatively small. Even where modern custom and the inroads of American travelers have made its presence an every-day affair abroad, the cooling drink is offered the diner, but not forced upon him. The waiter presents the glass bowl of cracked ice for acceptance or rejection. In America we have no choice. If the carafe is not full of water frozen in its

place, the glass of ice-water is surely present at your elbow. Slight indeed is the probability that we can diminish the city's call for ice, however loud the annual outcry against its use. Granting that the demand is unlikely to subside materially, let us, in order to determine what the situation really is, consider how the purity of ice is affected by its formation, the possibilities of its contamination during harvesting, sale, and use; and the way in which present-day conditions concern the dwellers of the city.

City ice comes from one of two sources: it may be produced naturally in river, lake, or pond, or it may be manufactured artificially by what, for want of a better name, we may call cold-storage methods. The formation of natural ice is, in itself, one of the strangest of the thousand disregarded phenomena of natural life. The basic causes of that example of the craftsmanship of nature known as crystallization, of that property of matter by which solids group themselves in the fairy traceries of the snow, the gleaming facets of the diamond, or the huge pillars of the salt mines, lie deeply hidden. The effects of that craftsmanship we know, and of those effects few are stranger than the selective process which goes on in crystalline formations. Those tiny particles which make up the regularly formed crystals are able to pick and choose their associates, and refuse to accept for the structure of their walls substances unlike themselves. This is a general rule which governs many forms besides the special one under consideration. Crystalline bodies in solution in the foulest liquids crystallize out in a state of purity so great that analytical chemistry constantly takes advantage of this principle to obtain strictly pure materials. Ice-crystals, forming, will build nothing into the icicles save water. The effect of this natural selective power has a close bearing upon our subject.

Every lake or pond is a great bowl holding in solution and suspension many solid particles, such as the tiny bacterial plants which inhabit its depths, the refuse of the shores, and portions of the solid matter of the bottom. When the falling mercury plunges below the freezing-point, the contents of these huge bowls suffer a sudden change. Tiny six-sided crystals shoot forth upon the surface, join side by side, and take up so much more space than the water from which they come, that the expanded ice is often thrust up upon the banks. If substances like straw, chips, or refuse are floating on or near the surface of the water when the change takes place, such solid bodies will be imbedded, mechanically caught, between the crystals, in the same fashion that a ball is caught between two clasping hands. There is the first possibility of ice-contamination. A considerable amount of light straw and refuse is likely to be floating upon the surface. The greater part of this, good and bad, pure and impure, is entangled in this upper sheet.

Below the surface of the liquid quite another condition holds good. The ground at the sides and bottom is a non-conductor of cold. In consequence, ice can form only at the top, and the solid mass must grow vertically downward from the surface. As the cold increases, the tiny crystals, forcing their way through the water, shoot towards the bottom like icicles on the eaves of a house. Each pointing icy finger, as it pushes its way downward, constantly rejects all other substances besides water, forces floating bacteria and other solids steadily back, builds water and only water into its structure. Since the whole mass is made up of millions of individual crystals, those solids, and only those solids, which are mechanically entangled between these individual crystals appear in the final cake of ice. Such impurities are comparatively few below the topmost crust. In consequence, the greater part of the ice is cleansed by this process. The old theory that "frozen water purifies itself," is true so far as crystallization *below the surface* (notice those three words) is concerned.

Crystallization is not the only mechanical factor which tends to clear ice from impurities. Once the cold lake is covered with its glittering shield, the water below is no longer ruffled by the wind and is practically undisturbed by the changes in weight due to expansion and contraction. Under such circumstances a lake or pond tends to become a still pool in which all floating matter, which is heavier than the liquid in which it rests, is persistently pulled downward, is constantly sinking toward the bottom. To state it in a different form: once the water's surface is chained in place, the never-resting force of gravity, then unopposed by many resisting forces, such as wind and wave, goes steadily to work to pull the solid matter in suspension away from the upper layers of the liquid into which the ice is extending. The tiny micro-organisms which are responsible for water-borne disease, are slightly heavier than water. They are borne down also. The force of gravity, which drags them down, works with crystallization to free the lower portions of natural ice from its impurities.

The floating matter of the surface does not make all the trouble. Men and horses, passing over the ice in harvesting, track in no small amount of dirt of various kinds. If the ice is harvested from ponds below the snow line, dust-filled winds from neighboring streets may cover it. If it comes from lakes near manufactories, refuse from the plant may be blown out upon it. If snowfalls and slight thaws come, the snow and ice, melting together, produce snow-ice, the white opaque form known to all. Snow is by no means a welcome addition. It holds readily all solids which fall upon it, and, crystalline as it is, falling snow serves as a filter to the air, entangling and enmeshing bacteria and dust as it falls from the heavens to the earth. Snow-ice is to be avoided. The upper crust of ice is dangerous for use.

The conditions mentioned heretofore have been produced by comparatively normal conditions of ice-formation and of harvesting. The ice-dealer has little share in producing them. The dealer, however, can make trouble for the consumer who desires purity by overflowing his ice or by joining thin sheets to form thick cakes. After a few inches of ice have formed, holes are sometimes cut and the water below allowed to flow over the ice-sheet. When this freezes it forms what is known as " overflowed ice." Such ice, of course, simply imprisons any impurities which may be lying on the surface, and, freezing solidly above the surface-layer, leaves no chance for such mechanical elimination as natural ice obtains. Few methods could be devised which would more surely imprison undesirable solids than this. The second method is even more troublesome than the first. In mild winters, when the ponds where ice is generally cut do not freeze to a sufficient depth to give a satisfactory cake, narrow sheets are sometimes cut and packed together in such a fashion as to give a doubled cake. Under such circumstances two upper layers with their impurities often come together in the centre of the cake and give out their combined dirt when the ice melts.

From filth produced or preserved in some such fashion comes a large part of the mud which fouls your ice-compartment, or leaves a line of black scum in your glass of water. Difficult though it is to bring a direct charge of typhoid infection against these sources, there is a perfectly reasonable probability that many cases of intestinal diseases have originated in such dirty masses. And cleanliness in this respect is directly within the control of the health authorities of the community. Since individual consumers of ice are unlikely to be able to stop the selling of upper-layer, snow, and overflowed ice, the city should keep such ice from reaching the homes of its citizens. Demand that this slight layer, which contains the dirt, be planed off; let the sale of overflowed ice and its like be forbidden by enforced official act; and conditions will rapidly improve. Every consumer recognizes

clear ice at a glance. Inspection is no difficult matter.

When we look over our data thus far obtained, we find many hopeful signs. It is true that the free ice of the north has three foes, namely, the foreign matter of its crust, the burden of snow-ice, and the overflowed ice of the dealer; but it is equally true that two cleansing agencies are unceasingly at work, crystallization and the force of gravity. It is within the power of man to use a third, the planing of the ice. The artificial ice of the factory has been much heralded as an advance upon nature. Before passing to a relation of the researches and discoveries which bear upon our problem, suppose we compare the two.

If the ingenious Yankee who first conceived the possibility of sending Wenham ice to tropical lands could return to view the results of his handiwork, he would be amazed indeed to observe the results of the trade begun so many years ago. Once the torrid zone had tasted ice, the development of the artificial supply was inevitable. To-day, the ice machine, its benefits long since extended far beyond the boundaries of the tropics, is used the world over where any deficiency in the supply of natural ice exists. As the problems of artificial ice are closely connected with the processes of manufacture, a word concerning these processes may be of service here.

The making of artificial ice depends on the fact that certain liquids, like ammonia, turn to gases at low temperatures, absorbing heat from everything around. If you had a stoppered bottle of liquid ammonia in a pail of water, and suddenly released the stopper, the liquid would turn to a gas, and the absorption of heat in the process would so chill the surrounding water as to turn it to ice. This is one variety of the many natural changes which absorb heat and chill surrounding bodies. The commonest change of this kind that we know takes place when the ice and salt of the ice-cream freezer takes heat from the liquid in the can and chills it to solid ice-cream. In the case under consideration here, if you have brine around the inner bottle when the liquid ammonia changes to gas instead of water, the brine remains liquid, but is so chilled that it would freeze a glass of water placed within its bounds. This second indirect method of freezing, that is, chilling brine by the ammonia or some like process, and allowing the cooling solution to freeze water, is the one employed in making artificial ice. The water to be frozen may be placed in tanks in the cold brine, or may be allowed to run continuously down a trough, bordered on each side by tubes of cold solution. In the first case, the ice freezes solidly in blocks. In the second, ice is continually formed at the sides, but the liquid never solidifies to the centre. There is always a stream of water flowing between the cakes of ice. One point more: when the cold brine is pumped through pipes to refrigerators and warehouses, a cold-storage system is formed.

Our special interest in the artificial process has mainly to do with its cleanliness, or lack of cleanliness, as related to the methods used by nature. In general, forced freezing compares unfavorably with the natural processes already mentioned. If the water used in such manufacture is ordinary city water, the excellence of the ice will be in direct proportion to the excellence of the water. And the excellence of the water-supply should be strongly insisted upon, for the forces that cleanse natural ice can do but little to free artificial ice from its impurities. Where water is frozen from a continuous stream, gravity has little chance to purify the ice. Where water is frozen in blocks, crystallization does nothing to make the solid better than the liquid. Artificial ice, frozen in a solid block, freezes from the outside in, and remains liquid in the centre to the last. Because of this, any solids present are driven back towards the centre. In the case of natural ice the impurities, driven downward, sink into the water below. In the case of artificial ice, after they

have reached the centre, they are frozen solidly into the block. Moreover, this natural freezing inward gathers all the impurities into the centre of the block, thereby making possible all the dangers which come from concentration as opposed to dilution. Several methods have been employed to do away with this difficulty where the water-supply is questionable. One needs special mention, the tapping of the cakes (just after the final solid freezing) in order to remove polluted water. Reliance on any such alternative as this is likely to be dangerous.

Artificial ice made from impure water must always be of dubious purity. Even where distilled water, probably the safest alternative, is used, one precaution should be taken. The stills should not contain lead pipe. The danger of lead-poisoning in ice is quite as great as the peril of similar poisoning in water. One and only one way lies safety, — in freezing pure water delivered through pipes unaffected by water's dissolving powers. A former custom, now fortunately somewhat gone by, of serving raw oysters in hollowed, melting blocks of ice, succeeded, when the artificial form was used, in laying the food at the one point where whatever infectious material might be present was chiefly gathered.

Closely related to the production of artificial ice is the growing use of cold storage, probably the best method of refrigeration yet discovered. The large markets of our cities depend almost exclusively upon systems which pump chilled brine through stall after stall and shop after shop. In these, the former custom of placing food-supplies in immediate contact with ice is rapidly changing. A number of the new apartment houses have recently provided refrigerators for their tenants, which are cooled by cold-storage systems running out from small central plants; and there would seem to be no reason why the extension of such advantages to whole blocks and streets in crowded quarters might not be practicable. It is a possibility well worth consideration.

Somewhat reversing the normal sequence, we have so far considered ice the final product. We can scarcely pass to the second stage of our argument without a word concerning water, the source from which the product springs. It can hardly be repeated too often that the city's problem, as it has to do with water, concerns not the liquid itself but the tiny plants which live within its depths; that the possibility of water-borne disease arises from floating micro-organic forms. Bacterial life is lived under widely varying conditions. Even with a common environment, great diversity appears; and the investigator of bacterial populations often finds wide variations in the numbers present in a given area, even where the surrounding conditions seem apparently much the same. Thickly clustered, living masses of organisms may appear on one part of a lake where other portions show only widely scattered individuals and minute colonies. So men may be found crowding together in the masses of London's huddled slums, and living the widely scattered individualistic life of the African desert. And as human criminals are found far from the haunts of men and in the city street, so the micro-organisms of disease may be found wherever man may spread infection. Yet disease caused by dangerous organisms must always come chiefly from dense micro-organic growths, and heavily infected liquids.

Natural ice offers no very favorable opportunity for the continued life of even crowded bacterial communities. In a preceding paper I have spoken of three things favorable to bacterial existence, — warmth, nourishment, and darkness. Not one of these is present in pond, river, or pool when ice is forming. Light streams through the glasslike coating into the depths beneath. Bitter cold tends to shrivel and destroy plant life. Nourishment is scant in winter waters. The environment in which these tiny bits of animate

creation must carry on their struggle for existence seems forbidding in the extreme. Their life must be difficult enough in the cold liquid. How much more difficult it would seem to be when the fragile plants freeze into hard unyielding ice whose expansive force rends iron shells apart and splits the granite rock. No tale of life in Arctic snows could be more fascinating than the story of that microscopic struggle for survival in the bitter chill, observing that struggle simply from the standpoint of the ordinary observer. But its relation has an interest far more immediately personal than this, and one which concerns directly our immediate question. "Is city ice safe for use? If not, what can be done towards its betterment?" We have already answered some portion of that question in our discussion of ice-formation. The rest of the answer must depend upon the scientific labors of the handful of men who have attacked this problem from its bacteriological standpoint.

In this day of hurrying clamor for reform, when journals leap into the arena thirsting for the blood of modern dragons of corruption one day, and forget the next day that such strange monsters ever existed; when every conceivable form of legislative regulation is gravely and soberly proposed; it is well to consider what touchstone may be found to give us some foundation for our beliefs, to enable us to act wisely and justly; for wisdom and justice are sometimes difficult to obtain even by legislative decree. It is fortunate that, in our work for the health of the city, we may settle many disputed points once for all by an appeal to the laws of nature as they are demonstrated in the laboratory. Any discussion for or against present-day ice conditions, for example, should rest either upon the records of past researches or the undertaking of new. The labors of the research man should form the basis for the formulation of laws or regulations intended for the betterment of conditions. We cannot afford the time to-day for discussion not based upon experimentation.

An advertising scheme, widely heralded in recent time, portrays the manner in which much of the experimentation on ice has been carried on. Some ingenious press agent, desiring to show the indifference of his particular watches to heat and cold, froze timepieces in blocks of artificial ice. The result of his efforts is evident to any passer-by who notices an eager group pressing their noses against the jeweler's window and watching hour hand and minute hand moving over the white dials quite without regard to their unaccustomed frozen environment. The watch-manufacturer freezes watches in blocks of ice. The bacteriologists have frozen the bacteria which inhabit water in tubes of ice or, reproducing nature in the laboratory, have frozen purposely infected waters from the top downward.

Less than forty years reach between the two extremes of the quest. The beginning of the work was marked by the publications of two men: of Dr. Nichols, who reported the first recognized ice-epidemic, and of Burdon-Sanderson, who discovered that melted ice or snow contained living micro-organic growth. The end may be said to have been reached in the comparatively recent work of Park of New York, of Hill of the Boston Board of Health, and of Sedgwick and Winslow. From first to last, between eighty and ninety students have published papers on the kindred subjects of the epidemiology of ice and the life of the bacteria at low temperatures. Cycle by cycle, those individual researches fall into a series of groups.

The early work of Burdon-Sanderson, of Cohn, of Leidy, of Pohl and Heyroth, like that of several other pioneers, had a single aim, to determine whether or not bacteria could exist in naturally frozen water. In every case, these investigators inoculated sterile media (nourishing liquids or solids which were wholly free from micro-organic life) with natural snow and ice, and then observed the subsequent growth of bacteria. Pohl studied ice from the Neva. Heyroth investigated

the supply of Berlin. The Massachusetts State Board of Health in 1889 analyzed two hundred and thirty-eight samples of natural ice; and the supplies of London, of Paris, of Vienna, and of other cities received attention. Bacteria were found in every case. Scofone, on a scientific expedition to Monte Rosa, even found small quantities of bacteria at heights more than seven thousand feet above the surface of the sea. This preliminary cycle of investigation developed the first part of the general thesis. It proved that naturally frozen water could contain living micro-organisms. It did not test results by the essential touchstone of quantitative methods. Knowledge of the number of bacteria before and after freezing is the only thing which will give definite answers regarding the persistence of germ-life or the resulting danger from these forms. This information could not be obtained by any single counting of bacteria. Only by many countings of the number present before freezing, and of the numbers left after various periods of time spent in the frozen state, could really valuable and decisive results be obtained.

The group of experimenters who took up the work in what might be termed the second cycle did not obtain this necessary numerical knowledge, but, despite this, were able to carry the investigation some distance forward. Instead of working with natural snow and ice, they froze solutions filled with bacteria and submitted them, not only to freezing temperatures, but to degrees of cold far below that of ice. Von Frisch, Pictet and Young, D'Arsonval, Charin, Ravenel, Janowsky, and others, studied the problem by exposing cultures of bacteria to temperatures ranging from 10° to 400° Fahrenheit below the freezing point of water. All proved that bacterial life could exist even when seemingly hardier organisms perished, but each secured his results by the use of bacteria living in rich and nourishing media, a condition vastly different from the normal life of micro-organisms embedded in ice. This fact, that bacteria lived in severe cold when supplied with ample nourishment, told only part of the story. Not only that, but the results of the second cycle of investigation, from which came a more or less general belief that frozen water did nothing to free itself from impurities, were incomplete and unsatisfactory for another vital reason. Strangely enough, this body of investigators had not yet reached the point of testing their results by quantitative numerical work. They still relied on qualitative tests.

Few things are more essential to the city than for its citizens to acquire some measure of the modern scientist's reliance upon quantitative methods; for despite the fact that in the differentiation between qualitative and quantitative we find a distinction old as the race itself, the average person pays little attention to quantitative results. Qualitative experiment is like aboriginal cooking, where quantities are unconsidered and the prepared food may vary through all degrees from bad to good. Quantitative experiment, with its possibilities of good results, has existed since that moment in the dawn of civilization when primeval woman first measured out her breadstuffs in a stone cup and, trying different quantities, finally reached a definite amount which would serve her as a standard for her later production of good bread. Progress has always passed through *what happens* to *how much happens*, from gathering crops at random to the computation of bushels per acre, from the stifling heat and foul air of the old schoolrooms to the proper number of cubic feet of fresh air per individual in the new, from the general fact that cold will not kill entire bacterial populations to the exact numerical part which the cold of ice plays in limiting or partially cutting off the numbers of the micro-organisms present.

Such a change from qualitative to quantitative methods characterizes the third cycle of the researches on ice. Frankland, Pengra, Frankel, and others,

had made isolated efforts at obtaining numerical results; but it was left to Dr. Prudden of New York to consider the problem for the first time by the use of careful quantitative methods, used with relation to certain specific micro-organisms of disease. Using an analogy with the study of men, we may say that Prudden's work marked the point where this research passed from general anthropology to specific criminology. For the first time the purpose of an investigator bore directly upon those germs which are responsible for water-borne disease. Using definite counted numbers of bacteria and observing their endurance, their period of life, under frozen conditions, Prudden determined that many bacteria were killed by freezing, that different species are very differently affected by the cold, that alternate freezing and thawing are likely to be fatal, and that the number killed increases as the length of time in a frozen condition is prolonged.

Prudden's results, excellent as they were, left much to be desired. There were various possibilities of errata in 1887 when this work was done. Methods of bacteriological work had not reached the degree of excellence afterwards obtained, and the general knowledge of sanitary science had increased enormously during the twelve years which elapsed before Sedgwick and Winslow began their research in the biological laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with regard to the " effect of freezing and other low temperatures upon the viability (the capacity of living) of the bacillus of typhoid fever, with considerations regarding ice as a vehicle of infectious disease."

In this investigation, for the first time, bacteriological research on ice was concentrated in such a way as to apply directly to the immediate service of man. Although Prudden had used pathogenic germs (the micro-organisms which cause disease), his labors had largely been confined to comparisons of various bacilli. Now, as a student of the criminal classes might specialize on a single branch of his subject, such as forgery, so the present consideration narrowed down to the one chief water-borne disease of the temperate zone, typhoid fever.

Three striking results appeared as the experiment progressed. First, as regards the per cent of micro-organisms which perished as the time of endurance of cold continued. Fifty per cent of the total number died in half an hour. Less than one per cent of the total number survived after fourteen days. Beyond that time-limit, a slow steady reduction continued until either every micro-organism perished, or the numbers of the bacilli were diminished to an apparently irreducible minimum.

In duration of time, then, in the storage that ice receives in the ice-house, to put it more practically, is to be found one of the greatest factors in the elimination of what might be called the internal organic life of ice. We have already considered how crystallization and gravity work towards that end. We shall see in a moment how this research brought the conclusions on that subject to a laboratory basis. Here we have figures which relate directly to the storage factor, to the length of time ice must be stored before its dangerous bacteria die. Practically all the natural ice which comes to the city is stored for weeks or months before use. Time is a great factor in stamping out the micro-organisms of disease. Able as many are to endure low temperatures for brief spaces of time, the greater part of them die under long exposure to the cold.

A second fact appeared upon investigation. Prudden had already noted that the number of bacteria killed by freezing varied with the species, that such tiny organisms as the ironically named bacillus *prodigiosus* lived their life in their icy world in a different way from the bacillus *typhi*. Now came the conclusion, that, not only different species of bacteria were differently affected by the same conditions of cold, but also that

within the limits of a single species existed distinct races marked by strongly variant powers of resistance. Four separate races which the experimenters named — A, B, C, D — were considered. All were presumably of the same typhoid type. Striking differences, however, appeared between them. Race C succumbed to the cold far more readily than Race B. Races A and D were neither as weak as Race C, nor as strong as B. Similar variations showed in the growth of each individual race, and the conclusion was finally reached that in different races of a single bacterial species the number killed varies with the race. As in the case of man, we can observe the varied resistance which Northerner and Southerner offer against the invasion of cold and heat; as we see the Negro living and flourishing in climates which destroy the white man; so we may see that one alien bacterial stock dies out in an unaccustomed clime where another persists.

Important as are the conclusions arrived at concerning the purifying effect of storage, another part of the research bears peculiarly closely upon the public health — that which regards the "effects of sedimentation and crystallization during the freezing of typhoid fever bacilli in water." The work of every early investigator was marked by a common error, — the conditions under which the bacteria were frozen were not the same as those which obtained in the formation of natural ice. The culture tubes were frozen in a solid block, a way in which natural ice never freezes. In this case an attempt was made to copy the work of nature rather than to follow that of previous experimenters along the same line. Heretofore, the purification of the free ice of the lake solidifying under the winter sky had received but little attention from the men who observed bacterial life in the ice tubes of the laboratory. Make one exception, the presence in natural water of multitudes of hostile infusoria, tiniest of scavengers, who may devour forests of microscopic plants which gravity is drawing towards the bottom, and all the natural circumstances surrounding ice formation were reproduced in this research.

This portion of the investigation offers an excellent demonstration of the hypothesis that, if natural phenomena are to be subjected to laboratory examination, natural conditions must be duplicated. Certainly no reference to the necessity for exact duplication of nature's processes appears in the fairly extensive literature collected for the present article up to the time that the Sedgwick and Winslow research is reached. The way in which the inherent difficulties of this problem were overcome was most ingenious. Placing about ten gallons of sterile water in a carefully jacketed wine cask, the experimenters inoculated the liquid with typhoid bacilli and exposed the cask to temperatures below the freezing point. The jacketing of the sides and bottom of the cask produced a condition similar to that of a natural pond. Cold could enter only at the top. The ice could grow in but one direction, downward. Natural conditions were reproduced, and it was found that the ice contained about one-tenth as many bacteria as inhabited the water below. The tendency of natural ice to purify itself by the aid of gravity and crystallization had been demonstrated under laboratory conditions.

Three conclusions may be drawn from this research. First, one race of a certain pathogenic germ may persist where another dies. Second, whatever the persistence of any race, exposure to long continued cold, such as takes place in the natural storage of ice, cuts the numbers of the bacteria to a very low quantity. Third, crystallization reduces the numbers in nearly as great a proportion as storage. Since crystallization and gravity exclude 90° of the organisms present in any germ body of water, cold and storage combined exclude almost 99°. When these factors are added together, as they ordinarily are, we may reasonably conclude that ice so formed is safe, provided we hold to our original criticism of the

topmost layer. There the number of micro-organisms may be so great as to defy the destructive agencies. The common belief that disease-germs may live for months in ordinary clear natural ice seems unfounded, and the emphasis is placed on a new point, the possibility of the contamination of ice through human carriers and unclean resting-places.

Scarcely another article of human consumption receives so much direct handling just before its use as does this food. Milk and water, tea and coffee are poured. Bread, meat, and butter are cut. Bread, probably handled more than any other food on the list, has a hard crust which offers a rather unfavorable lodging-place for germ-life. Ice, on the contrary, washes the hands of every person who handles it, and affords an ever-ready liquid medium for the immediate absorption of the hosts of bacteria which hands may carry. The carelessness of the handlers of ice, their utter disregard of the resting-places where it may receive infection, may be partly due to their lack of realization that ice is a food, as real a food as meat. Whatever the cause, few substances which pass through the digestive processes of man receive such treatment. Its surface contaminated by the passage of men and horses in the cutting, its sides and base fouled by muddied platforms and dirty straw; covered with the filth of black ice-cars and dust-swept freight stations, your cake of ice commonly receives its only cleaning just before it enters the ice-chest. So far as the ice-man is concerned, this is generally a hasty brush with a time-worn whisk-broom well filled with the dust of the street and blackened with constant use. According to the personal testimony of various ice-men, not even the precaution of a momentary washing beneath the faucet is ordinarily taken. Add to this lack of cleanly control the immediate contamination of the server's hand who prepares the ice just before meal-time, and you have excellent opportunity for infection. And this infection, contrary to the conditions which prevail with water and milk, will be normally a producer of isolated disease rather than of epidemics. The proper management of house-conditions rests upon the consumer, but there is much that can be done before ice reaches the house.

Few of the city's necessities possess such possibilities of regulation as the one considered here. Water, springing from a thousand rills, is the bearer in solution and suspension of a great portion of the matter which it meets upon its travels. Only by extraordinary precautions, by complete control of miles of water-shed, or by carefully constructed filters, can it be cleansed. From the moment of its inception to that of its actual use, water must be kept pure and free. Milk, produced in hundreds of isolated dairy farms, small and large, enters the city in a flood, daily renewed, and requiring daily, almost hourly, inspection. Vegetables and other provisions come in by every thoroughfare, by wagon-load and car, by boat and motor.

Sharply contrasted with these are the conditions of the city's ice. Harvested in great bulk, since small ponds no longer produce paying quantities, a glance at any large-scale topographical map will show the sources of supply. Inspection of sources in consequence becomes a matter of long jumps from point to point. Entering the city through centralized freight stations, ice from a distance could invariably be discharged (as it commonly is) at a single distributing point, where single inspectors at each terminal could determine its condition. In the cases where ice comes in by wagon, it must originate in bodies of water close at hand. These are few at best and easy of centralized control. Concealment of unfortunate conditions in a pond open to the eye of every wayfarer is far more difficult than similar concealment inside four walls, just as immunity from the consequences of assault and robbery in the public square is much more of a problem than it is in the back alley. The ice dealer who attempted to overflow his ice, or to join thin cakes

in violation of a law, would have no easy task to do it unconvicted. Even if regulation did not extend to the control of the sources, an enforced law requiring the planing off of the topmost layer would do much. Artificial ice-control is made simple because of the fact that the manufacturer must produce his product in accessible central locations, and each city will support but few plants of this type.

Municipal or state control of the ice business is more than practical, then. It is inexpensive. The comparatively small number of individual and corporate ice-dealers in each city makes the issuance of licenses a very much less complicated matter than the present issuance of permits to peddlers, to milk-men, and to other purveyors of the city's foods. Inspection of most food-supplies must occur almost hourly. Inspection of ice need be little more than semi-annual. Visual examination of the pond, the ice-house, and the methods of transportation, bacteriological examination of samples at harvesting and shipping times, regulations against the use of snow and overflowed ice, or proper provision for planing, control of artificial ice-factories in respect both to water-supply and to construction, — all those matters could be governed with a minimum of cost as compared with the possible results obtained.

That great example of the individualistic life, our old friend Robinson Crusoe, before he took up a community existence with Friday, drew up, as you will remember, two parallel columns of bad and good. The critic of the city's health, striving to adjust a balance, may set down the results of his reasoning somewhat as follows: —

All the bacteria of disease are not killed, even by temperatures far below the freezing point of water.

But when the bacteria have to live for long periods in ice, as they commonly do in ice-house storage, they *mostly* perish.

Snow-ice and upper ice may be filled with surface impurities.

But nature, in crystallizing natural ice, cleanses its lower layers in the process, while gravity helps to pull the various impurities toward the bottom. It is only the top layer which needs cleansing. This cake can be planed off.

There is grave danger of contamination from handling.

That is true and hard to combat. But the remedy for it lies in the awakening of individual interest.

There is pressing need for proper general control of both the natural and the artificial ice-supply.

But there are unusual possibilities of complete control in the dawning recognition of the fact that the citizen must guard himself and his family by the advice and service of trained experts. Many as are the ways in which the state can protect her children, her greatest reliance must always be the education of the individual citizen, the formation of standards of life, and of approachable ideals.

WASHINGTON SQUARE: A MEDITATION

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

As I sit here by my open window looking out over the treetops toward the west, the sound of a hurdy-gurdy floats up to me, detaching itself from the ceaseless rumble of traffic. The grinder is playing a waltz, I do not know what waltz, — some cheap thing. But there is sadness in it, and there are memories. In college, in those days when one went about with his senses like a harp, ready to be struck musically by every lightest impression, something — a story of Coppée's perhaps, or just the sound itself floating into the Yard — gave the tune from a hurdy-gurdy power to make me drop my book and dream in a vague, delicious sadness. So now, on this spring afternoon, the sounds float up to me above the rumble of Washington Square, out of the heart of a titanic, hurrying, commercial city, and I drop all work to listen, plagued with the thoughts of other days, with girls' faces revolving past on shoulders that gleam, with the sound and scent of soft breakers on a beach, with all the silly, sweet memories of youth.

And as I listen, the sound in some still way melts in with the warm breath of spring, transfiguring my view over the treetops and the ugly roofs into a thing of beauty. I fall to wondering how we who dwell in New York can keep so blind an eye for what magic the town may hold of pleasant vista or strange loveliness flowering in its dusty ways. Not all can dwell, as I do, six stories up above a green oasis; but walks and parks are free, and that white fountain down there in its ring of yellow tulips holds a rainbow for every passer-by. Even now the sun is sinking lower toward the distant heights of Hoboken, and the rainbow must have formed. I shall go out to see.

As I reached the centre of the Square and sat down on a bench just west of the curve of asphalt around the fountain, which is roped off into a skating-rink for the children, the sun did shoot its rays between the fresh young green of the elms into the heart of the fountain spray. Breeze-blown from the south, the white spray danced and swayed, tossing cool drops over the ring of yellow tulips till a strip of curb glistened, and the ragged children ran with shrill cries through the miniature deluge, for all the world like the sparrows which darted through the edge of the fountain itself and winged up into the trees, their backs agleam. And in the swaying white mist, as if the heart of it held imprisoned light, the prismatic colors formed and dissolved and formed again, now into a perfect bow, now into glittering fragments of violet, green, and red.

The spring hats this year are wonderful affairs, — an acre sown with flowers. Beyond the fountain one of the green 'busses rolled by, its top loaded with sight-seers, and the hats of the women made it a gay garden in transit down the Avenue. The benches to right and left held a curious company, — nurse-maids in neat attire, little mothers of the poor, sad wrecks of the under-world floated up to wait in the sun for the Bread Line, a young man richly dressed writing on his knee with a gold pencil (is it a sonnet to the fountain? I wondered). And everywhere, on walks and asphalt, the children swarmed, skating, playing strange, half-remembered games with chalk-marks, shouting, falling down.

I looked up. To the north, where the dusty vista of the Avenue began beneath the white arch, that perfect block of

houses, red and sunny and comfortably homelike for all their dignity, laid its level cornice line against the blue sky. Elsewhere the high warehouses might close in about us, — I saw my own gay Japanese curtains to the east fluttering not half-way up the height of the buildings that flank my abode, — but to the north the Square remains other-worldly, domestic, decent, with ivy climbing up red walls to an even roof-line, and here and there a purple window-pane. The white arch, the sunny brick dwellings to left and right touched with ivy, the trees, the children, the roll of passing traffic, the gay gardens atop the 'busses, the warm May air conquering even the omnipresent smell of dust, — all were centred about the white fountain spray, flashing prismatic colors in its ring of yellow tulips. So, suddenly I knew it for an opal set in gold, a great iridescent opal dropped by careless Beauty our dusty city ways among, and left to burn forever, so priceless and so cheap. I wondered if the young man had been writing a sonnet called "The Opal" with his gold pencil. It should be written with a gold pencil. But I did not ask him. In the bottom of my heart I mistrusted that he was reckoning his margins.

And now I have come back here to my sixth-story windows, and the sun is setting. The sun sets every day across the river from New York with the same regularity it observes elsewhere. But we New Yorkers seldom see it. Something is always in the way. We seldom see the sky at all. I remember one winter evening coming out of the theatre with a friend, and walking homeward down an ever more deserted Broadway. When we reached Union Square we were almost alone save for the passing cars. And he, feeling a presence, suddenly looked up. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "that *is* the moon up there!" I like to come here at the noisy day's end, aware of my books in the dim corners and the spirit of Mozart in the piano, to sit by the window while the sun goes down over the dingy roofs, sometimes behind the Judson Memorial tower, — that misses the graceful strength of its counterparts above the plains of Lombardy because the demands of city space forbade the gradation of apertures increasing in number, one a story, to the open arches of the bell-loft, dictating instead uniform rows of windows down the entire face; sometimes behind the solid bulk of the distant appraisers' building; or, in winter, a near-by, towering warehouse, all windows, so that the red sun pierces it clear through, making it a hollow shell of flame. It is surprising how the dreary sameness of that expanse of roofs into the west is lost in the magic of the sunset; how season by season, night by night, it changes, is transfigured, under the glory of cloud and light.

I wonder if any Himalayas of this world are half so high, or hide behind their snow-capped peaks a Thibet half so mystery-alluring, as the cloud-ranges of the sunset? Up into the blue they have piled to-night, range on range, white peak on peak; and Hoboken is a city at their feet, the last trace of man before the leap into the snow and wonder. Quite real they are, so solidly banked and moulded into form by deep clefts and ravines of shadow. They are not clouds, but New Jersey gone suddenly mad for the stars. The sun sinks behind them now, and their tops take fire. Above them salmon streamers drift, and where the sun has dropped is a gulf of golden light. Between them and me each smoky housetop flies its steam-jet like a plume of rose. Dusk has gathered in the city streets. The toiling ants down there see nothing, and think of dinner. But beyond my plumed field of chimney-stacks, beyond Hoboken fading into shadow, tower the Himalayas with peaks aflame, and my soul has gone forth to climb into the radiance, up, up above a gulf of gold, in quest of the sunken sun, the vision of that Promised Land no man shall cease to long for till he dies, his last steps pointing westward.

I was startled finally by the brusque alarum of the telephone bell. When I re-

turned to the window there was only a dull sky streaked with clouds. A police wagon was clanging through the Square. There was the smell of dust. I shall go to dinner, — but alone, and to some quiet café where the barbaric custom of music does not prevail. I decline to gulp my roast to rag-time.

But as the sky itself refuses to make a practice of showing off thus gaudily every day, so maturity holds for us no more affecting lesson than this: that the human soul cannot be questing at all hours, and for its occasional outbreaks, its relapses into the "vagabond and unconfined," we must pay ever more dearly, as the years go on, in spent energy and sadness. I am paying to-night. I have come back from dinner and a call, and now I hear below me a band of Italians crossing the Square toward the south, singing in parts. The tune ought to be *Santa Lucia*. But it is n't. It is *I'm afraid to go Home in the Dark*. That is a sign we are assimilating our foreign population! I catch myself repeating the inane words. Incidents of my dinner, my call, pleasant recollections of a woman's voice, the rustle of her dress, her hand-shake, come back to me — but not the memory of my sunset this afternoon. I should like to dwell on it, sitting in the darkness to live again the kindled life of that hour. But it may not be. The glow has gone. I am just one other sleepy atom in five million living in layers in New York. I will go to bed — but first a long look at the dusk-filled treetops, the deep dome of the sky, and the cross that burns on the Judson tower, the watchful night-lamp of our Square.

All day the city has been painted on a Japanese screen, all my day, at any rate, which began as usual at noon. I sailed down the North River on a ferry-boat into a hazy south wind, and only the unforgettable and unmistakable height and ugliness of the Singer tower reassured me we were not floating into a picture. When Man has n't himself done something in the night to change the Babylonic sky-line on the nose of Manhattan Island, — erected a new forty-story building or two, — Nature sees to it that the aspect of those mortared Alps is varied from day to day, from hour to hour. I have never seen them twice alike. And never before had I seen them at all as they were to-day, etherealized by the mist, monochromatic, ghostlike.

The sun was warm; it had not been a cheerless day. Yet the pearly mists, felt rather than seen, blurred out the horizon-line till sky and harbor melted into each other on a level field of soft gray; a black ferry-boat or two, a white gull swooping, the only break on the first fold of the screen. Then to the left, on the next fold, the Battery began, and swept up higher and higher till the final panel was crowded to the top with huddled, soaring blocks of gray, outlines merely of titanic buildings a shade darker than the field of the screen, no windows visible save here and there where the sun reflected from an angle, no color save one green copper roof and the gay ripple of the Stars and Stripes high, high up on the Singer tower, out of the haze against the blue. Fold by fold it was a perfect composition, massing, gradation, color, everything Japanese, save the titanic suggestion. That, perhaps, would have staggered the little yellow workman, toiling with his silks and needle.

To-night my own view, after the red sun-ball had sunk, was a picture of the Square by a Japanese artist, lovely, monochromatic, remote. Against a soft gray sky, tower and buildings stood up in sharp outline, — it is curious how mist sometimes accentuates rather than blurs outlines, — blocks of deeper gray. The steam plumes, laid level by the south wind, were white feathers tossed against a pearly background. And down below, the early lamps flared out between the branches. They made the leaves that strange, unnatural green of stage-foliage. The whole scene became oddly unreal, a theatrical setting by a Japanese artist. But when I stepped back into the room,

till the window framed only the soft gray sky above Hoboken, all but lost in the mist, and the gray tower and chimneys with their white feathers of steam, it was again a single-panel screen, a perfect panel, lovely, monochromatic, remote.

Much has been written in praise, more perhaps in derision, of the Alpine peaks that man has reared on the lower end of Manhattan Island. As they boom suddenly out of a fog at the voyager up the Bay, too stupendous to be the work of our pigmy hands, Dantesque, unbelievable, there is something terrific in their suggestion of material energy and power. They are a symbol of the nation, reared on its very threshold to awe the stranger at its gates. But, to the lover of classic form and sweet proportions, who is not so much impressed with material power as depressed with the sight of a building sixty feet square and seven hundred feet high, they may well be but a chaos of ugliness — yet chaos on so vast and Babylonic a scale that it has a kind of perverse impressiveness for all that; by dark, indeed, a fiery splendor now, for the Singer tower rears a golden shaft six hundred feet aloft and pricks its incandescent battlements upon the night.

But this afternoon was a new effect, common enough among the high hills, and so doubly suggesting the kinship with nature of these steel and mortar Alps. The air has been heavy and dead all day, under lowering clouds, and the smoke-pall has gathered over us. I crossed on a ferry to observe the lower end of town, and found everything conspiring for the effect. A sea-turn had brought fog up the bay, which clung to the surface of the water and felt with lean, ghostly fingers about the feet and knees of the towering buildings. An unusual swarm of tugs on the New York side of the stream, vomiting soft-coal smoke, had hung a further curtain in the lower air, dark, impenetrable. The few low buildings on the water-front were invisible. Invisible were the bases of the mortared mountains behind them. Marble, brick, or sandstone, they reared up twenty, thirty, forty stories out of the drifting mist and smoke, like peaks above the clouds. They were without base, without support, suspended in air. The effect was stupendous, the effect of limitless height like nothing so much as that gained from the summit of Mount Washington when you look across the billows of a cloud ocean and see the cone of Adams like a dripping rock in the sea. I returned on the same ferry. As the boat neared the New York shore, and we slipped in under the curtain of fog and smoke to a view of the piers, the old buildings by the water front, the L station up a cañon street, I felt like one waking from a dream who would fain have slept. And I battled in no pleasant temper with the swarm of homing commuters who impeded my passage from the boat — men and women who add figures and pound typewriters all day long up in those Alpine heights, save for an hour at noon, when they eat their lunches on the summits.

A little later I fought my way through Fourth Street, again against a human stream, a mighty river of sweat-shop workers flowing into the East Side: the men unshaven, dirty; both men and girls pathetically under-sized, foreign, babbling in a dozen tongues. When I broke into the open, the corner of the Square was alive with them, like a stirred ant-hill. They were all so small! When I inadvertently jostled one on the walk he gave way before me so easily! If I had put out my strength I could have tossed him into the street. A whole rush-line of them would be as paper to an American schoolboy full-back. Up here, from my sixth-story windows, however, I see nothing of them. I shut out the sound and vision of them. I wish I could forget as easily the horrid sense of physical weakness, amounting almost to disease, that came over me when that paste-white, unshaven buttonhole-maker fell away from the rude shove of my shoulder!

Midnight has passed. The wind has

shifted into the west, and somewhere behind me, over that teeming East Side where the paste-white buttonhole-maker lives with six hundred thousand of his kind, the late moon has broken through the clouds. Southward, under sordid roofs, men and women are sleeping. Northward, behind those red-brick, aristocratic fronts that line the Square, men and women are sleeping, too. Down in the Square on the benches, under the lamps and the vivid green leaves, like stage foliage, more men are sleeping. No women are there, thank God — though last night one was huddled behind a column of the University building, directly below the motto, "Perstando et Præstando Utilitati" — ironic commentary, or demonstration, as you choose. Only the top of the arch is visible above the trees, gleaming white and lovely in the moonlight. Behind it, in the middle distance, like another, smaller moon, is the face of the illuminated clock in the Jefferson Market tower. An arc lamp flashes on the far heights of Hoboken, like a setting star. The Judson cross, the night-lamp of the Square, watches over all. I can hear the fountain splashing softly, and the rustle of the treetops. "In such a night as this" — the words come into my thoughts, almost to my lips, for Beauty has laid her spell upon the Square and made it the magic setting for immortal verse.

And yet — those teeming tenements to the east, that paste-white, unshaven little man who fell away with sickening weakness before my shoulder! The scene is no less lovely for the thought, Beauty walks with careless feet amid our dusty ways and scatters trophies of her spoil, be it the façade of a mansion or the gold of piled oranges on a push-cart against the dark of a foul-smelling tenement door.

Yet who can look with untroubled eyes whom a thought has plagued? There are green vistas where no such thoughts be, and virgin hill-slopes under the moon. Great, restless, million-teeming, cruel city, closing remorselessly in about the green oasis of my Square, with its opal fountain in a ring of gold, beauty you have, but you wear it like a garment to your shame, a garment with many a rent and seam. If I have sought your beauty out, if I have tried to nurse it, to dwell with it, the instinct that prompted me has but grown with the practice, and yearns now for a fuller satisfaction, a less clouded joy. I look out over the moonlit Square, over the white, gleaming arch, to the lamp on the distant heights, and know that one day I shall dare defeat, shall dare to lay my burden of ambition down and strap on the wanderer's pack of dreams, for the call of freedom is in my ears, the memory of meadows daisy-starred is tugging at my heart. Fame, what is it? "Success is in the silences, though fame is in the song." A life well lost is better than a death well won. So, on that day when courage comes, I shall arise, with only one long backward look at this my Square, and pass to where beyond Hoboken there is peace!

SANDY STAR

BY WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

No more from out the sunset,
  No more across the foam,
No more across the windy hills
  Will Sandy Star come home.

He went away to search it,
  With a curse upon his tongue,
And in his hands the staff of life
  Made music as it swung.

I wonder if he found it,
  And knows the mystery now:
Our Sandy Star who went away
  With the secret on his brow.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THEY SPAKE WITH DIVERS TONGUES

FINDING myself for the first time north of Mason and Dixon's line, and feeling much like a cat in a strange garret, it was comforting to read, under so impressive a title as *Biology and Human Progress*, T. D. A. Cockerell's opinion that "Provincialism of the right sort is a virtue, not a vice," — one instinctively assumes that one's own provincialism is of the right sort. In the notoriety — the word is not too broad — thrust upon me by my Southern accent, I recall with gratitude Dr. Van Dyke's saying, "A local accent is like a landed inheritance . . . it is a beauty, an heirloom, a distinction." Under the circumstances, however, I find it impossible to share Mr. Cockerell's alarm "lest the indiscriminate mingling of peoples now going on should give us a sort of dull uniformity of mediocrity, stamping out 'provincialism' altogether."

This article in a recent *Atlantic* suggested to me that there might be some interest in the view of an American newly transplanted from the South to the Northwest. I was prepared for change, but I have found the differences amazingly many: in customs, in standards, in tradition, but most apparently in speech. It is of these that I want to write while my ear is still quick to note these distinctions, and before I grow so fond of my kind neighbors that I shall be willing only to dwell upon our points of contact.

I had always resented the fact that Mr. Howells, to whom I owe so much delight, persistently presented phonetically the speech of the Southern girls who appear upon his pages. The last few months have taught me that it was necessary, if he meant to convey any idea of our speech to people who speak English as it is spoken here.

Of course I understand that the English of Illinois is not that of Maine or of Massachusetts, nor is that of Virginia the English of Mississippi. Nevertheless, what I have read, coupled with what I have lately heard, convinces me that Mason and Dixon's line is in these matters a real point of departure.

First and most striking of the differences is of course the use of the letter *r*. The roll of these Northwestern *r*'s is in my ears like the rattle of artillery. At home we think the letter has fulfilled its duty as a consonant when it is used as an initial. We do not drop the final *r* altogether, as many writers of Southern dialect falsely assert, but we do give it the sound of *ah*. Phonetically written, this looks like dialect indeed; but just here, at the risk of offending forty million Americans, most of whom however are not of the class that reads the *Atlantic*, I cannot forbear expressing my conviction that "first folks" nowhere roll their *r*'s. The *r* of an English gentlewoman is as soft as that of a Kentuckian; a gentleman from Massachusetts neither drops the letter nor rolls it. Having eased my mind on this point, I mean to avoid all other comparisons of values; I am talking only of differences. These are certainly enough for the limits of one article, — inflection, pronunciation, construction, words.

At the risk of being thought un-American, for the purposes of this article I must speak of classes, and I shall avail myself of the words furnished us by our Negroes, who are so wisely discerning in social matters. "First folks" are first folks, everywhere. The synonymous use of the word "quality" tells much. The "quality" keep true to the best traditions of our vigorous English, making the differences indeed only such as "mark a man's place in the world, and tell where he comes from." "Poor white trash" pick up a working knowledge of words as they can, and their speech has often directness and vigor, and to them the language owes a valuable part of its growth. But the "half-strainer" — the phrase shows the Negro a genius in differentiation — is born to prove that a little breeding is a dangerous thing. It is the half-strainer everywhere who does most violence to the mother tongue. In what I am about to say, I shall quote first folks, half-strainers, and poor white trash from both sections, and upon the reader is the onus of the labeling; but the comparison shall at least be class for class.

When I first heard real people say "rut" for root, and "ruff" for roof, "hull" for whole and "wunt" for won't, I felt that I was meeting old friends from *Elsie Venner* or *David Harum*. The persistent dropping of the *h*'s in such words as "wheat" and "when" found me unprepared. My interest in a recent baseball game was chiefly in the cries from the side-lines. When the bleachers echoed with the cry, "Kill 'um," the sound was not unfamiliar, but in the South we should have meant kill a number of people; these gentlemen meant only, "Kill the umpire." On that occasion, too, I saw clearly illustrated the weakness of a local idiom. As a small boy left his mother's side, she said sternly, "Now, you don't want to step in the mud." But he did want to step in the mud, and, in the language of the sailor at the historic court-martial, "Also he done so."

Even in the choice of gross errors, Northerners and Southerners differ. In the South, I think pronouns are apt to be roughly handled. There "him and me" may go a-walking, but we are less apt than our Northern neighbors to find "we had n't ought to went." "I guess I had n't ought to did it, but it's the way I've allus did." That looks incredible, and it sounded so, but I heard it from the lips of

a woman who owns the pretty house she lives in, goes to Chautauquas, and gets reading matter from the public library, though she does n't own books. " I presume likely," — the cautious phrase was new to me a few months ago, but it has become very familiar. "I want you should " is uttered as cordially as our Southern " I hope you will." " I don't wash only every two weeks." Why should one use that, of all roundabout constructions? The word " ambitious " is used in a sense for which I can find no Southern parallel unless it be in the old word " pert." " Up and a-coming " I find as an improvement on our phrase " go ahead." I can find no clew to the behavior of these Northwestern prepositions. Why say " to home " or " to London." " In under," " onto," are composites for which there is no Southern demand, yet the Northern housewife says " up attic," " down cellar," when we would use two more words with each noun.

These quotations after all are easy to classify, but many of the differences pervade all the classes. Almost every expression as to time differs in the two sections. These neighbors say, " in a great while," we say, "for a long time;" they say, "by and by," we say, "after a while;" they speak of " forenoon, noon, and afternoon," we sometimes say "afternoon" on formal occasions, but in our hearts we feel that this is affectation; our natural divisions of time are " morning, evening, and night." The Northern child says, " See the baby," " Hear the bird;" the Southern child would say, " Look at the baby," " Listen to the bird." Does this imply, I wonder, that the attention of the Northerner is more alert, that if he sees and hears he will surely look and listen? Usage in language is certainly apt to grow from habit of mind, but a notable exception is found in the Southern use of " I reckon," and the Northern use of " I guess," for in reality the Yankee reckons and we guess. But truth will out, and it does in the Northern use of " I calculate." By the way, we say, "I reckon," but never, the writer of " Southern dialect " to the contrary notwithstanding. " I reckoned " or " was reckoning." The false impression seems however as deep-rooted as the belief that we say, " you all," meaning one person. It is never so. If we say " you all " to one person, we mean " you and your family," and I notice that the people of this community, lacking that useful form, say " you people," or " you folks."

My neighbors here say that a vase will tip over; I think it may upset, and both of us are wrong. The Southern use of tote or pack has been much derided, but we never say we "lug" things. The word suggests a baby carrying a cat; which may be a dim memory from dear Sophy May.

I asked my grocer to send up a gallon of coal-oil, and a man standing near said compassionately, " I know what she wants; my wife is from the South: she wants kerosene." A boy presented himself at my back door, and I asked, " Did you come for the garbage? " (Perhaps I said " geearbage." In Virginia we argue for its correctness, citing Dr. Johnson and the spelling of long ago, but the best argument in its favor seems to be that " 't is our nature to.") The boy, with evident goodwill, but some bewilderment, answered, " I don't know about no garbage. I come for your swill." To be quite fair in making these comparisons class for class, I think our corresponding Southern word would be " slop." Certainly it would n't be "swill."

A child interrupted the story I was telling, to ask me, " What is a bucket? " I had only a reading acquaintance with the word pail. Boys in the dear *St. Nicholas* stories used to " do chores " at the time when the Southern boy was " doing his night's work;" but I was surprised when a neighbor whose flowers I admired said, " They're nice, but it's quite a chore to tend them." It was the same woman who told me she was " husking sweet corn," when I would have sworn

she was " shucking roastin' ears." And she thinks my skillet is a spider.

Almost every vowel and diphthong is sounded differently here and at home. To words like " house " and " about " they give a sound of *ow*, howse, abowt. The longer *i* — heard also in some Southern states and, much prolonged, throughout Appalachian America — sounds pretty, and has, I believe, such authority as dictionaries can give. I find here, though I am slow to believe that it is the best usage anywhere, in the pronunciation of words like thought and wrought, the justification of the poet, —

> I long have sought
> And sighed because I found it not.

The sound of *u* often becomes *oo* in this section, in words like Tuesday, duty, new. *A* in "want" is chopped off, and the word sounds like our pronunciation of wonted. When a Southern colonel in a Northern story is represented as saying, " I wawnt to tell you that I have a little money awn that hawse," I resent both the implication and the phonetics; but to my newly critical sense it seems a fairly just reproduction of the sounds, — and oh, but the sounds would be sweet to my ears!

The difference in inflection is so great that I find it difficult to follow a general conversation every syllable of which I could catch if the rise and fall, especially the rise, of the voices had not that alien sound. And — to give fairly the other side — I have practically abandoned the use of my telephone because Central can't understand a word I say.

I do not know what may be said to be the standard of English speech, nor would I attempt to judge which section varies most from whatever standard there may be. I do know, however, that in the state where I was raised — I know you would say reared — the population was almost altogether of English descent. Here I find many families of north-of-Europe extraction. How far these facts affect our speech I cannot say. The difference is so radical that I am disposed to believe that if the spelling reformers were given free rein, and the language became really phonetic, it would be found in the United States to be not one language, but at least two, having no more similarity than two European tongues of common origin.

Having formulated this opinion, I find that I hardly agree with myself; but this much is certain: we have not words enough in common to pronounce alike those chosen to illustrate the diacritical marks in the *Cyclopædic Dictionary*.

BEWARE THE LIBRARIAN!

THERE was a time when the warning " Beware of Pickpockets! " was common in public places, and the belief prevailed that the crooks themselves posted the notices to make men betray their hidden valuables. The similitude in the present instance will not bear pressure. Though I, who bid you beware of the librarian, am myself an amateur librarian at present, it does not follow that I have designs upon the members of the Club.

Quite otherwise in fact. For the members of the Club are the game that the librarian hunts, inasmuch as all of them have written books, or are planning to write them. And I, too, have written books, and so am classed among the hunted as well as among the hunters. Logically, I am in the position of the squirrel in a cage, pursuing my own self into vertiginous abstractions of perpetual pursuit and perpetual capture. Practically, there is no conflict. I am more author than librarian, make of either as little as you please. For this is true: one can be a librarian only temporarily, but one stays an author long after he is dead. Therefore I stand with the Club. Because, once having assumed it, there is no getting rid of our authorship, and because the librarians subject us to cruel and abusive treatment, I wish to lay before the Club some of our wrongs and to inquire what we are going to do about it.

In the first place, the librarian has a mania for digging up long-forgotten names. It is more than zeal in a good

cause. It is a passion like the gossip-monger's, and it spares nothing. He will tear up your family history and the graveyards and the old town records and the files of the newspapers, to prove that you should bear an uncouth or heterogeneous collection of names, too great a burden for Bunyan's Christian; or that you have married four times at least, or have sailed under the Jolly Roger of a pseudonym, or have dishonored your parents by lopping off the least desirable of their baptismal gifts. If you were christened Maggie May, and have by degrees adapted it into Margaret Vere, keep your guilty secret — if you can; if you can't, not only will it be no secret, but it will be blazoned upon the cards in every Carnegie library in the land that you are only Maggie May. Even marriage must be made with prudence. You may write of love at first sight, but it behooves you in your own case, if a woman, to look well to the man's name. After having earned laurels well-won as a Schuyler Crowninshield, would you have it written of you, "(now Mrs. Alonzo Boggs)"? Nothing is forgiven here, and verily those who enter leave hope behind.

An example. There was once a man whose name was Charles Dickens. At least *he* said it was that, and his biographers, honest men we thought, said it was that, and all who loved him called him nothing different. It is changed now, though. After a long search over the card-drawers, a Little Girl with a scrap of paper twisted about her forefinger, comes to Information. "Have you got this book? — I want a book; — it is — it is called *A Christmas Carol*, and the man's name was Charles Dickens. But you have n't got any Charles Dickens here, for I have looked and looked, and there is n't any, only a Dickens, C. H. J. Is his Christmas Carol any good to read?" No, my dear, it is not! The only Dickens is Charles Dickens, the only carol, his *Christmas Carol*. Beware of impostors! All other Dickenses are the invention of the librarian.

Also, again, there was once a soul whom we knew as George Eliot. Whose the body that went with the soul did not so much matter, for all that was known of her for many years answered to the name of George Eliot. Later, she became Mrs. Cross, and if the librarian, to keep a rule of uniformity, refers us to that name, we accept it as hers. "Marian Evans Cross" is not an ill-sounding name. But here comes in the librarians' esoteric information: — "Cross, Mrs. Marian Ann (Evans)," they say. Now who would name a child "Mary Double Ann"? And why, if they did, should we perpetuate it? But this is not the worst. One of the foremost libraries in the land sanctions this form: "Cross, Mrs. M. A. (E.) L." But what, in heaven's name does that "L" stand for? Why, I remember reading letters of hers, written in her own most gracious script, as round as pearls, and as fair as copperplate (purple the ink, after the fashion of the seventies), and they were signed, "Marian" — ah! that's it! — they were signed, "Marian Lewes." So the "L" is for "Lewes," a name to which she had not the shadow of a legal right, which she never wrote under, and which she seemed to wish to efface by her belated marriage.

Is it not a bitter irony that the librarian has so little thought or care of an author who has deserved so well at his hands?

Sometimes good work is done upon the title. This is referred to the publishers, since they are close at hand.

Number Four Park Street,

Dear Sirs: — Please send by return mail two copies of Melibœus-Hipponax of your catalogue.

Yours truly.

It is hoped that they will not say that it is out of print; we only wanted Lowell's *Biglow Papers*. The *Library School Rules* (fifth edition, page 24, sample card twelve), showing how to write "partial titles," actually gives as the full title,

" Melibœus-Hipponax; the Biglow Papers."

But look in the book, my dear sir! The compound is there, above the other; but note the print: in the octavo volume at my hand, a light-face minion italic type, set off by a $1\frac{1}{4}''$ rule from all that follows, with a period, *not a semi-colon*, between. If types express anything, as some artists in typography think they do, this was never intended for any part of the title. It is to say, as by way of foretaste, " Here's sunthin' for you in the pastoral line. If you look for Virgil's stately measure and Melibœus discoursing melodiously to Tityrus beneath the shady beech, my scrannel pipe grates no such tune. A second Hipponax I, lame, ugly, spiteful sometimes, a caricature myself, making limping verses. Quite a different sort of ' Pastoral ' from Virgil's I give you, and yet, though a poor thing, 't is mine own."

These are some of the eccentricities of the trained librarian in his dealing with authors. With the public he has devised a system of abbreviations of proper names which admirably achieves its end of obscuration. By a week or so of hard study one can learn that *D:* is David, *D . .* is Delia; that *E:* stands for Edward and *E . .* for Elizabeth; that *J* followed by a colon is John, by a semi-colon is Johann, by an inverted semi-colon is Jean; he is very nearly as well off as if he knew nothing at all about it and merely made a good guess. A hundred proper names or more can be expressed in this unenlightening manner, some of them possibly with a show of reason. But after we have admitted so much, we have still to inquire why *A: a* should be Augusta, and *A: inus* be Augustinus. There's something so horridly improper-looking about " Wilson, Mrs. A: a J . . [Evans] " that I doubt if I ever have the courage to ask the librarian if she has a copy of *St. Elmo.*

But the point of moment to the Club is, what is being done with our own names? Have we no rights in them? Is n't an author's name his trade-mark? If the makers of satins and sausages, by running together two or three misspelled words, can produce a nondescript which the law recognizes as their own, not to be misused or altered, why cannot the author claim rights in his own name in such form as he chooses to place it upon his books? Is n't the author's right in his product nearly as integral as the sausage-maker's is in his? If we buy books under the name of Hall Caine, why must we call for them in the public library as the works of Thomas Henry Hall Caine? We know no such man. Charles John Cutcliffe Wright Hyne is a mere librarian's fetish, quite apart from the creator of the genial cut-throats who have given us pleasure. Why should the librarian be privileged to obscure to us the authors whom we seek, and to force unpalatable names upon a reluctant public? " What business have you," pertinently demanded Orgetorix of Cæsar, " in this Gaul of mine which I have conquered? "

There are cases wherein this over-zeal of the librarian works a real hardship. If your parents had called you Lucaby Ophelia, or Oxirene, or Elphameo Mascledo, or Vesta Annira (all actual names) who could blame you for " calling yourself " by some other name? There was a family once — we will call them Toodles, for they were real folk — who were long on good names. Not to mention the others, there was Juan Fernandez Island Toodles, and there was little Sir Walter Scott Bart Toodles. If you were born a baronet at both ends of your name, what could you do if the librarian stuck her claws into you? It is a serious matter. Why, under existing conditions, little Europeeny Wiggs must exhale the odor of the Cabbage Patch, even though she writes an encyclopædia. In brackets or in parentheses, if she attempt to hide the fact, it will be heralded abroad that she was born of poor and ignorant parents. Perhaps the case is your own. Know then: revamp with never so much ingenuity; drop out the Scroggins or the Noggins which held the (unfulfilled)

hope of testamentary favors from the rich great-aunt; erase your diminutives; change Essie into Josephine and Effie into Appiah; elide your Mary Eliza into the more presentable Mareliza, and soften your Hannah Jane to Anna J.: still you carry a guilty secret, and the librarian — you know it, you fear it, you believe it — is going to find you out.

THE RAIN-WATER BARREL

THE old rain-water barrel! Not quite a sacred relic, like the spinning-wheel, the brass knocker, and — somewhat more profanely — the old oaken bucket; but still is it not sufficiently out of date as an institution to become interestingly reminiscent? I have noticed that even where the closed cistern and the prosaic iron pump have not yet come with their convenience to displace the picturesque, there seem to be only old boilers, or galvanized iron tubs, standing under the spouts at the corners of houses. Now, what can there possibly be in a galvanized iron tub to equal the delights of sight and sound that lurked in the green-black depths of the wooden rain-water barrel? I never think of it as being full of water. In the very brief periods when it was allowed to remain full, there were other watery things of more interest to barefooted youngsters. Nor do I recall when it suffered complete drouth, though such times must have been. Chiefly I remember the rain-water barrel as a strange dark cavern, capable of producing alluringly fearsome reverberations. In the pool at the bottom, shallow or deep according to the number of days since a rain, small girls could see strange black shadows of their curly heads, and lovely drowned bugs, — and "wrigglers." Next to the reverberations, these lively creatures were the best thing in the barrel. We liked to watch them darting and squirming, impossible to catch, and amounting to nothing but specks if accidentally landed on the stick with which we sometimes disturbed their quiet habitat. As I think of it now, it seems to me that the rain-water barrel was almost as important a feature of my small-girl universe as was the teeter-board or the swing under the apple tree. In the happy seasons I spent in the country I found scores of barrels, some of them possessing peculiar charms, — for instance, the one where the black cat had her kittens; but there was no other so attractive, so responsive, as the barrel under the spout by our own cellar door.

These forgotten delights all came back to me the other evening when some one told a story of a discerning young lady who was about to be married. As a sort of introduction to herself, she went several times a day to the rain-water barrel, and shouted into it the new name she was soon to bear. "Mrs. Henry Brockelmeyer," she shrieked. If you were properly initiated in your youth, you will know what she heard; but no mere description of mine can make it clear to you.

The old barrel was a failure in enunciation, though masterly in volume. Our favorite salute was a peculiar call, for which I have no name, but which was as much a part of childhood craft as the game of hide-and-seek. You half closed your mouth in an O shape, then made almost any vowel sound at any possible pitch, meanwhile patting your puckered lips rapidly with your hand. It was a sort of war-whoop, often used as a signal to one's chum, and it sounded well in the woods; but we seemed to feel its tonal beauties most keenly when we heard it echoing in the rain-water barrel. Yet we also indulged in many original communications. The barrel was a safe confessional for those wonderful secrets that must not be told to a single living soul. It answered scared whispers with strange, indistinct murmurs; but even at double forte its response was as safely mysterious as if it were speaking Kamschatkan. Once, however, in a season of "being mad" at Susanna Arnold, I yelled into the barrel, "You mean old thing!" wishing I could find courage to shout that in her very ear. But then the barrel

seemed to " talk plain." With most unusual distinctness it echoed the words back to my own ears. I fell to thinking, and for several days was a model child, and finally asked my mother to make me some molasses candy — the kind Susanna liked best.

There was a limit to the familiarity one might indulge in with the rain-water barrel. Of course, one never went there after dark, at least not alone. It was strange, too, that I never thought of getting into the barrel, not even when playing hide-and-seek. Perhaps if some grinning boy had " dared " me, I might have learned that for a strange, " trembly " reason which I could not have defined, I simply did n't want to try that feat. How keen this unnamable feeling was I discovered in ruder fashion. Wandering home one summer evening from an excursion down to the creek just east of town, — tired, dirty, my lean little legs spattered with mud and scratched by brambles, I was suddenly seized by Uncle Dan and chucked into the rain-water barrel. I cannot describe the terror that came upon me. I must have fainted; for I knew nothing more until I found myself lying on the bed with solemn faces about me and my mother crying. No one could explain my fright. I had never heard of ghosts and goblins. When I felt better they asked questions: — " What were you afraid of, dear? " How could I tell them? But when the rest had gone away, and my mother took me in her arms, I sobbed, " I was just afraid; " and I think she understood, for I do now, though no course in the psychology of childhood has enlightened me.

Perhaps, out in the sweet-smelling country one may still find real rain-water barrels. I hope so, for it is hard to see all the old-fashioned things passing away. Oh, yes, you will argue that we are well rid of tallow candles, fireplaces, well-sweeps, spinning-wheels, rain-water barrels, and all, and that our modern substitutes are better for every one; but I am not arguing, only meditating.

BOHEMIA — OR VULGARIA

THERE is a real as well as an ideal kingdom of Bohemia; but ever since Shakespeare gave the real kingdom an imaginary seacoast, Bohemia has meant more to the imagination than to geographical science. The seacoast, — let it stand for the touch of romance with which Bohemia is transfigured. For the romancer has always been busy with Bohemia, from Shakespeare's day to our own: busy with its facts, still busier with its memories. What if it is to-day more sidewalk and restaurant and studio than seacoast? What if we do not draw so sharp a line between Philistia and Bohemia as did our fathers and fathers' fathers? — at least the line is drawn. It is a good place to read about, this capital of art and good fellowship; for Bohemia is indeed the capital to-day, and no longer the resort of shipwrecked captains accompanied by ladies in borrowed trousers. The conditions have altered, but the place abides; abides, at least, as a convention, the " property " of novelist and story-teller.

Traditionally, it is the serf of dessicated proprieties, the unimaginative victim of the stereotyped in society and in ideas, who never could gain the keys, the freedom, of this city-state. Though he supped late, perhaps, the fact that there was money in his pockets, or that he had a job, was always enough to keep him from sparkling like the garret-genius, who dreams when his pockets are flat, and drinks when they are full. But where are — not the snows, who cares about them! — where are the dreams of yesterday? I too have always hankered after the chimeras, and Bohemia is one of them. Where *is* Bohemia? In books, but not in life, alas; not in New York, nor London, nor Paris. I have tried to find it; sometimes with pockets full, more often with pockets empty. It has vanished. It defies discovery.

Did it ever exist, Bohemia? If so, it must have been in those wonderful Thir-

ties, in the Paris of Gautier and Hugo and Musset and George Sand. Yet even Gautier's flaming waistcoat was never so red as it was painted; and as for Baudelaire, — to-day we know that the secret of his scandalous green locks was the loss of hair and the use of an unguent restorer to bring it back in full force. They, too, craved a Bohemia; being geniuses, more or less, they created it. For a moment it lighted up their lives, then faded out, though only after their books had caught the reflection for all time. Bohemia is still more than a geographical concept, thanks to the narrative of the performances of *Hernani;* it glows in the letters of George Sand; in the lives of some actors in the *Comédie Humaine.* And that is all, — but that its reflection shines, half sad, half gay and careless, in the tales of Murger.

The finding of a Bohemia for ourselves is conditional on certain alternatives; and here they are. Either we must be very young and very unexacting, or else very old and blessed with a genius for gilding gorgeously our recollections of a tawdry past. Thus is Bohemia discovered, — thus and in no other way. Hazlitt, poor fellow! murmured on his death bed that his life had been happy; Rousseau derived belated pleasures of imagination in living over and ennobling, so far as he was able, the amorous passages of his youth. "Impassioned Recollection" is the critic's word for Hazlitt's faculty, and Rousseau's. And with that faculty each of us may build him a Bohemia — long after the event. Yes, — and there is one other, an ignoble, manner of finding a Bohemia for others. As hungry journalists we may, if we like, glance round our bare hall-bedrooms, survey the chop-house or the Latin Quarter restaurant (one of the *Rendezvous des Cochers,* at a pinch), and proceed to metamorphose our Midionette into Graziella, her callous hands into long, tapering fingers, the daub on our canvas into a masterpiece, a barren existence into the artist's life. Thus do we write a book of the Under-world of Art that will make you, amiable and well-nourished reader, water at the mouth. Afterwards, we will dine alone for one-franc-fifty, — for thirty cents.

For most Bohemias are gas-light Vulgarias, tenanted by less vigorous Elbert Hubbards. We wink at what we don't like; we tell only of that prospect which does please (when the sun is out), and we forge our documents. Imagination — it is far more the power *not* to see what is there than that to build one castles in Spain. The inhabitants of Bohemia — how gracious in fiction, even in the novels of W. J. Locke! I do not know them. I have seen dirty Americans playing poker in a Montparnasse café that artists use; were they Bohemians? I have seen revolting performances on Christmas Eve — perhaps *they* could be shaped into romance if one had the stomach for the work?

Frankly, the Bohemians of literature are the Vulgarians of real life whose unpleasant qualities have been elided or even quite erased, — this in the interest of the Contributors' Club. Did they ever exist in real life, these characters? If so, you would never have given them a bow. The personages in *Trilby* were not Bohemians; you remarked the fact, perhaps, that they took cold tubs?

Take the uninspired, dead-eyed art student of these degenerate days; give him a velvet jacket if you like; retain his finger-nails as a picturesque bit of realism; add then to his person the charms that only some respectable Philistine ever had, — stir determinedly, — presto! there stands your Bohemian of fiction. Sometimes, however, the more observing reader will remark that refinement and dirt do clash; that the manner of life and the results (for he is bound to succeed, this fellow, — in fiction) are almost as contradictory. And then the Bohemian will be revealed to you, as to me — and both of us are well-intentioned persons — revealed as the product of vulgarity and the protagonist of the disgusting.

ONE OF THE WORST BOOKS

I HAVE a book which for forty years has adorned the centre-table of a New England parlor. I feel sure that Dr. Crothers would accord it a prominent place among his " hundred worst books." His test that a book should not be readable is met by the fact that it still retains its ornamental, centre-table appearance, and though published in 1854 shows no signs of having been read.

Upon its brilliant red cover is an angel all in gold, sitting upon a scroll-like divan used only, I judge, in heavenly circles. She holds a book in her lap which rivals her wings in size. With one arm gracefully outstretched, she points with her quill pen to some significant words on the page before her while she turns her face toward you with an appealing look. This chaste design is no doubt intended to assure the reader that these " angel whispers " are authentic, the author evidently having received them by direct communication with this gorgeous being whose attitude certainly indicates no connection with any sphere like this.

In the preface the author avows his purpose to give comfort to the mourner. The first five chapters are devoted to these subjects: —

" Death of a Brother."
" Death of a Sister."
" Death of a Mother."
" Death of a Father."
" Death of a Child."

Here is a sentence from one of these comforting (?) discourses. " When you see the hearse rolling along to the sepulchre, to deposit its burden there — when you see whole communities stricken with grief, you can say, ' O sin, thou hast done this.' " A few sentences like this are enough to make one doubt the author's hearing. One ought to have unusually acute ears who essays to give us " Angel Whispers, or The Echo of Spirit Voices."

But the gem of this series of comforting addresses is the one on "The Advantages of Consumption." Such a timely topic ought to be interesting and possibly surprising. Few have seen its advantages. To such we submit the four points of this discourse which will no doubt be convincing.

" First. Consumption gives time for reflection and thought."

" Second. Consumption is seldom, to any great extent, accompanied with pain."

" Third. Consumption seldom dethrones the reason."

" Fourth [and what a delightful climax!]. Consumption ends in death."

These points are amply argued, and even illustrated and proved by the story of a young girl who was so fortunate as to have contracted this desirable disease, and through the benign dispensation was able in the " time given for reflection and thought," to prepare herself for the " fearful scenes of Eternity."

The last essay has the cheerful title, " The Six Deathbeds." We submit that this book is worthy of the " bad eminence " accorded to the " hundred worst books," and ask if it is not a comment on the sentiment of a day gone by to find inscribed with many a flourish on the fly leaf this appropriate sentiment: —

" Philopena or viel liebchen, 1854. From Nettie."

THE

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CECILY

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

I

I was sitting under my great pine with my son and my daughter, giving them the instruction which I considered suited to their years. My son, who is nearly four, was much interested, for the time being, in a colony of carpenter ants, which went in procession up one groove in the bark of the pine and down another.

My daughter was seated on the pine needles on the ground, very happy, apparently, in taking up handfuls of the needles, and letting the gentle wind sift them between her fingers. As the needles fell in a slow shower she cooed softly to herself, "Oo—ee. Oo—ee," over and over. My daughter is not very old. She cannot walk yet, which is why I felt that she did not need to be watched very closely.

I leaned back in my seat, and looked out over the harbor. I saw Tom Ellis rowing slowly by, with his chin sunken on his breast. That was not like Tom Ellis, to be rowing by alone, and slowly, and with his chin on his breast; usually when he is alone, you would think that he was rowing a race. I wondered what he had done — or what had been done to him —that he should be so downcast.

Eve had come and was just behind me. "What is it, Adam?" she asked.

"There's Tom," I answered. "There seems to be something wrong."

Eve looked. "Call him in," she said. "Hurry, Adam!"

And Eve slipped down upon the pine needles beside her daughter, who cooed and gurgled with delight. Who would n't? "Mother's baby!" said Eve. Her son slipped down beside them both.

I went to the edge of the bluff. "Mother's baby!" I shouted.

Tom Ellis was almost beyond hearing; but he looked up at that. It was no wonder. I was unable to shout again, for some minutes; but I beckoned, and Tom shook his head; and I beckoned again, furiously, and Tom shook his head again. It was of no use. I had to get Eve up from her seat on the ground. Eve generally has her way. Tom turned his boat and came in. Eve and I went back to our seat, and presently Tom came up my path at the side. It is pretty steep, but the only way up.

"How d'ye do," said Tom. "What did you two people go and interrupt my ruminations for?" He threw himself down beside the children. "Hello, kiddies," he said. They immediately began crawling over him and searching his pockets. Tom has a way with children.

"Tom," I began, "Eve thinks that you should account for yourself — "

Eve interrupted me. "What's wrong? Is Cecily — "

"I guess she is," said Tom. He was silent for some while. "She's broken the engagement — thrown me over — bidden me farewell forever — not a fond one."

"Why, Tom!" cried Eve. "Why, Tom! It must be some mistake. Cecily could n't mean — "

"She did," Tom replied. "No doubt about it."

"But, Tom," I said, "what's it all about, anyway? You have n't told us."

Tom had got up. Now he laughed and threw himself down on the needles again; at which my daughter crowed and cast herself upon him.

"Well," he said, "if you must have it, and if you don't know already, it's Cecily's career that 's troubling her."

"What's the matter with it?" I asked.

"I am," Tom returned quietly. Then he fell silent and Eve smiled; and when I would have pressed Tom to say more, she shook her head at me to bid me wait. So I waited and, in time, it came. Some of it I knew already, and some of it was news to me. Eve, I suspected, knew more than I, which struck me as strange. I had the advantage of her by ten years, if it can be considered an advantage to live in a village and not to know its inhabitants.

One of those inhabitants was Tom Ellis and another was Cecily Snow. To be sure, Tom was away at school when I came, and Cecily was a very little girl. I was not especially interested in very little girls, at that time. And Cecily ceased to be a very little girl, and Tom went to college. The inhabitants of villages are not necessarily benighted, and Tom's father was rich; not nearly as rich as Old Goodwin, Eve's father, but yet rich. In due time, Tom came home; and, some time between then and now, he became engaged to Cecily. That is the substance of what I knew already. The rest was news to me. I don't know, even now, as much as a man should know about his neighbors.

Tom had known Cecily all his life — or all hers. That may have been all the trouble. Suppose that Eve had known me all my life! As a small boy, Tom used to meet Cecily when she was no more than a baby in a coach; and he seemed to have some pleasure in recalling how she used to wave her arms excitedly at the sight of him, and laugh. Therefore, as Tom said, — but perhaps not therefore, — he liked her. The nurse-maid, too, took a fancy to Tom, which is not strange, and took some pains that he should meet them. She made a secret of the meetings too. Now, there was no reason in the world why the meetings of a small boy and a baby who lived next door but one should have been clandestine, but they partook of that character, largely because of the extraordinary behavior of that nurse-maid. She was a romantic creature — the nurse-maid — and she probably had her plans, even then. Tom had none.

At this point in his narrative I interrupted Tom. "Where is that nurse-maid now?" I asked.

Tom grinned. "Married," he said. "No children. Worthless husband. Lives in a little house on the edge of the village. Takes in washing. You know her."

"Mary MacLandrey!" I cried.

"Oh!" said Eve. I did not in the least know why; neither did she, as it turned out. She merely wished to pigeon-hole that bit of information.

"Mary MacLandrey," Tom repeated. "I shan't dare to meet her, after this." And he grinned again.

Then he went on. He used rather to count on meeting Cecily on his way to school, and, again, on his way from school at noon, when he usually stopped to play with her. He made no parade of these meetings with Cecily, because he was a boy of eight, and he was afraid of what the other boys might say if they knew that he liked to play with a baby. What difference did his age make? Are n't we always afraid of what the other boys may say? Do we ever outgrow that fear?

Tom probably would have taken no trouble at all to conceal his meetings with the baby if it had not been for Mary MacLandrey — whatever was her name at that time. The full shame of it did not strike him until some five years later, when Cecily was six and he was thirteen. Boys of thirteen have no business to like to play with little girls, and their mates have names for those who do. Those names are not pleasant to hear when

shouted out in chorus. That they are apt to be applied in that manner, everybody knows — or, at least, so Tom thought, which amounted to the same thing, so far as he was concerned. So, although he still liked Cecily immensely, his meetings with her were, at this time, truly clandestine on his part. There was nothing clandestine on Cecily's part. She was much too young, and she always despised anything of that kind, anyway.

" Why," said Tom, " I remember how hurt she was when I suddenly put her down, one day, and took to my heels because I thought that I heard some of the other boys. She would scarcely speak to me when I saw her the next time. But it was Mary's fault. She was always on the lookout for me. ' Run, now, Tommy,' she said, in a whisper that was enough to make any man feel that his motives were unworthy and would not bear the light of day. ' Run, now. I hear Dick and Johnny Cantrell coming.' So I ran. Is it to be wondered at? "

But Cecily must have got over her resentment on that occasion and many another. She wrote regularly to Tom when he was away at school, and he wrote to her — pretty regularly, for a boy at school. Funny little letters they must have been at first, and for a long time after. The correspondence continued until Tom took his degree. It would have continued longer, but that Tom came home then, and made writing unnecessary.

He found Cecily a tall girl of sixteen, just blossoming, and he became devoted to her, as was to be expected. At least, Cecily seemed to expect it, and Tom had not the slightest inclination to disappoint her.

Up to the time when Tom finished college, there was no fault that could reasonably have been found with him. He might have worked harder, to be sure; but, as he said, what for? There was no answer. He had got his degree, creditably enough. The trouble was that he seemed to feel that his work was done, and that thereafter, forever, he had nothing to do but play. Why should he work? He had money enough.

Now that is a matter that I touch upon somewhat reluctantly. It is a delicate question whether a man is under any obligation to work unless he has to or wants to. I might offer, in my own defense, the fact that I taught in a school for some years before deciding to have no regular occupation. I got very little gratitude for it — and not much else. No. I shall contribute nothing to the discussion of that question.

Cecily had no such hesitation. As time went by and Tom made no move, she began to prod him, to his intense surprise. He had supposed that his attitude was well understood — and approved. It must have been during an interval of forgetfulness, on Cecily's part, that they became engaged; either she was thoughtless or she was guilty of shameless duplicity, intending to get a better hold on him in order to reform him. I should not suspect her of duplicity. It may have happened about the time that her father died.

Cecily's father was never a rich man. He was comfortably off, and he gave Cecily the best that was to be had of everything, even to masters in music and painting such as many a richer man would have felt unable to afford. She had qualified in portrait-painting by the time she was eighteen or nineteen. She seemed to have a positive genius for it. She drew a portrait of me in five minutes one afternoon, and then Eve stole it. Eve did not even let me see it; she said it was too good.

Cecily laughed. " You shall have one, too," she said to me, with a roguish glance; " but not of yourself. It might make you vain."

And thereupon she drew, in another five minutes, a portrait of Eve. I showed it to Eve, keeping a firm hold upon it.

" You need not hold on to it so tightly," said Eve, smiling at me. " I would not take anything away that gives you

pleasure. Do you think it is good?" she added.

Good! That portrait hangs, framed, in my study. It is as nearly perfect as anything of the kind can be. No mere pencil drawing can do Eve justice. She needs color. But for a pencil sketch, done in five minutes, it is perfect. Yes, Cecily is a genius at portraits. And portrait painters are born, not made. There is reason in Cecily's contention for a career.

That developed genius of Cecily's may account, in some measure, for the fact that her father left almost nothing for his widow and his daughter besides the house they live in. At any rate, it indicates what manner of man he was, and why he left no more. "A free spender," old Judson called him; and a free spender he was, in ways that are worth while. Cecily's desire to fulfill her manifest destiny, as she put it, is easily accounted for. The consciousness of power and the pressure of necessity both urged her. There was no evident connection between the pressure of necessity and Tom Ellis. She could have been relieved of the one by marrying the other. She could have done that at any minute. He urged her to take that step; he urged her so often that she tired of hearing.

"Tom, Tom," she said impatiently, but smiling, too, "still harping on my daughter? You know I won't. If you'd *do* something, — or only try, — I might consider it. But, now, — I can't."

"Why should I do something?" Tom returned. "I take it that you mean something in the way of a business or a profession. I don't need to, and I don't see why I should. I find a plenty to do. There will be more as I get older."

"As you like," said Cecily.

There it rested for a time. Tom was obstinate, — he preferred to call it determined, — and Cecily was no less so. But there was nothing mean about Tom, and he was quite ready and willing to support Cecily's mother, if they would only let him. Mrs. Snow would have been willing enough, for she was fond of Tom; but she had very little to say about it. The idea did not commend itself to Cecily.

II

That state of affairs, manifestly, could not continue forever. It had already continued longer than Tom thought wise, and he made up his mind to settle it. He went into the Snows' last night for that purpose. It was early, and Mrs. Snow and Cecily were sitting on the piazza, watching the western sky. The red was just fading out of it. Mrs. Snow smiled as Tom came up the steps.

"Good-evening, Tom," she said. "I suppose it must be about time for old ladies to go in. But I don't want to go quite yet."

"Don't," said Tom. "Stay and lend me your moral support — and whatever influence you have with this young person. I shall need it. But," he added, smiling, "I don't believe that anybody really has any influence with her."

Cecily laughed. "How absurd, Tom!"

Tom deliberately placed a chair near her and threw himself into it, stretching his long legs. "Cecily," he began slowly, "I've come to ask a favor. I did n't mention it last night because — well, for good reasons. The night before last, I had not thought of it."

"Very remiss on your part. You know, Tom," Cecily said sweetly, "that I will do anything, in reason, for you."

"Marry me," said Tom, as though he were proposing no more than an ice-cream. "We'll run away, to-morrow, and we won't tell your mother anything about it."

Mrs. Snow chuckled. She seemed much amused.

Cecily laughed again. "O Tom, you are so deliciously absurd, I almost could."

"I promise to be blind and deaf," her mother said.

"You need n't be, mother dear," said Cecily.

"Come on, Cecily," Tom urged. "Let 's."

Cecily shook her head slowly. The red was gone from the west, and he could hardly see her face.

"Oh, no, not really, Tom, dear," she said, sighing gently. "I said anything in reason. That is not in reason. You lack ideas, Tom."

"Yes," he answered softly, "I know I do. I have but one idea."

"I wish I could, Tom. I wish I could," Cecily cried, impulsively reaching over to lay her hand on his arm. "You are so good!"

Tom made no move to imprison the hand — which she may have expected or she may not. "Not good enough, it seems," he said. "Well, — why not, Cecily? When will you?"

"Run away with you, Tom?" she asked calmly. "Why, never." She had withdrawn her hand.

"Marry me," said Tom, as calmly as she had spoken. "If you don't want to run away with me, have a big wedding, if you like — church, bridesmaids, and all the trimmings. I will even agree to give a dinner the night before, although I hate them."

"Never that, either," Cecily replied wearily.

"Any way you like, Cecily," said Tom desperately, leaning towards her. "I only want you."

"Tom, dear," said Cecily, then, "I — don't — know. I really don't. I'm afraid — afraid that I don't care enough."

"Don't care enough!" Tom cried. He had not thought of that. "Then I suppose there is no more to be said."

"Oh! Cecily!" said her mother reproachfully.

"I'm only afraid," added Cecily in some haste, "that I don't care enough to overcome my objections."

"State your objections," said Tom, in deep dejection. "What are they — the same old things?" He looked up, but he could not see her face. He did not need to. "Objections overruled," he said decidedly.

Cecily laughed nervously. She recovered herself.

"Oh, I did n't mean to laugh. They are the same old things, Tom," she said softly. "The same old things. Probably neither would be fatal, by itself. But if you'd only *do* something! It seems to me — " Tom grunted impatiently. "Well, then, there is my painting. It is n't only that I love it. You may think me terribly conceited, but I don't think I am. I *can* do portraits." Cecily spoke appealingly.

"Of course you can," Tom agreed. "Have n't you done several speaking likenesses of yours truly? It would n't be right for you to give it up. Cheat future generations out of their birthright of family portraits? Never!"

Cecily gave a short little laugh. "There!" she said, triumphantly. "There!"

Tom gave up his bantering. "But, Cecily," he urged, "I never had the slightest idea of interfering with your painting. You should go on with it just the same — just the same. I should think you would do better. You would be free from any possible anxiety. And I hope that you would be happier — a little. I would do my best."

Cecily sighed. "I know you would, Tom."

Tom turned to her mother. "Can't you help me?"

"Cecily, dear," she said, "Tom is right. You would be throwing away your happiness for nothing. You would get restless and impatient and discontented — perhaps without knowing why — and your work would suffer. I know, dear."

Cecily did not reply immediately. "I can't agree with you, mother," she said at last, quietly. "I wish I could."

"I am considerably older than you, Cecily, dear." They knew that Mrs. Snow was smiling, although they could not see her face. "Long before you are as old as I am, you will agree with me. And you will be sorry — and so shall I, dear."

It is a pity that experience cannot be inherited. Cecily made no reply.

"Cecily," Tom said, grinning, — if it had been light enough for Cecily to see that grin, — but it was not, — "Cecily, I have a business proposition to make. I will purchase your portraits of me. And I will adopt a profession."

"Oh, will you?" There was no mistaking the joy in Cecily's voice. Tom instantly regretted his joke, but he carried it through.

"I will become your model," Tom continued. "It is a very worthy profession. How many portraits of me have you — in stock, if I may use the term?"

Cecily laughed in spite of herself. She is very ready with her laugh.

"Proposition turned down," she said. "There are about two dozen portraits, some of them life-size. At the market prices, it would bankrupt you, Tom."

Cecily used to paint Tom whenever she had nothing else to do. That was pretty often.

"Oh, I guess not," replied Tom easily. "Call it a bargain, Cecily."

She shook her head; then she remembered that Tom could not see her. "It was n't nice to make a joke about the profession," said Cecily, on the verge of tears.

"I know," returned Tom contritely, "and I ought not to have done it. But there is Adam. He has no occupation, but he finds enough to do. I never heard you find any fault with him."

"Oh, Adam!" said Cecily. "Adam is an exception."

Now, that was out of the kindness of Cecily's heart that she called me an exception. She does not really think it. But there you are. I know what people think — or what they think they think. I prefer not to state it. And I don't care. I do work, after a fashion, and I have my time all planned out. But I have not taken my neighbors into my confidence, and I am looked upon, I have no doubt, as a horrible example of a lazy man who has married money. When I suggested that view of the matter to Eve, she was quite indignant. She would have delivered a lecture to the villagers, if I had been willing, and therein she would have related, perhaps with sundry embellishments, the only true story of — that is, our story. I am not ready for that.

But I don't care what they think of me. I have had my time all planned out for some while. It will be pretty thoroughly occupied with teaching my son and seeing that he has enough Latin and Greek. Now that those studies have gone out of fashion with the colleges, there is nobody to see that a boy gets enough of them unless his father sees to it. There is nothing to take their place; nothing else that will do, for a boy, just what they did. Modern methods! I snap my fingers at modern methods. I have seen enough of the results of so-called modern methods in my own teaching. There are no results. There — But let us come back to Cecily.

Cecily sighed.

"There is n't any use in our arguing this over and over, Tom. I'm worn out with it. Our engagement will have to end."

"When?" asked Tom, soberly.

"Now, Tom," answered Cecily. "It has ended." She had been struggling with her finger. "Here's the ring. I'm going in. I'm tired."

"Thanks," said Tom. "Now, I wonder if I can hit Adam's house with it."

He might have known he could n't. It is a long throw from the Snows' house to mine, even for a crack thrower, such as Tom Ellis was a few years ago. But he tried it.

"Oh!" cried Cecily.

"Good-night," said Tom quietly. "I will go, of course. Good-night, Mrs. Snow."

So Tom was gone; and Cecily went in, feeling very much alone. Nobody was on her side, but everybody was against her. And, thinking that, she went to her own room and cried. What for? She had had her own way. That is nothing to cry about.

III

"Adam," said Eve to me, the next morning, "I'm worried about Tom."

I was doing nothing, of course — hoeing corn. If any one thinks that is doing nothing, just let him try it. I had already gathered our day's harvest, and my son had run out with each separate ear, and then run back for another. The stalks were taller than my head, and much too close for the wheel-hoe. I cannot use it after my corn gets above my waist. So I was using the hand-hoe — hoeing in the old-fashioned, back-breaking fashion. I straightened up, with a sigh.

"What's that, Eve?" I asked. "Oh, Tom. What's the matter with him?"

Eve had come into the corn, stepping daintily. "Is n't it nice in here, Adam?" she said. "Nobody can possibly see us. Kiss me — but don't touch me," she added hastily. "Your hands are too dirty."

They were. I had pulled out an occasional weed with my fingers, digging in the earth for it. The roots of this dog-grass — but I laughed and put my hands behind me, and bent over her, and kissed the sweet upturned mouth. There was a cry from the end of the row, and our son came running in between the hills.

"I want," he cried, holding up his arms.

"And you shall have it, little sweetheart," said Eve. She folded him in her arms, regardless of his hands, which were almost as dirty as mine.

"What is it about Tom?" I asked.

She rose, keeping her hold on her son's hand. "He seemed so downhearted," she said. "And, now, I am sure he has gone to the wharf, and — and I want you to see that he — is all right, Adam. There's a dear."

"Afraid he will drown himself?" I asked, smiling at her.

"Not really afraid," Eve answered, laughing a little; "but — you go down there, Adam. Will you — just to oblige me? I shall feel easier."

I laughed, and dropped my hoe, and went in to wash my grubby hands. I had no fear that Tom would drown himself, or even try to. He would have a hard time doing it, for Tom is a splendid swimmer, and I have yet to see the swimmer who is able to drown himself. His instincts are sure to get the better of his intentions. It was most likely that Tom's perfectly innocent intention was merely to go out for a lonely sail. The water had been like glass all the morning, up to an hour before, and there was very little wind, even now; but it seemed the most reasonable explanation.

"Come, son," I said, holding out my hand. "Want to go down to the wharf?"

"Oh, yes," he cried. "I do." And he took my hand and we said good-by to Eve and set off together.

We saw Tom, when we were near enough, sitting upon the string-piece of the wharf — our only wharf — and gazing out over the water. Eve would have been reassured at the sight. And, as his gaze fell upon his boat, lying at her mooring out upon that quiet water, her sails unfurled, waiting for him, he seemed to settle himself only the more firmly against the pile at his back. I knew just how that pile felt; many a time I had sat upon the string-piece, with my back against that very pile. On such a day as this, it would feel hot against my back, but it would be some comfort to me, and I would drowse and dream, with the quiet harbor before me. It is a peaceful place, with no marks of progress upon it. The world might be standing still for all that harbor and that wharf show. But what do we care for progress? Out upon it!

He looked up as we approached, and nodded and said nothing. I said nothing, either, but I sat beside him, and my son between us, with my arm around him. And the little harbor seemed filled with peace, too, with the few boats that were left in it lying at their moorings, their cables slack. My son, after a brief greeting to Tom, had been overcome by the drowsiness of the place, and he slept. It was no wonder. I might have gone to sleep myself, but for the necessity of keep-

ing him from falling into the water. Some ancient windmills on the farther shore turned lazily in the gentle southwest wind, protesting as they turned. I could hear their groans as I sat there. Harbor and country shimmered in sunshine; and I found myself dozing and on the point of falling off. I roused myself.

We sat there for a long time, steeping ourselves in sunshine. Time was nothing to us.

"There she comes," Tom remarked.

I cast a glance down toward the bay and saw a sail sauntering into the harbor.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"Alice Carbonnel," said Tom.

"Oh," said I. It was not a complete answer to my question. But Tom is not to blame for that, for we did not know any more of Alice Carbonnel than her name, although it was not our fault that we did not. She had come sailing in one day, out of a clear sky, so to speak. Nobody knew where she came from, or why she had come — or when she would go, or whither. She was a mystery; and we — and by we I mean the village — were curious about her accordingly. Old women, young women, girls, and men gossiped freely. Even Eve and I have wondered, mildly. But it is all to no purpose; and, although both Eve and I have met Miss Carbonnel — so has Tom, it seems — we know no more about her than about the Sphinx. She is a tall girl, statuesque and beautiful, of a calm demeanor and of few words — your statues never did talk much — and a mystery. That may account for Tom's behavior and for mine.

The sloop came on swiftly, in spite of the lightness of the wind, with Alice Carbonnel at the wheel. As she approached her mooring, the girl stood up, tall and more like a statue than ever, and as calm as the calmest of old skippers; and there is nothing calmer. She gave some quiet order — we could almost hear it — and her two sailors quickly took in jib and staysail and had them stowed in a jiffy. She made her mooring deftly.

Soon there was a boat with Miss Carbonnel in the stern of it and a sailor rowing. They made a landing hard by where we were sitting and Tom jumped to his feet, quickly, to hand her ashore. I would have done it, but that my son was lying within my arm. Indeed, I must have started to get up, for, the first thing that I knew, my sleeping son slipped over the string-piece and plumped into the harbor. I had just time to hear a little cry from Miss Carbonnel before I hit the water, too.

I overtook my son before he had done going down. He was under water less than ten seconds; but it is a little of a shock for a sleeping youngster to be wakened by a plunge into the harbor. He held his breath instinctively, while under water; as soon as his head was clear of the surface he yelled lustily. I tried to divert him.

"See, son," I said, laughing; "we're all wet. What do you suppose mother 'll say?"

He stopped crying and began to laugh at the absurdity of it. "Yes, we're a' wet, are n't we?" He called delightedly to Tom. "We're a' wet. See! What will ya say?"

Tom was laughing — very naturally for a man who was supposed to be in the depths because of a disappointment in love. How deep does it go? "I should say so, youngster. You'd better get out. See if you can swim to me."

So my son struck out, bravely, — I have taught him the motions of swimming, but he is not able to keep himself afloat, yet, — while I, swimming almost on my back, held up his chin, and incidentally kept a hand on the slack of his little breeches. Miss Carbonnel, seeming more human and less like a statue than she had, wore an anxious look until he was safe in Tom's grasp. Tom drew him up on the float, holding him at arm's length. He seemed to be afraid that my son would shake himself, dog-like. I got myself ashore as gracefully as I could, and there we stood, dripping.

Alice Carbonnel, with not even a glance at me, stooped her tall body — more gracefully than I had supposed possible — and put her two hands under my son's arms.

"But, Miss Carbonnel," I said hastily, "he is as wet as he can be. Your dress —"

"It is no matter," she said, not glancing up, even then. "Water will not hurt it. Little dear," she said to my son, with a smile that illumined her face, — this beautiful statue had a soul, it seemed, — "little dear, you had a swim for it, did n't you?" She gave him a gentle shake which brought the water out in a shower. Her hands were running rivers.

My son was hanging back a little, half afraid, but half smiling, too, and looking at her with his head a little down, as children will. "Yes," he said; then he changed, suddenly. "I like you," he murmured.

Tom was grinning like any idiot.

"Do you, dear?" laughed Alice Carbonnel. "Well, I'm glad, for I like you, too. And I liked you first. Now you must go home and get on some dry clothes, and, pretty soon, I will come to see how you are. May I?" she asked, looking up at me. It was the first glance she had vouchsafed me. Her calm, even manner of speaking had returned, instantly, and even the smile was gone from her eyes.

"Eve will be much pleased," I said; "and I think my son will be pleased, too."

She turned to him, again. "I will come pretty soon. Will you give me a kiss?"

"Yes," he replied. "I'm a' wet. But I don't care," he added. He was willing to waive the matter; my son has a liberal spirit.

Not to indulge in half-way measures, he put both his arms about Miss Carbonnel's neck and kissed her. As was to be expected, her dress was soaked. I hastened to apologize.

Miss Carbonnel was laughing. "It is no matter," she said. "It was worth it, don't you think?"

It was not every one who would have been so indulgent. I went and picked up my hat and coat, which lay where I had shed them. "Come, son," I said; and, bidding good-by to Miss Carbonnel, we started for home. I would not say a word to Tom. I was ashamed of Tom. No one would have imagined, from his appearance, that he was supposed to be cast down. He was acting as if Alice Carbonnel were the only woman. Idiot!

IV

We were partly dry by the time we got home, but not attractive figures. Eve did not chide me — or it was of the mildest.

"Oh, Adam, Adam!" she cried. "What a father you are!"

She heard my tale while she was removing our son's wet clothes. She rubbed him briskly with a towel, and had him dressed again before I had my own wet things off.

"Oh, Adam, Adam!" she said again. "I shall have to go with you both, the next time." She was half-way downstairs. "Where is Tom?" she asked.

"Tom is salving a wounded heart," I called in answer. "He will not drown himself. I left him with Alice Carbonnel. He appeared to be content enough."

"Hush, Adam," said Eve, running upstairs again. "Cecily is downstairs."

"Oh, thunder!" I exclaimed. "Why did n't you tell me?" I had put my foot in it, now. I am continually doing that. Who would have thought that Cecily would be downstairs?

I did not hurry down, but there was no escape for me. I found Cecily there. There was a suspicious redness about her eyes, and the corners of her mouth drooped pathetically. But she smiled brightly at me.

"I waited for you, Adam," she said. "I wished to relieve your mind. I suppose — in fact, I know — that Tom has told you our engagement is broken. I broke it. If he can console himself by being with Miss Carbonnel I am glad.

There is no reason why you should n't have said that — about leaving him with her — to me, but I know, very well, that you would n't."

She laughed, and I would have said something, but, for the life of me, I could n't think of anything to say. Commonplaces would have sounded silly.

Cecily saw my predicament and laughed again. "I am laughing at you, Adam," she said. "You want to say something comforting and appropriate, and can't think of the right thing. I'll forgive you if you will be properly sorry that I am going away."

"Going away, Cecily!" I exclaimed. "I promise to be as sorry as you can wish. When? Where are you going? And what for?"

"To-morrow. To New York. To make a beginning," answered Cecily. "I've been crying my eyes out about it. I don't want to go, but I shall never want to any more than I do now. I may as well make the break right now. I came in to say good-by and to ask Eve to use her influence. I can't afford to be proud."

"Eve will use her influence fast enough. I wish I had some to use. It would be something to be proud of when you are famous."

"If you would n't mind waiting," said Cecily. She drooped a little when she said good-by, but she did not cry. Eve proposed seeing her off, but she said that she would prefer that we did n't. It only made it worse to leave your friends behind — visibly.

"Well," I remarked, when she had gone, "that seems rather sudden."

"Poor Cecily!" said Eve. She said no more for some minutes. "I have no patience with Tom," she added. "The idea!"

"Would you have him moping?" I asked.

Eve looked at me, considering. "Why, yes," she replied; "at least, for a few days. It would n't have hurt him."

"It is rather a quick recovery," I acknowledged.

"It is n't decent," said Eve, with some heat. "I should n't have thought it of Tom."

"N-o," I returned; "still, there is something to be said for Tom. Miss Carbonnel is a very beautiful girl — and a very attractive one."

Eve gave me a quick glance. "You found her so?" she asked.

"You would have found her so if you had seen how she took to your son," I answered somewhat hurriedly. "And he took to her — with both arms."

Eve laughed. "After he fell overboard?"

"After he fell overboard. She would have nothing to do with us before. He got her pretty wet."

"I am ready to love her for that. It was not her fault that Tom —"

"It was not," I said. "Then she asked if she might come in to see how he did after his bath, and I said that you would be glad to have her."

"You told the truth, Adam," said Eve, smiling at me. "You always tell the truth. I brag of it."

"Thank you," said I. "I can admire beauty — I do admire it — whether it is my wife's or another's. Miss Carbonnel may be here at any time, now."

For I saw Tom Ellis just coming in at the gate, and I put two and two — or one and one — together.

Eve's greeting to Tom was a little chilly. Tom perceived that fact — he is no fool — and smiled a smile of amusement.

"Am I out of favor?" said Tom. "Then I will withdraw to more congenial companionship."

"Miss Carbonnel's?" asked Eve.

"The kiddies'," answered Tom, laughing. "Where are they?"

Eve melted at once. "Tom," she said, "I'm as provoked with you as I can be; but it is impossible to stay angry with you."

"I'm glad of that," returned Tom simply.

"I'll send the children out," Eve continued. "Do you want them both?"

"I want all you've got," said Tom. "I need 'em."

"Bless your heart," said Eve; and she went in to find our son and our daughter. She even carried her daughter to the pine and set her down on the needles beside Tom.

"There!" she said.

"Thank you," said Tom; and they began to play in the needles, very well content, apparently, Tom and my son and my daughter. I heard the laughter of all three as Eve came back to me.

Eve heard it too, and smiled at it. "Is n't Tom dear, Adam?" she whispered. "Who would suppose that he would want to play with our babies, now? But I have my ideas about him," she added. "He is not so simple as he seems."

"You should know," I answered. "You have known him as long as I have — and better. I have my ideas about him, too." Our gate clicked and I looked up. "Here is Miss Carbonnel."

Miss Carbonnel came in, looking more like a statue than ever; a very lovely statue, with a half smile on her face as she met Eve, and a look in her eyes that would have been wistful if she had been anybody else, — as if she were not sure of her welcome, — and an incipient dimple in her chin. It would hardly do for Alice Carbonnel to have full-blown dimples. If it would have been the thing to have dimples, she would have had them — naturally; none of your made-to-order dimples. She was as perfect, in her way, as Eve was in hers. I cannot say more. And it was a very good way, too.

Eve almost stared at her — not quite. Trust Eve for that. But she had never had a good look at her, near to, before. We had met Miss Carbonnel at one of those solemn functions, which are my particular detestation, where you cannot move about the rooms without actually elbowing your way, where you are lucky if you get a glimpse of the person to whom you are presented before you are shoved ahead by the other persons who wish to be presented — or who are supposed to wish it. I always escape from such functions as soon as possible, and Eve usually escapes with me. Eve is very good.

I did not wish to seem backward in greeting Miss Carbonnel, and I did not wish to seem in too much haste, either, — for various reasons; so I strolled up, some way behind Eve, and, when I had mentioned our joy at seeing her — and one or two other things — I excused myself. Miss Carbonnel bowed her head graciously, but neither she nor Eve seemed to think it a matter of the slightest consequence whether I went or stayed. I went; and, as I turned to go, I heard Miss Carbonnel asking after our son.

Eve laughed. "Pukkie?" she said. Pukkie, I may mention, is not the boy's name, but it is what he is called by every one who knows him well. It was a mark of great favor, on Eve's part, that she had called him that to Miss Carbonnel. "Pukkie? He is behind that pine with Tidda. Shall we go down there?" I thought that I knew why she laughed. Her reasons were complex, but, in the end, she was laughing at herself.

"And who is Tidda?" asked Miss Carbonnel, starting off with Eve. "Your maid, perhaps?"

"Tidda is Pukkie's sister," Eve replied. "She is very young."

"Oh!" cried Miss Carbonnel, in surprise — in pleased surprise, I thought. "A baby?" She hurried a little — just the least little bit.

I went off to my garden and hoed corn violently. I had not intended to hoe corn again that day. I had my corn to myself — until Miss Carbonnel went. Tom went with her.

Then Eve came into the corn. "Adam," she said, "I think your Miss Carbonnel is lovely. You have my permission to admire her as much as you like."

"Thank you," said I. "But she is not my Miss Carbonnel. What happened at the pine?"

"It was what did n't happen that made it so interesting," replied Eve. "I can't

tell you. You should have been there to see." I had been dying to be there, but I had made it impossible. I had no one but myself to blame. "Now," Eve went on, "I am going over to father's, to get some letters for Cecily. She does n't know it. Will you come?"

So we went down the steep path at the side of the bluff, and along the shore, hand in hand, until we came to my clam beds; then up, through the greenery, to the great house on the hill, with its piazzas covered with costly rugs, with its wooden men in many buttons at every turn; with the quiet, simple, taciturn owner of all that luxury — Old Goodwin, Eve's father. He listened and smiled.

"That's too bad," he said. "Cecily Snow?" And he went in to write the letters.

The next morning I was up early. While I was getting into my clothes I chanced to look out of a front window, and there I saw Cecily. She was on the lawn in front of the house, and she seemed to be searching for something in the grass. It had not been cropped for some days, and the dew lay heavy upon it. I called to Eve.

Eve was already dressed. She gave one look out of the window. "Oh," she cried; and she ran downstairs, and I heard the front door open.

"What is it, Cecily?" she asked. "Have you lost something?"

Cecily seemed surprised. "Oh!" she said. "I thought — I did n't suppose you would be up so early."

"Have you lost something?" asked Eve again. "Let me help you look for it. Why, the grass is soaking, Cecily. Your feet must be sopping wet. Wait until I get some rubbers. But what is it that you are looking for?"

"Nothing," Cecily answered, with a queer little smile; "nothing much. I thought I might find — but it is n't of any consequence. Don't bother about it."

And Eve, who can see as far through a hole in a millstone as anybody, did not bother; she did not even smile. Cecily was going out.

"Wait a minute, Cecily," said Eve. "I've got something for you. Perhaps you would rather take them with you than to have me bring them." And she went to get the letters. Then she explained to Cecily what they were.

"Thank you, Eve," said Cecily, looking down. "You are very good to me — you and Adam. Will you say good-by, again, to Adam, for me?" She stepped forward, to kiss Eve, and raised her eyes. They were swimming in tears. And she turned, hastily, and went out.

V

So Cecily was gone. I could not think of her without some pity, although she probably would not have wanted my pity. She was a brave girl, making the plunge all alone, that way, in a great city, and taking her fate in her hands. If it had been Tom, now — but my feelings toward Tom were much mixed, I found.

Tom was becoming no better than a spaniel to follow Miss Carbonnel about, or a pet dog of some more quiet kind; for he followed almost too closely at heel for your real spaniel. I had no means of judging how she liked it. Miss Carbonnel came in again a few days after Cecily's going. She and Eve seem likely to become quite intimate; for Eve likes her, so far as I can tell, and, judging from her behavior, she likes Eve tolerably well. But everybody likes Eve — tolerably well.

Miss Carbonnel came in, as I have said, a few days after Cecily had gone away. She dropped in, as it were, casually; although I am reasonably sure that her dropping in was carefully planned. When Tom came wandering in, just five minutes later, I thought I saw the shadow of a smile flicker across her face. Whether the smile, if it had been born, would have been one of amusement at his curious behavior, or one of annoyance, or would have been some index of her pleasure, I

could not determine. It might very well have been any one of them.

Tom strolled down to the pine, unconcernedly, — for it was at the pine that we were sitting, of course.

"Hello, you inhabitants of the Garden of Eden," he said, smiling quietly, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for him to come there. Which, indeed, it was — if it had not been for Miss Carbonnel. "Not cast out yet, I see."

"We shall be," I replied, "if you keep on in your evil courses."

Tom turned and fixed me with his eye, and gave me a knowing glance; but what it was supposed to express I was at a loss to understand. I was no nearer to an understanding of what he would be at, than I had been before. He saw Miss Carbonnel when he turned, and seemed surprised.

"Oh," he said, "good afternoon, Miss Carbonnel."

"Oh," said Miss Carbonnel, "good afternoon, Mr. Ellis." She smiled, then. She did not say that Tom had been with her that morning — nearly the whole of it; she did not give a hint of it, in any way. But I happened to know that he had. I regarded her behavior as suspicious.

"Hypocrite!" I cried. Tom took no notice of me.

My daughter cried out to him from her usual seat upon the pine needles. Her attention, up to the time of Tom's coming, had been devoted to Miss Carbonnel.

"Hello, Tidda," said Tom, casting himself down beside her. "So Pukkie has basely deserted us."

"Have n't!" called Pukkie, from his seat beside Miss Carbonnel. "Have n't 'serted."

"Well, then," urged Tom, "come on."

Pukkie shook his head. "No," he said. "Not now." And Miss Carbonnel put her arm about him and Eve smiled.

"All right for you," said Tom. "I won't tell you what I've got in my pocket."

My son did not seem to care what Tom had in his pocket; and we sat there, Miss Carbonnel and Eve and Pukkie and I, saying little, and that little of no consequence; and Tom, not addressing a word to us, but engrossed in Tidda's conversation and responding to her gurgles as if they made sense.

Presently Miss Carbonnel roused herself from a long silence, and rose. "I must go," she said, with a little sigh.

"Wait a moment," said Eve. And she sent our son to call the nurse-maid. "I hope you will come in again, soon. I should be glad if you would come often."

"To-morrow?" asked Miss Carbonnel, with a doubtful little smile — the same smile that would have seemed wistful if it had belonged to anybody else.

"Yes," Eve replied, "to-morrow. And as often as you will."

"Thank you," Miss Carbonnel said gratefully.

Then the nurse appeared. She was not a young woman. There was something familiar to Tom about her as he saw her come from the house. Suddenly, he sprang to his feet.

"Mary MacLandrey!" he cried. "I did n't think it of you," he said to Eve.

Eve only smiled at him. "Yes," she said. "My nurse wanted a vacation. You recalled Mary, you remember. I have to thank you for it."

"Yes," said Tom, "I remember. No thanks required."

Mary saw Tom and beamed upon him.

"How d'ye do, Mary," said Tom.

"Very well, I thank you, Mr. Tom," replied Mary, in a subdued voice, as was befitting. "I hope you're the same. How is Miss Cecily?" she added, in a still lower voice. "I hear she's gone away. How is she doing in New York, do you know, Mr. Tom?"

Tom shook his head. "I don't know, Mary," he answered. "I don't know."

Eve and Miss Carbonnel had gone on toward the gate. I had lingered to see what Tom would do. Now, he almost ran after them. Mary looked as if she had been struck by lightning.

"Well, I never!" she murmured at last. "Well, I never!"

Tom went out at the gate about fifty feet behind Miss Carbonnel and gaining fast.

"Like a pet dog," I said to Eve, as we went back to our seat, "who has inadvertently been left behind."

Eve laughed. She is very good about that. She does not mind if I use the same simile over and over.

In a few minutes, there were signs of activity on the great white sloop, which lay in the water like a rock; and a boat put off from her and came back with Miss Carbonnel — and Tom, of course. In another ten minutes, the sloop passed us. Miss Carbonnel was steering and Tom was leaning back, looking up at the mainsail, which was as flat as a board. I was prepared to wave to them; but they did not look up. They sailed out together before our eyes. Mary had gone, with the children.

"A pretty boat," I remarked. "A very beautiful boat. But I notice that Miss Carbonnel has not asked me out in her."

"She had better not ask you," retorted Eve.

"It is a pity that Mary did not wait," I said. And Eve laughed again, and the sloop passed on and was hidden behind the point.

Tom has a boat, as I think I have mentioned; a very pretty boat, too, but not so large as Miss Carbonnel's. One man can manage Tom's boat handily. She has not stirred from her mooring since that day when we sat on the stringpiece of the wharf and watched Alice Carbonnel, and my son fell overboard. Tom has been out almost every day, but not in his boat. She lies at her mooring, gathering weeds. She seems likely to lie at her mooring, gathering weeds, for the rest of the season; until long green streamers hang from her keel. When the season is over, I suppose Alice Carbonnel will disappear as mysteriously as she came. I do not know. And it struck me as queer that neither Tom nor Miss Carbonnel said anything, so far as I could perceive.

VI

Tom was still looking up at the mainsail as the sloop passed out of sight beyond the point, and Miss Carbonnel steered. At least, she kept her hand upon the wheel, which she moved a little, unconsciously, as the boat seemed to need it; but, all the time, she looked out ahead, with a little half-smile upon her lips, and seemed to be thinking of something else. Her thoughts must have been pleasant ones. She said nothing at all until they were well out of the harbor. Then the half-smile became a whole one, and she turned and gave Tom an amused and kindly look.

"Mr. Ellis," she said.

Tom started and came down from the great sail with a thump. "Yours truly," he returned soberly.

"Mr. Ellis," Miss Carbonnel began, again, still smiling, "do you think it is quite — quite nice —" she laughed openly — "to be following after me as if you were attached to me — "

Tom looked surprised. "I am," he said simply. "Have you forgotten?"

Miss Carbonnel had some right to feel annoyed, one would think. She did not seem annoyed — only amused. "No, I have not forgotten," she replied. "I had not finished. I was about to say — as if you were attached to me by a string."

"Oh," said Tom.

"Yes," said Miss Carbonnel. "As if you were my pet dog," she added severely.

"Seems nice to me," Tom replied, clasping his hands behind his head and once more looking up at the sail above him. "Seems nice to me," he repeated. "I don't find it so bad to be your pet dog — your pet anything." He looked critically at the mainsail. "That sail sets well — or should I say that it sits well? *I* don't know."

"Oh," exclaimed Alice Carbonnel,

with a quick motion of impatience, " you always were incorrigible — and you have n't got over it. Yes, that sail is well cut and so are the others. My sailmaker attends to that. And the boat is a very good boat, — a beauty, if you prefer, — and I have two men in the crew and no skipper but myself, and it is a beautiful day and I like your friends — very much. There! Now, I have answered all the small talk that I believe you capable of."

Tom laughed. " Crushed! " he cried. " You are n't engaged, Alice? "

She did not appear to resent the use of her name. " I am not engaged," she answered. " Do you find that strange? "

" No," he said. " It must be of your own choice."

" It is. Is there anything else? "

" Yes," said Tom. " Why did you come here, Alice? I have been curious to know, and everybody wonders."

" I came," she answered, speaking slowly, " to see — But I will not tell you — yet. It was not to see you."

" Oh," said Tom.

" No," said Alice Carbonnel, " it was not to see you. If you thought that it was, you flattered yourself."

" Oh," said Tom, again. " Well, everybody wonders. I suppose you don't care."

" Up to a certain point," returned Miss Carbonnel, " I do not care. It is not important what people say. Beyond that point, I do care. That brings us back to what I started to say to you. We are dangerously near that point."

" Well? "

" Well," she said, smiling, " if you insist upon following me about, — as if I had you on a leash, — people will be gossiping unbearably, even for me."

" People are gossiping about us now," observed Tom calmly, " Almost everybody is. I should n't wonder if Adam and Eve were talking us over at this moment."

" I hope not," she said, in a low voice, looking away. " I hope not. That is the point at which I should like to have it stopped."

" And that is just the point," Tom remarked, " beyond which I should like to have it go on. I *want* to be your pet. Please let me be your pet."

Alice Carbonnel laughed. She could not have helped it. " You absurd boy! " she said. " Tell me why you want it, and perhaps you may be."

" I'll bargain with you, Alice," said Tom. " When you are ready to tell why you came here, I'll tell you why I want it."

" I might be able to guess it."

" No guessing allowed," said Tom. " No guessing in the game. I might be able to guess a thing or two."

Miss Carbonnel looked away and was silent for some time. " It's hurting me," she said at last. " It's hurting me in ways that you can't know about."

" I'll take care that the hurt is not permanent," Tom replied quietly. " I will take all the blame — in plenty of time. It has n't hurt you in the way that you have in mind."

She looked at him sharply, as if to know what he meant by that. Then the look softened. " Well," she said, slowly. " Well, I agree to your bargain. I have your word. You were always a good boy, Tommy, and kept your promises."

" I have always meant to," Tom replied. " You have my word. I won't let it go too far. Remember, now, Alice," — Tom grinned as he spoke, — " you have me on a leash."

Alice Carbonnel smiled and gave a little sigh. " I'm not likely to be allowed to forget it. Now, we'll go back."

She turned the boat about and headed for the harbor.

If any one had even hinted to Cecily that there might have been episodes in Tom's life which she did not suspect, she would have been very indignant.

VII

One morning, Eve came to me with a letter in her hand.

" From Cecily," she cried, waving the

letter triumphantly. "If Tom comes in this morning, let me know. I want him to hear it — parts of it."

"But, Eve," said I, "do I have to wait until Tom comes in? Are n't you going to let me see it?"

"I thought you would n't mind waiting, Adam," said Eve. "I want you to hear it for the first time when Tom is here. You really don't care, you know!"

"Oh," said I.

"And Tom —" added Eve.

"Does?" I asked.

"He may," said Eve.

"Oh," said I, again; and I cast my eyes down toward our gate, and, at that moment, I saw Tom sauntering in, his hands in his pockets.

"I will wait, then, Eve," I said. "But do you want Miss Carbonnel to hear parts of Cecily's letter, too?"

"N-o," replied Eve, slowly, "although there would be no particular objection to it."

"Because here is Tom, now," I continued. "I would advise immediate action. Miss Carbonnel is to be expected at any time — in from five minutes to half an hour. They seem to hunt in couples."

Eve laughed, — I could not decide what it was that she laughed at, — and turned and greeted Tom.

"I was just about to read Adam a letter," she began shamelessly. "Perhaps you would n't mind. You might possibly be interested to hear some of it, too. It's from Cecily."

Tom gave her one of his slow smiles. Tom's smiles are very pleasant. They are an index to his nature — simple and honest and sweet-tempered. They make it hard not to love him, even if he does seem to be too easily reconciled; to be playing rather fast and loose with an attachment which should be fast and not loose at all. But I don't know why he should not be devoted to Miss Carbonnel. Cecily will have none of him.

"It is just possible that I might be interested," said Tom, in a tone that left me guessing what he meant. "Do we sit in the usual place?"

Accordingly, we went to our usual seats by the pine. The harbor was spread out before us. I saw Alice Carbonnel's boat lying on the quiet water with no signs of life about her. Tom saw her, too. He looked away again, quickly, but he continued to be conscious of her, although his gaze fell at once upon the distant hills. The day's wind had just begun to blow, but it was no more than a gentle air, as yet, —a cool breath laden with the perfume of the salt sea, and it was in our faces as we sat there. It might be blowing great guns by the afternoon.

"The lights may now be lowered," said Tom; and Eve drew the letter from its envelope, the leaves fluttering gently in the soft air, as though the smell of the salt gave it life again. Cecily always responded to that.

Eve began to read to herself, quickly, with a low "m-m, m-m," until she should come to something that she thought would interest us. "This part would n't — oh, here," she cried. "Listen! 'I am pretty well settled, at last. I have a most gorgeous studio, well lighted and high and furnished in good taste, if I do say it, with a few really fine rugs and tapestries. Of course, I can't afford it, but I *must* have a fit place and fit surroundings for the royalties whose portraits I am going to paint. And the rugs and tapestries are hired — rented — whatever you call it — with the studio — all but one rug and one piece of tapestry, which I could n't resist. I shan't tell you what they cost — much more than I ought to have paid. And there are just two chairs of state, in one of which my waiting patron will sit while my subject — my victim — will sit in the other. Altogether, my studio is bare — very bare — but it is *good*. I am afraid I have put all my eggs in one basket, but it is a good basket.'

"Adam," said Eve then, looking up from her reading, "don't you suppose

Cecily would let us make her a present of some really good things that she would like? If we only knew what she would like! I'm afraid those chairs of state — but they may be good. Only she does n't say much about them."

I nodded; and Tom's attitude expressed a surreptitious interest.

Eve went on. " ' I have been a little bothered about one thing, which still bothers me. I ought to have some examples of my work to show. Almost everything I have is of Tom, — certainly the best things. And some two dozen portraits of the same man, varied, as they are, in pose and size, are — well, they are not the *most* desirable! ' " Tom laughed at that; I thought he would have winced. " ' But I have done what I could with what I had. Nobody can do more than that.' "

Then Eve's voice suddenly subsided, and she skipped. I wondered what it was that she skipped. Probably Tom wondered, too. But I had the advantage of Tom. I could find out and he could n't.

Eve turned a leaf and began again. " ' I have an apartment — a flat, to put it plainly — that is very good, for a flat. It is a long way from my studio, and it does not compare with my own home. But I shall come back soon' " — I thought I saw Tom start — " ' to bring mother on — if she wants to come. She says that she does — now. She finds it pretty lonely there. I hope she won't find it lonelier here. There is such a crowd here, every one bent upon his own business, with no time to give ' — But this is not of interest to you two men," said Eve. " She finds it pretty lonely, I judge."

" Eve," I said, " you should go in and see Mrs. Snow."

" Why, Adam," she protested, " I do go. I was there yesterday " — she glanced at Tom in some amusement — " and I found — "

Tom interrupted her. " Let's hear some more," he said. " There's nothing, yet, about her work. What about orders? "

Eve turned back to the letter. " She has presented all the letters father gave her. She had rather a hard time doing it, for almost everybody was out of town more than half the week, and, when they were in town, they did n't want to waste any of their precious time in seeing her. Father's letter usually settled it, though," Eve remarked, turning another leaf. " They are apt to. And she has one order — but there's no work to be done on it until the last of September. He's out of town now, and can't sit for her. She hopes to get others, later."

Eve skipped, in silence, until she came to the last page. " Oh," she said, " she has a telephone in her studio and says she means to call us up, as often as she can afford it, and get the news about us and the children and — and everybody," Eve finished, rather lamely. " We must call her up once a week. She says it is such a different thing actually to talk with your friends and hear a familiar voice — it is much more satisfactory than letter-writing."

" Has it beat a mile," observed Tom.

" And she gives her number," Eve continued. And then she read Cecily's number very carefully. She read it twice. I thought it rather strange. But Tom did not seem to be listening.

" May I join you? " said a low voice. There was Alice Carbonnel. She had come without announcement, — she had given that up, some time before, — and none of us had heard her come. Tom may have been aware of it. That may account for his apparent lack of attention. I had given Miss Carbonnel a half hour to get there. The time was scarcely up.

VIII

Cecily came home early in September. The word " home " slipped out unconsciously. I do not know why I should call it Cecily's home. She means, definitely, to live in New York, and she came down only to get her mother, and to try to dispose of their house here. She said so,

again and again, so that I was forced to take her seriously. If no other purchaser turns up, perhaps Old Goodwin will buy it. He is forever doing services of that kind for other people — quietly. The fact that they generally turn out well for himself makes them none the less services. When he has done that for Cecily — if he does it — she will have no home, so far as I can see. I cannot conceive of anybody's calling New York "home." The very word might well be lacking from the language if all places were like New York. It is one vast tenement.

I was rather shocked when I saw Cecily. She has always been the picture of health and well-being; not so tall as Alice Carbonnel, — about Eve's height, — but of a well-rounded figure, although not inclined to plumpness. Cecily was — well, she was just right. I cannot describe her any better. Now, after only five or six weeks in New York, she was thinner, almost on the road to gauntness. Her clothes hung upon her, and I thought that I saw dark shadows under her eyes. I ventured to suggest something of my thought — merely to hint at it.

Cecily smiled a cheerful, pitiful little smile. "I suppose I am not used to being cooped up in a great city in the hot weather," she said. "But I shall get used to it. It has been hot." She sighed. "Thank you, Adam, for caring enough about it to notice," she added.

Eve noticed, too, but she did not speak of it. Therein, I suppose, lies one of the differences between a man and a woman of equally good intentions. A man is but a clumsy creature, at the best.

We had been at the Snows' to welcome Cecily home; and another thing that I could not help noticing, although, of course, I did not hint at it, in any manner, was Tom's absence. Tom had always been there, before, loafing about as though the house was a second home to him. I cannot recall a single occasion when we had been there that Tom was not there before us. His presence would not have been so noticeable as his absence. It is to be supposed that that fact was sufficiently impressed upon Cecily without mention of it by me.

"Poor Cecily!" said Eve, as we sauntered home, the light of a young moon lying faintly white upon the road, and making a trail of silver out upon the harbor — we can catch glimpses of the harbor from the road. "Poor Cecily! I wish that we could do something to make her few days here particularly pleasant."

"Might have a clambake," I replied, with a short laugh. "I am ashamed to say, Eve, that it is the only thing I can think of." Clambakes have become rarer, with me, than they used to be. "At least, it is better than a picnic."

"Better for you, at any rate," said Eve, smiling, "and, at least, as good for the others. Well, let us have a clambake. We'll dig our own clams, too."

So on the second day thereafter, we were all assembled at my clam-beds, the whole crowd of us: Old Goodwin and Alice Carbonnel and Cecily and Tom and the rest, even down to the children and their nurse. It was low tide, of course, but there was no poetry in it, for the morning was half gone. Old Goodwin splashed about in his high boots, and Pukkie splashed about with his little breeches rolled up as far as they would go, and he got as muddy as even he could have wished. Old Goodwin and his grandson had famous times, together; better than I had, for I was intent only upon getting clams enough. Tom was intent upon clams, too. It would have been somewhat awkward for him to sit upon the bank between Cecily and Miss Carbonnel. And I noted, in the intervals between clams, that Cecily was looking out over the water and was saying nothing.

Clambakes are not as much fun as they are cracked up to be; not as much fun for the man who does the work. To be sure, Old Goodwin came over and helped, when the work was more than half done. His help is not to be despised, for he pitches into any work that he undertakes, of whatever kind, with all his might.

Tom did not help much. He is not greatly to be blamed. I should have had no heart in the work if I had had the problem before me of being properly attentive to two girls, both of whom were to be present. It was a problem requiring the nicest discrimination, on his part. If I had been in his shoes, I should probably have solved it as Tom did — or as it was solved for him.

Old Goodwin took matters into his own hands — possibly through ignorance of the true state of the case. He got Miss Carbonnel off at one end of the table, opposite himself, and he and she, being old hands at the business, disposed of a prodigious quantity of clams between them. I could not determine what part Miss Carbonnel had in it; but I have observed that your tall and stately girls can eat a good many clams, when they eat any. They kept Tom busy with bringing them their supplies, so that he had very little chance for a word with Cecily, and scarcely a chance to eat. Old Goodwin seemed to drop his habit of silence. He found a good deal to say to Alice Carbonnel and she to him. I could not help noting that, though I do not know what they talked about. They never happened to be saying anything when I was near. I saw plainly that Eve was surprised at it, too.

Cecily made a point of saying something nice to Tom before she went; she made too much of a point of it, perhaps. Eve made off, quickly; I was making off, likewise, as fast as I could. I heard Tom mumbling something, I did n't know what, and I don't believe he knew, either. Before I got away, Cecily called to me.

" Adam," she said, when I had come near, again, " I want to thank you and Eve for the rugs. They are beautiful, Adam, beautiful. I should n't dare accept such a present from any one else." There were tears in her eyes as she spoke. " And the chairs, too. My poor old chairs of state! They were pretty decrepit and pitiful. I did n't dare say much about them. But now I am set up. I do thank you both, Adam, from my heart."

She turned away and wiped her eyes and smiled. Poor little girl! I followed Tom's example, and mumbled something, I did n't know what.

But Cecily was not done with her thanks. " You are so good to call me up once in a while! I value it. I know it is you because I can almost recognize your voice." She was thoughtful for a moment. " I suppose it is n't possible always to recognize a voice. I wish it were."

" Not always," I answered brazenly. " The last time Eve was in New York, she called me, and I did n't know who it was, at all. Now what do you think of that? But I will take pains to speak naturally, the next time."

" Oh, thank you," she said.

I have not called Cecily up. I am ashamed that I have n't. Eve may have — but she almost recognized my voice, did she? And those rugs — she says they are beautiful. I did not send them, and I am ashamed of that, too. Neither did Eve send them. Who did?

IX

The mystery is solved — the telephone mystery; the affair of the rugs and the chairs is not, to my satisfaction, at least. Eve thinks that she knows who sent them. I did not agree with her, at first. Now, I am in doubt. She is right, probably. She generally is. I am almost ready to acknowledge it, now that we have found out about those calls.

We agreed to watch the telephone; and, about ten days after Cecily's return, Eve came running to me in some excitement, her eyes sparkling. I was in the garden, doing nothing, of course.

" Come, quick, Adam," she said, in a whisper. " He's calling her, now — this minute."

I arose from my hoeing, rather confused. "Who's calling who — or whom?" I asked. I am afraid I was stupid about it; but my whole attention had been given to my garden.

" Calling Cecily," Eve answered im-

patiently. "Hurry! Don't make any noise. You will scare him away."

As if it were a strange bird that I was going to see! But I had recovered my wits, in a measure, by that time, and I followed Eve to our telephone room. It is a little bit of a room, scarcely larger than a good-sized closet, — about eight feet by ten, perhaps, — at the end of the hall. To make it thoroughly sound-proof, Eve had a heavy curtain hung just inside the door. That probably accounted for the fact that the previous calls had been made without our knowing it.

Eve softly opened the door, — very softly, — pulled the curtain aside the least little bit, and beckoned to me. There sat Tom, at my telephone, putting in a call, in my name. As I looked, he was in the act of giving my biography to the operator, and a description of me which I should not have recognized.

"The color of his hair?" he asked. "Well, — I don't know. He has n't enough of it left to tell the color. I should think that it must have been brown."

Then he seemed to be listening. "Yes, he said, "just plain brown — dirt-color. Put it down as dirt-color."

There was another pause. "Five feet, eleven and a quarter," said Tom promptly. "Weight, one hundred and seventy. Hearty eater. He's fondest of corned beef and cabbage, I think, and pie for dessert. Dinner at half-past six. Sometimes has it at two on Sundays. Was a fairly good ball-player once, but past his prime now. What's that?

"Oh, his business?" Tom continued. "Well, he has n't any. No, can't get anything to do. No, I don't see how he lives. Mystery to me. I can't tell you his age, exactly, but he must have been born on a Saturday. Oh, all right."

Tom hung up the receiver and swung half around in his chair. He saw me and grinned.

"Hello, Adam," he said. "Just waiting for them to call me. I'm afraid you will have to bear the odium of this call."

"Who pays for it?" I asked, with some asperity. "Do I do that, too?"

"Of course," he returned calmly. "Would n't you do as much as that for a friend, in a righteous cause?"

"If I were sure that the cause was righteous," said I, somewhat mollified, "I would do more than that. But you need n't have libeled me so outrageously."

Tom grinned again, but said nothing. His voice does bear a certain resemblance to mine. That may account —

The telephone bell rang viciously. He swung around.

"Hold on, there," said I. "If I am to pay for this, I'll just have a little talk, myself, to put myself right with Cecily. There's no knowing what you may have said to her."

"Oh, I say!" he cried.

I already had my hand on the telephone. "You wait, Tom. I'll give you a chance when I am through." Tom waited. Eve stood in the doorway.

Cecily's voice came to me clearly. It was good to hear it. I had not realized what it might mean to her; I had not realized what it might mean to Tom, either. I was not at all sure, yet, that it did mean to Tom all that it might mean. It was for that reason, I firmly believe, and not from any remnants of exasperation on my own part, that I told Cecily the whole truth about the calls.

"Oh, Adam!" she said, in a faint little voice, when I had done. "Oh, Adam! What have I said?"

How was I to know what she had said? It might have been easier for me if I had known. As it was, I could not measure the relative amounts of shame and relief that her voice expressed. It expressed both. I knew that.

"It is just as important, Cecily," I replied, "to consider what Tom has said."

"Ye-s, but — but I can't remember whether I said it or only thought it. Oh, dear, of course you don't understand what I am talking about. I should like to talk to Eve, before you cut me off."

I called Eve, at once, and gave my place to her. She talked with Cecily for some time, but she spoke very low, so that I could not have guessed what she was saying without listening very closely. I could n't do that, because Tom was there. At last Eve was through, and she beckoned to Tom. He looked very sheepish, as he sat down.

" Now, Tom, make your peace with her," said Eve. " You may have hard work."

Whether Tom succeeded in making his peace with Cecily, or whether he even tried to, I don't know. We went away, and left him at the telephone. He did n't say anything worth mentioning while we were present.

X

After all, it probably did very little good for us to catch Tom at his nefarious work — red-handed, as it were — telephoning in my name. I had half a mind to have him arrested on a charge of — but I don't know what the charge would be. There must be some indictment which could be found against a man who does such a thing.

Tom laughed when I threatened him. " Go ahead, Adam," he said. " I'm game. False impersonation, or something of the kind. There are stacks of things you could charge me with. I'll stand for it."

I could do nothing with him. There was no information to be extracted from him. The effect of his talk with Cecily was not noticeable, during the next six weeks or so. I began to doubt whether he made any effort at all to make his peace with her, and Eve was less confident than she had been. Although we called Cecily up regularly and hinted at it, — and then asked her the question, plump, — her answer was always non-committal. She said that Tom had done nothing that did not please her.

Altogether, I do not feel that our interference did Cecily any good. Interference, however well meant, seldom does anybody any good. I talked the matter over with Eve, and we agreed to let matters take their own course in the future, and to wait and see what happened. We have waited a long time for something to happen, and nothing does. I got impatient and complained to Tom about it.

" Be patient, Adam," he replied, smiling in his quiet way. " If you only wait long enough, I have no doubt that something will happen — although I have n't the least idea what it will be."

I was forced to be content with that, while Tom went off to sail with Alice Carbonnel. It was their last sail together, for Miss Carbonnel had her boat laid up the next day, and it had already got too cold to sail with comfort. Tom took charge of the operation; and, when it was done, and the sloop all properly covered in, he did the same for his boat.

I helped him with his boat. She had not left her mooring for nearly four months, and I should not have been surprised to find weeds upon her long enough to reach to the bottom of the harbor. They were not quite as long as that, although there were weeds in plenty; but Tom said nothing. He only began to scrape them off. I started home. I did not see why I should delve in green slime to make up for his own reprehensible neglect.

On my way home, I passed the Snows', and saw a load of lumber going in. I was glad, for the fence is in need of repairs, and the house must be in need of them, too. Cecily and her mother have not been able to make any repairs since Mr. Snow died.

I found Miss Carbonnel with Eve, which is not an uncommon occurrence.

" Cecily must have sold her house," I remarked. " I wonder who is the new owner."

Miss Carbonnel smiled. " I am," she said.

I do not know why that announcement should have surprised me, but it did. I was unable to think of anything to say

for some minutes, but I looked at Eve. It seemed to me that all of our cherished schemes were tumbling about our ears. If it did not mean that, what did it mean?

Miss Carbonnel saw my embarrassment. It was not difficult to see it. "Mary MacLandrey is coming to live with me," she said.

That mixed me up still more. Surely, she would not have chosen Mary — she would not have happened to choose her, with Tom in such close attendance, if —

"I came in especially, to-day," Miss Carbonnel continued, "to ask you both to use your influence with Miss Snow. I have a fancy to have my portrait painted, and I should like to have her paint it. I wrote her about it, and I have a note from her, this morning. She does n't seem to want to come."

She paused and looked at us — at Eve. Her look was calm and level, but I fancied that I detected in it a certain perturbation of spirit.

"No," said Eve; "I can understand that she might not want to come."

"But why?" asked Miss Carbonnel.

Eve looked at her. "Well —you know — she was engaged to Mr. Ellis — until she broke the engagement, last summer. For the sake of her career," Eve added.

"Oh," said Miss Carbonnel; and she smiled, a very winning smile. "Oh, I was afraid that she might have taken a dislike to me."

It was conceivable that Cecily might have taken a dislike to her. What her meaning was, if she had any meaning beyond what her words expressed, I could not guess. She appeared to be relieved. I hoped she had proper grounds for her feeling — that it was not merely relief at finding that Cecily was not in her way.

"Would you mind," she asked, "sending her some word, — in my favor, perhaps?"

Eve readily agreed — more readily than I should have done. She called Cecily up, and talked with her for a long time. That talk must have cost me about fifteen dollars; but Eve assured me that it was all for Cecily's peace of mind, and if I can purchase peace of mind for Cecily for fifteen dollars, I should consider the money well spent.

So Cecily came down. Miss Carbonnel had attended to the repairs, herself. It was astonishing to see the celerity with which carpenters would work, with her eyes upon them; and when Cecily got there, the house was ready. Miss Carbonnel was already occupying it. Cecily stayed with us, and the sittings began at once, in her old studio.

They did not talk much during those sittings, although Miss Carbonnel made several attempts to engage Cecily in friendly conversation. Cecily, herself, told me about it. It was in reply to some question of mine. She always seemed tired — too tired — when she came back, in the afternoon.

"No," she said, her lip curling ever so slightly, "we do not converse. I don't feel up to it. I really don't know what we have in common, to converse about."

She spoke sweetly enough, but there was the little compression of the lips that I knew so well — in Cecily.

"Why?" I asked innocently. "Does n't Miss Carbonnel seem inclined to talk?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, as if she were weary of the whole thing, "she is ready enough. It is my fault, no doubt. I must work, — and get back to New York just as soon as I get this done."

"But, Cecily," I persisted, "I thought it was considered part of the business of the portrait-painter — now-a-days, at any rate — to express the character of his subject. I don't see how you are going to do that without the exchange of a few words. I have known Alice Carbonnel longer and better than you have, but I don't feel that I know, in the least, what to make of her."

"That may very well be, Adam," said Cecily patiently. I laughed; the implication was so obvious.

"Well?"

"Well," said Cecily, rather sharply, showing some irritation. She has not been accustomed to speak sharply to me. "She — and Eve — insisted on my coming here, to paint her portrait. I don't know why she should have wanted me. I did n't want to do it, and I declined. Now I have come and I shall make her picture as beautiful as she is. She can't complain. I shall finish it as soon as possible and go away again. What more can she expect?"

Cecily needed something soothing. "I have no reason to think that she expects any more," I replied. "I was thinking of your reputation."

"Oh, bother my reputation!" cried Cecily. She turned quickly, and ran up the stairs. On the way, I thought I heard her say something about the portrait's being designed for a wedding present for Miss Carbonnel's husband. I did n't know what there should be in that fact to trouble Cecily.

Nevertheless, it troubled me, and I went to Eve. "Yes," she said, "and I must confess that I am worried. Alice Carbonnel has told Cecily that she is to be married soon, and that she means the portrait for a wedding gift to her husband. And, Adam," she continued, in a whisper, "Tom goes there every day and devotes himself to Miss Carbonnel during the sittings. I'm losing faith in Tom. It's wicked."

Common decency should have kept Tom from doing that, but he did not seem to be able to keep away from Miss Carbonnel. I did not know what to think. Cecily said nothing more about the matter. She worked feverishly. She painted not only what she saw, but she showed the spirit that she thought was there, too. She was bold. I should never have dared to paint Alice Carbonnel, even if I could paint a portrait as well as Cecily could — and did. I had not fully made up my mind about her. Cecily seemed more weary every night. Her condition made us anxious.

The portrait was finished sooner than we expected, but not any sooner than Cecily wished. We were asked over to see it. As we had not had even a glimpse of it, we were especially anxious to go. Cecily told us not to wait for her; she said that she hoped she should never see the old thing again.

Mary told us to go right up to the studio, and we did. We found Alice Carbonnel standing before her portrait, thoughtfully. There was dissatisfaction — keen disappointment — expressed in her attitude, as she stood there. Finally, she turned, and looked at us. She seemed too downcast to think of greeting us. Her eyes were those of a troubled child, and the tears were very near the surface.

"It is as beautiful as any one could wish," she said, sighing; "but, oh, have I no more soul than that?"

While Eve said — But I don't know what she said — I don't see what she could say to give her comfort — but she said something, and I looked at the portrait. It was a beautiful picture, and, at first sight, I found nothing lacking. But, as I looked, the impression grew upon me that it was the picture of a beautiful statue, cold and hard as marble. Indeed, it was something worse than that — a Rhine maiden, perhaps. It showed all of Alice Carbonnel's beauty, but — did it? I found something in the girl, herself, that I could not find a trace of in the portrait. It was impossible to believe that that was all of her — that she had no more soul than that. Nobody who had seen her with our children about her, for instance, could believe it. I tried to recall whether Cecily had seen her so, but I could not. I should have hated to think that Cecily could have done it of deliberate purpose. But I was not sure.

We stood there, looking at the portrait, in silence, for some time. It would have been difficult to say just what we thought of it, with Alice Carbonnel there, beside us, and with the painter of the portrait our friend. We felt, in a measure, responsible.

At last, Miss Carbonnel sighed again. Evidently, her heart was heavy.

"Well," she said, "I must go and write a letter for this afternoon's mail. I hope Tom is satisfied!"

That last sentence was not meant for us. It seemed wrung from her.

XI

Again Alice Carbonnel stood, silent, before her portrait. Except for her, the studio was deserted; and, as she looked at the pictured girl sitting there before her, in all her beauty, with a cold half-smile on her lips, her eyes filled. That half-smile expressed coldness, cynicism, a something else that she could not name, but she liked it less than either coldness or cynicism. She could conceive the pictured girl, there, before her, as capable of any cruelty; as taking delight in the torture of the innocent. Cecily was a genius at portrait-painting. These gifted people have us at a disadvantage. If Cecily's eyes were not yet fully opened, she would see more generously, in time. Meanwhile — well — some other people must suffer, as well as Cecily.

Two tears slowly ran down Miss Carbonnel's cheeks, and she nervously crumpled the letter that she held in her hand. "How could she?" she murmured. "How could she?"

There was a step outside the door. Tom had been ushered in by Mary — with a poor grace, as Cecily was not there — and had come right up, as was his custom. Miss Carbonnel did not make any attempt to wipe her eyes or to conceal her feelings. She turned toward him.

"Why, Alice!" he cried, in surprise. "What's the matter?"

She smiled with some bitterness, and nodded toward the portrait. "As others see us," she said. "I did n't know I was like that."

Tom gazed at the offending portrait for some minutes. "Well," he said, at last, "I have known Cecily to do better work. It's beautiful enough to satisfy anybody, but there does seem to be something lacking."

"Only my soul," returned Alice Carbonnel, with the same bitter smile. "A small matter, not worth mentioning. I hope you are satisfied, Tom."

"With the picture?" Tom asked lazily "Well, no, I'm not. But it is n't mine."

"With the picture," replied Miss Carbonnel, "or with what the picture has done. I don't see how she had the heart to do it." She sighed. "I must try to forget it."

She felt for her handkerchief and dropped the letter; but she did not move to pick it up. She wiped her eyes. Tom stooped to pick up the letter that she had dropped. As he stooped, there was upon his face a quiet smile of satisfaction. It was not like Tom Ellis to feel quiet satisfaction at another's grief — and that other Alice Carbonnel. His smile changed as he saw the letter, which lay at his feet with the superscription up.

"Harrison Rindge!" he cried. "Harrison Perkins Rindge! I begin to see a great light. What are you writing to him for? I beg your pardon, Alice." He put the letter in her hand. "I could n't help seeing it. It's none of my business what you are writing to him for."

Her smile had no bitterness in it now. "I don't mind telling you," she said, "that I am writing him for comfort in my affliction. I must mail the letter right away. It is almost too late for to-day's mail, now."

Tom looked at his watch. "It is too late, Alice. The mail closes, at the emporium, in just two minutes, and it would take you half an hour, at least, to get there. I'll tell you what I'll do." He put his watch in his pocket, with a motion of decision. "I'll guarantee that that letter goes on the New York express this afternoon."

"Can you do it, Tom? I've a good mind to let you try. You're sure you won't stop and read it, as soon as you're out of my sight?"

"Yep," said Tom. "You'd better trust me, for a change. I have a notion that there's as much for me in that letter as there is for you. I'll get it there, if I have to steal one of Old Goodwin's cars to do it."

Miss Carbonnel laughed. "Try it, then. If you get it there, I'll forgive you."

XII

Eve came to me in the middle of the forenoon of the next day, waving a telegram.

"From Harry," she said. "He's coming down and he's going to stay here."

"What does Harrison Rindge mean by being so sudden? Have n't we been at him, for months, to come down here? I wonder what can be the cause of his change of heart. When is he coming?"

"That 's the point," said Eve. "He is coming on the noon express, to-day. His reasons can wait. We have n't any too much time, if we are to meet him. Change your clothes, Adam. I should hate to have you appear in your garden clothes, to meet a New York train. I have to see about his room. Then we'll go over to father's and borrow a car."

I went, grumbling. At the worst, those New York people would think that I was the hired man. My garden clothes are hardly appropriate for a chauffeur, either. Eve has grown very particular.

Harrison Rindge is Pukkie's godfather. "That other rich man," we used to call him; I once saved him from a watery grave — much against my will. I know him better, now. Old Goodwin has always known him.

Old Goodwin did better than merely to lend us a car. When he heard that it was Harrison Rindge that the car was for, he offered to go himself. He is the best chauffeur that I know.

It was one of the older cars that we had. Old Goodwin drives at such a rate that he nearly uses up a car in a year. His this year's car was laid up with a spavin or something — he had been reckless with it, and it had got its leg in a hole and had strained a tendon. The old car ran like lightning, giving, to Eve and Pukkie and me, fleeting glimpses — very fleeting, indeed, those glimpses — of a country, now sere and bare and brown; now, as we mounted a hill, a sight of the bay, and, now, stretches of woods. The leaves rose in a cloud behind us, and some considerable portion of that cloud settled gradually in the back seat. I was sitting in the back seat.

It is over four miles to the station. We were late, of course, — rather, I should call it a very nice piece of calculation on Old Goodwin's part. He hates to wait, anywhere, for anything. Right ahead of us was the last curve to be rounded before we came in sight of the station. We were pelting along toward that curve when the train whistled and Old Goodwin settled back in his seat with a motion of satisfaction. Indeed, he was just starting to say something — probably about his promptness — when Eve and Pukkie and I were thrown into the air. We did not come down on the seat. Pukkie, I have reason to believe, landed among the various treadles with which the floor before the chauffeur's seat is dotted. They are for doing something to the car, I believe; they all worked, apparently. Old Goodwin's wheel held him in. There was a tremendous commotion in the car's insides, and it stopped short, — it had already done that, — and we got out, hurriedly.

We were all very quiet while Old Goodwin made his examination. It lasted a long time; then he extricated himself.

"Dead," he said with cheerfulness.

At the word there came a little scream, and we all looked up. There were Harrison Rindge and Alice Carbonnel, and he had her in his arms, and her face — had been turned up to his, I judged. Now, it was turned toward us, and it was

very red. They had imagined themselves temporarily out of the world, I suppose, being cut off from the station by the turn in the road. We had been so quiet, all of us, that we had not impressed ourselves upon them until Old Goodwin made that remark.

Harrison grinned, wider and wider, as he approached us. Miss Carbonnel came with a very pretty shyness. She was still blushing as she spoke.

"Well," she said, "I don't know that it matters very much. You would have known it before night. But we did n't mean to — to — inflict that upon you."

Eve smiled at her. "You almost took my breath away. But I am very glad, — more than you can imagine. My congratulations to you both." She turned to Harrison. "I am glad, Harry, that you have succumbed, at last. I don't see how you could help it."

"I could n't," replied Harrison. "I did n't want to. You should make a very pretty curtsey, Alice, for that."

"I do," said Miss Carbonnel, smiling and curtseying, there, in the middle of that country road. "Thank you, Eve. May I call you Eve — now?"

Eve smiled back at her; indeed, we were all smiling, continuously. "Of course. I should hope you would, now. But I feel just a little hurt. How long has this deception been practiced upon us? How long have you two people been engaged?"

She looked from Alice Carbonnel to Harrison; and Alice looked at Harrison and laughed.

"You might as well tell them," she said.

"I will, truthfully," he replied, grinning again. "I am not a good judge of time, under the circumstances. When you caught us, Eve, we had been engaged about a minute, I should think. Not more than five, anyway."

"Oh," Eve cried, chagrined, "I'm sorry. You don't *know* how sorry I am!"

"Sorry!" Harrison echoed.

"Yes," said Eve. "Sorry that we should have been in the way."

"Oh," said Harrison, and we all laughed; all but Pukkie, who did not understand what was going on, at all.

We left the car in the ditch — it took the six of us to push it there — and walked back, those four miles. I walked with Harrison, and presently Old Goodwin joined us. It was the pleasantest, gayest four-mile walk I have taken in many a day, but it was rather long for Pukkie. When he got tired, Harrison and I took turns in carrying him. It is astonishing how heavy a boy gets to be when he is nearly four. Alice Carbonnel dropped back and walked with Eve. She seemed to wish it.

"You must have been surprised," she said, "at — at everything."

"Yes," Eve answered, "I was. I won't deny it."

"I'm going to confess," said Miss Carbonnel. "Harrison asked me last spring, and I was n't ready to give him an answer, although I liked him well enough to give him his answer then and there." Harrison looked back and smiled at her, and she smiled back at him. "It was because — because I knew that he had been devoted to you, and I did n't know you, and — in short, I was n't used to playing second fiddle — to anybody."

She laughed shortly, and Harrison turned around to protest. "I'm talking to Eve," said Alice, with a smile; the kind of smile that makes you wish you could leave them alone for five minutes — or more. "You're not supposed to hear, Harrison.

"Now that Harrison is out of hearing," she continued, "perhaps I can talk freely — without fear of interruption. Well, I put him off for six months, and I came down here. He did n't know where I was."

"Oh, yes, I did," called Harrison, over his shoulder; "and I was n't afraid. Possibly you have observed, Eve, that I have

not accepted any of your invitations for the past six months."

Alice Carbonnel only smiled at Harrison's broad shoulders. "So I came down here," she repeated; "and I met you and — and everything. You know the rest. I found that I was quite willing to play second to you, Eve, and I wrote Harrison yesterday that he might come down if he still wanted to. And here he is, and everybody is happy."

Evidently Eve did not know what to say to the first part of that speech. The facts of the case were rather complicated. So she said nothing. But Alice Carbonnel's last statement was scarcely true.

"But, Alice," she said, "what about Tom? You don't explain his — "

"Oh," Alice answered, as if she had forgotten Tom, "I met Tom once, five or six years ago, during one of his college vacations. We spent the summer at the same hotel. He was — rather devoted. It did n't mean anything, of course."

"Of course," Eve murmured. She was rather silent for the rest of the way home.

We found Tom mooning about the place. Cecily was going back that afternoon, and Tom knew it. That may have had nothing to do with it, for he seemed to be cheerful enough. He shook hands with Harrison and congratulated him, although nobody had said anything to him about the matter. I wondered how he knew.

As we all stood there, silent but cheerful, Cecily came out. She must have been waiting, just inside the door, for us to come back. I did not know how long Tom had been there, but Cecily must have known that he was there, going about like a mild ravening beast, and she had not dared to show herself, before. She knows Harrison Rindge, of course, pretty well. Most of my friends know him.

He came forward and took her hand. "Are n't you going to congratulate us, too, Miss Snow?"

He stood there, smiling at her, and Alice Carbonnel was smiling at her, too. The situation was sufficiently obvious. Poor Cecily seemed to be a little frightened. She murmured something, casting her eyes down.

"How does the painting go?" Harrison asked, thinking, I suppose, to put her at her ease.

"Oh!" cried Cecily, raising her eyes appealingly. They were full of tears. She turned impulsively to Miss Carbonnel.

"Miss Carbonnel," she said, "the picture — your portrait. I ask your pardon. I want you to let me do another. It will be — different."

Harrison Rindge, evidently, did not know what she was talking about. I did; so did Miss Carbonnel.

"You are very good," she said, with real relief in her voice; "but what will you do with the first one — destroy it?"

"I should like to keep it," Cecily answered, in a low voice, "if you will let me. To remember my mistakes by," she added, smiling a little. "I shall not show it."

"I should consider it a favor," Miss Carbonnel said, "a great favor —"

"On your part," Cecily interrupted.

"No, on yours. That" — I had never, but once, seen Alice Carbonnel show so much emotion — "that hurt me. You don't know how it hurt."

"I do know," answered Cecily, her eyes again cast down. "I meant it to hurt. I am ashamed of myself. The new one will make up for it. I guess Eve will let me stay."

"If she will not," said Miss Carbonnel, smiling at her, "there is room in the house across the road."

"Thank you," returned Cecily. And she took Pukkie by the hand and wandered off in the direction of the lawn. When she had disappeared around the corner of the house, Tom followed, shamelessly.

"Miss Carbonnel," I asked, "I am

curious to know why you did n't say *your* house."

"I thought," she replied, "that it might hurt her — and, besides, it is n't mine. I am only a blind. The house belongs to Tom."

XIII

My lawn lies between the house and the hedge; beyond the hedge is the road. The lawn is not used much, except by the man who pushes the lawn-mower over it twice a week, people who are used to us preferring the gate, farther on. The lawn is rather for ornament than for use, and, helped by the hedge, it serves that purpose very well. It is sheltered from the winds, and, that morning, the sun of our late Indian summer lay warm upon it, and penetrated to the inmost recesses of the hedge. The hedge had lost all its leaves, long since, and the tangle of bare twigs showed plainly, reddish-brown in the sunlight.

When the house concealed her from us, Cecily stopped, and wiped her eyes and smiled. It had been the clearing shower, and she looked happier than she had for some weeks.

"Oh, Pukkie, Pukkie," she said, sighing, "now I don't know what we're here for, except that I had to go somewhere, away from everybody. Why did we come here? Do you know?"

"No," answered Pukkie promptly. "I want to go back where Miss Carb'nel is."

"What!" Cecily cried. "Mercy on us! Everybody seems to want to." She spoke a little impatiently. Then she stooped. "See here, Pukkie. It's nice and warm and sunny here. Stay here, and walk about with me for five minutes, and then I'll go back."

"Well," said Pukkie, "I will."

So they strolled across the lawn and back, and they found themselves close to the hedge. They slowly walked the length of it and turned.

"Is it five minutes yet?" asked Pukkie anxiously.

"No, you impatient little soul," Cecily answered. "It's about one." Her mouth was beginning to droop again.

"Oh," said Pukkie, "I thought it must be five. Excuse me."

"Bless your heart!" said Cecily. Her eyes wandered from Pukkie to the brown-red twigs of the hedge that were lighted by the sun. A dazzling point of light shone from its midst — from its very heart. As Cecily took a slow step forward, the point of light changed from blue to green and then to red.

"O Pukkie!" she cried. She felt a sharp pain at her heart, and she gave a little gasp. "O Pukkie!" she cried again; and she stooped and kissed him ecstatically.

Pukkie had already stopped short. "Are you sick?" he asked. He looked troubled. "I'll call mother."

"No, no," Cecily said hastily. "I'm not sick. Look there!" She pointed.

"Oh!" He gave a little squeal of delight. "What is it?"

"Get it, Pukkie," she said. "It's mine. Get it."

It was at about the height of his head, and nearly in the middle of the hedge, and hard to get. But he reached in. That throw of Tom's had not been so bad, after all.

"It won't come out," he complained. "Some little baby branches grow out, right over it, and they won't let it come. If I was big enough to have a knife, I could cut those branches off."

Cecily laughed nervously. She had n't a knife, either; but she could get one.

"Wait, Pukkie," she said. "You wait — and don't tell anybody — and I'll get a knife."

There came a voice — a familiar voice — from behind her. "What's the matter, Puk? I've got a knife. What do you want to cut?"

Cecily turned quickly, and went red and white and then red again. She tried to speak, but she could not.

"Oh, here!" Pukkie called joyfully. "Cut these off."

Pukkie kept his hold on the ring while Tom stepped forward, and cut off the twig just beyond his fingers.

"I guess Adam won't miss this," he observed; "although he might give me fits for spoiling his hedge, if he knew it. Give it here, Puk."

But Cecily had recovered her speech. "No!" she cried. "Give it to me, Pukkie. It 's mine." She turned to Tom. "You threw it away," she said. "You—"

Tom paid no attention to her. "Give it to me, Puk," he repeated.

Pukkie hardly knew what to do; but he responded to the authority in Tom's voice, and laid the ring in his hand.

"Thank you, Puk." Tom turned toward Cecily, with his old slow smile. "Now, Cecily," he said gently, "you shall have it. Hold up your finger."

Cecily stood, wavering, the red and the white chasing each other across her face. She stood wavering for a minute, perhaps, while Tom smiled at her and waited. Then she burst into tears, and Tom gathered her into his arms. What a thing to do, right out in front of the house, in plain sight of any one who happened to be passing! But people are not apt to be passing. It is lucky, for I doubt if it would have made any difference to Tom.

Cecily wept, softly, for a few minutes. Then a smile began to dawn through her tears. She held up her finger.

"Put it back, Tom," she whispered. "Why don't you put it back?"

Tom put it back. "There!" he said. "Now, is it on to stay, Cecily?"

"It's on to stay," answered Cecily. "Oh, I have had such an awful time, these last few months! Mother was right — and — you were right."

"I did n't hope," said Tom, then, "that you would find it out quite so soon, — although I did my best."

Cecily laughed. "I forgive you," she said, "and Miss Carbonnel. *Now* I can paint — with a light heart."

"So that's the reason," said Tom, smiling, "that you — "

"The only reason in the world," Cecily answered, laughing again. She turned and saw Pukkie, who was regarding them with solemn wonder, his feet far apart, and his hands clasped behind his back. "Bless you, Pukkie!" she cried; and she snatched him up, and kissed him.

The house across the road will be closed, as soon as Cecily has finished Alice Carbonnel's portrait. Tom says he will have to spend his winters in New York, for the present. Cecily has her orders to attend to.

THE REVELATION OF EVOLUTION

A THOUGHT AND ITS THINKERS

BY PERCIVAL LOWELL

A MASTER-THOUGHT lives always; it speaks forever in the echoes it evokes. We honor its conception as the Romans did Minerva sprung from the head of Jove. In it its thinker immortally lives on. For its birth we still remember long after the man himself is dead, and it is to celebrate one such centenary that so many meetings have this year been held. Yet, amid the resounding plaudits, few perhaps were conscious of what it was they cheered, nor among mankind's conceptions how Darwin's stood related to the rest. For the origin of species is as much a mystery as ever; it was for bringing animate existence within universal law that Darwin's memory is kept. It was as part of cosmogony's master-key that the thought that led to its unlocking was great. For in truth the rise of the organic is but the latest chapter in a serial of the sky. It is the culmination to the present hour of a long preparatory career. Though for us not the least important item of our world's eventful history, the space it fills is brief beside the æons through which the prefatory process stretches back into the past. Threading the shorter and the long alike, a single causal chain binds both into an articulated whole: the principle of evolution.

Evolution is nothing more nor less than the mainspring of the universe. Grand in its simplicity, it is the one fundamental fact on which all we know depends. From its influence nothing can escape; for it has fashioned everything, from nebula to man. To appreciate it is to recognize that the universe was not made from without, but grew to be what it is from within. Not a mechanism cunningly contrived, the cosmos is an organism that includes both you and me.

In view of the simplicity, the universality, the importance of the fact, the surprising thing is that it should have escaped most men's recognition so long. For we find it through the ages realized only by the master minds. Considering that man stands confronted by instances of it from his cradle to his grave, one is tempted to believe that the sole object exempt from its working, the one thing incapable of intelligent advance, is the mind of man himself. Certainly his self-bestowed title of *homo sapiens* can be only by brevet, a hoped-for honor to which so far he has but caricaturally attained. Quickness of apprehension is not his most marked trait, or he would surely have suspected the sarcasm of his scientific name. Yet, considered from the standpoint of evolution, the situation is perhaps all one could expect. Trial and error must needs have taken long to get him where he is.

Pushed or prompted from the forest, primeval man stood ushered on the plains. With the opening of the prospect thus presented him, began the widening of the horizon of his mind. Through this, as much as anything, he parted company from the brutes. Search for subsistence led him to wander, and his wanderings lured perception to journeys farther still. Alone with his flocks at night on the wide Chaldean steppes, his thoughts perforce gravitated to the stars. Something beyond the Earth swam into his ken as he sat and watched them swing silently over-

head. Not less was such communion furthered through his voyages by sea. Already the stellar courses must have been well known when the Phœnicians pushed boldly out into the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, to be guided by the Sun by day, by the constellations by night. Homer enumerates the asterisms they steered by, and it argues no mean familiarity with the heavens that they dared to be thus piloted, no matter what the season of the year.

So much of knowledge led to more. We may even trace its source. Mnesarchus, the father of Pythagoras, is said to have been a Tyrian merchant, who settled finally in Samos; and it was doubtless from sailing with him out of sight of land, through the long, cold winter nights, steering by the stars, that the boy's thoughts were turned to thinking what they meant — to better purpose than is commonly supposed. For the higher minds among the ancient Greeks reached marvelously correct ideas of the structure of the universe, considering their instrumental means. Five centuries before Christ, Pythagoras was cognizant that the Earth turned on her axis and revolved about the sun; and his doctrines, written out and extended by his follower Philolaus, were handed down in secret, for fear of priestcraft, through the centuries that followed. Debased on purpose for exposition to the people, the memory of the truth was lost, and so it came about that that arch-mediocrity, Ptolemy, imposed upon the world, to dominate it for more than a millennium, a false earth-centred astronomy by means of an imposing book.

The idea of evolution, too, had entered the keen Greek mind. Anaximander (611 to 545 B. C.) taught that from a vast unbounded body evolved a central mass, our earth; and out of the earth came life. Man, himself, he supposed had sprung from other animals, probably marine. Anaxagoras (450 B.C.) conceived motion to be the ruling spirit, and minute particles of things to have been gradually segregated to their present state. Cold played a part in this, and animals sprang from out the earth's aboriginal moist clay. In Empedocles's scheme we find spontaneous variation and the eventual survival of the fittest. While Lucretius, in his great epic on the Nature of Things, in which that brilliant poet-scientist resumed the learning of his foretime on the subject, says appositely (Book V, 826–827) that the earth spontaneously brought forth life, ceasing only when she passed the bearing age. Thus did the ancients strangely adumbrate the truth. Their cosmologic building differed from that of later ages chiefly in the character of the bricks. For the physical laws on which all such structures must be founded had not yet been found.

Then the long night of the middle ages settled down on man, when thought itself was blotted out. Nor did the idea of evolution come in with the dawn again of learning. Intellectually, men began anew, and took things as ready-made as a child his toys. Even the discoverer of the law of gravitation saw interposition in the orderly arrangement of the planets, from which the comets had been left exempt, and foresaw further interposition necessary to keep them going in the future. He tells us so very explicitly in his general scholium at the end of the *Principia*.

It was not till the middle of the seventeenth century of our era that the idea that the universe had evolved seems again to have occurred to man.

Descartes (1744) led speculation with his theory of vortices, the sun and planets being due to swirls in a continuous medium pervading space. It was accepted for twenty years or more by the best minds of the day, — Leibnitz, Huygens, and the like, — to be finally demolished by Newton. A century later, Kant devised another origin for the solar system. It might have been superb had Kant's knowledge of physics equaled his divining sight. He conceived a primal nebula, originally at rest, to have given birth to the sun and his cortège by the falling to-

gether of its parts, a self-acquired vitality of movement we now know to be as vain as the attempt to lift one's self bodily by one's bootstraps. To be commended for its daring, though, this bold modern driving of the chariot of the sun!

To Laplace, a generation later, is due the first truly scientific attempt at explanation. For it is one thing to perceive that the solar system must have grown to its present state, as a boy grows, by a development intrinsic to itself, and another to point out the actual steps of the process. Laplace in 1796, in his Exposition of the System of the Universe, advanced a cosmogony, with the reserve of a great mathematician who realized that observation and calculation alone can give certainty of result, which dominated scientific thinkers for three-quarters of a century. At the time it was published it seemed to account for the then known facts.

Laplace supposed a pristine nebula, tenuously vast, which rotated as an articulated whole because of friction between its parts. Contracting under its own gravity, it spun faster as it condensed, till its outer parts attained such speed that they reached the limit of abandonment, and a ring was left behind. Withdrawing farther, another ring was ultimately detached, and so the process went on, each ring separating in due order of distance from the sun. These gathered upon themselves to form the planets, which, still contracting and twirling faster as they shrank, threw off their satellites in turn. A grand conception for its simplicity, but too simple to be true. The advance of science since has disclosed some fatal flaws in it, which have obliged its giving up. First: the necessary friction for such solidarity of movement is not in nature. Substitutes for this have since then been devised, but unavailingly, to save the Laplacian idea, for other flaws in it are irremediable. The solar system is not as uniform in plan as then was thought. Especially must the comets be accounted for. Laplace expressly accepted them, for he considered he had proved them unattached visitors from other stars. Two errors caused him thus to think: one, a mathematical mistake first pointed out by Gauss; the other, the overlooking the sun's motion through space. He believed he had shown that the orbits of the comets were such as should mathematically be expected, did those bodies come to us from without. But in the course of his analytic transformations he had taken as convergent a series which in reality was not, and his formulæ had been vitiated in consequence. Gauss detected and exposed the fallacy; then, later, Schiaparelli wrote a paper showing, on other lines, that the comets must be deemed our own; and lastly Fabry of Marseilles, in a masterly memoir not sufficiently known, has demonstrated that were the comets not members of our solar system, hyperbolic, or unclosed, orbits among them should be very common, not one of which for certain has ever been observed.

That the precise manner of the cosmos' growth escaped its first investigator is not strange, as it has more or less eluded every thinker since who has tried to trace it. Yet, by standing on the shoulders of those who went before, each generation has peered a little farther back into the past. New acquisitions in physics, though disproving hypotheses once held, have led us by so much nearer to the truth. Its history is the chronicle of the mind's most brilliant march, which had been more than human had it not been cumbered by mistake. To miss the road at times does not preclude an eventual reaching of the goal. For science is not a chain of disconnected, successively discarded beliefs, as is sometimes popularly supposed, but itself a development growing to greater generality, and so to truth, as its horizon spreads. It is itself the archetype of what it seeks to solve.

More has now to be explained than Laplace envisaged. Thus comets, now known to be part and parcel of the solar system and vagrants from interstellar

space, demand recognition in any evolutionary scheme. Other intruding autochthones too, undiscovered a century ago, insist on disturbing the harmony of the Laplacian plan. Unconforming members, these, that cannot be ignored. It is in its outer parts that the system shows thus different and complex. The distant planets do not rotate in like sense with the near; while their satellites all retrograde. Then, too, the last-found satellite of Saturn, and that of Jupiter as well, move contrariwise from what their sisters do. Significant it is that it should always be the system's peripheral parts that differ from the main. Kirkwood, Roche, Trowbridge, Faye, Ligondés, and others, have met these difficulties singly or *en bloc* by explanations more correct than compelling. For in so many-elemented a matter the *might be* is other than the *must*. One *vera causa* has certainly been acquired, not subversive of, but supplementary to, what went before. For a previously unreckoned factor is tidal evolution. We owe its recognition to one almost unknown while he was living, the brilliant Edouard Roche. Ancillary, not all-directing, it has helped shape the system to its present state. At the hands of Sir George Darwin, the eldest son of the great naturalist, it has made the moon hint us the story of its birth; and at those of See, it speaks of the genesis of double stars. Certain it is that the system bears evidence of this action in the countenance it presents. Just as the moon shows us always the same face, so Mercury and Venus we now know turn one side in perpetuity to the sun, and the best seen satellites of the other planets seem to do the like to their cynosural lords. Tidal friction this bespeaks. To this cause, too, may the planets' axial tilts, progressing from inversion to uprightness as one comes inward to the sun, in all probability be ascribed, as Kirkwood first pointed out (1864).

Without attempting here a picture of what probably took place, let me sketch a line or two of its reconstruction as they have taken shape at midnight to one watcher of the stars. Strange to say, perhaps the latest news about our solar family has come from the smallest and most seemingly insignificant of its members. It is just because they are the simplest of its constituents and the least developed that they bear witness so well. Ask the children of a household, not their elders, if you want domestic facts. These little telltales are the meteorites, the stones which fall from heaven from time to time. Shrewdly questioned, these bits of meteoric stone and iron have a most surprising story to unfold, a tale which stretches so far back into the past as to stagger thought, and yet so fresh in their embalming of it as to seem of yesterday. Their speed and their great numbers show that they are cosmic bodies like the planets themselves, the unswept-up remnants, in fact, of what once strewed space, and out of which the planets were formed. They are thus parts of the primal nebula.

But important as this is, it is not all. Through the strange fretwork of their face, like the frosting of the cold of space upon the window-pane of time, we gaze upon a state of things antedating that nebula itself. For their Widmanstättian figures betray a constitution different from any known on earth. Most nearly kin to our deep minerals, their character and speed proclaim them as once part of some great solid globe placed where our sun now is, which at one time had itself been hot, and subsequently cooled. Fragments now, scattered orphanwise in space, they speak mutely of their parentage, and of the mighty cataclysm in that body whose shattering gave them birth. Parts of what went before, parts too of what is to-day, they are themselves the link in our chain of evidence connecting the present with the past, proving how we came to be. They are the tangible realization of what the philosophic seers saw with the mind's eye down the far vista of recalled time. Had any one told Laplace that man would ever hold and handle

parts of the very nebula from which we sprang, surely no one would have been more surprised than he.

From the information afforded us by meteorites we turn to another discovery of recent date, the recognition of the spiral nebulæ. So-called for their striking structure, they are also known as *white* for their spectroscopic look. Known for long in some few instances, it is their overwhelming commonness which has lately been descried. For they prove to constitute by far the greater number of all the nebulæ in the sky, and are sharply differentiated from the other class, the irregular or *green*. To them there is reason to believe all intermediate forms belong; the ring nebulæ being in reality spiral, and the planetary nebulæ too, types both of the same process reduced to its lowest terms. Their structure speaks unmistakably of evolution, and their universality proclaims such evolution to be the inevitable procedure of the universe.

Their color, white, arises from their showing a continuous spectrum, and indicates that they are composed in large part at least of solid particles, whereas the *green* tint of the others comes solely from glowing gas. Now, this spectrum is just what they should show were they flocks of meteorites, — and such they undoubtedly are. They give us, therefore, the second chapter of the evolutionary history. For, from their peculiar structure, we can infer what the process was that scattered the constituents of the once compact ball whose existence the meteorites attest. They consist of a central core from which two spiral coils unfold, the starting-point of the one diametrically opposite the other. Now this is what would happen had the original mass been tidally disrupted by a passing tramp. Tides in its body would be raised toward and opposite the stranger, and these would scatter its parts outward; the motion due the tramp combining with the body's spin to produce the spiral coils we see. Just as in the meteorites we have found the substances from which our solar system rose, so in these nebulæ we see an evolution actually in process which may have been our own.

Turning now to our solar system, we mark in it arrangements which cannot be the result of chance. An orderly disposition in the motions of its parts shows that it evolved according to definitely acting laws. In some we can trace their action analytically, in some it still remains hidden from our ken. But we already know enough to be sure that the system grew to be what it is, not that it arose as such. Every year adds something to help to point its path. Not simply the disposition of the motions, but a disposal of the masses in it has recently been recognized — a disposal so peculiar that it calls for a mechanical basis, which we shall some day find. On this, as on other signposts of the course it took to fashion the orderly arrangement we today behold, space forbids my dwelling.

But the nebular hypotheses of mechanics are only the outer portals and broad avenues of evolution. They leave us on the threshold of where the greatest, because the most intrinsic, interest begins: that strange development by which the inorganic grew into the organic by due process of change. To Lockyer we owe its far-off preface-reading in the chemistry of the stars. The dissociation of matter he thought to mark in the hottest of these suns is the point at least from which evolution set out. His detailing of the process has not indeed proved true, but his suggestion of how and where to look for it is not by that impaired. Just as the real nebula was not as Laplace supposed, so with Lockyer's dissociation of elements in the stars. Matter may not be resolvable in the manner that he thought, but that evolution is the inevitable concomitant of the process of cooling down, everything testifies to be the fact.

Coming earthward from the stars, we can mark this causal cooling through the whole range of evolutionary development. One stage of it we see in the present con-

stitution of the sun; another in its retinue of worlds. In our great hearth-fire all substances are in their elemental state. It is too hot there for chemical affinity to act. In the major planets, where the heat is less, compounds have begun to form, but compounds of which we have no counterpart on earth. We note them by their unknown spectral bands, so beautifully brought out by Slipher, and we think they must be compounds as we miss them in the stars. In our own world, where it is colder still, chemical combination has advanced yet further, and has been doing so increasingly since the earth began to cool. In the record of the rocks we read of eras when only the inorganic could exist. Then, as that same history reveals, the greater intricacy of the organic molecule became possible through the tempering of its habitat. The step was taken which seems to us so great but was in fact so small, the waking of the molecule to life. That its beginnings cannot be reproduced in laboratories to-day is because the conditions that evolved them have themselves changed, and those conditions are well-nigh impossible of recall. In Lucretius's words, our mother is now too old. Nevertheless, as Professor Jaggar has suggested, volcanoes, hot springs and their surroundings, the dying-out conditions of the primeval world, are the place to look for such instructive atavism to-day; and there possibly a clue to it may yet be found. Meanwhile noteworthy experiments by Burke, with radium on gelatinous films in sterilized tubes, have led to growths singularly simulative, to say the least, of the reality; while still other very remarkable researches by Bose upon the responsiveness of metals, plants, and animals, go in another way to demonstrate them kin.

Just as researches on this earth all point to the bringing forth of life by a planet as the necessary outcome of its own career, provided its physical condition be right, so has investigation in the sky. From our island home in space we may peer across to other islands voyaging through the void, and by telescopic help mark what there is going on. In very different stages we find them, of their own evolutionary career. Such diversity of itself attests a general development, for on no two were either the beginnings or the course the same. Some are youthful, some are old; some were fairly like us at the start, some fundamentally diverse. Only where conditions are roughly similar could we expect to behold anything familiar, and even there it would not be the same. All the more compelling if we find evidence of the oneness of the whole. Now, within the last few years, research has brought to light testimony that our nearest of solar kin has had its organic history too. Upon the planet most likely to support such existence at the present moment, other than ourselves, study has disclosed features which cannot be explained except as evidence of transplanetary life. Pregnant with thought this is, for it brings corroboration of the whole evolutionary process from beyond the confines of our native earth. That the inorganic should develop into the organic on a single planet might perhaps be accidental, but not on two. From Mars comes the cosmic assurance that it is Nature's law.

When now in retrospect we contemplate this growing recognition of the universe's march, two thoughts come to us together; one of admiration, the other of surprise. For a certain grandeur possesses us at the thought of man's perception stretching out into the vastness of space, and by it being carried into the immensity of time. Man! whose little life is rounded out by three-score years and ten, and whose tenantable domain is the film-like cuticle of this small earth; an inheritance shrinking, like Balzac's Peau de Chagrin, year by year through his enjoyment of it. For steadily he is diminishing his supply: exterminating its simpler denizens, deforesting it of trees, and crowding it continuously more and more. That man, whose ancestors entered on all fours, should at last look

up, then look before, and ultimately beyond, has in it force to fire imagination and clothe him with something close of kin to immortality.

Side by side with this is the wonder that his awakening took so long. How man, so ingenious in what affects him, should have remained blind to the process of which he is a part, seems glaringly absurd. One had almost deemed the thought intuitive, did man not insist on testifying to the reverse. Darwin's contemporaries refused even to consider his conception, demanding proof he had not to give, deaf to the self-conviction of common sense. Theirs was the cautious logic of the Irishman who, when arraigned on a charge of theft, and asked if he pleaded guilty, said, "Faith, and how can I tell until I've heard the ividence." Logic is good, but the analogic at times does better. For there is nothing but what, by slow gradation, is turning into something else. The very world he lives in changes while he is there, and the earth he waked to as a boy, by middle age has already passed away.

His very opportunity for noting was cause why he failed to see. What is oft repeated ceases to impress. Familiarity dulls perception, and leads us to accept as matters of course the daily miracle of the course of matter. His unique position as the highest product of that evolution up to date abetted his blindness. He was too self-centred to look around. The egotistic interest that nature gave him to further and perpetuate his kind grew by what it fed on, till in its overweening vanity it shut out all beyond. From the moment he began to think, we find him fashioning the universe about himself as core. His very fears and weaknesses receive anthropomorphic treatment at his hands, and hover round him to injure if not propitiated or cajoled. All else he finds designed to minister to his wants. The spot he stands on must be the pivot about which the very cosmos turns. The earth, forsooth, is the centre of the universe, because to have it otherwise detracts from his importance and minifies his fame. Around it must turn the sun, and about it revolve the stars. And all because nature implanted in him the sense of his own importance that he might the more evolve. Puppet of her contrivance, he has outdone her most sanguine hopes by taking seriously the flattery she meant for spur. The humoring of nature has its innate humor too.

Out of this plane of myopic mediocrity rises now and then a man. A mutation, the biologist would call him, a sport. And the world's sport he usually is, or worse. The fact that he differs from his fellows is cause for condemnation at once. All animals show the like aversion to what is not their kind. It is a well-known biologic law. The sole difference in the case of man is that mental variations are most hated by humanity, bodily ones by brutes. Only intrinsic excellence enables such mutations to survive; the fact that they can stand alone in self-sufficiency.

Now the chief distinction between this man and his mates is one so evident as at first to elude full recognition. For it is simply that he is intrinsically distinct. Not so much that his intellect is keener, nor that his energy is great, though both these are ancillary to the result, but that he sees things untrammeled by the prejudices of his time. He rises superior to the crystallized conceptions of the race. This may seem a trifling matter; in truth it involves all. If we scan history we shall find that every age has had its dogmas in every branch of life, dogmas which have completely swayed the thought of its day. It is part and parcel of man's constitution that this should be so. Without the balance-wheel of retarding conservatism, the human machine would run awry. Nor were such ideas blamable at the time they first took start. But not one of them but had become a debased fetish at the time of its greatest cult. Like coins that have long passed current, the face they stood for has all been worn away, though their face-value remains the same. The world that uses them as counters is a

different world from that which gave them vogue.

The quality of a genius consists in the ability to put off these shackles on reason and see things as they are. Bowing neither to custom nor authority, he perceives facts undistorted by the glasses society has self-imposed. Perspective orders thus the view; and imagination synthesizes the survey to inevitable conflict with his time. Lamarck saw thus, and Darwin, too; and both in their day were the abjured, not only of the ignorant, but of that lower class of scientists who conceive science to be limited to the accumulation of facts. The fact-gatherer is a necessary factor in all advance, but for him to usurp its captaincy is like the labor-champion who claimed that labor built the railroads because it laid the rails. "Did you ever think," said the man he addressed, "that the end attained depended on where the rails were laid?"

By rising above the conventionalities and prejudices of his time, the genius attacks the problem with an open mind and gives his own fertility free scope. Had the old Greeks not been ingrained with the notion that the circle was the only perfect figure, and thus the only one that heavenly bodies could pursue, they might themselves have discovered the elliptic character of the planet's paths. Kepler, by discarding the dogma, lit upon the law. So Darwin upset all tradition by looking it in the face. The eventual effect of such envisaging is twofold: direct, upon those capable of comprehending it; indirect, in altering the mental attitude of mankind at large. And the second is the more potent of the two. The chief function of genius is to change the world's point of view.

The point of view has more to do with comprehension than any amount of proof. We remember how Voltaire exposed the social fallacies of his time by introducing to their notice an unconventionalized soul, Candide, and narrating what befell him under the simple guidance of rationality and truth. How ill reason fared by the process, though every one professed to be governed by it, is there set forth. We all now see with Voltaire and are amused at the self-deception of two centuries ago. Yet the mass of us are just as blind when it comes to matters of to-day; the objects have changed, the subject remains as before.[1]

The fact is, we believe we act from reason when reasoning shows we acted from belief. What we were taught in our earliest years is very hard to unlearn afterwards. And this is not only natural, but the expression of a fundamental cosmic law. One quality of matter is what is called its inertia. Inertia means a body's objection to change of state; if the body was at rest, at rest it stays if unimpressed; if moving, it continues to move in the same direction and with like speed. It would go on forever in the same way, were no other force or friction to stop it. Now, ideas are just as subject to this basic principle as a cannon-ball. They require force to start them, but once started their momentum is immense. They go rolling down the ages long after the force that impelled them has been forgotten, so long since it was spent.

Each century starts with the ideas it was bequeathed. To alter them is no easy task. For whether right or wrong their own inertia carries them on. Even the sun could not stop the earth in a moment. A new idea means the introduction of a new force. Now, no finite force can produce its full effect at once Time is necessary for it to tell, even were it to act unhindered. But it is rarely suffered to do anything of the sort. The ideas already in the field oppose it to the

[1] Even as this essay stood between pen and print a geologist out West, in a long letter to *Science*, has repeated, in reference to the facts here set forth, the old attacks on Darwin for daring to synthesize the facts; though the geologic facts are from Sir Archibald Geikie, our own Dana, and DeLapparent, who should certainly geologically be treated with respect. Astronomically he is unaware that what prompted his contention, the Planetesimal Hypothesis, is mathematically unsound.

utmost of their power, with the dogged persistency of the popular precept: "Don't push, just shove." No wonder the newcomer finds it hard. When at last such a one has made its way we say, How simple! forgetting that the half of genius is the ability to see clearly where others are preconceivably blind, the other half the force to set its concept going. The more fundamental the idea, the more it runs counter to current belief, and the harder for it to make headway.

Neither strength nor courage is needed to profess what every one admits; to progress needs both, opposed as it is, not only by the ignorant, but by the organized scientific orthodoxy of its time. For scientists, like other men, are prone to forget that the unaccepted of to-day is the established of to-morrow, and in their attitude toward new concepts remind one of the bashful young man who was afraid to propose. At last his father twitted him with his timidity. "That I should have a son who dared not come to the point. Where would you have been, I should like to know, had I not proposed to your mother?" "Oh, that is quite different," the son replied; "you only asked mother. I have got to ask a strange girl." Our scientific heirlooms are our mothers; our own additions to science, the girl we have got to win. Every mother was a stranger once — and the less near of kin, the fresher blood she brought.

Especially is this the case where the new idea affects man's vanity by lessening his self-esteem. Darwin's ideas did both, and many of us can remember the storm of opposition they evoked. Not very creditable, as we look back upon it, to man's intelligence, but understandable when we consider the underlying principle of inertia of mind. Perhaps no event ever brought it out more saliently, crowded with such cases as history is. For common sense, rather than uncommon subtlety, was here concerned. Proof, properly speaking, there was not. Yet the subversion was complete. Hardly a man of his own generation accepted his ideas; not a man of the next but subscribed.

But there is, unfortunately, a sad side to it which we shall do well to let sink into our hearts. A genius speaks to one world, only to be heard by another. The world of his own day turns a deaf ear to him, the world of the generation that comes after acclaims. The cause is none the less pitiful for being tautologic. Were he not ahead of his time he were no prophet. For a man to get the world's ear while he is yet alive is his damning with faint praise. To be easily appreciated argues one too much a creature of the moment to outlast it long. *Vox posteritatis vox veritatis.*

But think what this means to the man himself. Any one who has ever stood at night on some isolated mountain-top, held up unshielded to the stars, knows the awe-enshrouded solitude that strikes into his soul. Under his feet is naked rock, foothold and no more; about him scanty air that yields the merest pittances of breath; above, seemingly so close at hand, the silent void where shine the frosty stars amid the outer cold of space. Everything around him stands eternally inert. No sign of life, or even hint that such a thing can be, extends so much as mute companionship. Absent are the very fringes of his own existence deemed solitude below: the trees, the grass, the flowers. Only the great elemental forces exist for him, with which he has no kin, forces working out their alien ends with an indifference that kills. To oppose them all he has but his own unconquerable will.

To be a pioneer in thought is to stand thus alone with nature, not for a few minutes, but for life. The isolateness of the few great minds of each generation of men is utterly undreamed of, for want of understanding, by those about them. Yet think what it is to pass one's days in a thought-world where the thinker roams alone; to grapple with problems the very terms of which are beyond ordinary comprehension, and the solution appreciated only in years to come; to

contemplate in lonely ecstasy, after still lonelier despair, the revelation that comes with months and more of pondering. When some one asked Newton how he came to make his wonderful discoveries, he replied, "Simply by always thinking about them." Consider Kepler toiling year after year fruitlessly for some ratio that should link the planet's motions by a general law, calculating assiduously and putting hypothesis after hypothesis aside as he found it would not work, until at last, after almost inconceivable toil, he hit upon the one that would.

As if this loneliness by nature were not enough, it must needs be accentuated by man. For he rises in such cases in chorus to condemn. Consider Darwin, in patient study, testing the working out of natural selection and adding fact to fact, only to have the whole denounced as ridiculously absurd. Think you the denunciations of the master while living are wholly compensated by the plaudits after he is dead? The loneliness of greatness is the price men make the genius pay for posthumous renown.

To him we may never make amends. But we may vicariously atone for past stupidity by timely care not to commit the like ourselves. The truest tribute to the dead is not to praise him, but to practice the principle for which his life was great. Let us, then, free ourselves as much as may be from those blinding prejudices by which each generation seeks to better its successor. Let us be open-minded, and remember that the true regard is not to accept to-day what yesterday failed to appreciate, but to champion the advance that now is making while yet it is to-day.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

III

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

And now I beg to refer to our enemies, and in doing so I shall direct the reader's attention to that upon which mine is fixed, to Lee's character and to the spirit of his army, rather than to its numbers, position, or organization. True, what I am gazing upon is not so clearly defined as the Army of Northern Virginia in camp; but the everlasting things that appeal to us are never quite distinct; and if by chance they become so, if science penetrate them through and through, or illuminate them on all sides, they lose their power over us, and are silent and speechless. Although Science has had her victories over our primeval instincts, she has no sooner buried one, than behold! a resurrection, and a more ethereal and smiling face appears on the frontier of the Unknown.

I am free to confess, moreover, that strategy, grand tactics, and the record of military movements, however stirring they were in the Civil War, are not the features that engage my deepest interest; but, if I may be allowed so to convey my meaning, it is a figure, cloud-wrapped, called the spirit which animated the armies of North and South. That, *that* is what I see. And lo! in her uplifted beckoning hand is what seems to be a great scroll, and my pen whispers to me that it is not the record of mere details of battles. I may be deceived, but as sure as we live, the sound reaches us of axes fall-

ing as they frame a new story on the old mansion of history; not to house the tale of soldiers engaged, soldiers killed and wounded, or to preserve the records of the charge of this regiment upon that, or the slaughter of this division by that. No, no, not the multitude of dead, or the pictures of their glazing eyes and pleading, bloodless hands shall engage the pen that fills the records of that new story. We do not know what the genius of history will treasure there, yet we know that on its hearth a fire will burn whose flames will be the symbol of the heroic purpose and spirit that beat in the hearts of the pale, handsome youths who strewed our fields. And where the beams from those flames strike the walls, new ideals will appear, and up in the twilight of the arches in the roof will be faintly heard an anthem, an anthem of joy that new levels have been reached by mankind in gentleness and in love of what is pure and merciful. Wars that will not add material for this new story of the old mansion of history ought never to be fought.

Be all this as it may, what was it that so animated Lee's army that, although only about one-half as strong in numbers as we were, they fought us to a standstill in the Wilderness, and held their lines at Spottsylvania, although we broke them several times? What sustained their fortitude as they battled on, month after month, through that summer, showing the same courage day after day, till the times and seasons of the Confederacy were fulfilled?

Well, to answer this, I know no better way than to propose a visit to the Army of Northern Virginia, say on the night of January 18, 1864. But before setting off on our quest, let us recall that, through either exhaustion, mismanagement, or unavoidable necessity, supplies for man and beast were, and had been, so meagre that there was actual suffering. My own memory bears evidence that it was an unusually severe winter. The snow from time to time was four and six inches deep, and again and again it was bitter cold. We do not know what the weather was on that particular night of January 18, but in the light of the following letter to the Quartermaster-General of the Confederacy, does it seem unfair to assume that snow covered the ground, and that the wind was blowing fiercely? Or does it seem unfair to fancy that Lee heard it howl through the cedars and pines near his headquarters, as he thought of his poorly clad, half-fed pickets shuddering at their lonely posts along the Rapidan, and took his pen and wrote to the Confederate Quartermaster-General?

"General: — The want of shoes and blankets in this army continues to cause much suffering and to impair its efficiency. In one regiment I am informed that there are only fifty men with serviceable shoes, and a brigade that recently went on picket was compelled to leave several hundred men in camp who were unable to bear the exposure of duty, being destitute of shoes and blankets."

The record seems to show that this state of affairs endured, and that repeated pleas were made both for food and for clothing. Whatever may have been the response to them throughout the winter, those who saw the contents of the haversacks taken from the dead or wounded in the Wilderness will recall their surprise. Often they contained only a few pieces of corn-bread and slices of inferior bacon or salt pork. In this want do you find any explanation of Southern fortitude? No, but it helps us to appreciate it truly.

With this prelude, let us go on with our visit. And as we breast the fierce wind, and tramp on through the snow from camp to camp, halt! what is that we hear from those houses built of logs or slabs? Men are preaching and praying earnestly; for during those bleak winter nights, so have the chaplains recorded, a great revival was going on. They tell us that in every brigade of the sixty odd thousand men, the veterans of Gaines's Mill, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg were on their knees asking God to for-

give their sins, to bless their far-away homes and beloved Southland. One of the officers of a battery tells us in its history that right after retreat they always met for prayer and song, and that when the order came to march for the Wilderness, while the teams stood ready to move, they held the battery long enough to observe their custom of worship.

In those sacred hours when the soldiers of Northern Virginia were supplicating their Creator through his Son to forgive them all their sins, and imploring his hand to guide them on in the paths of righteousness, I think we find at least profoundly suggestive material for the answer to the question: Whence came the spirit that animated and sustained their fortitude through those eleven months of battle? The sense of peace with God is as much a reality as the phenomenon of dawn or the Northern Lights. Moreover, hear what Carlyle says about an idea: "Every society, every polity, has a spiritual principle, the embodiment of an idea. This idea, be it devotion to a man or class of men, to a creed, to an institution, or even, as in more ancient times, to a piece of land, is ever a true loyalty; has in it something of a religious, paramount, quite infinite character; it is properly the soul of the state, its life; mysterious as other forms of life, and, like those, working secretly, and in a depth beyond that of consciousness."

Do not the losses of the Southern armies tell us that there was an idea, something of a religious, paramount, quite infinite character possessing the South? If they do not, go stand among the graves in the Confederate cemetery at Spottsylvania, and you certainly will hear from the tufted grass that a principle was embodied in an idea.

There is something more to be added in regard to the Army of Northern Virginia, namely, the strength that came to it through the character of Lee, — a strength so vital that although he and most of his army are in their graves, it still lives, not as a force resisting the Army of the Potomac fighting to maintain our country undivided, but as fountains inspiring history to preserve the memories of the Confederacy. I sincerely believe that, with Lee out of the Rebellion, its star, that hangs detached but glowing softly over these bygone days of the war, would long since have set.

In looking for the source of Lee's personal influence, we have to go back, I think, to the inherited habit of respect which the people of the South paid to social position. It was not born of a feeling of subservience, however, for the poorest "cracker" had an unmistakable and un-self-conscious dignity about him. He always walked up to and faced the highest with an air of equality. No, this latent respect was a natural response on the part of men of low estate to good manners, and oft-displayed sympathy. Lee, by his connection through birth and marriage with the most distinguished and best families of Virginia, represented the superior class. Moreover, that he was a Lee of Virginia, and by marriage the head of the Washington family, had, from one end of the South to the other, a weight which the present commercial, mammon-worshiping age knows or cares but little about.

Again, nature in one of her moods had made him the balanced sum, in manners and looks, of that tradition of the well-bred and aristocratic gentleman, transmitted and ingrafted at an early age through the cavaliers into Virginia life. But for his military prowess he had something vastly more efficacious than ancestry or filling the mould of well-bred traditions. He had the generative quality of simple, effective greatness; in other words, he had an unspotted, serenely lofty character whose qualities were reactive, reaching every private soldier, and making him unconsciously braver and better as a man. So it is easy to see how the South's ideal of the soldier, the Christian, and the gentleman unfolded, and was realized in him as the war went on. His army was made up chiefly of men of low

estate, but the truth is that it takes the poor to see ideals.

Taking into account, then, these two mysterious yet real forces, religion and exalted character, we have all the elements, I think, for a complete answer to the question we have raised. But now, let the following extracts from Lee's letters leave their due impression of what kind of a man he was at heart; for it is by these inner depths of our nature that we stand or fall, whether we were born in the same room of the palatial mansion of Stratford where two signers of the Declaration of Independence were born, or in a log cabin in Kentucky. The first was written to his son Custis on the 11th of January, 1863, just about a year before our fancied visit to his camp: —

CAMP, 11th *January*, 1863.

I hope we will be able to do something for the servants. I executed a deed of manumission, embracing all the names sent me by your mother, and some that I recollected, but as I had nothing to refer to but my memory I fear many are omitted. It was my desire to manumit all the people of your grandfather, whether present on the several estates or not.

Later, he sent the following: —

"I have written to him [a Mr. Crockford] to request that Harrison [one of the slaves] be sent to Mr. Eacho. Will you have his free papers given him? I see that the Va. Central R. R. is offering $40 a month and board. I would recommend he engage with them, or on some other work at once. . . . As regards Leanthe and Jim, I presume they had better remain with Mrs. D. this year, and at the end of it devote their earnings to their own benefit. But what can be done with poor little Jim? It would be cruel to turn him out on the world. He could not take care of himself. He had better be bound out to some one until he can be got to his grandfather's. His father is unknown, and his mother dead or in unknown parts."

In a letter to his son, W. H. F. Lee, who had just been released from captivity, and whose wife Charlotte had died: —

God knows how I loved your dear, dear wife, how sweet her memory is to me. My grief could not be greater if you had been taken from me; and how I mourn her loss! You were both equally dear to me. My heart is too full to speak on this subject, nor can I write. But my grief is for ourselves. She is brighter and happier than ever — safe from all evil and awaiting us in her heavenly abode. May God in His mercy enable us to join her in eternal praise to our Lord and Saviour. Let us humbly bow ourselves before Him, and offer perpetual prayer for pardon and forgiveness. But we cannot indulge in grief, however mournfully pleasing. Our country demands all of our strength, all our energies. . . . If victorious, we have everything to hope for in the future. If defeated, nothing will be left us to live for. This week will in all probability bring us work, and we must strike fast and strong. My whole trust is in God, and I am ready for whatever He may ordain. May He guide, guard and strengthen us is my constant prayer.

Your devoted father,

R. E. LEE.

In the foregoing reference to Lee, and to the spirit of his army, I trust there is some food for reflection, and somewhat that is informing. For I cannot make myself believe that a true history of the war can be written, fair to the South and fair to the North, that does not try at least to make these spiritual forces real. Surely due measure cannot be given to the gallantry of the soldiers of the North, who won victory for their country at last, if we do not realize what they had to overcome in the almost matchless courage of their adversaries.

But let no one be deceived — Lee's army were not all saints. In his, as in all armies, there were wretches guilty of most brutal conduct, — wretches who

habitually rifled the dead and wounded, crouching and sneaking in the darkness, sometimes passing through a hot fire, — as when our lines after assaults were close, — and going from one dead body to another, thrusting their ogreish hands quickly and ruthlessly into pockets, and fumbling unbeating breasts for money and watches, their prowling fingers groping their way hurriedly along the pale, dead ones for rings. Thank God! the great mass of the armies, North and South, respected the dead, and turned with aversion from those ghoulish monsters, the barbarous and shameful outcome of bitter and prolonged war. But there are vermin that breed in the darkness of the foundation of cathedrals and lonely country churches; and yet a holy spirit breathes around their consecrated altars, and in the steeples are bells, and the tops of the spires catch the first gleam of dawn.

So, so it is, and so it was with both armies that went into the Wilderness, — there were vermin in the walls, but there were steeples and holy breathings.

Everything being ready, Grant, on Monday, May 2, directed Meade to put the army in motion at midnight of the following day for the lower fords of the Rapidan. The orders to carry this into effect were written by Humphreys, Meade's Chief of Staff, and were sent to the corps commanders the same day, who at once, in compliance with them, placed guards in all the occupied houses on or in the vicinity of their line of march, to prevent information being carried to the enemy that the army was moving.

Early in the afternoon of Tuesday, the Third Division of cavalry under Gregg, then at Paoli Mills, moved southeastward through lanes and woods to the road already described connecting Stevensburg and Fredericksburg. He struck it at Madden's, and followed it eastward till he came to Richardsville, a hamlet about two and a half miles from Ely's Ford. There he went into bivouac, with orders from Sheridan to keep his command out of sight as much as possible. About ten o'clock a canvas pontoon train that had been brought up from the Rappahannock drew into his sleeping camp, rested till midnight, and then, preceded by an advanced guard, set out for the river. When daylight broke they were at the ford, and Gregg, after laying the bridge, moved on up with his cavalry to Chancellorsville.

Meanwhile Hancock at midnight awakened his great Second Corps, and at 2 A. M. set off with it from Lone Tree Hill, to follow Gregg. His troops moved through woods and fields till they came to Madden's, so as to leave the road free from Stevensburg to that point for Warren. The Madden's referred to is an old farmhouse on a gentle knoll, with some corn-cribs, log-stables, and huddled fruit trees where chickens and turkeys roost, all overlooking a flat field to the west that is dotted with blackened stumps of primeval oaks. It is about a third of the stretch from Stevensburg to the river.

Dawn had broken, and the morning star was paling, when the head of the Second Corps reached the bluffy bank of the Rapidan. There it halted for a moment while the wooden pontoon bridge that accompanied it was laid. The river spanned, the corps filed down and began to cross into the Wilderness. Hour after hour this bridge pulsed with the tread of Hancock's twenty-seven thousand men, veterans of many fields. The swelling bluffs offer more than one point where in fancy the reader might sit alone and overlook the moving scene. I wish for his sake that with one stroke of this pen, as with a magic wand, I might make it really visible. It was one of those sights which the memory cherishes: the river flowing on, glinting, the never-ending column of blue, the bridge rumbling prophetically as the batteries drew on and off it, the spirit of the brave young fellows hovering over them or walking beside them as they moved on to win glory at last for their country. But however all this may be,

the dauntless Second Corps, led on by Webb and Birney, Brooke and Carroll, Miles, Barlow, and Gibbon, crossed and marched up to the old battlefield of Chancellorsville. Hancock with his staff reached there by 9.30, his last division about 3 P. M. Some of his troops had marched over twenty-three miles, which, inasmuch as they carried three days' rations, their muskets, and fifty rounds of ammunition,— under a hot sun and with not a leaf stirring, — was a hard tramp. On Hancock's arrival, Gregg moved on several miles to the south, to the old furnace road on which just about a year before Stonewall Jackson had marched on his last and historic move to strike the right of Hooker's army, posted over the identical field where Hancock's corps went into bivouac. A reference to this will be made when we come to place the army before the reader's eye as night fell that first day, after all had reached their allotted camps.

And now, leaving Hancock at Chancellorsville, where Sheridan joined him with most of the cavalry save the First Division, which had been left to look out for the rear of the army as it moved away from its winter quarters, let us turn to Wilson, Warren, and Burnside. At dark on Tuesday, Wilson's pontoon train took the road for Germanna Ford. When it got within quick reaching distance, a half-mile or so, of the river, it halted in the thick woods. It was then ten o'clock, a moonless but beautiful starlit night. At three o'clock the Third Indiana Cavalry, under Chapman, cautiously drew near the ford, waited till dawn appeared among the trees, then hurried down, forded the river, and brushed away the startled Confederate pickets who had their reserve in the old, ragged field on the bluff overlooking the ford.

Meanwhile, the bridge was brought forward, and Wilson was on hand with the rest of his division, which included Pennington's and Fitzhugh's batteries of light artillery. At half-past five — the sun rose at 4.49 — the bridge, two hundred and twenty feet long, was finished, and by six o'clock the cavalry had crossed, most of them having forded the river, and the head of Warren's corps, which had marched from the vicinity of Culpeper at midnight, was drawing near. Then Wilson pushed on up toward the Lacy farm. On Warren's arrival, another bridge was laid at once, and his corps, Ayres with his Regulars in the lead, began to cross. The troops, once they gained the bluff, threw themselves down and rested by the roadside while they ate their breakfast, and then followed Wilson up the narrow and deeply overshadowed road.

The Sixth Corps, the best liked of all in the army, began its march from around Brandy at four o'clock for Stevensburg. There it fell in behind Warren, and followed him to Germanna Ford. They were rumbling by my tent at Brandy all through the night; the enormous train of over four thousand wagons was on the move headed eastward, in bands of from twenty to two hundred, on lanes and roads, all converging at Richardsville, where they were to go into park. This hamlet of several weather-worn houses is on the road to Ely's Ford, and about seven or eight miles east of Stevensburg. Grant's, Meade's, and corps headquarters, and half of the ammunition and ambulance trains, moved with the troops.

The depots at Brandy began to ship back to Washington early on Tuesday. It was a very busy day for me and for every one else in charge of stores at the depots. Trains were backing in to be loaded with surplus stores; fresh troops, infantry and cavalry, were coming, and had to be supplied at once, whole regiments in some cases, with arms and equipments. Teams stood, waiting, the drivers clamorous for their turn to load with ammunition or delayed supplies; other teams under the crack of their drivers' whips, were quickly taking their chance to unload condemned stores, and all were more or less impatient because they could not be served immediately, and then head back

for commands who were preparing to move.

There is always a feverishness throughout an army on the eve of a general movement. If, in the midst of the hurly-burly, you had gone out where the condemned stores were received, I believe that you would have seen and heard much to amuse you. These stores were usually sent in charge of a corporal or sergeant, and were tallied by a couple of my men, old regular soldiers. One of them, Corporal Tessing, it would have delighted you to see, he was such a typical, grim old regular. His drooping mustache and imperial were a rusty sandy, streaked with gray, his cheeks furrowed, his bearing and look like a frowning statue. The other, Harris, his senior, was a mild, quiet, open-eyed, soft-voiced man, with modesty and uprightness camped in his face. Well, if the stores came from a regiment of cavalry, the corporal in charge, booted and spurred, — and such an air! — would pick up a few straps, some of them not longer than a throat-latch, and possibly having attached to one or two of them an old nose-bag, and announce brazenly to Tessing or Harris who would be tallying, "two bridles, three halters, and four nose-bags." If an infantryman, he would throw quickly into a pile an old wrinkled cartridge-box, a belt or two, and a bayonet scabbard, and sing out, "five sets of infantry equipments complete." If an artilleryman, he might point with dignity to a couple of pieces of carefully folded, dirt-stained, scarlet blankets, and in a voice of commercial deference observe, "Three horse-blankets."

And so it was with everything their commanding officers were responsible for: they tried to get receipts for what was worn out, what had been lost, and now and then for what they had traded off to a farmer or sutler. If you could have seen Tessing's face as he turned it on some of those volunteer corporals when they tried to beat him! He rarely said anything to the young rascals as they eyed him keenly, brass in every beam of their roguish eyes; now and then, however, he addressed the very unscrupulous in tones, terms, and looks that could have left but little doubt as to what he thought of them. They never disputed his count, but pocketed their receipts, and off they went as light-hearted as birds. He and the old sergeant lost their lives at the explosion of the depot at City Point: the former was literally blown to atoms; how and where I found the sergeant is told in *The Spirit of Old West Point.* Heaven bless their memories, and when I reach the other shore no two hands shall I take with warmer grasp than the hands of these two old soldiers; and, reader, I believe they will be glad to take mine, too.

Count the stores as carefully as they might, there was sure to be a generous allowance, so that by the time we reached City Point I was responsible for a vast amount of stuff that was n't there. But let me confide that, when the depot exploded, all those absent stores had in some mysterious way gotten to the James; and I am free to say that I loaded them, and everything under the heavens that I was charged with and short of, on that boat or into the depot buildings, and thereby balanced the books to the complete satisfaction of everybody, and I believe with the approval of Honor and Justice.

At last all was done, and a little before midnight the train with my ordnance supplies on board was under way for Alexandria; and as it started I waved a good-by to my faithful Regulars and tired colored laborers. The departing train, its engine, old Samson, laboring heavily, hied away, and I turned in. The sun had just cleared the treetops when Meade with his staff came by, and I mounted my horse, saddled and groomed by my colored boy, Stephens, and joined Meade on his way to the Wilderness. The whole army was now in motion, and I cannot convey the beauty and joy of the morning. The glad May air was full of spring. Dogwoods with their broadly open, gently

wrapped blossoms, that have always seemed to me as though they were hearing music somewhere above them in the spring skies, violets and azaleas, heavenly pale little housatonias, and the gorgeous yellow primroses, which gild the pastures and roadsides of this part of old Virginia, were all in bloom, and the dew still on them.

Never, I think, did an army set off on a campaign when the fields and the bending morning sky wore fresher or happier looks. Our horses felt it all, too, and, champing their bits, flecking their breasts at times with spattering foam, bore us on proudly. When we gained the ridge just beyond Stevensburg, which commands a wide landscape, an inspiring sight broke on our eyes. To be sure, we had been riding by troops all the way from Brandy, but now, as far as you could see in every direction, corps, divisions, and brigades, trains, batteries, and squadrons, were moving on in a waving sea of blue; headquarters' and regimental flags were fluttering, the morning sun kissing them all, and shimmering gayly from gun-barrels, and on the loud-speaking brass guns, so loved by the cannoneers who marched by their sides. Every once in a while a cheer would break, and on would come floating the notes of a band. As I recall the scene from the ridge beyond Stevensburg, that old army, whose blood had moistened and glorified so many fields, in motion with its brigades, divisions, and corps, their flags, some blue, some white, and some with red fields, whipping over them, and beyond in the background Poney and Clarke's Mountain, and away in the west the Blue Ridge lifting with her remote charm, — taking her last view of the Army of the Potomac, — a solemn spell comes over my heart, and it seems as if, while I look at the magical pageant, I hear above me the notes of slowly-passing bells.

The troops were very light-hearted, almost as joyous as schoolboys; and over and over again as we rode by them, it was observed by members of the staff that they had never seen them so happy and buoyant. The little drummer-boys, those hardened little waifs whose faces were the habitual playground of mischief and impudence, were striding along, caps tilted, and calling for cheers for Grant, or jeering, just as the mood took them; but there was illumination in every soldier's face. Was it the light from the altar of duty that was shining in their courageous young faces? No one knows save the Keeper of the key of our higher natures, who some day will open the doors for us all.

Soon after we left Stevensburg, to my surprise, General Hunt, by whose side I was riding, suggested that we take it easy, and let the rest of the staff go ahead, for it never was comfortable riding to keep up with that fox-walk of Meade's horse; so we fell to the rear, and I really felt proud to have him ask me to ride with him, for he was so much older, and held such a high place at headquarters and in the army generally. We struck across the country, and while watering our horses at a run of considerable flow, — it rises well up among the timber of the old Willis plantation, one with the greatest domain of any along the Rapidan, — Hunt's eye fell on the violets along the banks, and he insisted that we dismount and pick some of them. The violets here, and those in the Wilderness, are large and beautiful, the two upper petals almost a chestnut brown. And then, as we lounged in the refreshing shade, he manifested so much unaffected love and sentiment for the wild flowers and the quiet of the spot, — the brook was murmuring on to the Rapidan near by, — that the stern old soldier whom I had known was translated into an attractive and really new acquaintance. I do not remember ever to have seen him smile, yet I never read the story of Pickett's charge, or recall him at the Wilderness or Spottsylvania, without having that half-hour's rest on the banks of the run come back to me.

The road we were on, the old Stevensburg plank, and the one from Madden's which had been taken by two of Warren's

divisions, meet at Germanna Ford. Both take advantage of short narrow ravines in the bluffs to get down out of the loneliness of the pine woods to the water's cheery edge, for the Rapidan here is flowing right fast. Under the open pines on the bluff we found Warren, Meade, and Grant, with their headquarter colors. They and their staffs, spurred and in top boots, all fine-looking young fellows, were dismounted and standing or lounging around in groups. Grant was a couple of hundred yards back from the ford, and except Babcock, Comstock, and Porter, he and all of his staff were strangers to the officers and the rank and file of the army. His headquarter flag was the national colors; Meade's, a lilac-colored, swallow-tailed flag having in the field a wreath inclosing an eagle in gold. Warren's Fifth Corps, a blue swallow-tail, with a Maltese cross in a white field.

Down each of the roads, to the bridges that were forty or fifty feet apart, the troops, well closed up, were pouring. The batteries, ambulances, and ammunition trains followed their respective divisions. Of course, in the three years of campaigning many officers, infantry and artillery, — I honestly believe I knew every captain and lieutenant in the artillery with the army, — had become acquaintances and personal friends of members of the various staffs; and warm greetings were constantly exchanged. Hello, Tom! Hello, Bob! Good-morning, Sandy, old fellow, and how did you leave your sweetheart? How are you, John, and you too, Mack, dear old boy! And on with their radiant smiles they went.

If the reader could take his place by my side, on the bare knoll that lifts immediately above the ford, and we could bring back the scene: the Rapidan swinging boldly around a shouldering point of darkened pines to our right, and on the other side of the river the Wilderness reaching back in mysterious silence; below us the blue moving column, the tattered colors fluttering over it in the hands of faithful-eyed, open-browed youths, I believe that the reader would find an elevated pleasure as his eyes fell on the martial scene. And if we could transport ourselves to the banks of the James, and should see the army as I saw it on that June day, heading on after it had fought its way through the Wilderness and Spottsylvania and by Cold Harbor, leaving behind those young faces whose light now gives such charm to the procession all hidden in the grave, I believe that both of us would hear, coming down from some high ridge in our spiritual nature, the notes of a dirge, and our hearts with muffled beats would be keeping step as the column moved over the James.

But, thank God! that scene of June is not before us now. No, we are on the Rapidan, it is a bright May morning, the river is gurgling around the reef of black projecting boulders at our feet, and youth's confident torches are lit in our eyes, and here comes the small band of Regulars. That solid-looking man, with an untended bushy beard, at their head, is Ayres. The man with that air of decision and vigor, stalking walk, with the drooping mustache and sunken cheeks, who commands the division, is Griffin, one of my old West Point instructors. At Gettysburg, when Longstreet's men had carried the Peach Orchard and broken Sickles's line, and were coming on flushed with victory, driving everything before them, those Regulars, then under Sykes and Ayres, were called on and went in. They were only 1985 strong, but they fought their way back, leaving 829 killed or wounded. Out of the 80 officers in one of the small brigades, 40 were among the killed or wounded.

Reader, let me tell you that I never think of the Regulars without a feeling of pride and affection for them all. For the first real soldier I ever saw was a Regular, the one who conducted me — on reporting at West Point, a medium-sized, spare, and rather lonely-looking boy, — to the barracks that were to be my home

for four years; moreover, all of my spring-time manhood was spent as an officer among them, and let me assure you that if in the other world there shall be a review of the old Army of the Potomac, I shall certainly fall in with the Regulars.

And here, brigaded with them, comes a regiment, the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, to which, for the sake of a boyhood's friend who fell at their head, I wish you would uncover. It is Pat O'Rorke's, a cadet and sojourner at West Point with me, to whom this pen has referred with fervor on another occasion. That regiment followed him up the east slope of Round Top, and there looking out over the field is a monument which tells with pride the sacrifices it made. Ryan, "Paddy" Ryan, — so Warren called him when some one of the staff asked him who that young officer was that had just tipped his cap to him smiling as he rode by, — Ryan, a graduate of West Point, tawny-haired and soldierly, is leading it now. O'Rorke, with Charles Hazlett, was killed on Round Top. At the close of the next day, the first of the Wilderness, of the 529 of the One Hundred and Fortieth who went into action up the turnpike, cheering, only 264 reported with the colors. The rest were in the hospital wounded, or lying dead under the stunted, sullen pines — all but a few who were on their way to Southern prisons.

And there, just coming on the upper bridge, is another regiment in the same division, the Twentieth Maine, a worthy companion of the One Hundred and Fortieth and the Regulars. Its record at Round Top, where it was on the left of O'Rorke, under Chamberlain, is thrilling; and it was still under that same scholar, soldier, and gentleman, a son of Bowdoin, at Appomattox, when the overthrown Confederate army came marching along, under Gordon, with heavy hearts, to stack their arms, and say farewell to their dearly loved colors. Chamberlain ordered his line to present arms to their brave foes. Gordon, who was at their head, with becoming chivalry wheeled his horse, and acknowledged duly the unexpected and touching salute. Yes, the guns you see them bearing now were brought to a present, and those old battle-torn colors were dipped. It was a magnanimous and knightly deed, a fit ending for the war; for Chamberlain lifted the hour and the occasion into the company of those that minstrels have sung. I feel glad and proud that I served with an army which had men in it with hearts to do deeds like this. The total killed and wounded of this regiment in the war was 528.

That large man, fifty-four years old, with silvered hair and nobly carved features, is Wadsworth. His brigade commanders are Cutler and Rice, the latter a Yale man who, when dying a few days after at Spottsylvania, asked to be turned with his face to the enemy. In Wadsworth's division is the Iron Brigade of the West, made up of Seventh and Nineteenth Indiana, Twenty-Fourth Michigan, First New York, Second, Sixth, and Seventh Wisconsin. They too were at Gettysburg, — in fact, the fate of that day pivoted on their bravery, — and proudly may they tread those bridges to-day. You will notice that one of the Wisconsin regiments is carrying on a perch near the colors a live bald eagle. They call him Old Abe, in honor of the President, and at times he has been known to utter his shriek along with that of battle.

Wadsworth was killed Friday forenoon, and the writer has every reason to believe that he bore the last order his corps commander Warren ever gave him. But before I reached him, his lines were broken, and our men were falling back in great confusion, and he was lying mortally wounded and unconscious within the Confederate lines. Those troops just ahead of the battery that is now coming on to the lower bridge are the rear of the Maryland brigade. Its front is with that headquarter flag you see in the column over the top of the willows and trees on the other side of the river. It is known as the Iron Brigade of Maryland, and is

made up of the First, Fourth, Seventh, and Eighth.

If ever you visit the field of Spottsylvania, you will find standing along on the Spindle farm, within reach of the evening shadows of an old wood, and amid tufts of broom-grass, a gray rectangular stone, and on one of its faces you will read "Maryland Brigade," and on another this legend: "8th May 1864. Never mind cannon, never mind bullets, press on and clear this road," — meaning the road to Spottsylvania, that lies but a mile and a half beyond. On the south face is, "Nearest approach on this front."

I saw the troops with my own eyes as they tried gallantly to carry out Warren's order, wondering at every step they took how much longer they could stand it under the withering cross-fire of artillery and musketry; and the whole scene came back to me vividly as I stood by the stone the other June day. And I'll confess freely, it came back with a sense of pensiveness such as always attends a revisit to one of the old fields. I got there about the same hour as that of the charge, and the day resembled exactly that of the battle, one brimming with glad sunshine; that kind of a May morning when the new-shorn sheep look so white in the fields, the brooks ripple so brightly, and joy is in the blooming hawthorn.

But there by the stone all was very still, — silence was at its highest pitch. Huge white clouds with bulging mountain-tops, pinnacled cliffs, and gray ravines, were floating lazily in the forenoon sky, and across the doming brow of one of them whose shadow was dragging slowly down the timbered valley of the Po, a buzzard far, far above earth's common sounds, was soaring half-careened with bladed wing. There were no men or herds in sight, the only moving thing was an unexpected roaming wind. Suddenly the leaves in the nearby woods fluttered a moment, and then the broom-grass around waved silently as the wandering wind breathed away. My left hand was resting on the stone, and a voice came from it saying, as I was about to go to other parts of the field, — to where Sedgwick was killed and our batteries had stood, — "Stay, stay a while. I stand for the men you saw marching across the Rapidan, who after facing the volleys of the Wilderness were called upon to move on at last under the severe order, 'Never mind cannon, never mind bullets, but press on and clear this road.' Here many of them fell. Stay a while, I love to feel the warmth of a hand of one who, as a boy, served with them. Do not go just yet, for, standing here throughout the long days, in the silence of the dead broom, I am sometimes lonely."

And so, dear reader, I might call your attention to deeds like theirs which have been done by about every one of the veteran regiments that cross the river this morning, but something tells me that I ought to refrain, and proceed with the narrative.

As soon as the last of his troops were across — it was well on toward noon — Warren mounted his big, heavy, iron-gray horse and, followed by his staff, the writer among them, started up the Germanna Ford road for the Lacy farm and the opening around the Wilderness Tavern. His adjutant-general was Colonel Fred Locke; his chief surgeon, Dr. Milhau, whose assistant was my friend, General Charles K. Winne of Albany, New York, — and may every day of his declining years be sweet to him. Warren's chief personal aide, and one of the very best in the army, was Washington Roebling, the builder of the Brooklyn Bridge, and a man whose fame is wide. Warren's brother Robert, a boy of my own age, was also an aide. I find by referring to my book of dispatches, that I sent my camp blankets to him at Culpeper the night before we moved. Besides those mentioned there were eight or ten other officers connected with the staff; so that, when we were under way on the narrow road, followed immediately, as all were, by headquarter guards, couriers, and servants, we

made quite a cavalcade behind the general.

After all these years there are only three distinct memories left of the march. First, its seeming great length, — and yet it was only about four and a half miles. But the eye met nothing to distract it; to be sure now and then there was an old field, and on the right-hand side, and not far apart, were two little old houses. And the other day, where one house had stood, a long-since retired cherry tree was trying to bloom, and a feeble old rheumatic apple tree had one of its pain-racked, twisted boughs decked in pink and white. But the most of the way it is nothing but wooded, stunted oaks, lean, struggling bushes, pines with moss on them, obviously hopeless of ever seeing better days, the whole scene looking at you with unfathomable eyes. Second, the road strewn with overcoats which the men had thrown away. The wonder is that they had carried the useless burden so far, for the day was very warm, with not a breath of air; moreover, they had been marching since midnight, and were getting tired. The other memory is almost too trifling to record, but, as it was the only time I burst into a hearty laugh in all the campaign, I shall be loyal to it, and give it a place alongside of the stern and great events.

We neared Flat Run, which steals down out of the woods about half-way to the Lacy house, and heads right up where the battle began. Its tributary runs are like the veins of a beech-leaf, frequent and almost parallel, coming in from both sides, and bordered all the way with swamp or thicket. When we reached it, and while several of us with rein relaxed were letting our horses drink, my friend General Winne approached on our right hand. The wagons and batteries ahead of us had ploughed through the run, deepening and widening the deceitful stream into a mud-hole. Winne's horse, rather thirsty, and undoubtedly looking forward with pleasant anticipations of poking his nose into refreshing water, had barely planted his fore feet in it before he turned almost a complete somersault — he had struck a hole — and landed Winne full length in the water. When, to use the language of the New Testament, he came up out of the water, his cap had disappeared, and he certainly was a sight. Well, heartlessly and instantaneously we youngsters broke into howling delight. Thereupon Winne's lips opened and his language flowed freely, marked with emphatic use of divine and to-hellish terms both for us and his poor brute, which was fully as much surprised as any one at the quick turn of events. The doctor's address soon reduced our loud laughter to suppressed giggles, which brightened our way for a good many rods, and which still ripple along the beach of those bygone years.

(*To be continued.*)

THE POLITICS OF A PULLMAN CAR

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

From de Tocqueville and Dickens to Mr. Bryce and Max O'Rell, there have been many suggestions as to the best method of studying the American people, as we in the United States modestly call ourselves. The fact is that, in the gradual evolution of our complex national life, the Pullman car has come to be the epitome of the United States. Here one finds not always the rich and the poor, but he finds the rich together with every variety of the well-to-do. The preacher, the teacher, the college professor, the politician, the business man, the labor-union delegate, touch elbows in a Pullman car. Here, under more democratic conditions than are to be found in any other spot on the continent, men live, move, and have their being; and here one sees, reduced to the dimensions of a drawing-room, the whole game of national life.

The centre of this small world lies in the smoking-room. It is there that men come closest together, and it is there that one has the best opportunities to know the average American. Mr. Bryce is said to have written his *American Commonwealth* out of the revelations of the Pullman car smoking-room, which is the reason for its trueness to life.

Just what it is which leads men to open their hearts to one another when they sit down in the smoking-room and light their cigars, is not entirely easy to say, but the fact itself no one can doubt. Out of that perfect intimacy which comes from a total lack of acquaintance, men tell one another their loves and their disappointments, their virtues and their vices, their successes and their failures. They lay bare their hearts to a perfect stranger under the magic of a smoking-room acquaintance as they would never do to their most intimate friends. Strangers find a certain comfort in confiding to other strangers details of their inner lives, which they would go to infinite pains to conceal from a friend or from a relative.

Just how much of the spirit of fellowship in the Pullman car smoking-room comes from the fact that the men have never seen one another before, and will never see one another again, and just how much arises from the subtle influence of tobacco as a social solvent, it is again difficult to say. The intimacy of strangeness, and the charm of the cigar, are both powerful reagents in social chemistry. Together they seem irresistible. It is not quite three hundred years since good Sir Walter Raleigh, almost the first of the smokers, just before he lost his head on that October morning, wrote in his diary: "I have smoaked [he had not learned the simplified spelling] — I have smoaked a roll of tobacco with great peace and comfort;" and from that day to this the humanizing influence of the weed has been at once a joy and a danger to the sons of men.

Tobacco is so evident an agent in social intercourse that one sees in these days many men gradually learning to use a cigar for the sake of the companionship which it brings. Their attitude toward smoking is very much that of a colored gentleman in Atlanta who went in to purchase a razor. When the obliging clerk undertook to sell him a safety razor, the colored gentleman drew himself up somewhat stiffly and explained, "I desired de razor, suh, for social purposes." Many a man in these degenerate days smokes, not because he likes it, but for social purposes.

It is, however, during the excitement

of a national campaign that the smoking-room of the Pullman car becomes a place of the sharpest discussion, and of the keenest interchange of opinion. It is then that confidences become political rather than personal, and the stories of the drummer, of the politician, and of the wayfaring man, turn toward the candidates. No matter what may be the origin of a discussion, everybody knows that before long it will point toward politics, and that sooner or later it will drift away from state politics to national politics. It is on these occasions that the best stories are told, and the keenest wit is displayed. And it is in these little eddies of our popular life that one sees in miniature our whole national existence. The possibilities of coming success in a campaign could in no way be more clearly estimated than by a canvass of the Pullman car smoking-rooms.

The national campaign which closed last November was one of the least eventful which we have passed through since Mr. Bryan first formed the habit of running for the presidency. This phase of the campaign was faithfully reflected in the discussions of the Pullman car. Universally it was admitted that Taft would win. The only question was as to the extent of the majority, and throughout all the predictions there ran so friendly a thread of comment upon the man who has since become President that it was generally impossible to get up anything like a real political discussion. A census of the Pullman car votes would have elected Taft by a little larger majority than he actually received, but its verdict would have been practically that which the country rendered in November.

The only eddy in this placid talk of the Pullman smoking-room would occur when some Democrat of the Bryan wing got into an argument with a Democrat of the conservative type. When this happened the company once more took courage, and felt that politics was worth while. Now and then the hope was not in vain — the sparks flew.

I remember one such incident on a train leaving Kansas City for the West. Kansas City is a point which the transcontinental traveler never forgets, because it has the most crowded, dirty, and uncomfortable union station on the continent. It is, however, one of the great distributing points for western travel. The transcontinental trains all start about six o'clock in the evening. The wise traveler makes his way immediately to the dining-car, which is cut off at an early hour. Having satisfied the inner man, he repairs as promptly as possible to the smoker, in order to secure a place. On the occasion to which I allude the room was already fairly filled, and the air comfortably blue, while two Missourians, each a little excited, were in the midst of a warm discussion. The Bryan representative had just expressed the opinion that Mr. Bryan was the greatest exponent of democracy since Jefferson's time, and would in the end lead the people to victory.

The picture of Bryan as leader fairly made the other Missourian squirm. Taking a black cigar from his mouth with his left hand, and gesticulating in a large circle with his right, he said, "I was a Democrat until twelve years ago, but Bryan and his crowd have forced me to vote the Republican ticket so long that I don't know that I'll ever get out of the habit. It's bad enough," he said, " to have Bryan as a candidate, but when you talk of him as a leader of the Democratic party and compare him to the great Thomas Jefferson, then nothing short of profanity — and that of the most acid variety — can express my feelings. Bryan as the leader of the Democratic party," continued he, " reminds me of the time when Uncle Tom Sitling of Pike County sent his prize mule down to St. Louis by boat. Uncle Tom was prouder of this mule — the mule was eighteen hands high — than he was of anything on his farm, not even excepting his wife, and in order that the mule might reach the commission agent to whom he was

consigned, in perfect safety, he sent a trusted colored man, named Ephraim, to look after the mule. As Ephraim could n't read, the address of the commission agent had been carefully written on a tag and tied to the mule's left fore foot. The boat reached St. Louis all right, and the morning they got there the captain found Uncle Ephraim and the mule on deck, but very much puzzled as to what they should do. ' Where are you going, Uncle Ephraim?' said he. ' Well, boss,' said the old man, scratching his head, ' that is the question. I dunno where we're gwine, de mule he dunno where we're gwine, an' he done et up his tag.' The trouble is, gentlemen," continued the man from Pike, " that the Democratic party under Mr. Bryan's guidance not only does n't know where it's going, but it's eaten up its tag, so that you can't see anything but Populist labels.

" Now, sir," he added to his antagonist, who was somewhat overwhelmed by the story, " there are three reasons why Bryan will not be elected in November: the first reason is Theodore Roosevelt; the second is William Howard Taft; but the third and principal reason is William Jennings Bryan."

Outside of the question as to which party and which candidate would win, and outside of the discussion of the fortunes of particular states, the most common theme of conjecture in the Pullman car during the campaign was the question as to what were the appropriate activities for presidential candidates. The spectacle of a presidential candidate rushing about the country, and addressing audiences here and there, speaking day after day from the rear end of a train, is one which has come in with the Bryan method of doing things. Whatever may be its political value, the practically unanimous verdict of the smoking-room was against it. Politicians, lawyers, office-holders, travelers of all vocations, united in saying that the picture of a presidential candidate going about the country to solicit votes or to put fire into local organizations of his party, was not a pleasing one. Not only was the sentiment of the smoking-room dead against this sort of thing, but its judgment almost unanimously condemned the process from the standpoint of vote-getting. The men who ride on Pullman cars believed that Taft would get as many votes by staying at home as by being carried about the country under the management of the Republican campaign committee. I am much inclined to think that the judgment of the Pullman car in this matter not only was on the side of dignity, but also was good politics.

There is much evidence to show that the outpourings of people to hear a candidate for the presidency have no significance in showing how they are to vote. Men will come to hear the candidate of either party simply out of curiosity, and out of the common desire to see and hear the man who is the candidate for so great an office, and there is little evidence to show that the votes of these great assemblages are affected by the speeches which are made, or even to show that the crowds which come are made up of those who are in any way politically friendly to the candidate.

This fact was illustrated by two circumstances which came under my eye in the last month of the campaign. Going out of Denver one night on a Pullman car, I found the smoking-room full of those who had come to Denver to attend the Republican welcome to Mr. Taft, and to hear him speak in the new Denver auditorium. Naturally, I assumed that these men must be mainly Republicans, and was much surprised to find that seven out of nine were Democrats, some of whom had made a three-hundred-mile trip out of mere desire to hear the candidate of a rival party. The verdict of the smoking-room was that the candidate is misled by the appeals of the professional politicians, each of whom has a direct interest in keeping the candidate on the jump.

A more curious instance was that of a

ranchman who had ridden fifty miles on horseback, taken a thirty-mile stage ride, and traveled one hundred and fifty miles on the train to hear Mr. Bryan. As he was known to be a lifelong Republican, he was questioned on his return as to the reason for such a journey.

"I suppose," said the questioner, "you went to hear a specimen of Mr. Bryan's oratory."

"No," said he, "I did n't care particularly to hear Mr. Bryan speak."

"Well," inquired the visitor, "what was your idea in making this long journey?"

"Well," said he, "it is like this. I never shook hands in my life with a man who was President of the United States. Now in Colorado this fall we are going to go Democratic, and it may be that Mr. Bryan will be elected President; and I went out just to shake hands with him, so that if he becomes President I can say I have shaken hands with a President of the United States!"

The verdict of the smoking-room was that the crowds of listeners who gathered to hear the candidates for the presidency had no significance in the actual working out of the campaign. The only practical result of these terrific efforts of the presidential candidates was said to lie in the quickening of the party machinery in different localities; but even this is, in the judgment of the smoking-room, a negligible quantity, and it is more than doubtful whether the irritation produced by this spectacle does not offset the advantage of a slight advance in party activity. The smoking-room almost to a man condemned the sort of campaigning for the presidency which has come in through the example of Mr. Bryan.

Another very common topic of smoking-room politics during last autumn was the question of presidential interference in the political conduct of a campaign. President Roosevelt, more than any other president, took a personal part in the actual conduct of the campaign, and the election of his successor; and this activity of the President was, on the whole, disapproved in the smoking-room, without regard to occupation, and without regard to party. Whether the President's active interference helped Mr. Taft or not, was a much mooted question. The professional politicians thought it did; the men who were not so closely associated with politics doubted; but on the whole, there was a general sentiment, not only against the practice, but against the political wisdom of the practice. No man except one having the unprecedented popularity of Mr. Roosevelt could have gone through the experience without a serious loss of prestige, and there is no question that even he lost popularity by reason of it, and nowhere so much as amongst the members of his own party. "We like Teddy," said a cowboy foreman on his way out to Denver at the head of a large shipment of stock, "but this is not his game." And this sentiment, with varying degrees of refinement and directness, was the Pullman-car verdict upon the President's political activities during the last campaign.

MUSINGS OF A PRE-RAPHAELITE PAINTER

BY CHARLOTTE PRENTISS

High in the trees
He balances —
Gay-hearted oriole! Fluttering down
Willful and leaf-light with leaves that drift,
Now clear in a rift
Of branch-fringed sky,
Now dim on the brown
Of russet bark —
And hark!
Rare and shy
His notes begin,
First sweet and thin,
Held to a rippling swell that ebbs again —
O for the wax that dulled the sirens' strain!
Birds and a tree-top! Such a combination
Leaves far too much to the imagination.

Here are my colors: how one's thoughts run riot
When any noise disturbs the woodland quiet!
— What silver-gray of lichens — tiny trees
That branch and fork like any forest brother;
Moist green of mosses; deep soft velvets, these,
Tipped with a jester's cap and bells of coral;
And one that grows supine; red-cupped, another:
A creamy tassel fallen from the sorrel:
A spreading fungus, colored orange, gold,
Saffron, all shades of yellow, metal-cold,
Or warm with shifting sunlight — what a study
Beside the toadstool pulp that quivers ruddy!

Another strain!
Up, up he's borne upon his own refrain!
Rollicking tree-tops
Nodding together,
Gladness of bird-song,

Blue-skied fair weather!
What if the day stops?
Days are so long!
Under the warm shades
Gay fancies throng.
What if the day fades?
After a night
Tree-tops and bird-song
Welcome the light —
Rollicking tree-tops
Nodding together,
Gladness of bird-song,
Blue-skied fair weather!

He's gone! Oh what a flight, imagination!
Now to my moss and its configuration.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES[1]

VII

THE WINTER OF 1863–1864

Monday, September 28, 1863.

The President read to Seward and myself a detailed confidential despatch from Chattanooga very derogatory to Crittenden and McCook, who wilted when every energy and resource should have been put forth, disappeared from the battle-field, returned to Chattanooga, and — went to sleep. The officers who did their duty are dissatisfied. We had their statements last week, which this confidential despatch confirms. It makes some, but not a very satisfactory, excuse for Rosecrans, in whom the President has clearly lost confidence. He said he was urged to change all the officers, but thought he should limit his acts to Crittenden and McCook — said it would not do to send one of our generals from the East. I expressed a doubt if he had any one suitable for that command or the equal of Thomas if a change was to be made. There was no one in the army who, from what I had seen and known of him, was so fitted for that command as General Thomas. Rosecrans had stood well with the country until this time, but Thomas was a capable general, had undoubted merit, and was a favorite with the men. Seward thought the whole three, Rosecrans, Crittenden, and McCook, should be removed.

Tuesday, September 29, 1863.

No matter of special importance; nothing but current business in Cabinet. Seward and Stanton were not present. The latter seems to make it a point recently not to attend. Others, therefore,

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run to him. I will not. Military operations are of late managed at the War Department irrespective of the rest of the Cabinet, or of all who do not go there. This is not difficult, for the President spends much of his time there. Seward and Chase make daily visitations to Stanton, sometimes two or three times. I have not the time, nor do I want the privilege, though I doubtless could have it, for Stanton treats me respectfully and with as much confidence as he does any one when I approach him, except Seward. But I cannot run to the War Department and pay court in order to obtain information that should be given. Chase does this; complains because he is compelled to do it, and then, when not bluffed, becomes reconciled. To-day he expressed great disgust towards Halleck, says Halleck has done nothing while the rebels were concentrating, has sent no reinforcements to Rosecrans, and did not propose to send any. Those that had gone were ordered by Stanton. Halleck, he said, was good for nothing, and everybody knew it but the President.

A large delegation of extreme party men is here from Missouri to see the President and Cabinet. So intense and fierce [are they] in their party animosities that they would if they had the power be more revengeful, inflict greater injury on these republicans, friends of the administration, who do not conform to their extreme radical and fanatical views than on the rebels in the field. The hate and narrow partisanship exhibited in many of the states, when there should be some forbearance, some tolerance, some spirit of kindness, are among the saddest features of the times.

Saturday, October 10, 1863.

Dining at Lord Lyons' this evening, Admiral Milne, who sat next to me, stated that he is the first British Admiral who has visited New York since the government was established, certainly the first in forty years. He said that it had been the policy of his government to avoid such visitations, chiefly from apprehensions in regard to their crews, their language and general appearance being the same as ours. There were doubtless other reasons which neither of us cared to introduce. He was exceedingly attentive and pleasant; said he had tried to preserve harmony and good feeling, and to prevent, as far as possible, irritation and vexatious questions between us; complimented the energy we had displayed, the forbearance exercised, the comparatively few vexatious and conflcting questions which had arisen under the extraordinary condition of affairs, the management of the extensive blockade, and the general administration of our naval matters, which he had admired and in his way sustained without making himself a party in our conflict.

Chase has gone to Ohio preparatory to the election which takes place next Tuesday. Great interest is felt throughout the country in the result. Chase is understood to have special interest in this election.

Monday, October 12, 1863.

At Seward's yesterday with Lord Lyons and Admiral Milne to dine. Miss Cushman, the actress, who is visiting at Seward's, was present. I took her to dinner.

The city is full of rumors of fighting, and of Meade's falling back. Much is probably trash for the Pennsylvania and Ohio elections which take place to-morrow. Still I am prepared for almost any news but good news from the front. Cannot expect very good news from Meade's command. He would obey orders and faithfully carry out the plans of a superior mind, but there is no one here more capable than himself to plan, to advise, to consult. It will not surprise me if he is out-generalled by Lee.

Tuesday, October 13, 1863.

No news from the front. President read this noon a despatch from Meade written last night, in which he says if the rebels do not attack him to-day, he will

attack them. I doubt it. He cannot do much on the offensive except under orders. As second, or in any capacity under an intelligent superior, I think Meade would do well. He will never have another such opportunity to do the rebels harm, as when he supinely let Lee and his army cross the Potomac and escape unmolested.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE ELECTIONS

[The elections of 1863 were generally merely for state offices, but in Ohio, where Vallandigham was the Democratic candidate for Governor, the contest was, as John Sherman said, substantially between the government and the rebels. In Pennsylvania, Governor Curtin was running for re-election on his patriotic war record.]

The elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania absorb attention. The President says he feels nervous. No doubts have troubled me. An electioneering letter of McClellan, in favor of Woodward for Governor of Pennsylvania, written yesterday, is published. It surprises me that one so cautious and intelligent as McC[lellan] should have been so indiscreet and unwise.

Preston King spent the evening with me. Young Ulric Dahlgren called. The gallant fellow lost a leg at Gettysburg and is just recovering, so that he gets around on crutches. It is the first of his calls and King was wonderfully interested in him — affected to tears, and listened to his modest account with the earnestness of a child.

Wednesday, October 14, 1863.

The election returns from Pennsylvania and Ohio[1] are cheering in their results. The loyal and patriotic sentiment is strongly in the ascendant in both states, and the defeat of Vallandigham is emphatic. I stopped in to see and congratulate the President, who is in good spirits and greatly relieved from the depression of yesterday. He told me he had more anxiety in regard to the election results of yesterday than he had in 1860 when he was chosen. He could not, he said, have believed four years ago, that one genuine American would, or could, be induced to vote for such a man as Vallandigham, yet he has been made the candidate of a large party — their representative man — and has received a vote that is a discredit to the country. The President showed a good deal of emotion as he dwelt on this subject, and his regrets were sincere.

[1] The Republican majority in Ohio was 101,000.

Thursday, October 15, 1863.

News from the front vague and unsatisfactory. Our papers dwell on the masterly movements of Meade, and street rumor glorifies him, but I can get nothing to authenticate or justify this claim of wonderful strategy. Lee has made a demonstration and our army has fallen back — " changed its base," they call it at the War Department; in the vernacular, *retreated.* This retreat may have been, and probably was, skilfully executed. It is well to make the most of it. It is claimed Meade has shown great tact in not permitting the enemy to outflank him. Perhaps so. I shall not controvert, if I doubt it. I would not decry our generals, nor speak my mind freely if unfavorably impressed concerning them, in public. Meade does the best he knows how; Halleck does nothing.

LINCOLN'S MAGNANIMITY TO MEADE

Friday, October 16, 1863.

The President read to the Cabinet a confidential despatch to General Meade, urging him not to lose the opportunity to bring on a battle — assuring him that all the honors of victory should be exclusively his (Meade's), while in case of defeat he (the President), would take the entire responsibility. This is tasking Meade beyond his ability. If the President could tell him how and when to fight, his orders would be faithfully carried out, but the President is over-tasking Meade's cap-

ability and powers. Where is Halleck, General-in-Chief, who should, if he has the capacity, attend to these things, and if he has not, should be got out of the way!

Saturday, October 31, 1863.

My time has been so occupied that I was unable to note down daily current events, which, however, have not been of special importance. It has been my practice to make a minute of transactions on the day they occurred — usually after my family had retired for the night, but for some days I have been occupied until midnight with matters that cannot be dispensed with.

December, 1863 [no exact date].

It has been some weeks since I have opened this book. Such time as I could spare from exacting and oppressing current duties at the Department has been devoted to gathering and arranging materials for, and in writing, my annual report.

I was invited and strongly urged by the President to attend the ceremonials at Gettysburg, but was compelled to decline, for I could not spare the time. The President returned ill, and in a few days it was ascertained he had the varioloid. We were in Cabinet meeting when he informed us that the physicians had the preceding evening ascertained and pronounced the nature of his complaint. It was in a light form, but yet held on longer than was expected. He would have avoided an interview, but wished to submit and have our views of the Message. All were satisfied, and that portion which is his own displays sagacity and wisdom.

The Russian government has thought proper to send its fleets into American waters for the winter. A number of their vessels arrived on the Atlantic seaboard some weeks since, and others in the Pacific have reached San Francisco. It is a politic movement for both Russians and Americans, and somewhat annoying to France and England. I have directed our Naval Officers to show them all proper courtesy, and the municipal authorities in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia have exhibited the right spirit.

Mr. Colfax was elected Speaker and the House was organized without difficulty.

The interference of Members of Congress in the organization of the Navy Yards and the employment of workmen is annoying beyond conception. In scarcely a single instance is the public good consulted in their interference, but a demoralized, debauched system of personal and party favoritism has grown up, which is pernicious. No person representing a district in which there is a Navy Yard ought ever to be placed on the naval committee, nor should a Member of Congress meddle with appointments unless requested by the Executive. It is a terrible and increasing evil.

PLAIN SPEECH WITH THE CHAIRMAN OF THE NAVAL COMMITTEE

Tuesday, December 15, 1863.

Mr. John P. Hale called this afternoon, much excited — said there was something in the *New York Herald* respecting him and myself, which he was told came from the Department. I asked if he meant to say the statement (which I had not seen, whatever it was) originated with me. He answered, No, emphatically, no, for he considered me a gentleman, and had always experienced gentlemanly treatment from me; but he could not say as much of Fox,[1] whom he denounced as coarse, impudent, and assuming, — constantly trespassing on my unsuspicious nature. Told me of incidents and intrigues which he had personally witnessed; alluded to Grimes,[2] who he said favored Fox, and Fox favored Grimes, both conspiring against me. For me, he declared he entertained high respect, that we may have sometimes dif-

[1] Gustavus V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

[2] Senator Grimes of Iowa, a member of the Naval Committee.

fered but it was an honest difference, that he had never opposed my administration of the Department, etc., etc.

I listened to his eulogies calmly, and told him frankly I was not aware he had ever favored me or the Department during the long and severe struggle we had experienced; that in this unparalleled war we had received no aid or kind word from him, though he was in a position above all others from which we might reasonably have expected it; that from no man in Congress had we received more hostility than from him. I reminded him how I had invited him to my confidence and assistance in anticipation of the extra session of 1861, and of the manner in which my warm, cordial, sincere invitation had been met; that I had, without reserve, and in honest zeal, laid open to him our whole case, all our difficulties; that I was grieved because he had not responded to my invitation and repaired to Washington as the Chairmen of the Committees of the other Departments had done; that my friendly greetings had been slighted or designedly treated with indifference. [I reminded him] that in that great crisis he declined to enter into any examination of affairs, declined to prepare, or to assist in preparing necessary laws, or to inform himself, or to consult respecting estimates; but that, as soon as the Senate met, and before any communication was received from the President, he, the Chairman of the Naval Committee, hastened to introduce a resolution, the first of the Extra Session, directing the Secretary of the Navy to communicate a statement of all contracts made from the day I entered upon my duties: whether they were legal, what prices I had paid, how the purchases compared with former purchases, and a variety of detail, all of which I had proposed to give him [in order] that he should have it in his power to explain to the Senate and defend the Department from virulent violent assault. I told him that when he arrived [in Washington] I requested him to examine the records and papers, and all my acts, which he neglected to do; and that it was plain to me and to all others that his purpose in introducing that resolution, the first business motion of the Session, was to cast suspicion on my acts, and to excite prejudice against me. [I told him that] he did not succeed in doing me serious injury, though he was an old Senator, and I a new Secretary, — though I had a right in my great trials to expect that he, the Chairman of the Naval Committee, would take me by the hand instead of striking a blow in my face. The hostility manifested and the malignity of that resolution were so obvious that it reacted. It was my belief that from the time he aimed that blow he had fallen in the public estimation. I knew the President and many Senators had thought less of him. For myself I had never from that day expected, nor had I received, any aid or a word of encouragement from him. Neither the Department nor the Navy, in this arduous and terrific war, had been in any way benefitted by him, but each had experienced indifference and hostility. Occupying the official relations which we did to each other, I had a right to have expected friendly, cordial treatment, but it had been the reverse. If the Department and the Navy had been successful, he had not in the least contributed to that success.

He listened with some surprise to my remarks, for I had always submitted to his injustice without complaint, had always treated him courteously if not familiarly, and forborne through trying years any harsh expression or exhibition of resentment or wounded feelings. My frank arraignment was therefore unexpected. He had, I think, come to me with an expectation that we would lock hands for a time at least, and go forward together.

[Continuing, I remarked that] as regarded Mr. Grimes and Mr. Fox, my feelings towards them were different from his. They were my friends and I was glad of it. They were, I was rejoiced to say,

earnest and sincere in their labors for the government and the country. The people were under great obligations to both. I assured him that I intended no one should sow strife, or stir up enmities, between them and me. Mr. Fox was a valuable assistant, and if, from any cause, we were to lose him, it would be difficult to supply his place.

Saturday, December 19, 1863.

Had a call from Senator Trumbull [1] who feels that the Senate ought not to continue Hale in the Chairmanship of the Naval Committee, but says the Department will not suffer in consequence, for Hale is well understood, and I must have seen that the Senators, as against him, always sustain the Department. Fessenden also called, with similar remarks and views.

Friday, December 25, 1863.

Though a joyful anniversary, the day in these later years always brings sad memories. The glad faces and loving childish voices that cheered our household with " Merry Christmas " in years gone by are silent on earth forever.

Sumner tells me that France is still wrong-headed, or more properly speaking, the Emperor is. Mercier [2] is going home on leave, and goes with a bad spirit. S[umner] and M[ercier] had a long interview a few days since, when S[umner] drew M[ercier] out. Mercier said the Emperor was kindly disposed and at the proper time would tender kind offices to close hostilities, but that a division of the Union is inevitable. Sumner says he snapped his finger at him and told him he knew not our case.

Sumner also tells me of a communication made to him by Bayard Taylor, who last summer had an interview with the elder Saxe-Coburg. The latter told Taylor that Louis Napoleon was our enemy, and that the Emperor said to him (Saxe-Coburg), " There will be war between England and America " — slapping his hands — " and I can then do as I please."

There is no doubt that both France and England have expected certain disunion, and have thought there might be war between us and one or more of the European powers. But England has latterly held back, and is becoming more disinclined to get into difficulty with us. A war would be depressing to us, but it would be perhaps as injurious to England. Palmerston and Louis Napoleon are the two bad men in this matter. The latter is quite belligerent in his feelings, but fears to be insolent towards us unless England is also engaged.

LINCOLN'S CANDIDACY FOR RE-ELECTION

Thursday, December 31, 1863

The year closes more satisfactorily than it began. The wretched faction in the free states which makes country secondary to party had then an apparent ascendancy. Its members were dissatisfied with the way in which the war was conducted, with what they called the imbecility of the administration. The country understands them better than it did. The war has been waged with success, although there have been in some cases errors and misfortunes. But the heart of the nation is sounder and its hopes brighter. The national faith was always strong and grows firmer. The rebels show discontent, distrust, and feebleness. They evidently begin to despair, and the loud declarations that they do not and will not yield confirm it.

The President has well maintained his position, and under trying circumstances acquitted himself in a manner that will be better appreciated in the future than now. It is not strange that he is sometimes deceived and fails to discriminate rightly between true and false friends, and has, though rarely, been the victim of the prejudices and duplicity of others.

The Cabinet, if a little discordant in some of its elements, has been united as regards him. Chase has doubtless some

[1] Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois.

[2] Count Mercier was the French Minister at Washington.

aspirations for the place of Chief Executive, which are conflicting. Seward has, I think, surrendered any expectation for the present, and shows wisdom in giving the President a fair support. Blair and Bates are earnest friends of the President, and so I think is Usher. Stanton is insincere, but will, I have no doubt, act with Seward under present circumstances.

AN ESTIMATE OF SUMNER

Saturday, January 2, 1864.

Double duty for yesterday's holiday. Senator Sumner called on Saturday as usual. After disposing of some little matters of business, he spoke of the President and the election. He says the President is moving for a re-election and has, he knows, spoken to several persons on the subject very explicitly. I told him the President had exchanged no word with me on the subject, but that I had taken for granted he would be a candidate, that I thought all Presidents had entertained dreams of that nature, and that my impressions are that a pretty strong current is setting in his favor. To this Sumner made no response, affirmatively or negatively. I think his present thoughts are in another direction, but not very decidedly so. Neither of us cared to press the other. Whether he had in view to sound me I was uncertain, and am still.

In many very essential respects, Sumner is deficient as a party leader. Though he has talents, acquirements, sincerity, and patriotism, with much true and false philanthropy, he is theoretical rather than practical, is egotistical, credulous to weakness with those who are his friends, is susceptible to flattery from any quarter, but has not the suspicions and jealousies that are too common with men of position. There is want of breadth, enlarged comprehension, in his statesmanship. He is not a constitutionalist, has no organizing and constructive powers, and treats the great fundamental principles of the organic law much as he would the resolutions of the last national party convention. Toward the slaveholders he is implacable, and is ready to go to extremes to break up, not only the system of bondage, but the political industrial and social system in all the rebellious states. His theorizing propensities and the resentments that follow from deep personal injuries work together in his warfare against that domineering oligarchy which has inflicted great calamities on our country and wrongs on himself. He would not only free the slaves, but [would] elevate them above their former masters; yet, with all his studied philanthropy and love for the negroes in the abstract, he is not willing to [practice] fellowship with them, though he thinks he is. It is, however, ideal book-philanthropy.

As Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, his services at this time are invaluable. He is, fortunately, in many respects, the opposite of Seward, has higher culture, and on international law and the science of government is vastly better informed and greatly the superior of the Secretary of State. But the latter has greater tact, more practicability, and better knowledge of parties and men, greater versatility of genius, and unsurpassed pliability, so that he can more readily adapt himself to whatever may seem expedient. Sumner acts not always from fixed principles, but from earnest though prejudiced convictions (investigating elaborately questions in which he is interested) and brings learning and authorities to his support. Seward is earnest for his party, but has no great deference for political principles of any kind. His convictions or opinions are weak and change without hesitation if deemed expedient, or if his party can be benefitted. To such a Secretary an adviser like Sumner is valuable, yet Seward does not appreciate it. There is mutual want of confidence.

My impressions are that Sumner's present leanings are, after vague and indefinite dreams of himself, for Chase, who has ultra notions; but Chase has to some extent modified his opinions since

our conversation last summer, when we took a long evening's ride. The subject of reconstruction was just then beginning to be earnestly discussed.

Sumner has not the arts that are the chief stock in trade (to use a mercantile phrase) of some tolerably successful politicians, and he is so credulous as to be often the victim of cunning fellows of greatly inferior capacity, who flatter and use him. When Senator Dixon of Connecticut desired, and was intriguing for, a re-election to the Senate he contrived to get a quasi indorsement from Sumner in a general letter, which was used effectually to defeat Sumner's best friend in Connecticut and injure the cause nearest his heart. Dixon understood his weakness, and made skilful application of it to dupe and deceive Sumner. Too late, Sumner regrets his error, but will repeat it when a shrewd and cunning mind practices the deception. He can, right or wrong, stand firm and immovable on great questions, but is swayed by little social appeals to his kindness. His knowledge of men is imperfect and unreliable, and hence, while he will always have position with his party and influence its movements, he will never be the trusted leader.

Tuesday, January 5, 1864.

Congress re-assembled after a fortnight's vacation — or rather was to have assembled, but there was not a quorum in either house. At the Cabinet Council only a portion are present. The President in discussion narrated some stories, very apt, exhibiting wisdom and sense. He requested me to read an article in the *North American Review*,[1] just received, on the policy of the administration, which he thought very excellent, except that it gave him overmuch credit.

January 7.

The Case of R. [L.] Law tried by Court Martial which has been in my hands for a month nearly was disposed of to-day. The Court found him guilty on both charges and sentenced him to be dismissed from the Navy, but recommended him to clemency. Proposed to the President three years suspension, the first six months without pay: — this to be the general order, but if, at the expiration of six or eight months, it is thought best to remit the remainder of the punishment, it can be done.

"Look over the subject carefully," said the President, "and make the case as light as possible on his father's account who is an old friend of mine. I shall be glad to remit all that you can recommend."

To-day at the Executive Mansion. Only Usher and myself were present, and no business transacted. Mr. Hudson of Massachusetts, formerly member of Congress, was with the President. Conversation was general, with anecdotes as usual. They are usually very appropriate and instructive, conveying much truth in few words, well, if not always elegantly, told. The President's estimate of character is usually very correct, and he frequently divests himself of partiality with a readiness that has surprised me. In the course of conversation to-day, which was desultory, he mentioned that he had been selected by the people of Springfield to deliver a eulogy on the death of Mr. Clay, of whom he had been a warm admirer. This, he said, he found to be difficult to write so as to make an address of fifty minutes. In casting about for the material he had directed his attention to what Mr. Clay had himself done in the line of eulogy, and was struck with the fact that though renowned as an orator and speaker, he had never made any effort of the sort, and the only specimen he could find was embraced in a few lines on the death of Mr. Calhoun. Referring to the subject and this fact on one occasion when Seward was present, that gentleman remarked that *failure* was characteristic and easily accounted for. Mr.

[1] This article, contributed by James Russell Lowell, was widely quoted.

Clay's self-esteem was so great that he could tolerate no commendation of others, eulogized none but the dead, and would never himself speak in laudatory terms of a contemporary.

Both the President and Seward consider Clay and Webster to have been hard and selfish leaders, whose private personal ambition had contributed to the ruin of their party. The people of New England were proud of the great mind of Webster. But he had no magnetism, there was not intense personal devotion for him such as manifested itself for Clay. For years the Whig cause consisted in the adulation of these two men, rather than in support of any well-established principles. In fact, principles were always made secondary to them.

Tuesday, February 2, 1864.

But little of importance was done at the Cabinet meeting. Several subjects discussed. Seward was embarrassed about the Dominican question. To move either way threatened difficulty. On one side Spain, on the other side the Negro.

The President remarked that the dilemma reminded him of the interview between two Negroes, one of whom was a preacher endeavoring to admonish and enlighten the other. "There are," said Josh, the preacher, " two roads for you, Jo. Be careful which you take. One ob dem leads straight to hell, de oder go right to damnation." Jo opened his eyes under the impressive eloquence and awful future and exclaimed: " Josh, take which road you please, I go troo de wood."

" I am not disposed to take any new trouble," said the President, " just at this time, and shall neither go for Spain or the Negro in this matter, but shall take to the woods."

Wednesday, February 3, 1864.

Had a brief talk to-day with Chase on financial matters. He seems embarrassed how to proceed, but being futile in resources [himself] is listening to others still more futile. There will, however, come a day of reckoning, and the Nation will have to pay for all these expedients. In departing from the specie standard and making irredeemable paper its equivalent, I think a great error was committed. By inflating the currency, loans have been more easily taken, but the artificial prices are ruinous. I do not gather from Chase that he has any system or fixed principles to govern him in his management of the Treasury. He craves, even beyond most of the others, a victory; for the success of our arms inspires capitalists with confidence. He inquired about Charleston, regretted that Farragut had not been ordered there. I asked what F[arragut] could do beyond Dahlgren at that point. Well, he said, he knew not that he could do more, but he was brave and had a name which inspired confidence. I admitted he had a reputation which Dahlgren had not, but no one had questioned D[ahlgren's] courage or capacity and the President favored him. The moral effect of taking Charleston was not to be questioned. Beyond that I knew not any thing [that] could be gained. The port was closed.

The conversation turned upon army and naval operations. He lamented the President's want of energy and force, which he said paralyzed everything. His weakness was crushing us. I did not respond to this distinct feeler, and the conversation changed.

LINCOLN AS A POLITICIAN

Almost daily we have some indications of Presidential aspirations and incipient operations for the campaign. The President does not conceal the interest he takes; and yet I perceive nothing unfair or intrusive. He is sometimes, but not often, deceived by heartless intriguers who impose upon him. Some appointments have been secured by mischievous men which would never have been made had he known the fact. In some respects he is a singular man, and not fully understood. He has great sagacity and shrewd-

ness. When he relies on his own right intentions and good common sense, he is strongest.

Wednesday, February 17, 1864.

Went this A. M. to Brady's room with Mr. Carpenter, an artist, to have photograph taken. Mr. C[arpenter] is to paint an historical picture of the President and Cabinet at the reading of the Emancipation Proclamation.

I called to see Chase in regard to Steamer Princeton, but he was not at the Department. Thought best to write him, and also Stanton. These schemes to trade with the rebels be-devil both the Treasury and the Army.

Friday, February 19, 1864.

As I went into the Cabinet meeting, a fair plump lady came forward and insisted she must see the President only for a moment — wanted nothing. I made her request known to the President, who directed that she be admitted. She said her name was Holmes, that she belonged in Dubuque, Iowa, was passing East and came from Baltimore expressly to have a look at President Lincoln. "Well, in the matter of looking at one another," said the President laughing, "I have altogether the advantage." She wished his autograph. She was a special admirer and enthusiastic.

Saturday, February 20, 1864.

Two or three committees are investigating naval matters — contracts, supplies, engineering, etc. Senator Hale labors hard to find fault with the Department. [He] is searching, as with a lanthorn, for errors and mistakes. Has detectives, rotten and disappointed contractors, and grouty party men of the Navy as well as politicians of every kind of politics to aid him, but has thus far seemed to injure his friends as well as himself, and not the Department.

Monday, February 22, 1864.

A circular, "strictly private," signed by Senator Pomeroy, and in favor of Mr. Chase for President, has been detected and published. It will be more dangerous in its recoil than its projectile. That is, it will damage Chase more than Lincoln. The effect on the two men themselves will not be serious. Both of them desire the position, which is not surprising; it certainly is not in the President, who would be gratified with an endorsement. Were I to advise Chase, it would be not to aspire to the position, especially not as a competitor with the man who has given him his confidence, and with whom he has acted in the administration of the government at a most eventful period. The President well understands Chase's wish, and is somewhat hurt that he should press forward under the circumstances. Chase tries to have it thought that he is indifferent and scarcely cognizant of what is doing in his behalf, but no one of his partisans is so well posted as Chase himself.

Thursday, February 25, 1864.

I called at the Treasury Department this morning relative to funds to pay the hands in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn. Chase appeared very well and calm. We talked of many difficulties. He wants the Bank circulation suppressed. I told him we could not have two currencies, for the baser would always expel the better. He said the banks and individuals were hoarding the government paper, and there must be some legislation to prevent the banks from circulating their paper, and it was desirable there should be a public sentiment in that direction. I do not think he has a very sound, well-matured comprehensive plan of finance, or correct ideas of money and currency, but he is quick of apprehension, has mental resources, and is fertile in expedients not always sound, but which have thus far been made available.

Friday, February 26, 1864.

Only three of us were at the Cabinet council to-day. Some matters of interest were touched upon, but there was soon a

discussion on recent political movements. The President has been advised of the steps taken to forward the Chase operations. Circulars were put in his hands before [they were] signed.

Friday, March 4, 1864.

A pleasant Cabinet meeting. Chase and Blair both absent, Seward and Stanton had a corner chat and laugh about Chase, whose name occasionally escaped them, and whom they appeared to think in a dilemma. They were evidently not unwilling we should know the subject even of their comments. I could not avoid hearing some of their remarks, though I changed my position to escape them.

[The foolish and unsuccessful raid on Richmond under the command of Colonel Ulric Dahlgren has never been perfectly understood. On Dahlgren's body were discovered papers "which seemed to indicate," says Rhodes, " that his design was to release the Federal prisoners on Belle Isle and in Richmond, and furnish them with oakum and turpentine so that they might burn the hateful city." These " orders," which threatened to give the Confederates an opportunity for reprisals, were categorically disavowed by superior Union officers.]

Monday, March 7, 1864.

Called yesterday to see Admiral Dahlgren. While there the President and Secretary of War came in with a telegram from General Butler announcing that his son, Colonel Dahlgren, was alive and well with a force of about one hundred at King's and Queen's. Of course we were all gratified. The President was much affected.

Tuesday, March 8, 1864.

Received a telegram from Admiral Lee this P. M. confirming a rumor that was whispered yesterday of the death of young Dahlgren. He was surrounded, it seems, by superior forces near King's and Queen's Court House, and fell attempting to cut his way through. Most of his command was captured. A few escaped and got aboard of the gunboat which had been sent up for their relief.

A more gallant and brave-hearted fellow was not to be found in the service. His death will be a terrible blow to his father, who doted upon him, and not without reason. I apprehend this raid was not a wise and well-planned scheme. Tested by results, it was not. Whether the War Department advised it I do not know. I heard it spoken of indefinitely and vaguely, but with no certainty until the expedition had started.

A PORTRAIT OF GRANT

Wednesday, March 9, 1864.

Went last evening to the Presidential reception. Quite a gathering. Very many that are not usually seen at receptions were attracted thither, I presume, from the fact that General Grant was expected to be there. He came about half past nine. I was near the centre of the reception room, when a stir and buzz attracted attention, and it was whispered that General Grant had arrived. The room was not full, the crowd having passed through to the East Room. I saw some men in uniform standing at the entrance and one of them, a short, brown, dark-haired man, was talking with the President. There was hesitation, a degree of awkwardness in the General and embarrassment in that part of the room, and a check or suspension of the moving column [occurred]. Soon word was passed around, "Mr. Seward, General Grant is here;" and Seward, who was just behind me, hurried and took the General by the hand and led him to Mrs. Lincoln, near whom I was standing. The crowd gathered around the circle rapidly, and it being intimated that it would be necessary the throng should pass on, Seward took the General's arm and went with him to the East Room. There was clapping of hands in the next room as he passed through, and all in the East Room joined in it as he entered; a cheer or two followed. All

of which seemed rowdy and unseemly. An hour later the General, Mr. Seward, and Stanton returned. Seward beckoned me, and introduced me and my two nieces.

To-day I received a note from the Secretary of State to be at the Executive Mansion a quarter before one P. M. The Cabinet was all there, and General Grant and his staff with the Secretary of War and General Halleck entered. The President met him and presented to the General his commission, with remarks, to which the latter responded. Both read their remarks. General Grant was somewhat embarrassed.

A conversation of half an hour followed on various subjects, but chiefly the war and the operations of Sherman.

Friday, March 11, 1864.

A pleasant meeting at the Cabinet, and about the time we had concluded General Grant was announced. He had just returned from a visit to the Army of the Potomac, and appeared to better advantage than when I first saw him; but he is without presence. After a very brief interview, he remarked to the President that he should leave this P. M. for Nashville, to return in about two weeks, and should be glad to see the Secretary of War and General Halleck before he left. There was in his deportment little of the dignity and bearing of the soldier, but more of an air of business than his first appearance indicated; and he showed latent power.

Tuesday, March 15, 1864.

At the Cabinet the principal subject was the issue of a new Proclamation, calling for a new draft of 200,000 men in consequence of the Navy draft and other demands. There are about 800,000 men in the field, among them some sailors drawn into the army by improper legislation, and the reckless, grasping policy of the army managers, who think less of the general welfare than of narrow and selfish professional display. It did not seem to me that the call was necessary or even expedient, but I perceived it had been determined upon by Halleck, Seward, and Stanton, that the President had yielded his acquiescence and opposition was useless. Blair said nothing. Usher gave a slow but affectedly earnest affirmative. Seward said the object was to compel certain democratic localities to furnish their proportion — and it was desirable to take advantage of the current which was setting in strong for enlistment. The movement did not strike me favorably.

Thursday, March 24, 1864.

Tom [1] and Admiral Dahlgren returned from Fortress Monroe, but without the remains of young Dahlgren.

We are running short of sailors, and I have no immediate remedy. The army officers are not disposed to lose good men, and seem indifferent to the country and general welfare if their service can get along. Commodore Rowan writes that the times of the men are running out, and no re-enlistments. The army is paying enormous bounties. Between thirty and forty vessels are waiting crews.

Friday, March 25, 1864.

At Cabinet to-day, I brought up the subject of a scarcity of seamen. The President seemed concerned, and I have no doubt was. Stanton was more unconcerned than I wished, but did not object to my suggestions. I had commenced, but not completed, a letter to the President urging the importance and necessity of an immediate transfer of 12,000 men to the Navy. The army has by bounties got thousands of sailors and seamen who are experts. This letter I finished and had copied after my return. On reading it to Fox, it stirred him up. The prospect is certainly most unpromising.

Chase, who sat beside me when I first made mention of the difficulty we were experiencing from the effects of the enrollment act and the policy pursued by the War Department, remarked that no-

[1] Thomas G. Welles, son of the Secretary.

thing could be expected when there were no Cabinet consultations and no concerted action. Stanton and the President were in private consultation at the time in a corner of the room. This is no unfrequent occurrence between the two at our meetings, and is certainly inconvenient and in exceeding bad taste. Chase was, I saw, annoyed and irritated.

Mr. Bates and others were left. Usher sat quiet and intent, not listening, perhaps, to catch a word; but U[sher] has great curiosity.

Wednesday, March 30, 1864.

A severe storm last night and to-day. Mrs. Welles had arranged for a party this evening. The rain ceased about sundown. The evening passed off pleasantly.

Secretary Seward fell in with Mr. Carpenter, the artist, in the parlor. Carpenter is getting out a large painting of the President and the Cabinet at the time when the Emancipation Proclamation was under consideration. The President and Cabinet have given him several sittings and the picture is well under way. Mr. C[arpenter] thinks that this act is the great feature of the administration, as do many others, likely; but Seward said it was but an incident and wholly subordinate to other and much greater events. When C[arpenter] asked what, Seward told him to go back to the firing on Sumter, or to a much more exciting one than even that, the Sunday following the Baltimore massacre, when the Cabinet assembled or gathered in the Navy Department, and with the vast responsibility that was thrown upon them, met the emergency and its awful consequences, put in force the war power of the government, and issued papers and did acts that might have brought them all to the scaffold.

Few comparatively know or can appreciate the actual condition of things and state of feeling of the members of the administration in those days. Nearly sixty years of peace had unfitted us for any war; but the most terrible of all wars — a civil one — was upon us and it had to be met. Congress had adjourned without making any provision for the storm, though aware it was at hand and soon to burst upon the country. A new administration, scarcely acquainted with each other, and differing essentially in the past, was compelled to act promptly and decisively.

JOHN M. FORBES'S OPINIONS

April 2, 1864.

John M. Forbes called. After talking on one or two subjects he spoke of the National Convention, and his regret that the call was so early, and asked me, as one of the committee, to reconsider the subject. Told him I would hear and consider anything from him, but that my mind was deliberately made up, and I thought the sooner the nomination was made, the better united we should be. He went over the usual ground — if the summer campaign was unfortunate, etc., etc., how could we change our candidates? I answered, we did not intend to be unfortunate; but if we were, I could not see how any different candidate would help the Union cause. Reverses might strengthen the Copperheads.

He then talked of the President, of his want of energy, decision, promptness, in consequence of which the country suffered. It was evident from what I gathered that Mr. Forbes wanted another candidate than Abraham Lincoln, and hence he desired delay. Forbes means well. His heart is right. He is shrewd and sagacious, but men betray their feelings and partialities unavoidably. I have no doubt he desires to have Mr. Chase a candidate, though he spoke only of Ben Butler, whom he dislikes.

Friday, April 8, 1864.

Called this evening on Admiral Dahlgren who is inconsolable for the loss of his son. Advised him to go abroad and mingle in the world, and not yield to a blow that was irremediable.

(*To be continued.*)

GEORGE MEREDITH

BY ANNIE KIMBALL TUELL

Enter these enchanted woods,
Ye who dare!

THESE words, which stand at the beginning of George Meredith's most characteristic poem, *The Woods of Westermain*, take on a new significance as we turn inevitably to the contemplation of his productive life, now so recently closed. For they voice in some measure the strong appeal of his individual genius, the challenge to find its uttermost meaning, its final message. The desire comes now with peculiar urgency, an insistent curiosity to question without delay the essential quality of that work, long held remarkable. And perhaps for once it may be needless to await the perspective of time, since Meredith's was a force which dwelt apart, aloof from the hum of literary gossip, so distant indeed that it has been possible during his lifetime to find in his writings a consistency hard to detect in the work of a contemporary.

The secret of George Meredith's mystery may perhaps lie in the fact that never before has a writer of such eminence partaken at one time in so full a measure of the critical and the creative faculty. Shakespeare knew how to write a play, Aristotle knew how one ought to be written; we shall rarely find in the study of any period an author preëminent both as critic and creator. That word which is able to make flesh of abstract material comes seldom from the mouth of the scientist, however fine and true be his knowledge, potent his voice, or sturdy his faith. What a monstrosity indeed was that Frankenstein, man created by the hand of man to scare the public of a century ago! Nor could ever a workman, however curious his art, make of any dry bones a Zagloba. This it is then which marks George Meredith as unique among artists: that being first a critic of man, he is in a secondary degree, and yet in a degree extraordinary, a creator of man.

But how did George Meredith, undoubtedly the most analytical of English novelists, avoid the paralysis of art which so readily follows self-consciousness? Wherein lies the intrinsic power able to maintain its greatness despite the chill of dangerous self-knowledge? For, try as we will to criticise his work, we find ourselves bound to pay it the compliment of large comparisons. It is impossible to liken Meredith to anything small. Perhaps his style is more obscure than Browning's, or his plots lack the simplicity of Molère. We sometimes go so far as to say that he fails of the robust vitality of Shakespeare. No mean condemnation, certainly! To what then shall we turn for the unifying secret of Meredith's art, the saving grace which keeps it forever above the level of the mediocre, and perpetually significant?

Not indeed in his consistent adherence to his favorite principles of comedy, nor in the fine flashes of his unequal poetic imagination, lies the secret. Rather is his entire work in prose and verse a splendid monument to the honor of sanity in human life. The diverse body of Meredith's novels is wide of scope, sounding the scale of passions from pure lightness of heart to that depth of tragedy where the "worst returns to laughter." The ample output of his verse is various in form and in theme; but we shall search in vain for the record of one maudlin moment in the author, for the whimper of one self-pitying tear, for the bombast of a solitary complaint against an unfeel-

ing universe. Here, if anywhere, is sanity, uncompromising, imperturbable, and abiding. Thence is it that we stand rebuked before the spirit of the man judged unworthy to lie among the memories of Westminster; that we pause with respect to register a tribute to the marvelous tonic quality of his virile achievement, to the unwavering force of his masculine energy, the healing flame of his ruthless honesty. For the world-weary Empedocles, type of all loose-gripped humanity, there is but the terse epitaph: —

> He jumped, with none to hinder.
> Of Ætna's fiery scoriæ
> In the next vomit shower made he
> A more peculiar cinder.

So perish all his despairing sort, unhelped by George Meredith, unless they are wise to find in the pure exposure of their bravado a help sufficient.

As the priest of sanity, then, Meredith has chosen to call himself a comedian, the word now so fully identified with his genius. By lifelong philosophy and practice it has come to have a meaning peculiar to himself alone, though, as is usual with Meredith's phraseology, the term has gained its special significance simply because it is applied with psychological exactness unusual to the current carelessness of men. For to George Meredith, more than to any other except his favorite Molière, comedy is but the perfect exercise of the intellectual faculty, busied forever with the honesty and shapeliness of humanity, devoted with infinite justice to the untiring revelation of folly self-deceived. Like the comic spirit, then, he aims at unblinking penetration, to set in the light the overblown foibles of man, the secret and unsuspected sins. Like the comic spirit, too, though ever in the temper of high fellowship, he must view his subject from a sufficient distance, if he would perceive it in its right proportions, if he would keep the total freedom from prejudice which may purge him altogether of contempt, "a sentiment which cannot be entertained by comic intelligence."

He would see and reproduce with the truth of knowledge. So in *The Egoist* he boldly claims the name of comedian. So in *Beauchamp's Career* he voices his artist aim: "This day, this life, and even politics, the centre and throbbing heart of it, must be treated of, men and the ideas of men, — these are my theme, and may it be my fortune to keep them at blood-heat and myself calm as a statue of Memnon in prostrate Egypt. He sits there waiting for the sun; I here, and readier to the musical than you think. I can at any rate be impartial, and do but fix your eyes on the sun-light striking him, and you have an idea of the passive receptivity of sun and shade that I hold it good to aim at, if at the same time I can keep my characters at blood-heat." So ever and anon in the various appeal of his poetry he stops to glorify above all the comic genius, the "sword of common sense," hence in very truth the sword of the spirit, without which, in the stern but sun-lightened creed of Meredith, we none of us shall see salvation.

This is comedy indeed, but a religion of comedy, a religion which asks of its votaries the absolute abandon of cowardice and shrinking pretense, demands rather a complete devotion to naked sincerity and to moral health. It is comedy, if he wills it so; but more — rather let us say, the apotheosis of reason, an atmosphere, man-created, where the vapors of morbidness are forever blown away and we breathe the pure air of common sense, an air in which literary energy must have a sturdy growth.

Thus the fine course of Meredith's masterful fiction is one long tribute to that human intelligence which is his light; and to bear witness to that light have come into existence the various and complex characters which he created in the chambers of this imagery. All the better is their testimony that in most cases they have failed in the ordeal; for, with one splendid exception, the novels of George Meredith centre about some poor "tragic-comedian," who has struck a discord with life,

gone somehow trippingly astray in the path of "unreason and sentimentalism," "such being folly's parentage when it is respectable." We know them all, — the seekers after delicate affectation, the victims of subtle self-delusion, the blind who boast of sight, the feeble who pretend to strength, a considerable train of lovable and unconscious fools who have sought, all, in some unsuspected manner, after vanity. There is the warm, erratic beauty of Diana, hasty-footed, quick to folly, willful for a bullet's shot at a swiftly sighted aim. There are the sentimentalists of *Sandra Belloni*, with whom Meredith almost forgets his boasted patience; the delicately ludicrous Poles, twittering group of triflers, who turn to prettiness their loves, their hopes, and the deepest experiences of life. There are the self-deluding charlatans, the stupendous fraudulence of Harry Richmond, the inimitable presumptions of Old Mel's children, and their victim, the delightful Evan, struggling slowly through the network of deceit, in which he is so carefully swathed, to the discovery of honesty's clear freedom. There are the pitiful self-deceivers, who fail only through an overweening sense of their own importance. Poor Sir Austin Feverel, in the vain attempt to be Providence to his son, apes too much the aloofness of Providence, learning too late the mercy of Providence.

More gallant is the failure of our favorite Beauchamp, sweet and noble of nature, failing in humility only from the intensity of his conviction, which drives him headlong to bring to pass at once the deed upon the thought. "His mind was clear enough to put the case that either he beheld a tremendous magnification of things, or else that other people did not attach common importance to them, and he decided that the latter was the fact." Alas for Beauchamp! But in reverence before his inglorious end, we learn respect, as nowhere else in the works of Meredith, for the modesty of human reason.

Comedy like this, quiet but relentless, calls for a singular and elaborate mastery of plot. Such a conception of human nature is intrinsically dramatic, demanding for itself a continuous and inexorable logic of action, a steadily thickening web of entanglement, all the more inextricable that the victim weaves it for himself. Hence the delightful power of the Meredithian story, rich with a plurality of complications which can be found nowhere else in literature, unified by an amplitude of vision sure to pierce its way to the perfect end, that finality toward which the varied and branching courses of folly must ultimately stream. The most obvious example of the comic method is *The Egoist*, where the tricksy spirit has rare sport with the little gathering at Patterne Hall. Here the author's peculiar prey is the hero himself, Sir Willoughby, the very sound of whose irreproachable name conjures up the image of his correct figure and well-moulded face, so perfect that the slightest surprise precipitates it into caricature. Excessively regardful of the dignity of his own being, he balances gracefully on the immovable base of his egotism till the inevitable tumble exposes him to the derision of his abhorrence, "the world." As we watch his desperate shifts to escape ridicule, we let no pity mitigate our judgment, but join the sprites of laughter, who circle perpetually about the figure of Sir Willoughby to celebrate a victim so peculiarly to their liking. *The Egoist*, then, Meredith's masterpiece in structure, is, with all its bewildering variety, the simplest exponent of his method. A man acts according to the folly of his nature, and nothing more is needed for a plot, nothing but its revelation for a dramatic climax.

Yet, were the novels of George Meredith but studies in failure, sanity would fade under the blight of gloom. We remember then the "interchange of sun and shadow" which he held it good to aim at, and cease to wonder that the same genius which could conceive the irony of Beauchamp's life has given us these creations of full-blooded vigor, potent with sincerity and unerring truth, who come and go

freely through the meshes of the woven plot. Theirs is the gift to find out the way of nature in the doubtful paths of folly and of ruin vapor-wrought, for they pass in a health of moral grace able to cure and to revive. We know and love them best of the noble beauties of George Meredith's making, for they are his immortal women, dearest types of unqualified genuineness. And they seldom fail us. Into the network of her children's lies walks always at the moment of need the inexorable Mrs. Mel, bent on the rescue of Evan to the rational life. If Sir Austin Feverel could have consulted Mrs. Berry, plump incorporation of the sure maternal instinct, she could have taught him more than all his system, by the mere wisdom of her aphorism, better than any of his, that " it's al'ays the plan in a dielemner to pray God and walk forward." There is the exquisite fidelity of the French René, the unyielding devotion of the true English Janet, the eternal charm and health of Clara Middleton, fairest of the lovely women of George Meredith. And unconscious among the "fine shades" and the " nice feelings " moves Sandra Belloni in her elemental simplicity, as lonely amid their unreality as the sound of her own glorious voice, rising clear in the silence of the night-empty woods, an eternal appeal to whatsoever within us is genuine and straightforward.

Thus Meredith, driven by the pulsing vitality of his theme, attained scope far wider than his usual aim; for we must insist on the many sides of his genius, refusing to accept his limitation of comedian. Of wit he sufficiently convinced us long ago, for none can forget the occult cleverness of his metaphors, the aptness of his epigram, the brilliant repartee of his delightful conversation, almost too subtle for truth. There is more need to emphasize the largeness of that illumined sympathy which can probe the depth of mortal unreason with such marvelous acuteness, all untouched by the taint of contempt; which can turn from the unsparing dissection of folly to a scene of utmost tenderness and delicacy. The hand which drew the figure of Sir Austin Feverel made, too, the sweet idyllic light which rests upon the loves of Richard and Lucy. None may smile save in gentleness at the meeting by the river, or the poetry of the wood-talk under the moonlight, while boor, scoffer, and sentimentalist listen in the bushes; or at the tale of Richard's wandering in the wet woods, tremulous over the birth of his child; scenes all of a precious sacredness, just for their infinite fragility. From the same mind came the unspeakable tragedy of *Rhoda Fleming*, unbearable record of anguish miserably needless, crushed to the silence of despair. Hence came, too, that other tragedy, articulate and undaunted, *Vittoria*, where the comic faculty, slumbering for once, leaves us sober but alert before the dignity of human passion, the immensity of mortal pain, free to pass beyond the personal problem to the historic significance of events in a world free of space and action, aglow with contest, big with the twisted coil of events and the steady sweep of time.

The very faults of George Meredith are always faults of strength. An unlimited facility for plot-construction must sometimes result in a woof too complicated for the easy understanding of less nimble wits. He who has for a lifetime conceived his characters by a systematic exercise of the comic perception must sometimes fail of reality, reduce his handiwork by its precision to the level of a mechanism, since human nature can nowhere show the consistent regularity of machinery. Sometimes, too, we are rebuffed by an insistence on the critical attitude, the extreme of his theories pushed beyond the human limit. Impartiality he never fails to achieve, but he must inevitably lose now and again something of that warmth which partisanship alone can lend to human ardor. This defect accounts perhaps for the coldness which strikes our hearts at sight of Lord Fleetwood's meteoric vagaries, Lord Ormont's wanton tempting of joy, or the shallow-

ness of Victor Radnor's optimism. Protracted contemplation becomes at times a frosty business. We do not contemplate Tom Jones, — bless him, — or the most living creations of George Meredith. It were a waste of time to analyze Clara Middleton. But it is vanity and unprofitableness to harp on the lapses which must needs be in this work, at once so wide-reaching, so profound, and so complex.

Complexity indeed is the final impression of Meredith's fiction. It is always with something of surprise, therefore, that we acknowledge the real simplicity which lies at the heart of his poetry. We can recognize our novelist in the kindly monologues like *Juggling Jerry*, the tragic force of *Modern Love*, the tempting of subtle pride in Theodolinda's high fervor; but the dearest aim is clearly pictorial, to catch a color, to call back an imagined sound, to restore a dead shiver, or thrill, or reverence. With wonder-struck exactness, he searches out the minuteness of nature's beauty. The grasses are " bestrid with shadows; " the swallow " circles the surface to meet his mirrored winglets; " cows " flap a slow tail knee-deep in the river, — breathless." Picture writing it is, winged with lordly color, kingly flashing, rich with moving gold, blown in on the light, in a world which dips before the breeze. It is a world of good promise, too, for in his poetry, defective, unequal though it be, Meredith gives full utterance to his buoyant philosophy, his whole-hearted acceptance of life's secret, from which springs the invincible sanity, the surest gift of his art.

For Meredith's faith resolves itself at last to the mere sense of nature's beneficence, the persuasion that to follow the law of earth is the way of blessing. His truest type of man is the giant Antæus, whose strength returns at every touch of the ground. Even the poetry of Meredith's age breathes a glad delight in the assurance that struggle is progress, change but the way of beauty's new birth, that the base of all sky-climbing hopes lies in the soil of common things. Turn to the titles of our poet's collected volumes, and whether it be the *Reading of Earth* or the *Reading of Life*, the meaning is always the same — *The Joy of Earth*. So the mystery of life is, to his thinking, resolved to simple springs, and the Dark Unknown becomes only the Great Unseen.

To such a philosophy, then, Meredith calls us to return as the only sanity. Clear and wholesome it is, and that it comes at last, not of reasoning, but of pure mystic reverence, is its saving grace as poetry. So it glows rich with the wonder of created things, the bliss of warmth, the sure knowledge of growth, the inner kinship of man with whatever lives and grows on the face of the earth. Thus in his allegory of *The Woods of Westermain*, where he typifies most profoundly his trust in the kindliness of nature to him who loves her fully, we must " foot at peace with mouse and worm," " love the light so well " as to fear no darkness. Then and then only do we catch the clue of earth; then and then only do we gain the " fruitful sight," and escape the dire revelation of earth's terrors, which awaits inexorably the consternation of the doubter. A mystic creed! None the worse a creed for that, the creed of a great thinker who could rest content in the sunshine of earth, nor ask

> **The silent to give sound,**
> **The hidden to unmask,**
> **The distant to draw near.**

In this earth-worship, despite his unclassical luxuriance of style, Meredith approaches the spirit of the Greeks. Not for all their divinities has he honor — never indeed for Dionysus, leader in life's madness, little perhaps for the goat-foot Pan, " a holiness horn and heel; " but he turns with a wonderful comprehension to the light-giver Apollo, maker of songs, " whose harmonies all are sane," and with most perfect sympathy to the great mother Demeter, type of the earth's eternal renewing, who brings the joy of abundance. His masterpiece is the *Day*

of the Daughter of Hades, story of the maid who escaped from the pale land of the dead for one day of light and beauty and the knowledge of things which grow. If a myth might be gladly conscious of its own beauty, here were a modern myth at last, full-measured with the fatness of earth, the wonder of life's milky kernel, " corn, wine, fruit, oil," a song which " gives us to eat." For the shadow-born could sing, as no mortal, of the " rapture of breath," " the grace of the battle for food." The poem must abide always among the great things of art, fair with the world's beauty and bloom, fairer in its reverence for the earth's yield of increase, for the mellow fruitfulness of harvest, for the comfortable sustaining of all who ask of her plenty. Here, more perfectly than in his profounder works, is the same underlying peace, broad with a sure sympathy, faith-lightened, — full assurance that our most unsparing critic is great of heart. His wisdom is but the under-hum of his poetry's song, and a rare music it is. Here in the midst of our small singers, our sighers after forgotten things, the yearners over beauty's passage, comes a strong field note, stout for the piping of years, in hard weather and in the season of blossom a glad pæan of the joy of earth.

For a smaller reason than its intrinsic value it is worth while to pause at the poetry of George Meredith, less noteworthy than his fiction, as it must always remain. Here, with the pictorial qualities of verse to help us, we can hope with some show of success to penetrate the secret of his obscurity in style. For we must admit that the very difficulty of his language has forever shut out George Meredith from the little company whom all the world delights to honor. No master of English prose can attain to supreme greatness if he ignore the virtue of clarity, and to be understood Meredith has never taken the slightest pains.

He has loved to play cunningly with his words and thoughts, — shall we say with his readers too? We are baffled first by his deliberate habit of rapid change, of jumbling for our confusion the many styles which he can assume at ease, a sudden wind from nonsense into tragic simplicity, from the terseness of epigram to excess of volubility. Always, too, we must reckon with his habit of abridged expression, a short-hand of description so direct as to mystify at its very force. The difficulty is intensified a hundredfold by his amazing wealth of analogy quickened with suggestion, till the reader, accustomed to a slacker use of vocabulary, fails to get the power of a phrase quivering with reality, so true its aim, so straight its rush at the target. The fault is simply his great gift used on the wrong side, — that knack for accurate thought and precise speech which, touched with wonder, achieves poetry, or graced with wit, is the extreme condensation of sense.

For Meredith's style may be likened but to the very tree of knowledge which, according to the old narrative of Cyrano de Bergerac, grows in the garden of the moon. " Its fruit is covered with a rind which produces ignorance in whomsoever hath tasted thereof; yet this rind preserves underneath its thickness all the spiritual virtues of this learned food." Just so is it with Meredith's wisdom. The first bite is hard for the tooth, but within is a learned food indeed, tasting of nothing less than the knowledge of good and evil. It is not altogether pleasant, but wonderfully wholesome; and whosoever pierces the rind becomes quicker to note, keener to feel, and saner to judge of himself and his fellow man.

THE DOWER-LADIES

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

PETER KUTZ drove along the frozen lane with a great creaking and bouncing of his heavy wagon. He drew up at the kitchen door with a flourish, then he sat still for a moment on the high seat, the reins hanging loosely from his hands, a worried frown darkening his blue eyes. Some difficulty or danger seemed suddenly to disturb him. While he meditated, the door opened.

"Peter, hurry yourself and come in. It is fearful cold. Did you bring my store things?"

"Yes," answered Peter absently.

"Everything?"

"Yes."

"What is the matter?" Little Mrs. Kutz took the basket from him, and hastened back to the shelter of the doorway. She looked sharply at him. "You look as if something was wrong."

"Nothing is wrong," stammered Peter. "Nothing."

Mrs. Kutz pulled shut the door between her and the warm kitchen, at the same moment that a little old woman's face, in a stiff white cap, peered out the window.

"What have you been doing, Peter?" she insisted, sternly.

"Nothing," protested Peter once more. "Get up, Billy! get up, Dan!"

He heard with a great sigh of relief the closing of the kitchen door. He would have a half hour at least before the news must be told. The stable was warm, he could linger there almost indefinitely, he would milk the cows as slowly as possible, he would feed Elmina's chickens, he would put in as much time as he could. It was no wonder that Elmina suspected his guilty conscience. Rover, whimpering to his master's feet after he had caught one of his mistress's Plymouth Rocks, could not have looked more abject.

Suddenly, like the voice of conscience itself, he heard Elmina's stern voice. She stood just inside the stable door, a shawl about her shoulders, a sunbonnet tied closely under her chin. She looked as though she had come to stay.

"Peter," she said, "have you bought another farm?"

"Just a little one." Peter could hardly be heard.

"Where?"

"Down along the Lehigh. It is a nice little farm. The land is fine. There is a nice barn, and a nice house on it. It was Alec Benner's farm. He —"

"Peter," — Mrs. Kutz's tone seemed to say that these details were irrelevant, — "has it a dower-lady to it?"

"Well, yes," confessed Peter. "She is such a nice lady, she — she —" His words trailed off into nothingness, as though they withered before the angry beams from Elmina's eyes. "Won't you sit down, Elmina?" he faltered.

Elmina paid no heed to the polite invitation.

"When we came to this farm, and it had Grandma Kemerer on it, you said she was such an old lady, she could n't live so long any more. That was twenty years ago. And she is here yet. For twenty years she got her dower-rights, her room, her bed, her board, her cow, her chickens, her carriages to go to church. She was seventy-five, and now she is ninety-five, and —"

"You took always such good care of her," faltered Peter. "That is why she lived so long."

But Elmina was not to be mollified.

"I don't mind Grandma Kemerer. She is company and I like her. But

Mommy Dill — How often must you hear it explained? When you got that farm, interest was six per cent, and as long as she lives you must pay her that much on a third of the farm. ' Yes,' you say, ' but she won't live long, and then I can pay it off.' But she does live, and it is the same way with Grandma Stuber and Grandma Illick and Grandma Weiss. To all of them you pay more interest than you make from the farms. And now you go and get another yet. What do you mean? "

" *Ach*, she was such a nice old lady." Peter knew well enough that the possession of six farms encumbered with dower-ladies proclaimed him a poor man of business. " But you see there was nobody who would buy this farm, and the old lady cried, and— "

" How old is she? "

" About eighty, I guess." He hoped it was not a lie. He knew that she was only seventy-six.

If he had said a hundred, Mrs. Kutz might have received the news with some equanimity. As it was, she started to speak, then shut her lips and went out, closing the door sharply behind her. Outside, she stopped to wipe her eyes.

Peter sat heavily down to his milking. Affairs were really much worse than Elmina suspected. Not one of the six farms was his outright, nor could it be until the dower-lady died, and he could pay over the last third of the principal. In the mean time, the heavy interest must be paid. And to-day — he realized it with a gasp —he had paid out the last cash he owned. If one of the dower-ladies should die, he would have no money to pay to her heirs, he would have to borrow; he would have to borrow even to pay the next quarter's interest. He began to be badly frightened. The next quarter-day was his birthday, when the dower-ladies always came to dinner. He saw himself seated proudly at the head of his table, dealing out good things to six grateful old women. It was always the proudest day of the year. Then, remembering some sharp words of Elmina's, he flushed hotly.

" The Bible says you must first look after your own, Peter. It is not right to give everything away."

" But somebody must look after these old ladies," he had answered.

" But you need n't look after five of them."

And now there were six. He acknowledged to himself that to-day's purchase had been a mistake.

When he saw the cheerful glow of the kitchen fire, his face brightened. He never remained long depressed. He spoke gayly to Grandma Kemerer, who sat by the stove, her hands folded on her stiff white apron. She did not look nearly ninety-five years old; there was no doubt, as Peter had said, that Elmina had taken good care of her. She peered round with bright, inquisitive eyes. She could see that something had provoked Elmina; a stranger might have guessed that from Elmina's energetic flying about. Grandma Kemerer was disturbed. She was sincerely attached to both the Kutzes. Peter had taken the farm, when her nephew had refused it because she was an encumbrance, and no curious detail of her husband's will had remained unfulfilled. She was a tactful little old lady: she often soothed Elmina's ruffled spirit. She began to speak pleasantly as soon as they sat down to supper.

" It will soon be time for the dower-ladies' dinner," she said. " Are you going to have this year chickens or turkey, Elmina? "

The hand which was pouring the coffee shook.

" I don't know," answered Elmina shortly.

After that it was plainly to be seen that she could hardly wait until Grandma Kemerer had gone to bed, to finish her remarks to Peter.

" There is one thing I have to say," she announced with a trembling voice. " I ain't going to cook no dinner for six old

ladies that have more to spend than I have. I can't afford it."

"But Elmina!" cried Peter. "For twenty years the dower-ladies have come on my birthday."

"I don't care. We can't afford it."

"But they expect it."

"I can't help that. Such old people ought to stay at home, anyhow. Every one over eighty, and two over ninety!"

"The new one is n't so old," faltered Peter. "She is only seventy-six."

Elmina stared at him. She remembered that he had said that old Mrs. Benner was eighty. She opened her mouth to remind him of it, then closed it with a snap. What was the use?

"I can't have none of them here," she said.

"But — but I invited the new one already," confessed Peter. "I invited her after I bought the farm."

In the morning, Grandma Kemerer saw clearly that the cloud still lingered. She tried constantly to dispel it.

"I hope we will have cold weather now," she would say; "then it will be nice and warm in March, and the dower-ladies can come."

Once Peter undertook to plead his cause.

"It is such a big time for Grandma Kemerer. They are all her old friends. Mommy Dill was her company girl."

"I could n't help it if she was her sister," said Elmina. "This new one will have to come because you invited her, and Grandma Kemerer will have to get along with her."

"Did you tell her yet?"

"I'll tell her in time," said Elmina.

Nevertheless, she postponed it until the evening before Peter's birthday. Grandma Kemerer did not wish to go to bed, she was as excited as a child.

"To-morrow we will have to work, Elmina. It will be hard work getting ready for so many."

"Grandma Kemerer," — Elmina folded the tablecloth with a wide sweep of her arm, "we are n't going to have any — "

At that moment there was a knock at the door, then some one lifted the latch, as though sure of a welcome. Without stood five shawled and hooded figures.

"Henry said it would snow to-morrow," announced Mommy Dill. "So we came this evening."

"He brought us all together," said Grandma Stuber.

"My, I am glad to get in!" cried Grandma Illick.

"They made me come along," said Grandma Benner, a little doubtfully. "They said you would have room."

"We are all going to help get ready for the dinner," announced Mommy Dill. She was ninety-five, but she walked as though she were twenty. She was the only one of the dower-ladies who had an income of her own besides the dower-rights. How much it was, no one knew. "You expected us, Elmina, did n't you? I was away when Peter came last quarter-day."

"*Ach*, yes," answered Grandma Kemerer, "of course we expected you."

Half an hour later, Peter came in. The old ladies were seated round the fire; they wished to bid him good-night. It was a long time before he could have a word with Elmina.

"Did you do it to surprise me?" he asked.

Elmina stood still in the middle of the floor, two quilts over her arm. For a few moments she had thought that he had invited them, and that she would never forgive him. His innocence made her speak more gently.

"No, they came of themselves. But this is the last time."

The dower-ladies stayed for three days. That night there was a heavy snow, and Elmina did not think it was safe for them to be taken home.

"It is not fit," she said grimly. "They are here now, they must stay. Perhaps you will have enough of dower-ladies."

Their colloquy was held in the cellar. Above them the old women could be heard laughing merrily. Mommy Dill was telling a story of her youth. She had

been a great belle. These, her contemporaries, remembered it; the younger generation would have laughed.

Elmina stood at the window the next afternoon, and watched them drive away. They looked like five mummies in their shawls.

"They are all so good yet," said Grandma Kemerer at her elbow. "They look as when they would live to be so old like I."

Two hours later Elmina met her husband with a white and frightened face. He came in from the barn, rubbing his hands cheerfully. The merry old voices to which he had been listening had brightened his heart, and made him feel once more like Prince Bountiful. He did not see Elmina's ominous gaze.

"Peter Kutz."

"What is it?" gasped Peter. Elmina must be very angry.

"Elwin Danner was here this afternoon to see about some money you had borrowed from him. Did you borrow money from him?"

"A little."

"What for?"

"I needed it."

"To pay the interest on the dowers?"

"Yes."

"Why did n't you tell me about this?"

Peter's glance implied that the reason was evident.

"Peter, when I was a little girl, my Pop said to me, 'Live on bread and water, but don't borrow.' And now" — Elmina put her head down on the table and cried.

It was with a chastened soul that Peter prepared to make confession. He had borrowed from the doctor, and a little from John Dillfield, who kept the store.

"Those ladies can't live so long, any more," he faltered.

"But that will only make it worse," cried Elmina. "Now you have only to pay the interest; if one dies, you will have to pay the principal yet. What then?"

"I don't know," confessed Peter blankly. "I might sell a farm, but nobody will buy farms now, especially with dowers on them. I don't know what I will do, Elmina."

In two days, Elmina had paid the doctor and the storekeeper. She had been saving egg-money for a long time to buy a large incubator. An incubator was nothing compared to her horror of debt. Peter dispensed with the services of a hired man. When quarter-day came, he paid the interest, but he had to borrow more money. His sanguine spirit failed.

"If one of those dower-ladies would die, the sheriff would have to sell me out," he said to Elmina. "I can't get a penny, any more, money is so tight."

Grandma Kemerer watched her benefactors growing old.

"Peter is getting stoop-shouldered," she said to herself. "Elmina is getting thin. What is the matter with these people?"

Christmas came and went. Grandma Kemerer had gifts, but Peter and Elmina gave each other nothing. Grandma Kemerer thought he had given Elmina the parlor clock. She forgot that it had stood in its place for five years. She forgot easily, she could not remember her own age.

"I am ninety-nine years old," she said one day. "Soon after Peter's birthday I will be a hundred, then I don't want to live any more."

Elmina gazed at her in fright. She had heard that it was only the desire for life which kept such old persons alive.

"You are only ninety-six, Grandma Kemerer."

"Oh, is that all!" answered Grandma Kemerer resignedly. "Well, then."

Neither Elmina nor Peter thought of the dower-ladies' dinner that year. Elmina went about with an increasingly pale face and slower step. Peter's brow was constantly clouded in a vain effort to understand how a man could be at the same time as rich as he was and as poor. One evening he sat beside the kitchen table, painfully figuring on great sheets of paper. He dared not look at Elmina. He

heard Grandma Kemerer say that she wished to go to bed, and Elmina rose at once from her work. Grandma Kemerer stood still in the doorway of her warm room, which opened from the kitchen.

"Good-night, Peter," she said. "Elmina, you need n't bother to invite the dower-ladies. Henry Stuber was here when you were off, and I said he should go round to tell them."

When Grandma Kemerer was safely in bed, Peter looked up at his wife.

"I can go and tell them not to come," he offered dismally.

"No," answered Elmina. "Nobody was ever invited to my house, and told to stay away. I can kill a few of my hens. They are laying fine, but I can kill a pair. The — the dower-ladies have everything else, they can eat a few of my hens yet. Perhaps it will help them to live longer. Perhaps — perhaps" — Elmina could not go on.

In the morning, she was sick. Peter hailed the doctor as he drove past, and the doctor shouted that he would return.

"I am going to see Mommy Dill. She has pneumonia."

If Peter had been a little less dependent upon Elmina, he would have kept the news to himself. But he could not help telling her.

"That will mean I must pay out two thousand dollars right away. And I have not two cents. What am I to do? I — "

He saw that Elmina had fainted.

The doctor scolded heartily. Elmina had been working too hard. He would give her a tonic, she ought to have a servant for a while. He would come in the next day to see her; if she were not better he would punish her. He had known Elmina since she was a little girl. As he wrapped his scarf round his neck, he told them the news. Mommy Dill was a little better, but both Grandma Stuber and Grandma Illick were sick.

"A sharp spell like this is hard on old ladies," he said. "I would n't tell Grandma Kemerer about it, if I were you."

Elmina did not need to kill her hens. When the day for the dinner came, three of the dower-ladies were sick, and a blizzard kept the others at home. Grandma Kemerer had to be told.

"Who would a' thought they would be so delicate?" she said in superior fashion. "None of them are so old like I. I wonder if they are going to die." She spoke lightly. She had contemplated death for too many years to fear it.

"*Ach*, don't talk so," said Elmina weakly. She did as little work as possible, she took the medicine faithfully, knowing that nothing would help her but release from anxiety. Peter unable to pay his debts! Ruin hovered over them, prevented only by the frail tenure of life of these old ladies.

Toward evening the doctor came in again. A great wind was blowing the snow into huge billows.

"Are you better?" the doctor asked sternly, as he pulled off his gloves.

"I guess so," answered Elmina.

"Well, you'd better be."

Grandma Kemerer woke from a nap in her deep rocking-chair. She straightened the frills of her cap, and smoothed her apron.

"How is Grandma Stuber?" she asked.

"Better," answered the doctor. "She said she wanted you to have her gold watch, Peter. But you won't get it yet awhile. She said you were her best friend."

Peter's blue eyes brightened. He forgot his anxiety.

"And Grandma Illick says her Bible is to go to Peter, and her shawl to Elmina. Everything else goes to the children."

"And Mommy Dill?" faltered Peter weakly. "Will she die?"

He could not even add together all he would have to pay if these old ladies died.

The doctor looked at him sharply, and then at Elmina.

"Mommy Dill is going to die," he said, "but the others are not. I helped to make Mommy Dill's will two weeks back. Ninety-five, and no will yet!"

"What has she besides her dower?" asked Peter.

"Oh, a little," answered the doctor, laughing. "Her dower goes to her nephew; that she cannot help, even if he would n't take the farm. But she had four thousand besides in the bank, and interest to it yet since her man died."

"Her nephew will be glad that she has so much," said Peter.

The doctor laughed again.

"He don't get it," he said. "He settled that when he would n't take the farm. She gives it to her two best friends. It is written that way in the will and signed and witnessed. The lawyer and I, we fixed it up."

"They are lucky people," said Peter dully. "Who are these people?"

He saw Elmina flush scarlet, then grow deathly pale.

"Who do you mean?" she said.

"Sure enough!" cried the doctor. "Who do I mean!"

A BIVOUAC

BY J. E. RICHARDSON

I THINK I have come far enough; and I
Among these fallen fence-rails here shall lie,
And breathe the clean smell of gray wood, while sleep
Steals over me beneath the wide, pure sky.
All's wrapt in moonlight; while the shadows creep,
— Slow dial-hands that bring no hour of dread, —
I shall lie still and hark; and I shall hear
Scarce any sound save yonder wakeful cheep,
— Some dreaming bird; and far, far, far away,
In night so far the sky seems much more near,
The railroad's four-timed warning of the way;
Save only these, the silence of the dead.
Wild-carrot blooms nod round my quiet bed,
Spice-scented, pale; and each wan grassy spear,
Each mullein-lance and purple-flowering thorn,
Guards well the place for sleep from all save Morn;
Here shall I sink then, all remembrance fled,
Forgotten Raucousness, forgotten Scorn,
Forgotten Wisdom, and forgotten Fear;
My limbs drowsed, and the last sound in my ear
The soft clash of the long green leaves of corn.

THE FALL OF THE GOLDEN ROCK

BY BENJAMIN SHARP

ALMOST within sight of the island of Porto Rico, there rises from the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea a small island, now but little known and rarely visited. Together with another smaller island, it forms the northern tip of the " Bow of Ulysses " — that beautiful curve of symmetrical volcanoes which guard the eastern entrance of the Caribbean Sea.

St. Eustatius, or " Statia " as it is called at home, now exports a few yams and potatoes to St. Kitts and Demerara, and to Curaçao, bricks — Dutch bricks — taken from the ruins of houses whose annual rental in 1781 was one million two hundred thousand pounds sterling.

When St. Eustatius was on the pinnacle of her greatness, she stood as the Venice of the New World. As the richest trading port in the West Indies, she received the title of the " Golden Rock." She had the honor of giving to the American flag its first foreign salute, and for that loyalty, and for her aid and support to the revolting American Colonies, she was plundered and destroyed, yielding to her conquerors such wealth that the amount recalls the triumphs of the Roman emperors; and where a sleepy Provincetown whaler or two now calls for a few vegetables, with the surety that none of her men will desert, a busy fleet of more than two hundred vessels rode at their anchors. Her warehouses, once so full that the street and even the beach itself were loaded with merchandise, are now tenanted by the agile lizard, while the climbing cactus covers their falling walls, and the insidious roots of the guava bush loosen their massive foundations.

St. Eustatius, in common with all the Caribbees save Barbados, was discovered by Columbus. As it was uninhabited, although at rare intervals visited by the cannibal Caribbees, perhaps for purposes detailed by Robinson Crusoe; as it was riverless and without springs; as it was, for these tropical islands, quite barren, it remained Spanish, in name only, for nearly a century and a half, when, in 1631, the Dutch West India Company quietly settled there, and its people were the first to trade regularly among the islands.

The Dutch, with their characteristic perseverance, soon clothed the slopes of the two volcanic peaks, as well as the " saddle " connecting them, with fields of tobacco and sugar; they built a town on the western or leeward side of the island, under the shadow of the " Punch Bowl," long since drained dry by the " lusty Devil," and made themselves so comfortable and flourishing that Admiral Sir Robert Holmes, who called one day in 1664, convinced the Batavian burghers, by means of his fleet, that the island was English. The French soon took it away from the English, but when the peace of Breda came, the suffering Dutch again returned to their fields of tobacco and cane.

Soon after this they were aided by the involuntary immigration from Africa, and slavery existed there until 1863. Again it passed through the hands of the English and French until, at the peace of Ryswick, the Dutch could again call the island their home. Now, we find in 1715 that the population of the island (whose area is better expressed in acres than in square miles) was eleven thousand two hundred souls, or rather nine thousand six hundred souls and sixteen hundred negroes, according to the ideas of those times.

Then another little expedition of the French appeared before the town and informed the governor that they would leave under certain conditions. The treasury of the island not having those conditions at hand, the governor advanced a large quantity of guilders to satisfy them, and the French fleet left the same day, " much to the relief of the islanders," it was said.

For fifty or more years the thrifty little island steadily progressed in wealth and importance, without disturbance from hungry admirals or grasping European powers. Shortly before the outbreak of the American Revolution, there sprang up under the cliffs of Orangetown, extending a mile or more along the gentle curve of the bay, a great and important row of warehouses and stores, known as the " Lower Town."

Then came the " great hurricane," so destructive to the West Indies, which almost swept the island of its habitations, and wrecked or sunk all the shipping in the bay; but " phœnix-like " as the historian, Arthur Valk, writes, " the island rose from its ruins and assumed an importance that was not equaled in the whole of the West Indies."

St. Eustatius, during our war of Independence, reached its greatest prosperity and was of vital importance to the struggling colonists of America. Being a free port, it was open to the mercantile fleets of all the European powers then at war. The supplies which England had before this received from her North American colonies now passed to her through St. Eustatius; the tobacco of Virginia came in such quantities that the warehouses were not able to contain it, and it was heaped upon the beach awaiting reshipment, among hogsheads of sugar and bags of coffee, three million pounds of which passed through the hands of the Statian merchants from the French island of San Domingo alone. To Statia the British planters brought the products of their estates, — sugar, rum, coffee, indigo, cotton, etc., — to be exchanged for the lumber and food-stuffs of North America, the products of Europe, and the luxuries of the Orient.

This commerce, however, was not the sole means of wealth of the island, for large quantities of munitions of war, shipped mainly from Holland, passed through the hands of these merchants. The incessant wars between England and France, carried on most actively in the West Indies, then one of the greatest sources of contention among the European powers, made Statia, a port open to all, the centre of supply, greatly to the disadvantage of Great Britain. This was increased by the unsettled, and to the English mind mutinous, state of her North American colonies, which were purchasing large quantities of naval and military stores. There is a letter from the Earl of Dartmouth to Lieutenant-Governor Coldon of New York, dated September 7, 1774, in confirmation of this. The letter reads: " My information says that the Polly, Capt. Benjamin Broadhelp, bound from Amsterdam to Nantucket, has, among other articles received on board, no less a quantity than three Hundred thousand pounds weight of Gunpowder, & I have great reason to believe that considerable quantities of that commodity, as well as other Military Stores, are introduced into the Colonies from Holland, through the channel of St. Eustatius."

If a traveler from St. Christopher's had visited St. Eustatius at this time, he would have seen the island rising like a tall single volcanic cone across a deep blue channel, ten miles in breadth. The " Devil's Punch Bowl," or " Quill," would have been veiled at its summit in a pure white mass of cloud, while a little to the southward of his course, another bank of cumulus, well down upon the horizon, would have indicated the position of Saba, twenty miles away. The sides of the cone sweep to the summit with such perfect regularity that one imagines the distant island to have a circular base; but as the vessel passes on

and comes under the lee of the island, another more northerly peak shows that the island is formed of two cones joined together by a high plateau, which, the traveler would be told, is called the "Saddle." This plateau slopes downward from the main ridge on each side to the sea, where on the leeward side it falls abruptly some two hundred feet to the narrow strip of beach connecting the bases of the two extinct volcanoes, which form the northern and southern arms of the bay.

The slopes of the two mountains and the surface of the plateau would then have been clothed with bright green fields of tobacco and sugar-cane, while extending in a curve along the edge of the bluff, like a rampart guarding the lower town, was the busy and populous capital. His vessel would have found a berth among hundreds of craft of all nations assembled in the bay; and while waiting for some means of getting ashore, he would have seen the great warehouses extending for a mile and a quarter under the shadow of the bluff. Landing, and walking to the northward along the single street of the Lower Town, he would have found his way with difficulty through the throngs of busy stevedores and pig-tailed sailors moving about among the casks of Virginia tobacco and hogsheads of Muscovado sugar; he would have passed the doors of the large warehouses, have heard the hum of business, and here and there have seen the private residence of some wealthy Dutchman. One of these in particular would have arrested his attention, being the largest and most magnificent upon the beach. It was a square building with massive walls, one hundred and fifty feet in length, extending from the street almost to the foot of the high cliff, which kept it in shadow during the early hours of the day. The large doorway led to an open court, in the centre of which rose the coping of a deep well or reservoir, and on one side of the courtyard, a massive mahogany staircase led to the story above, where all that great wealth could give was lavishly displayed. From this floor, a gallery, supported by an archway spanning the street, led to a smaller house, built almost upon the water's edge.

Here the visitor, surrounded with all the comforts of a tropical veranda, and bathed by the cool breezes of the sea, could enjoy a view of the bay and its busy life. The chubby whaling sloops of Nantucket, "laden with Spermacaeti Oyl," the top-sail schooners from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, rode side by side with snows, apple-bowed brigs, and high turreted ships of Europe, in the calm of the island's lee. In their midst, hundreds of little boats — lighters and gigs — plied among the shipping like ants. A tall graceful frigate would glide round the curve of the Punch Bowl's base, with her three towering snow-white spires glistening in the morning sun. She would sweep into the bay, and her white clouds would vanish from her spreading yards like the smoke from her signal-gun.

Near the northern end of the Lower Town, the street turned back upon itself and led by a gentle ascent to the top of the bluff. It was here that most of the residences had been built, some of which, for elegance, could not be surpassed in the western world. In some of these were rooms lined with tiles from Delft, representing biblical scenes, while marble stairs and mahogany casings were almost universal.

As climate plays such an important part in the habitations and actions of men, there was found here an ingenious adaptation, not known elsewhere in the West Indies. St. Eustatius being a small island, at most five miles long by two broad, and rising from the sea at its highest point not quite two thousand feet, there is but little rain during the greater part of the year. As far as is known, there were never any forests on the island, so that the moisture-laden trade-winds pass over the island without much precipitation. During the day large cloud-masses collect about the peaks, and disappear at sunset. In order to save all the water possible

that fell upon the earth, the inhabitants cemented a large "plane" in their yards, at one end of which was sunk a cistern or well. Over the top of this well a cemented arch, six or eight feet long and three or four feet high, was erected. A small hole, a foot or two square, received the water which fell upon the slightly inclined plane, which was kept scrupulously clean. The opening was guarded by a gate of iron bars, and a stranger could not help thinking, on seeing them for the first time, that each family had a tomb in its yard.

The population of the island was at this time quite cosmopolitan, — Dutch, Jews, Americans, and French predominating. The voice of the people was decidedly in favor of the American Revolution, and no opportunity was lost to aid the "liberty men" of the North. England, then at peace with Holland, could do nothing, as the island had been declared a free port nearly half a century before, and of course everything possible was done to cripple Americans on the islands then in possession of Great Britain. In a letter from St. Eustatius, written in February, 1776, we are told that American merchants were obliged to leave Dominica, and that all moneys in the English islands belonging to Americans were taken hold of by proclamation.

An event, however, occurred which gave England an opportunity. On November 16, 1776, the Brig Andrea Doria,[1] under the command of Captain Isaiah Robinson, swept round the base of the Punch Bowl, with the striped flag of the American colonies tugging at her signal halyards.[2] As she came into the bay, she fired a salute of eleven guns to the Dutch flag at Orangetown, which, at the command of Governor Johannes de Graeff, was answered with 18-pounders. Within three days, a letter from St. Eustatius to the Maryland Council of Safety tells us that "all American vessels here now wear the congress colors." Captain Robinson was received by the Governor and all ranks of people with the hospitality so characteristic of the West Indian of that period.

De Graeff, as Admiral Rodney wrote, "was the first man who insulted the British Flag by taking up the salute of the pirate and rebel; who during his whole administration has been remarkable inimical to Great Britain and a favourer of the American Rebellion."

In the same letter we find how much De Graeff was appreciated by the Americans, as "two of their capital Ships" were named, the one, of twenty-six guns, for him, and the other, of eighteen, for his lady.

George III determined to procure reparation and satisfaction from the Dutch for this insult and for the important aid they had given to the colonies. Admiral Rodney, fresh from England's greatest naval victory off Dominica, received at Barbados his orders, on January 27, 1781, first to attack St. Eustatius and St. Martin's, as neither of them was capable of any considerable resistance. Profound secrecy was preserved, and to keep the French from suspecting his movements, Rodney appeared with his whole fleet at Martinique and left there six sail of the line and two frigates to keep them shut in, while Sir Thomas Hood was sent to surround the Statian Bay and prevent the escape of a single vessel. "He most effectually performed that service."

On the 3d of February, Rodney appeared before the astonished Statians, and sent to De Graeff the following summons: —

St. Eustatius, 3 *Feb.*, 1781.

We the General Officers, commanding in Chief His Britannic Majesty's Fleet and Army in the West Indies, do, in his Royal name, demand an instant Surrender of the Island of Saint Eustatius, and its dependencies, with every Thing in and belonging thereto, for the use of

[1] Throughout the American archives this vessel is spoken of as the Andrew Doria.

[2] The stars were not added to the red and white stripes until June, 1777.

his said Majesty. We give you one Hour from the delivery of this Message, to decide. — If any resistance is made, you must abide the Consequences.

G. B. Rodney,
J. Vaughn.

To his Excellency the
Governor of St. Eustatius.

The blow had fallen. Nothing could be done. The truth of the summons could not be grasped. The island surrendered at discretion. No terms whatever were granted. Their persons were prisoners of war and all their property forfeited. A general proscription of all the inhabitants followed. Americans, Dutch, and French, and of course the Jews, were banished from the island and were ordered to leave behind them all their wealth and property and to take nothing but those effects for which they had special license.

" It was a vast capture," wrote Rodney to the Secretary of State. The keys of the warehouses were demanded and possession taken of all correspondence and books. Every one was compelled to make an accurate account of all his ready money, plate, and jewels. Three million pounds sterling in money alone fell into the hands of Rodney and Vaughn, together with more than a million pounds' worth of plate and jewels. The munitions of war captured were " so numerous as will astonish Great Britain."

There are many local traditions at Statia of attempts to conceal money, many of which were successful, as recent finds of golden " joes " and " half-joes " plainly show. A casket, about to be buried in the cemetery, was opened by a suspecting English officer, and in it was found a large quantity of money and plate.

One hundred and fifty sail were captured in the bay, besides a Dutch frigate and five ships and vessels of war complete and ready for service. A fleet, under convoy, had left Statia thirty-six hours before the arrival of Rodney, but was pursued by Captain Reynolds and taken.

On the 4th of February Rodney wrote to the Secretary of the Admiralty: " All magazines and store-houses are filled, and even the beach is covered with Tobacco and Sugar, all of which shall be shipped on board the vessels now in the Bay (if they are sufficient to contain the quantity) and sent under proper convoy to Great Britain to abide his Majesty's pleasure. — The convoy will be extremely valuable; more so, I believe, than ever sailed to Great Britain, considering its number of ships."

It must have been a grim satisfaction to the miserable Statians when they heard that this fleet had been captured and its guardians put to flight by a French squadron under M. Le Motte Piquet, near the mouth of the English Channel.

Rodney again writes: " The American Merchants and seamen, amounting to more than two thousand, have been captured. They made an offer to the Governor to defend the Island, and still a considerable number remain lurking in the mountains. Hunger will soon compel them to surrender at Discretion."

Money and merchandise was not all that Rodney obtained at St. Eustatius. So determined was he to destroy what he called this " nest of Vipers, which had stung Great Britain to the quick," that he even took the roofs from the warehouses and private residences and sent them to Barbados, St. Lucia, and Antigua, to repair the ravages of a recent hurricane, asking no more than that the inhabitants of those islands should erect suitable walls to support them.

So closely had Rodney blockaded the island that it was two months before even a whisper of it was heard, and during this time more than fifty American vessels laden with tobacco fell into his grasp. The importance of this island during the struggle of the American colonies is best told by Rodney himself, when he says in a letter to Philip Stephens, Secretary of the Admiralty, " The numerous

letters found on board them [the captured vessels] plainly prove that, their hulls and masts excepted, all the rigging, sails, cannon, powder, ammunition, and stores of all kinds, in order to navigate them, were sent from this island, without whose assistance the American navigators could not possibly have been supported."

From this blow St. Eustatius never recovered; robbed of its people, of its wealth, even of its habitations, the Golden Rock sank into poverty and oblivion. Roofless houses now form the capital; the paved streets are grown with grass; Negro cabins and potato patches have risen from the basements and gardens of the grand residences; the walls of the stately Jewish Synagogue rise from the surrounding ruins, and from its paved floor has sprung a great tree, whose branches spread outward, vainly trying to shield the crumbling walls from the torrential floods of the rainy season. The handsome Dutch Reformed Church stands with the roof fallen in, the magnificent mahogany pulpit and wonderful fluted sounding-board, which once reflected the words of recognition and encouragement to the patriots of the northern colonies, now echo the moans of the trade-winds. True were the words which Burke said to the British Parliament: "The island surrendered at discretion, but the conquerors interpreted discretion into destruction, for they did not leave the conquered a shilling."

THE GREAT TIDAL WAVES OF BIRD-LIFE

BY D. LANGE

TWICE every year a wave of living birds, almost inconceivably grand in the number of birds involved, surges over North America. The autumn wave rolls from the arctic tundras of Canada and Alaska to the torrid valley of the Amazon and the great pampas of the La Plata, only to roll back again to the ice-bound northern ocean with the northward progression of the sun. And almost as ceaseless as the ever-rising, ever-falling swell of the ocean tides is this miraculous tide of beating wings and pulsating little hearts. The last stragglers of the northward migration do not reach their northern home before the early part of June; but in July the southward-setting tide has begun again.

The number of birds that make up this mighty wave almost passes comprehension. Probably more than ninety-five per cent of all birds making their summer home between the northern boundary of Mexico and the Arctic Ocean, that is in the United States and Canada, help to swell the great bird-tide that moves southward in autumn and northward in the spring with the regularity of a pendulum. Allowing a little less than one migratory bird to an acre, we get the enormous number of 4,320,000,000 birds, whose wing-beats follow with rhythmic precision the southward and northward movement of the sun. This number is too vast to be easily comprehended, so let us bring it within our grasp by a few illustrations.

If we allow six inches, the measure of the English sparrow of our streets, to be the average length of a migratory bird, then this mighty host, if we could arrange its restless, flitting members in a quiet, orderly manner, like soldiers on parade, would make a line 4,090,909 miles long. This earth is much too small for such a line. We might arrange our

birds in three hundred and twenty-six lines, and each one would extend from the north pole to the south pole along the whole length of North and South America. If we arranged the birds at the Equator, they would circle the globe one hundred and sixty-three times.

Not that every kind of migratory bird travels the whole distance of the wave: no; some swing back and forth through a distance of only a few hundred miles, while others, who make up the extreme margins of the great wave, travel twice a year from the soggy tundras and spruce forests of Alaska to the waving plains of pampas grass in Patagonia, a distance of eight thousand miles.

It will undoubtedly surprise the reader who is not an ornithologist to learn that we do not really know the cause of these great tides of bird-life. One is tempted to say: Why, birds leave the north, because they can get no food during the winter. This statement, although undoubtedly containing the original cause of bird-migrations, is only partly true at the present time; for many birds leave their northern homes at a time when their food is most abundant. The red-headed woodpecker, who in late summer lives largely on grasshoppers and other insects caught on the ground, always leaves the latitude of St. Paul about September 10. It adhered to this date even in the autumn of 1907, when this region had no frost at all before September 27, and when the temperature rose to 96 in the shade as late as the 12th, with insect life abundant well into October. Other insect-eaters start southward as early as July 10, when their food is most abundant; and the same is true of many seed-eaters.

Again, if scarcity of food is the cause of migration, why do bluebirds, warblers, thrushes, and waterfowl forsake a land of plenty in the south to rush northward so early that frequently millions of them starve during the cold snaps of our northern spring? The spring of 1907 furnished a tragic illustration of this. A cold spell accompanied by heavy snows, the latter part of April, fell like a plague upon the migrating flocks. Starved warblers, thrushes, and kinglets were found everywhere. The dead birds found in this latitude belonged to about twenty different kinds, and the number of birds that perished in the Middle West alone must have reached well into the millions. There would have been plenty of room for these birds to breed in the well-provided south; then why do they, year after year, brave storms and starvation in the north? Many theories have been advanced and numerous treatises have been written on the subject, but for many birds the question remains unanswered.

The problem of the real home of the birds is just as perplexing. If originally the birds were driven southward by advancing winter, then their real home is in the north, where they now breed; if, on the other hand, they originated in the south, and later, for some reason, acquired the habit of seeking more northerly breeding-grounds, then their home is in the south, where they live now during the northern winter.

Many South American birds migrate northward, during March and April, when winter begins in that hemisphere. Some sea birds, like the albatross and the frigate bird, breed on a few uninhabited islands in mid-ocean, and roam over the sea throughout the warm and temperate regions of the globe the rest of the year. Not one of our northern wanderers breeds in its genial winter home in South and Central America. When their time arrives, they all hasten back to the distant north, to build their nests and raise their young in the same region where their own cradles swung from northern trees and bushes.

One might think that South and Central American plains and forests would ring with the music of our warblers, thrushes, and bobolinks, while we are anxiously watching the fall of the mercury and the rise of coal prices; but this

assumption would prove false; our northern songsters are silent in the tropics. Perhaps they rest their voices and recuperate from the strenuous season of bird-opera, as human tenors and prima donnas do in mountain taverns and seaside villas.

If a man were to tell the birds which way to travel in their flight from storm-swayed pines to the palms and lianes of the tropics, he would bid them direct their course by way of Florida, the Bahamas, Cuba, Hayti, Porto Rico, and the Lesser Antilles.

"On this route," he might say to the winged millions, "you are always in sight of land. If a storm threatens, you can rest until the sky is clear again, and none will be drowned in the raging waves in a vain effort to beat up against the storm on feeble wings." This advice sounds well and the route looks good on the map, but not a single bird follows this way as his regular route.

"If this route does not please you," the bird-adviser might continue, "there is another that is almost as easy. Go from Florida to Cuba and thence to Yucatan."

So natural does this route look that years ago American ornithologists practically took it for granted that the migrating hosts followed it, until actual field observations showed that it is as deserted as the one first mentioned. Only a few adventurous or storm-driven birds use the two routes which the bird-adviser would recommend. The most probable reason why they are not used is that they could not furnish sufficient food for the millions of North American migrants. This is especially true of the Lesser Antilles, whose total area is about equal to that of Rhode Island.

Without human assistance, the birds have selected several much-traveled highways between North America and Central and South America. By far the greater number of the birds of the Atlantic coast follow a route from northwestern Florida to Southern Mexico and Central America, making a seven-hundred-mile flight across the Gulf. In spite of this long sea-flight and its many dangers, this is decidedly the popular route with the birds of eastern North America. While the two easy island-to-island routes are deserted, this Florida and Gulf route is literally alive with large and small birds for eight months of the year. Night after night the winged myriads steer northward in spring and southward again in the autumn. Over a vast expanse of sea they find their way, where for ten or twelve hours at a time they are entirely out of sight of land. But in spite of all dangers and difficulties this is the popular route with North American birds.

About ten species reach South America by way of Florida, Cuba, and Jamaica. This list of travelers includes vireos, cuckoos, wood thrushes, tanagers, bank swallows, night-hawks, and bobolinks. But so immensely in the majority are the bobolinks that bird men have referred to this route as the Bobolink Route. It involves only a five-hundred-mile flight from Jamaica to South America, but it is not a generally popular route.

The favorite route for many birds of the Mississippi valley also extends across the broad expanse of the Gulf, directly southward from the mouth of the Mississippi.

The migrants making their summer home on the Great Plains and in the Rocky Mountain country seem to be favored by nature, as they reach their winter homes in Mexico and Central America by short and easy overland journeys. Many birds of California perform what is known as a vertical migration. They journey to the warm lowlands and coastal plains to spend the winter, and in spring return to their summer homes on the slopes and in the valleys of the mountains.

The great southward-moving wave does not come fully to rest until December, or even January. At this time, when food is scarce in the far north, several

birds of the Canadian zone become at least occasional temporary sojourners in the northern United States. It is the large snowy owl, the tame evening grosbeak, and the beautiful and trusty crossbills, that come, so to speak, with the last ripples of the ebbing tide.

But, wonderful as is this great migration of birds, the journeys of each species are almost as marvelous, and each kind of bird presents a problem in itself.

The golden plover and the bobolink are known to almost everybody, either from nature or from books and descriptions. Let us try to follow the journeys of only these two birds.

The golden plover is one of the greatest and boldest wayfarers of all bird-dom. Late in April or early in May I find them in this latitude in the Mississippi valley. Toward the middle of the month they have all disappeared, and I do not see them again until the next year. Where are they the rest of the year? It is now known that their summer home lies far beyond the Arctic Circle, while they spend the winter two thousand miles south of the Equator. Early in June they reach their breeding grounds in the barren coast tundras of the Arctic Ocean, which extend from Hudson Bay to Behring Sea. Many of them travel even much farther north, and have been found nesting on the arctic islands as far as a thousand miles north of the continent, in latitude 81°. Less than two months suffices for them to raise their young under the midnight sun, among the lichens and mosses of the tundras, below which the soil never thaws out. In August the tundras are again deserted, and the ringing cries of the plovers now enliven the bleak rocks and coast of Labrador. Here they feast on the fruit of the crowberry, a low creeping vine which covers hundreds of square miles. A few weeks of such feasting make them fat and strong. Gradually they move southward to Nova Scotia, from where they strike boldly out to sea, flying directly southward toward the coral-strewn beaches of the tropics. If the weather is favorable, they make the whole journey from Nova Scotia to the mainland of South America, a distance of twenty-four hundred miles, without touching land. Sometimes they make a short stop at the Bermuda Islands, but many times they have been seen five hundred miles east of the Bermudas in mid-Atlantic. Some flocks linger for a few weeks on the Antilles and on the north coast of South America, but in September they all reach southern Brazil and Argentina, the great plains country of the La Plata. Here they remain six months, from September to March, enjoying a long vacation after six months of hazardous travel and absorbing family cares.

Early in March they disappear from the La Plata country, but the great majority of them, at least, do not return north the way they came. Very soon they appear in Guatemala, then in Texas. By the end of April they have traveled up the Mississippi valley to the latitude of Minnesota. About the first of May they cross into Canada, and by the first of June they are once more excavating their nests, and preparing to lay their chocolate-spotted eggs, a thousand miles beyond the circle of the midnight sun.

What a wonderful journey it is! How the performance of the most persistent globe-trotter fades into insignificance when compared with the annual journeys of the plover, a bird not larger than a robin. The human traveler has at his command all the science and the technical skill which the human race has accumulated since the first man timidly trusted himself to a dugout wooden boat. The plover's brain is not larger than a hazel-nut, but in this tiny magazine is stored away, as individual experience or race-instinct, all the intelligence needed to steer the bird over sea and land, over mountains, forests, and deserts, through raging storms and black fogs. Twice a year the plovers make a trip of eight

thousand miles north and south, while their northward route lies three thousand miles west of their southward route. Each year of his life a plover travels from twenty to twenty-two thousand miles, and this record he keeps up until his little heart ceases to beat.

Another and most remarkable journey is that made by the bobolink. This well-known songster of meadows makes his summer home all through the eastern states, as far north as New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and westward to Montana and Manitoba. One would naturally think that the northwestern bobolinks would leave the United States by way of Mexico or the Mississippi Valley, but, so far as is known, not a single bobolink takes that route. Instead, all the bobolinks of North America migrate via the rice-fields of the Carolinas, and leave the United States by way of Florida. After the breeding season the males doff their clownish-looking dress of black, white, and buff, and assume the plain, brownish garb of the females. At the same time the birds assemble in flocks and start southward.

After the 1st of September all have left their breeding-grounds, and September 9 is the latest I ever saw bobolinks in the latitude of southern Minnesota. Finally, all the bobolinks of the country gather in countless thousands in the rice-fields of the Carolinas, where they are known and feared as rice-birds or reed-birds; and every year the rice-growers of the South have to expend tens of thousands of dollars to protect their crops from being literally eaten up by the bobolinks. Robert of Lincoln, minstrel, clown, and general entertainer of our northern meadows, appears to the Southern rice-grower as a veritable pest. Fifty years ago the bobolinks gathered the fuel for their long sea-voyage from the wild rice of the marshes; since then they have discovered that the cultivated rice makes a better food and fuel, and every autumn they levy a heavy tax on the rice-growers of the South Atlantic states.

After they have grown fat on rice, they leave for Cuba. From Cuba their route leads over Jamaica, but many of them have gathered such a surplus of fat and energy that they make the seven-hundred-mile flight to South America without stopping in Jamaica. Arrived on the mainland, they travel as far south as the valley of the Amazon and southern Brazil, where they spend the winter.

About the first of May the northern nature-lover takes an early morning ramble through fields and meadows, and there is the bobolink, swinging and singing from brier and reed, in full nuptial plumage. He has traveled from four to six thousand miles since you saw him last, and has escaped thousands of shotguns and numerous other dangers. Every year of his life he performs this journey, until his bubbling voice has grown silent, and his little quivering body has come to rest in some lone marsh or among the grass of the pampas.

Every one who is somewhat familiar with the structure and the habits of wild swans, geese, and ducks is not surprised to learn that these large water-fowls can annually perform long journeys. Their bodies are powerful engines, adapted equally well to a rushing flight through the air and to a restful locomotion on the water. Moreover, in autumn their plumage is so thick and dense that it is not only perfectly water-proof and frost-proof, but almost shot-proof.

But how can we express our wonder and admiration when we learn that such feeble and tiny folk as the warblers and humming-birds undertake voyages as great as, or even greater than, the swift teal and the majestic swan? The black-poll warbler, a bird smaller than the chickadee, makes its summer home as far north as Alaska, and winters in Brazil, traveling from ten to fifteen thousand miles a year.

The rufous humming-bird, a wee bit of a bird, scarcely larger than a bumble bee, makes its summer home and builds its tiny nest on the spruce of Alaska, and

spends the winter among the flowers of tropical Mexico. Twice a year it journeys up and down the Pacific coast, a distance of three thousand miles.

The warblers are not strong flyers, and their loose, fluffy feathers are a poor protection against storm, rain, and cold. During the summer months about sixty different kinds of warblers enliven the woods of North America clear up to the treeless north and to the cold treeless ridges of the mountains, but during the winter scarcely a single warbler remains in the United States. Nearly all of them are great travelers and make their winter home in Mexico, in Central and South America, and in the West Indies. Very often fogs and storms confuse and bewilder them on their journeys, thousands dash themselves to death against the light-houses along the coast, and tens of thousands are swallowed up by the waves of the storm-lashed Gulf. But in spite of all these dangers they will not stay among the palms, where food is abundant and where no great danger threatens them. An uncontrollable longing that defies all danger and hardship impels them onward to their far boreal homes as soon as the new leaves are budding on the northern willows and poplars.

There is a popular opinion that birds follow closely the advance of warmer weather northward, but close study has shown this idea to be wrong. With very few exceptions, the birds travel northward much faster than the warmth of spring, and are constantly overtaking colder weather. The pretty yellow warblers leave the latitude of New Orleans under a temperature of 65° F., and they arrive on their breeding grounds at Great Slave Lake under a temperature of only 47° F. They travel over a distance of twenty-five hundred miles in twenty-five days, but spring requires thirty-five days to travel from New Orleans to Great Slave Lake.

The higher the latitude the birds reach, the faster they travel. The little blackpoll warblers average about thirty miles a day from New Orleans to southern Minnesota. Then they begin to increase their speed like race-horses on the home stretch, and when they approach their northernmost breeding-grounds in Alaska they average about two hundred miles a day.

Most of our common song-birds migrate by night, flying in clear weather at a height of a mile or more above the earth. This explains why it so often happens that one finds no birds in the afternoon, while early next morning the earth is all alive with them, as if they had dropped out of the sky over night. In this case appearances are not deceptive. They have actually dropped from the region of the clouds.

How do birds find their way? There is no doubt that they are often guided by sight along coasts, lakes, rivers, and valleys, which are plainly visible for a great distance from the height at which birds travel. In other cases, old birds which have been over the route lead the way, and the young birds follow their calls and their leadership. What wonderful stories these winged travelers could tell, if they could only talk to us; what fascinating teachers of geography they would make for our children! It has, however, been shown lately beyond reasonable doubt that, in addition to keen sight, acute hearing, individual experience, and race instinct, birds possess what must seem to us a kind of sixth sense, the sense of orientation. The Harriman Alaska Expedition found flocks of murres, a sea-bird, flying straight for their home on a lonely rock island thirty miles away, through a fog so thick that everything a hundred yards away was absolutely hidden from view. What human brain could guide a ship thirty miles through a dense fog without a compass?

Still more conclusive demonstration of this sense of direction in birds has recently been furnished by Professor John B. Watson. He caught and marked fifteen sooty terns and noddies on the Dry

Tortugas in the Gulf of Mexico and took them out to sea. Some of the birds were carried as far as Cape Hatteras, eight hundred and fifty miles north of the Tortugas, before they were set free. The sooty terns and the noddies are southern birds which seldom range farther north than the southern coast of Florida; and it is not likely that any of those experimented on had ever been farther north; but none the less thirteen birds out of fifteen found their way back to the Tortuga Islands.

Since the days when Aristotle wrote his quaint accounts of birds and beasts, science has made much real progress, and many of Aristotle's wonderful stories have been found to be fables; on the other hand, science has added many more real marvels to natural history than it has destroyed of fictitious ones. Aristotle tells us that swallows and other birds hibernate. No real bird-student believes that story nowadays; but it is a remarkable coincidence that even to-day no man knows where one of our most common swallows, the little bank swallow or sand martin, spends the winter—a bird so common that almost every country boy has peeped and poked into its holes in the sand-banks. It disappears somewhere in the great interior of South America, that is all we know.

Another bird-mystery is furnished by the chimney swift, or chimney swallow, as it is popularly called. In August great flocks of them are found everywhere east of the Rocky Mountains. In Minnesota and North Dakota I have frequently met flocks, numbering from one thousand to five thousand, roosting in the chimneys of schoolhouses and churches or other large buildings. Early in September they leave this latitude. Gradually, millions of them reach the Gulf coast, and then they disappear until March. If a great aerial tidal wave had carried them to the moon, their disappearance would not be any more complete. They must winter somewhere in Central or South America, but no ornithologist has yet found them there. It seems almost incredible that a bird so well-known, and whose individuals must be counted in millions, should thus far have eluded all observers, but it is nevertheless true.

Science will soon lift the veil from many of the mysteries of the great bird-tides, but as one mystery disappears, another and a greater one will appear; and as our knowledge grows, our wonder will grow still more.

THE AUTOCRAT AND HIS FELLOW-BOARDERS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

Dr. Holmes wrote of Emerson, "He delineates himself so perfectly in his various writings that the careful reader sees his nature just as it was in all its essentials, and has little more to learn than those human accidents which individualize him in time and space."

This was even more true of Dr. Holmes than of Emerson. In the title of the work which brought him fame he takes us into his confidence: *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table;* or Every Man his own Boswell.

To say that he was his own Boswell is but to say that he was, by instinct, not an historian or a novelist or a systematic philosopher, but an essayist. Now, the great difficulty with the discursive essay lies in the fact that it encounters the social prejudice against the use of the first person singular. It is not considered good form for a man to talk much about himself. The essayist is not really more egotistic than the most reticent of his fellow citizens, but the first person singular is his stock in trade. If he is not allowed to say "I," his style stiffens into formalism. He is interested in the human mind, and likes to chronicle its queer goings on. He is curious about its inner working. Now, it happens that the only mind of which he is able to get an inside view is his own, and so he makes the most of it. He follows his mind about, taking notes of all its haps and mishaps. He is aware that it may not be the best intellect in the world, but it is all he has, and he cannot help becoming attached to it. A man's mind grows on acquaintance. For a person to be his own Boswell implies that he is his own Dr. Johnson. Dr. Johnson must have enough opinions, obstinacies, and insights, to make the Boswellizing worth while. The natural history of a mental vacuum cannot be made interesting to the general reader.

For commercial purposes it is sometimes necessary to create an artificial person, called the corporation, to carry on business. In like manner, the essayist finds it convenient to create an artificial person to carry on the business of self-revelation. As the corporation is relieved of the necessity of having a soul, so the artificial literary character is without self-consciousness. He can say "I" as often as he pleases, without giving offense. If a narrow-minded person accuses the author of being egotistic, he can readily prove an alibi. If Elia should prove garrulous in proclaiming his whims, Mr. Charles Lamb could not be blamed. He was attending faithfully to his duties in the East India House.

Dr. Holmes was fortunate, not only in creating a character through which to put forth his private opinions, but also in providing that character with the proper environment. He was thus enabled not only to reveal himself, but also to reveal the society of which he formed a part.

Washington Irving's Geoffrey Crayon was only the English Mr. Spectator transplanted to America. The elderly man about town was more fitted for London than for the New York of that period. But Dr. Holmes hit upon a character and a situation distinctly American. Let Philosophy come down from the heights, and take up her abode in a Boston boarding-house. Let there be a nervous landlady anxious to please, and an opinionated old gentleman ready to be displeased, and a poet, and a philosopher, and a timid school-mistress, and a Divinity student who wants to know,

and an angular female in black bombazine, and a young fellow named John who cares for none of these things. Then let these free-born American citizens be talked to by one of their fellow-boarders who has usurped the authority of speech.

The philosophical historian of the future may picture the New England of the middle of the nineteenth century under the symbolism of the Autocrat and his Boarding-House. You cannot understand one without the other. In Europe different streams of culture flow side by side without mingling. One man belongs to the world of art, another to the world of business, another to the world of politics. Each sphere has its well-recognized conventions.

Matthew Arnold voices the inherited ideal. It is that of one who, in the society which he has chosen, is not compelled to note "all the fever of some differing soul." In America, to note the fever of some differing soul is part of the fun. We like to use the clinical thermometer and take one another's temperature.

We do not think of ourselves as in an intellectual realm where every man's house is his castle. We are all boarders together. There are no gradations of rank, nobody sits below the salt. We listen to the Autocrat so long as we think he talks sense; and when he gets beyond our depth we push back our chairs somewhat noisily, and go about our business. The young fellow named John is one of the most important persons at the table. The Autocrat would think it his greatest triumph if he could make the slightest impression on that imperturbable individual.

The first sentence of the book strikes the keynote. "I was just going to say when I was interrupted." Here we have the American philosopher at his best. He is inured to interruptions. He is graciously permitted to discourse to his fellow citizens on the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, but he must be mighty quick about it. He must know how to get in his words edgewise.

"Will you allow me to pursue this subject a little further?" asks the Autocrat. Then he adds meekly, "They did n't allow me." When he attempts to present a subject in systematic form: "Oh, oh," cried the young fellow they call John, "that's from one of your lectures."

For all his autocratic airs, there is no danger that he will be allowed to think of himself more highly than he ought to think. The boarders will take care to prevent such a calamity. All his sentimentalities and sublimities are at once subjected to the nipping air of the boarding-house.

When the Professor makes a profound statement, the "economically organized female in black bombazine" remarks acidly, "I don't think people who talk over their victuals are likely to say anything great."

We must remember that the lady in black bombazine was a very important person in her day. And so was another boarder, known as the "Model of all the Virtues." We are made intimately acquainted with this excellent lady, though we are not told her name. "She was the natural product of a chilly climate and high culture. . . . There was no handle of weakness to hold her by. She was as unseizable except in her entirety as a billiard ball. On the broad terrestrial table where she had been knocked about, like all of us, by the cue of Fortune, she glanced from every human contact and caromed from one relation to another, and rebounded from the stuffed cushion of temptation with exact and perfect angular movements."

To get the full humor of the talk, one must always hear the audacities of the Autocrat answered by the rustle of the bombazine and the grieved resignation of the Model of all the Virtues. It was all so different from what they had been accustomed to. In the first part of the nineteenth century a great wave of didactic literature swept over the English and American reading public. A large number of conscientious ladies and gentlemen simultaneously discovered that they could

write improving books, and at once proceeded to do so. Their aim was to make the path of duty so absolutely plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, could not err therein; and they succeeded. The wayfaring man who was more generously endowed had a hard time of it by reason of the advice that was thrust upon him. The cult of the Obvious was at its height in the days when Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy was popularly supposed to be poetry, and Mr. G. P. R. James furnished the excitement of Romance without any of its imaginative perils. The idea was that everything had to be explained.

When most of his characters are in the direst extremities in the Bastille, Mr. James begins a new chapter thus: "Having now left the woodman as unhappy as we could wish, and De Blenau very little better off than he was before, we must proceed with Pauline, and see what we can do with her in the same way. It has already been said that in the hurry of her flight she struck her foot against a stone and fell. This is an unpleasant accident at all times, and more especially when one is running away."

While the romancer was so careful that the reader should understand what happened and why, the moralist was even more apprehensive in regard to his charges. In any second-hand store you find the shelves still cluttered up with didactic little books published anywhere from 1820 to 1860, called "Guides" or "Aids" to one thing or another. They were intended to make everything perfectly intelligible to the intellectually dependent classes. *The Laborer's Guide*, the *Young Lady's Aid*, *The Parents' Assistant*, the *Afflicted Man's Companion*, were highly esteemed by persons who liked to have a book to tell them to go in when it rained. When I came across the *Saloon-Keeper's Companion* I felt sure that it belonged to this period, and so it did. Even the poor saloon-keeper was not allowed to take anything for granted.

To persons brought up on the Bombazine school of literature, Dr. Holmes's style was very perplexing. Instead of presenting an assortment of ready-made thoughts, each placed decently on the counter with the mark-down price in plain figures, he allowed the reader to look into his mind and see how he did his thinking. He described to the bewildered boarding-house the exciting mental processes.

"Every event which a man would master must be mounted on the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a thought except as it galloped by him. The mind as it moves among thoughts or events is like a circus-rider whirling about with a great troop of horses. He can mount a fact or an idea, and guide it more or less completely, but he cannot stop it. He can stride two or three thoughts at once, but he cannot break their steady walk, trot, or gallop. He can only take his foot from the saddle of one thought and put it into that of another. What is the saddle of a thought? Why, a word, of course."

This sounds like what in these days we call the New Psychology. But to many of the boarders the act of thinking in public seemed indecorous. They were shocked at the idea of the mind making an object of itself, skipping about from one subject to another, like a circus-rider. In the most esteemed literature of the day, this never happened. A thought was never allowed to go abroad unless chaperoned by an elderly and perfectly reliable Moral.

When the Autocrat presented a new thought to the Breakfast-Table, "'I don't believe one word of what you are saying,' spoke up the angular female in black bombazine."

Dr. Holmes has been called provincial. This is high praise for one who aspires to be his own Boswell. Said Dr. Johnson, "He who is tired of London is tired of life."—"Why, Sir, Fleet Street has a very animated appearance, but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross."

An interesting personality is always interested in the place where he happens

to be. Dr. Holmes found his Fleet Street and Charing Cross within easy walking distance. All the specimens of human nature he needed for his study could be found on Boston Common. Boston was not so big as London, nor so old, but it was sufficient for his active mind.

In that most delightful of nature books, Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*, the good rector says of the range of hills that ran through the parish which was his world, " Though I have travelled the Sussex Downs upwards of thirty years, yet I still investigate that chain of majestic mountains with fresh admiration year by year, and think I see new beauties every time I traverse it."

The globe-trotter smiles superciliously when he is told that these majestic mountains rise to the height of five hundred feet. But the globe-trotter may well ask himself whether he has really seen as much of the world as Gilbert White saw in his thirty years' travels through the length and breadth of the Parish of Selbourne.

When " the jaunty young fellow who had come in with the young fellow they call John " made his famous remark about the Bostonian belief that " Boston State House is the hub of the solar system," the Autocrat accepted it good-naturedly. " Sir, said I, I am gratified at your remark. It expresses with vivacity that which I have sometimes heard uttered with malignant dullness. The satire of the remark is essentially true of Boston — and of all other considerable or inconsiderable places with which I have had the privilege of being acquainted.

" I have been about lecturing, you know, and have found the following propositions true of all of them: —

" I. The axis of the earth strikes visibly through the centre of each and every one of them.

" II. If more than fifty years have elapsed since its foundation, it is affectionately known as the good old town of (whatever its name may happen to be).

" III. Every collection of its inhabitants that comes together to listen to a stranger is invariably declared to be a remarkably intelligent audience.

" IV. The climate of the place is particularly favorable to longevity.

" V. It contains several persons of vast talents little known to the world.

" Boston is just like other places of its size, only perhaps, considering its excellent fish market, paid fire department, superior monthly publications and correct habit of spelling the English language, it has some right to look down on the mob of cities."

That was in 1857. Since then the fish markets and fire departments and monthly magazines of other cities have improved, and nobody pretends any longer to know what is the correct way of spelling the English language. All the offensive Bostonian claims to superiority have passed away.

In the *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* we have many glimpses of the intelligent and right-minded, but somewhat self-conscious Boston of the Transcendental period. Dr. Holmes's wit was a safety match which struck fire on the prepared surface of the box in which it came. Boston was the box.

The peculiarities which he found most amusing were those which he himself shared. There is indeed an old prudential maxim to the effect that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones. This ill-natured saying takes for granted that we should all enjoy smashing our neighbors' glass if we could insure the safety of our own. Dr. Holmes was of a different disposition. His satire, like his charity, began at home. He was quite proud of the glass house in which he lived, and at the same time he enjoyed throwing stones. If he broke a window now and then, it was a satisfaction to think that it was his own. No one valued more highly the intellectual characteristics of Boston, but he also saw the amusing side of the local virtues. You may have watched the prestidigitateur plunge his hand into a bowl of burning ether,

and hold it aloft like a blazing torch. There was a film of moisture sufficient to protect the hand from the thin flame. So Dr. Holmes's satire played around the New England Conscience and did not the least harm to it.

A Scotch Presbyterian of the seventeenth century, named Baillie, wrote a study of the English Puritans at the time when many were crossing to New England. "They are a people inclinable to singularities, their humor is to differ from all the world, and shortly from themselves." It was this hereditary humor, somewhat stimulated by the keen winds from off Massachusetts Bay, that furnished Dr. Holmes with his best material.

"I value a man," says the Autocrat, "mainly for his primary relations with truth, as I understand truth."

Such an assertion of independent judgment could not fail to awaken other independent boarders to opposition.

"The old gentleman who sits opposite got his hand up, as a pointer lifts his foot, at the expression 'his relations with truth as he understands truth,' and when I had done, sniffed audibly and said I talked like a Transcendentalist. For his part, common sense was good enough for him.

"'Precisely so,' I replied, 'common sense as you understand it.'"

It was a discussion which had been carried on without interruption since the days when old Mr. Blackstone settled on the peninsula at the mouth of the Charles in order to get into primary relations with truth as he understood truth, and had his peace disturbed by the influx of people from Salem who came with the intention of getting into primary relations with truth as they understood it.

In Sunday preachments, in Thursday lectures, in councils and town meetings, in lecture-halls and drawing-rooms, the quest has been kept up. Mrs. Anne Hutchinson here got into primary relations with truth as she understood truth, and so did Margaret Fuller, and so has Mrs. Eddy.

Never has any one who had done this lacked followers in the good old town, and never has such an one lacked candid critics. So long as there is a keen delight in the give-and-take, the thrust and counter-thrust of opinion, that "state of mind" that is Boston will be recognized.

It was a state of mind that was particularly acute in those days when Lowell wrote of Theodore Parker and his co-religionists, —

> I know they all went
> For a general union of total dissent:
> He went a step farther; without cough or hem
> He frankly avowed he believed not in them;
> And, before he could be jumbled up or prevented,
> From their orthodox kind of dissent he dissented.

Laurence Sterne, in *Tristram Shandy*, gives the secret of his own method of writing. "In course," said Yorick, "in a tone two parts jest and one part earnest." Dr. Holmes used these ingredients, but the proportions were reversed. Usually there are two parts earnest and one part jest. The earnest was always the earnest of the man of science, and of the keen physician. Much of his wit is of the nature of a quick diagnosis. We are moral hypochondriacs, going about with long faces imagining that we are suffering from a complication of formidable diseases. The little doctor looks us over and tells us what is the matter with us. The incongruity between what we thought was the matter and what is the matter, makes us smile. It is as if a man thought he had committed the unpardonable sin, and was told that the real sin that has produced his bad feelings was committed by his cook.

Here is a bit of social diagnosis: "There are persons who no sooner come within sight of you than they begin to smile in a way that conveys the idea that they are thinking about themselves, and that they are thinking, too, that you are thinking that they are thinking about themselves."

We are made to see that the troublesome complaint which we usually speak

of as self-consciousness is not so simple as we had thought. It is a complication of disorders. It is not merely a consciousness of one's self. It is the consciousness of other people's consciousness that makes the trouble. All of which is amusing because it is true.

" 'There is no power I envy so much,' said the Divinity Student, ' as that of seeing analogies. I don't understand how it is that some minds are constantly coupling thoughts or objects that seem not in the least related to each other, until all at once they are put in a certain light, and you wonder that you did not always see that they were as like as a pair of twins. It appears to me a sort of miraculous gift.' "

Now, to the Autocrat it was not a miraculous gift at all. To couple ideas into a train of thought was as easy for him as it is for a railroad man to couple cars. But the connections which he saw were not like the analogies of the homilist, they were like the connection which the physician recognizes between the symptom and the disease: this thing means that.

That there is any likeness between an awkward visitor and a ship is not evident till it is pointed out; after that it seems inevitable.

" Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over. They want to be off, and you want them to be off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your parlor, and were waiting to be launched."

Then follows the suggestion as to the best way of launching them. " I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, stern-foremost into their native element, the great ocean of out-of-doors."

Whoever has felt himself thus being launched recognizes the accuracy of the figure of speech.

Even the most confirmed dogmatist must get a glimpse of the meaning of " the relativity of knowledge," and of the difference between opinion and truth, when the Professor at the Breakfast-Table explains it to him. " Do you know that every man has a religious belief peculiar to himself. Smith is always a Smithite. He takes exactly Smith's-worth of knowledge, Smith's-worth of truth, of beauty, of divinity. And Brown has from time immemorial been trying to burn him, to excommunicate him, to anonymous-article him, because he did not take in Brown's-worth of knowledge, truth, beauty, divinity. He cannot do it any more than a pint-pot can hold a quart, or a quart-pot be filled by a pint. Iron is essentially the same everywhere and always; but sulphate of iron is never the same as carbonate of iron. Truth is invariable, but the *Smithate* of Truth must always differ from the *Brownate* of Truth."

When one has begun to state his political or theological opinions in terms of chemistry, and is able to grasp the idea of a *Smithate* of truth, he is on good terms with Dr. Holmes. He may go on to apply the same methods to literary criticism. " I suppose that a man's mind does in time form a neutral salt with the elements of the universe for which it has special elective affinities. In fact, I look upon a library as a kind of mental chemist's shop filled with the crystals of all forms and hues which have come from the union of individual thought with local circumstances or universal principles. When a man has worked out his special affinities in this way, there is an end of his genius as a real solvent. No more effervescence and hissing tumult as he pours his sharp thought on the world's biting alkaline un-beliefs."

The Autocrat was asked by one of the boarders whether he did n't " read up " for his talks at the breakfast-table. " No, that is the last thing I would do. Talk about subjects that have been long in your mind. Knowledge and timber should n't be used till they have been long seasoned."

It is the impression of seasoned thought

which comes as we read sentences which embody the results of a long experience. The *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* was not easy to write; no good book is. The writer who is unusually fluent should take warning from the instructions which accompany his fountain-pen: "When this pen flows too freely it is a sign that it is nearly empty and should be filled."

In the maturity of his powers, Dr. Holmes jotted down his thoughts. The thoughts themselves had been long in his mind. "The idea of a man's interviewing himself is rather odd, to be sure," says the Poet to the prosaic boarders. "But then it is what we all of us are doing all the time. I talk half the time to find out my own thoughts, as a schoolboy turns his pockets inside out to see what is in them. . . . It is a queer place, that receptacle a man fetches his talk out of. The library comparison does n't exactly hit it. You stow away some idea and don't want it, say, for ten years. When it turns up at last, it has got so jammed and crushed out of shape by the other ideas packed with it, that it is no more like what it was than a raisin is like a grape on the vine, or a fig from a drum like one hanging on the tree. Then again some kinds of thoughts breed in the dark of one's mind like the blind fishes in the Mammoth Cave. We can't see them, and they can't see us; but sooner or later the daylight gets in, and we find that some cold, fishy little negative has been spawning all over our beliefs, and the brood of blind questions it has given birth to are burrowing round and under, and butting their blunt noses against the pillars of faith we thought the whole world might rest on. And then again some of our old beliefs are dying out every year, and others feed on them and grow fat, or get poisoned as the case may be."

It is convenient for purposes of quotation to ignore the transparent fiction by which the "Autocrat" of the first series gives way to the "Professor," and then to the "Poet." Dr. Holmes the Professor of Anatomy and Dr. Holmes the Poet were the same person. The Autocrat might change his title as the years passed by, but he could not change his identity.

Dr. Holmes, in the preface to *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, disarms criticism by suggesting a falling off in interest. "The first juice that runs of itself from the grapes comes from the heart of the fruit, and tastes of the pulp only; when the grapes are squeezed in the press the flow betrays the flavor of the skin. If there is any freshness in the original idea of the work, if there is any individuality in the method or style of a new author, or of an old author on a new track, it will have lost much of its first effect when repeated."

Evidently the majority of readers have taken this view, for the Autocrat is read by many who have slight acquaintance with the Poet or the Professor. But though there may have been a loss in freshnesss, there was a gain in substance.

Dr. Holmes stood aloof from many of the "reforms" of his day. Yet he too was "a soldier in the battle for the liberation of humanity." In *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table* there are keen thrusts against theological dogmatism and bigotry. No wonder that the book was for a time in danger of being placed on the Protestant *Index Expurgatorius*. There was often consternation at the breakfast-table, and much shaking of heads. "It was undeniable that on several occasions the Little Gentleman had expressed himself with a good deal of freedom on a class of subjects which, according to the Divinity Student, he had no right to form an opinion upon." And the Professor himself was no better.

Dr. Holmes lived to see the battle for religious toleration won, at least in the community in which he lived, and says of the once startling opinions of the Professor, "That which was once an irritant may now act as an anodyne, and the reader may nod over pages which, when they were first written, would have worked him into a paroxysm of protest and denunciation."

But it is in *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table* that Dr. Holmes is fighting a battle which is still on. As he was an enemy of Bigotry, so he was an enemy of Pedantry. Born in the same year with Darwin, he felt the change which was taking place in the ideals and methods of education. The old classical culture was giving way to the new discipline of science. As a scientific man, he sympathized with the new methods. But he perceived that, as there was a pedantry of classical scholarship, so there was developing a scientific pedantry, which was equally hostile to any generous and joyous intellectual life.

In the preface to his last edition, he says: "We have only to look over the list of the Faculties and teachers in our Universities to see the subdivision carried out as never before. The movement is irresistible; it brings with it exactness, exhaustive knowledge, a narrow but complete self-satisfaction, with such accompanying faults as pedantry and the kind of partial blindness which belongs to intellectual myopia."

One may go far before he finds anything more delicious than the conversations between the Scarabee, who knew only about beetles, and "the old Master," to whom all the world was interesting. "I would not give much to hear what the Scarabee says about the old Master, for he does not pretend to form a judgment of anything but beetles, but I should like to hear what the Master has to say about the Scarabee." What the Master had to say was: "These specialists are the coral insects that build up a reef. By and by it will be an island, and for aught we know may grow into a continent. But I don't want to be a coral insect myself. . . . I am a little afraid that science is breeding us down too fast into coral insects."

Here we have stated the problem which the new education is facing. How may we gain the results which come from highly specialized effort, without losing the breadth and freedom of a liberal education? We must have specialists, but we must recognize the occupational diseases to which they are liable, and we must find some way by which they may be saved from them.

The old Master's division of the intellectual world is worth our careful consideration. There are "one-story intellects, two-story intellects, three-story intellects with skylights. All fact-collectors, who have no aim beyond their facts, are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalize, using the labors of the fact-collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealize, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above through the skylight."

Dr. Holmes was pleading the same cause to which Wordsworth was devoted, the union of Science and Poetry in a new and higher type of culture. If there is to be fullness of life there must be the cultivation of

The glorious habit by which sense is made
Subservient still to moral purposes,
Auxiliar to divine. That change shall clothe
The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore
The burden of existence. Science then
Shall be a precious visitant; and then,
And only then, be worthy of her name;
For then her heart shall kindle, her dull eye,
Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
Chained to its object in brute slavery;
But taught with patient interest to watch
The processes of things, and serve the cause
Of order and distinctness, not for this
Shall it forget that its most noble use,
Its most illustrious province, must be found
In furnishing clear guidance, a support
Not treacherous to the mind's *excursive* power.

Amid the clatter of the dishes, this was the doctrine that was insisted upon at the Boston boarding-house. Be sure of your fact, define it well. But, after all, a fact is but the starting-point. It is not the goal. The great thing is the mind's "excursive power." Dr. Holmes's excursions were not so long as that of Wordsworth, but they were more varied, and how many unexpectedly interesting things he saw! Those who like to go a-thinking will always be glad that Dr. Holmes was obliging enough to be his own Boswell.

THE YEAR IN FRANCE

BY STODDARD DEWEY

THE year in France — from May, 1908 to May, 1909 — has seen two events such as mark the turning of the tides of history.

One is the Agreement between Germany and France concerning Morocco. While it leaves Germany unhampered in her domination of Central Europe as far as Constantinople, it comes as a final recognition of the immense colonial dominion which France has won for herself during the past quarter of a century.

The other is the strike of "State functionaries," and their relations with the revolutionary General Confederation of Labor. It is one sign among many of the disorganizing of the Parliamentary Republic in France, and, perhaps, of a spontaneous reorganizing of society in depths which factitious political government has reached only to trouble.

So far as the adjustment of neighborly relations between Germany and France is concerned, the Agreement about Morocco does little more than remove an obstacle which Germany seems to have invented expressly to be removed. It legally consecrates the distinct gain for Germany's peculiar diplomacy which resulted from the Conference of Algeciras, namely, the right to be consulted and to speak in Mediterranean affairs. For its immediate effect it has left Germany with a free hand in the trouble which has arisen in the Balkans and Turkey, free to enforce her own Continental supremacy, and to push the German advance southward through Austria; able to renew and strengthen her Triple Alliance, and to browbeat Russia into silence; and able also to disdain the *entente* of England with France. The "encircling isolation" of Germany by powers allied against her, which was the Emperor's complaint with regard to France, and England standing behind France, has failed before it was well at work. An even more practical result of the Agreement is that it permits Germany, which has little ready money, to continue borrowing from the French, who have much.[1]

In Africa, the Agreement does more than recognize the predominant position of France as a consequence of her possession of Algiers. It crowns the efforts which France, with rare persistence and little noise, has made to carve for herself new empire in the final partition of the globe. Indo-China, Madagascar, Africa from the Niger and Congo to the Mediterranean, have fallen into her hands; and she has been able to hold and transform them. They strike the observer who opens his eyes to French rule over them only less strongly than England's dominion over India and Egypt.

It was on the 31st of March, 1905, that Emperor William of Germany, after a French government mission was already on its way to Fez to treat with the Sultan Abdul Aziz, unexpectedly landed at Tangier. To the representatives of the Sultan sent to meet him, he announced so that all the world might hear: — the Sultan is the sole sovereign of Morocco, he is the free sovereign of a free country; Germany will insist on always treating her affairs with him directly, she will never permit any other power to act as an intermediary; and the only need of Morocco is peace and quiet. The Conference of the powers at Algeciras, which was the out-

[1] The international relations of the Moroccan difficulty were explained in *The Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1906, "The Year in France," pages 191 to 193.

come, to all appearances turned unfavorably for Germany. It ended by imposing the burden of an uncertain military occupation on France. Abdul Aziz it profited not at all; and, after intestine revolts, in which the French occupying army was of no help to him, this "sole sovereign" was obliged to abandon the struggle to retain his throne (September 3, 1908).

Herr Vassel, the German consul at Tangier, had not waited for this to proceed to Fez, and treat alone with the victorious leader of the revolt, Mulai Hafid. In accordance with the mission intrusted to them by the Powers signatory of the Act of Algeciras, France and Spain presented the respective governments with a joint note resuming the difficulties of the situation (September 14). Meanwhile the diplomatic communications of Germany, urging the immediate recognition of the new Sultan, were so equivocal that they were construed into an attempt to force the hand of France. Now, for the first time in recent years, the temper of the French people as a united nation gave clear and certain signs of awaking. Germany took heed and sent a reply to the Franco-Spanish note which a Ministerial Council, under President Fallières, acknowledged to be conciliatory (September 24).

On the 25th of September, the French gendarmes in the port of Casablanca, which was occupied by their troops, discovered an employee of the German consulate, aided by the native consular guard, embarking six deserters from the French foreign legion in a ship leaving for Hamburg. In spite of the protest of the consular employee, the gendarmes seized the deserters and the native guard. The German consul at once demanded the liberation of all, from the French consul; but he obtained the release of the consular guard alone. The six deserters remained in the hands of the French authorities. Only three of them were of German nationality, the others being Austrian, Russian, and Swiss.

The German consul gave a partisan and excessive statement of the affair to his home government. A bitter controversy sprang up in the press of the two countries. In the German "officious" press, and for some time in the diplomatic demands of the German government, there was an obvious renewal of the tactics which had succeeded three years before.

At that time — June, 1905 — Germany, under plain threats of war as an alternative, pushed France to the dismissal of her obnoxious Foreign Minister Delcassé and the acceptance of the International Conference which was finally held at Algeciras. Germany obtained both her demands; but it was not until her manœuvres had sunk deeply into the wounded national feelings of Frenchmen. Thus, after the anarchist bomb-throwing at the carriage containing Alphonso XIII and President Loubet, the German Emperor telegraphed to the King of Spain congratulations on his escape, but ignored the French President. The official French mission to the marriage of the Crown Prince was received with ceremonious coldness. The German Ambassador in Paris, under orders, refrained from the most customary relations with the Foreign Minister of the government to which he was accredited. For the sake of peace alone, President Loubet at last consented to the resignation of a French Minister of State ignominiously enforced by Germany. Even then, in an official conversation with Prime Minister Rouvier, the German Ambassador, Prince Radolin, notified the French government that in case the Conference were not accepted, "You must know that we [Germany] are behind Morocco." (Rouvier's dispatch to French Ambassador Bihourd in Berlin, June 11, 1905.) The French Parliament yielded to the unexpected summons in a stampede of fear.

The Conference at Algeciras did not realize the expectations of Germany, owing to the default of Italy her ally, as the Germans say; or, as the French grate-

fully remember, partly owing to the disinterested exertions of the United States in their favor.

This fragment of secret history slowly filtered into publicity. By French people and government alike, it was taken as a first warning that, under penalty of the loss of national honor and perhaps of existence itself, they too must keep their powder dry.

Now, in 1908, the French government endeavored to forestall unpleasant diplomatic incidents by offering to refer the disputed question of Casablanca to the Peace Tribunal of the Hague for arbitration. Germany held back and demanded a previous expression of regret on the part of France for the offense against German consular jurisdiction (November 4). The French government showed a firmness which German diplomacy had not experienced on the part of France for more than twenty years. This was not all. In the press of all political colors, and in every expression of the popular mind, it became manifest that the French people stood united behind their government, ready if need be for the desperate risk of war.

It was uncertain whether the German demands were a genuine menace, or whether they were bluffing manœuvres of that practical diplomacy, like practical politics, which Germany has inaugurated in our day. Avoiding offensive military demonstrations along the frontier, France made ready her army supplies, and the essential first orders of mobilization. What was probably more effective under the circumstances — that which had already proved so before Algeciras — was the steady withdrawal from Germany by French banks of hundreds of millions of francs in gold loaned on German treasury notes. On the 24th of November Germany so far abated her demands that she signed with France a protocol leaving, not only the disputed questions, but the mutual expression of regrets as well, to be decided by the Court of Arbitration.

Germany was now free to concentrate her attention on Constantinople and the Balkans, where she has interests otherwise vital than in Morocco. Many reasons, the financial more than all others, demanded that Morocco should cease being a storm-centre. Negotiations with France proceeded rapidly; and, at Berlin on the 9th of February, 1909, an Agreement explicitly defining the rights of the two countries in Morocco was finally signed — " with the aim of avoiding all cause of misunderstandings between them for the future."

The Agreement does not go beyond the Act of Algeciras; but by it Germany irrevocably recognizes, as England (April 8, 1904) and Spain (October 7, 1904) had long since done, the legal status of France as an African power, — something which can scarcely be said of England's occupation of Egypt, and still less of her claim to possession of the Soudan. M. Delcassé, whose policy when French Foreign Minister is supposed to have stirred Germany to action at the beginning, notes with reason that the Agreement practically admits everything which he had obtained in the Franco-English and Franco-Spanish Conventions of 1904 concerning Morocco; yet it was these which Emperor William went to Tangier to repudiate resoundingly.

In fact, Germany now admits that she has only " economic interests " in Morocco; that France has " particular political interests connected with the consolidation of order and interior peace " in Morocco, — and that she (Germany) is decided not to hamper these interests of France. In her turn, France professes her entire attachment to the maintenance of the integrity and independence of the " Shereefian Empire," and her resolution to safeguard therein economic equality, — and not to hamper German commercial and industrial interests in Morocco. Both parties declare that they will neither pursue nor encourage any policy likely to create in their favor, or in favor of any power whatsoever, any economic

privilege, and that they will seek to associate French and German citizens in such business enterprises as these citizens may undertake in Morocco.

This last provision deserves particular notice on account of its financial possibilities. It was not included in the Franco-English Convention, nor was the extension of economic equality to all nations.

For the duration of the Agreement Germany also abandons the idea, if she ever really had it, of obtaining a territorial foothold in Morocco, even to the extent of a coaling station. This relieves France of the dread that she might be obliged in the near future to keep up another Franco-German military frontier — in Africa. It is improbable that German policy counts that there is nothing to be done territorially in Morocco until the Agreement runs out. While three years is a short time, it is enough for France (and Spain) to make German attempts on Morocco more and more difficult.

Whatever the secret agreement may be between France and Spain, it is not recognized even implicitly by Germany. For the duration of the Franco-Spanish Convention of 1904, the century-old tradition of the Spaniards that Morocco begins at the Pyrenees, and that African Morocco falls within their natural sphere of expansion, has been suspended. Their older statesmen insist that a German-Spanish Agreement shall be entered into, to safeguard Spain's interests in Morocco.

England gains nothing by the Franco-German Agreement, unless it be the strengthened position of France, with whom she has the *entente cordiale*. The relations of England with the Soudan, of both with Egypt, and of the three with Turkey, may yet be an occasion of much diplomacy, in which Germany is free to choose her own policy. France's hands are bound only so far as she has agreed not " to ask that a period should be put to British occupation of Egypt or in any other way to interfere with England's action in that country." (Article 1 of declaration attached to Franco-English Convention of 1904.)

The epilogue of the whole Moroccan difficulty, so far as Europe is concerned, was given by the arbitral judgment of the Tribunal of the Hague (May 22, 1909). In theoretical questions it decides frankly in favor of French rights at Casablanca. One point merits particular mention. Consular jurisdiction is not admitted over men of the consul's own nationality when they form part of a foreign army actually occupying the consular district. This implicitly recognizes the legal existence — outside of French territory — of the picturesque French foreign legion. It is largely made up of Germans who have first deserted the severer and more monotonous military service of their own country.

During the year the French army, under General d'Amade, has continued occupying Casablanca, and the fertile Chaouïa (Shawia) region. It has forced peace, law and order, and open markets, on the inhabitants, to their great advantage. Agriculture has revived; and German trade itself has run up two million francs. Even so, the " economic interests " of Germany in Morocco are scant indeed compared with those of France and England; they are perhaps less than those of Spain — and yet they have long threatened the peace of Europe. The gradual withdrawal of the French troops, which has begun, will be watched with anxiety from many quarters, and not least by the native inhabitants who, after all, have most profited by the military reign of law and order.

Meanwhile the interior of Morocco has been chiefly occupied in the unmaking and making of sultans. Toward the German Emperor these fighting Moors have now a feeling much like that of the Transvaal Boers when the Kruger telegram failed to lead to eventualities. Mulai Hafid, who is so far uppermost, while clinging to the old disorder, seems willing to listen to French envoys provided they bring the promise of French gold.

The real success of France is along the entire land-frontier of Morocco. For its whole length this is now also the frontier of French territory, — Algiers to the east, the Sahara with its line of French posts to the south, and so on to the Atlantic Ocean through the new French civil territory of "Mauritanie." Here foreign geography will still be incomplete for some time; but it is childish to dismiss these territorial stretches as so many acres of sand. The empire which France might have had in Canada was, in like manner, denounced by Voltaire as acres of snow.

France absolutely refused to allow any question concerning this land-frontier to be brought up at the Conference of Algeciras. It is no business of Europe; it concerns the two neighbors, France and Morocco, only.

General Lyautey has had its more than eight hundred miles well under control. Ujda to the north was occupied by French troops under Abdul Aziz. It has been subjected to sanitation and law; and even the wild tribes of the Rif appreciate the benefits of sure markets with Algiers. This whole slice of Morocco, two hundred miles southward from the Mediterranean, is working in the machinery of French law and order. Fez and the Sultan are far away, and offer no protection and no commodities of life. This already reaches much farther than that part of the Algerian frontier which alone was accurately determined by the original treaty (March 18, 1845) between France and Morocco.

Of late years France has successively occupied territory farther and farther to the south, pushing forward the railway, and throwing out a long line of military posts through the Sahara. People who amuse themselves marking obscure changes of conquest on the map, may safely stick their pins one full degree farther west all along this part of Algiers, beginning where Spain at Melilla blocks the way along the Mediterranean coast. Ae to the water-courses of Morocco, where it was once supposed to round out on the southeast and south against the Sahara, there they may safely withdraw the pins westward valley by valley.

This part of the country is most important for the desired penetration into the interior of Morocco through the Hinterland. It is richest in *zaouias*, or centres of those religious brotherhoods which give a certain unity to Musulmans in Northern Africa all the way from Egypt, through Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and the Sahara, into the sacred land of Morocco, hitherto untrodden by the infidel. In this Sahara region French forts, openly garrisoned, have been established long since the latest maps were made. The chief efforts of General Lyautey's forces have been concentrated on advancing these outposts.

What is now going on in the new Mauritania is a fair sample of French persistence in the conquest of desert Africa. Two expeditions, in 1900 and 1905, did little more than explore the territory, with disastrous consequences to their members. Then the presence, when least expected, of French battalions protecting caravans, and securing orderly markets, did its work. The Moorish tribes submitted. The Arabs and Berbers have since taken advantage of the troubles of Morocco to attack the French. Ma el Aïnin, the religious leader of the Blue Brethren who did so much to dethrone Abdul Aziz, swept down repeatedly on the French posts all through the spring of 1908, and again in May of this year. French officers have gone to their death in the midst of their faithful native soldiers; and the present military occupation of the Adrar is intended to break up the lair of the wandering tribes, who are as ready to pillage the French posts as they are to keep up the anarchy of Morocco. Sooner or later the master of the desert routes must control the trade possibilities of fertile and populous Africa from the Soudan to the heart of Morocco; and trade will advance with peace and order.

Mauritania is now that civil division of French Africa which reaches from the Senegal River northward to Morocco, wherever that may begin, along the Atlantic coast. It incloses, and shuts off on every side, the small Spanish territory of Rio de Oro, which only a dozen years ago Spaniards fondly hoped might be their entering wedge to what was then called Morocco on the maps. In 1907 the French Parliament fixed the budget of Mauritania at 1,208,000 francs; it spends money, therefore it exists.

This is the least favorable example of French enterprise in Africa. It is only necessary to name the different French colonies from the Mediterranean southward, each with its own civil and military administration, its budget and trade balance, to see the substantial nature of France's colonial empire.

Algiers was the first field of experiment in this recent French system of colonization. The immigration of colonists from the mainland has been moderate, for France has no population to spare. It is not a system of assimilation of conquered with conquerors. It is rather the association of native populations (and of immigrant Italians, Spaniards, Levantines) with the French, in establishing civilized order while conserving religious and race traditions, — an association for the profitable working of the country. Whatever criticism Anglo-Saxons may bring against French methods, Algiers after many weary years has proved a success; and it is now being rapidly swept into the gold-bearing sphere of health and pleasure-seeking tourists.

It was Bismarck himself (according to ex-Foreign Minister Hanotaux) who cajoled Disraeli into turning over Tunis to the French; and he would have added Morocco cheerfully if only France could be kept occupied far from his new Germany. Madagascar had also fallen to France before England finally decided to sacrifice to her all Northwest Africa for the sake of a quiet occupation of Egypt.

Extending south, the new Algeria has taken in all the Touareg country as far east as Tripoli; and still farther south, Western French Africa reaches all the way from Mauritania, through what was the blank Sahara desert of our schoolboy maps, to the far inland end of French Congo, which in turn goes on to the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan. Here the defeat of Fashoda, except for its public humiliation of the French government of the time, has become a victory; for the tradeways are left open to France by treaties which were the final result of the Marchand expedition.

Going back to the Atlantic coast, we see that below Mauritania fertile French colonies of great possibilities occupy the greater part of the coast. Even when their coast-line is interrupted by old possessions of other nations, they run back into one common French Hinterland of Central Africa, with permanent military posts and telegraph lines and protected trade-routes. Senegal and French Guinea surround Portuguese Guinea, and then, with the Ivory coast, inclose English Sierra Leone and independent Liberia; and farther on, after the Gold Coast and Togo, French Dahomey again holds the Atlantic. After the long stretch of coast belonging to British Nigeria and German Kameroon and microscopic Spanish Guinea, French Congo stretches on from two degrees above the Equator to two degrees below. These are not mere color splashes on the map. From 1897 to 1907 the commerce of these Atlantic provinces from Senegal to French Congo rose from 100,000,000 to 213,000,000 francs. In the same years the commerce of Madagascar rose from 22,700,000 to 53,000,000 francs.

In general, such has everywhere been the business progress of the colonial dominion of France, taken together in Africa and Asia and in the islands of Eastern and Western seas. In 1877 the extent of territory was estimated at 577,000 square kilometres; in 1907 it was 10,293,000. In 1877 the approximate population was

5,468,000; in 1907 it was 40,700,000 — far exceeding that of France itself. The total commerce in 1877 amounted to 827,000,000 francs; in 1907 it was 2,096,000,000 francs. This is certainly substantial progress on the part of France; and in spite of inevitable abuses, those who know the easy association of the French with inferior races will easily believe that it corresponds to immense advancement in material well-being and order on the part of the natives.

The other history-making event of the year in France is " the most considerable fact brought about since the French Revolution." Such, at least, is the appreciation of it quoted in Parliament by the Conservative Charles Benoist, a teacher of political science of international repute, from the Radical Professor Aulard, who is the chosen historian of the Revolution.

It is " the strike of state functionaries " — civil-service employees of posts, telegraphs, and telephones. In obedience to their union, these employees of the state quit work, acting as ordinary workmen and their trade-unions do with regard to private employers. For a week in March, when the world was in daily expectation of war in the Balkans, the public life of France, both for government and people, was all but suspended; and Frenchmen were individually in about the same condition as their ancestors were before Richelieu invented a state postal service for the use of private citizens.

The strike had nothing to do with politics, although it was openly against politicians and, in particular, against the Under-Secretary of State for the postal service. No one could suspect it of being inspired by Reaction or Clericalism or any form of opposition to the Republic. Naturally, all opposition journals of every stripe seized the opportunity to blame the government. In reality, every striker had grown up, and nearly all were born, under the Republic; never knew and had never been interested in any other form of government; and had had to get a certificate of right republican spirit before entering the service of the Republic.

The strike was not deliberately revolutionary, nor was it at first stirred up by those who pose as leaders of the coming revolution. Naturally, Socialists, in Parliament and in the press, applauded; and the General Confederation of Labor, which represents the far more portentous new Syndicalism, stood ready to offer sympathy and a helping hand.

After a patched-up conciliation, in which government made promises that the postmen imagined were not kept, the strike broke out again in May, less effectually, but with more of a revolutionary character. It became evident that such strikes of government employees are only a side development of the general movement which threatens to transform the Parliamentary French Republic into a " République Syndicale." It shows the advance in practice of a social theory which would embarrass singularly all modern governments that are supposed to represent individual citizens exercising the right of suffrage, and not groups of citizens. It is a direct object lesson for the United States, where the trade-unions are not yet revolutionary.

The French Republic, after thirty years of existence, has been brought to this partial crisis by much the same activity of politicians in power as has been exercised in our own spoils system. In France this constitutes an aggression against a civil service in immemorial possession, including state school-teachers, workmen in state arsenals and factories, state railway workers, customs officials, policemen even, and others, to the number of nearly a million voters. It goes along with the exercise of political influence in army and navy, of which the last few years have disclosed so many scandals.

Their voting power has not seemed to these striking civil functionaries strong enough to redress wrongs from an ad-

ministration controlling their appointment to places and retiring pensions. They have followed the example of the Syndicalists, who do not wait for Socialist politicians to win votes for reform — but strike now.

The gravity of this movement has been noted here in previous years as a natural resultant of forces existing in French society, and which no mere legislation can suppress. "The French labor class is made up of abnormal cells of the body politic as it is now constituted, — that is, of cells for which the body makes no adequate provision, — and they are coalescing in a growth of their own" (1905–06). "Its summons to society as now constituted is already so clear and imperious that the Republic's danger from the Church is in comparison but an electioneering song in the night" (1907).[1]

Whether all this leads to some more revolutionary régime than the present Republic or not, the present agitation makes the issue clear. Which is to have the upper hand, — Syndicalism or Parliamentarism, — government by representatives of the real social units, or as heretofore by the representatives of individual voters?

The strike would not have been possible if these civil-service appointees, state functionaries, had not first formed themselves into strongly organized unions, just as private-service employees have long been doing. In this they have been encouraged by successive republican governments, which can scarcely have foreseen such strikes as the inevitable consequence.

The spoils system in France mainly flourishes in the use of political influence in these civil-service appointments and promotions. It is due to the legislative body wielding absolute sovereign power, ruling government and people alike without hindrance or redress. Government can keep in office only by pleasing a majority of the deputies. A deputy can hope for reëlection only by pleasing a majority of the voters of his district. Everything is personal. There is no party ticket, no party organization, to keep voters loyal to a platform and a list of candidates. Each deputy is voted for by himself, and stands by himself. The result is that members of Parliament in France are so many little kings in their districts, and their legislative sessions are apt to be taken up with contenting the local desires of their particular electors. There is a certain foundation for the awkward question addressed by the Nationalist Pugliesi-Conti to his fellow-members of Parliament, after the second strike had failed: "What does Parliamentary government represent other than 'Syndicats' of politicians?"

The situation is further complicated in France by the fact that the strain is not divided between national and separate state governments. It falls, whole and entire, on Ministry and Parliament.

The legal right of these unions of state functionaries to strike is denied in theory; but it is now the fourth time that it has been put in practice, and each time with wider sweep. Carried out to its full consequences, the principle would involve government by citizens' unions acting independently. This is the idea of Syndicalists, who would have even soldiers strike in case of war. The post, telegraph, and telephone employees did not look so far as this; but, if there had been a sudden outbreak in the Balkans during their strike, the French government would have known little about it, and army mobilization would have been impossible.

One of the lessons of these strikes has been, how well citizens can be served when they group together to serve themselves. In all the cities of France the Chambers of Commerce set up central post-offices of their own. A government official was given them to preside over the canceling of stamps — for, although government service might not be working,

[1] See *The Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1906 (pages 188–190), and for August, 1907 (pages 266 and 276–277).

state revenues could not be neglected. The particular associations of commerce and industry — grocers, retailers, and the like — also formed branch post-offices of their own and charged themselves with collecting and distributing letters, working in with the Chambers of Commerce. Business men furnished their own employees to do the necessary clerical and messenger work. Even for a possible strike of railway workmen provision had been made. Dozens of automobiles, which gathered the sacks of letters from the Paris Chamber of Commerce, were ready to go farther than the railway stations, all the way if need had been to Dijon, Lyons, and elsewhere. French business men have thus shown that they can still ensure for a time the essentials of national life, even if government and railway services should break down completely. During the second strike in May the Paris Chamber of Commerce, for eight days, handled two hundred thousand letters daily.

During the first strike in March public sympathy was largely with the postmen, whose civil-service rules have been upset by the political influence of Members of Parliament. French men and women are accustomed to calculating closely. A man who begins in a government post at three hundred dollars a year, with the prospect of working up after twenty or thirty years to six hundred dollars and a retiring pension, naturally resents interference or delay in this promotion when it is without demerit of his own, but solely through the influence of politicians. A life pension of three hundred dollars a year when one is fifty years old is equivalent to ten thousand dollars capital invested at the current rate of interest. Why should not the civil-service men and women fight for these savings of their life's labor against the spoils system?

In the second strike the revolutionary element was uppermost; and this is perhaps the certain consequence of such movements. Government and Parliament have taken the lesson to heart sufficiently to engage in preparing laws, rules, and regulations, — " a functionaries' statute," — which are to protect the essential interests of all state employees against politicians. As the French Republic has one of these civil servants to every forty inhabitants and to every eleven voters, it is evident that by themselves they can accelerate or retard the coming revolution.

All this has drawn attention at last to Syndicalism. It leaps into the arena as a power with which Parliament and government alike have to count. It is beaten to-day; it may be legally dissolved to-morrow; but the trick of citizens grouping together, organizing themselves spontaneously for the protection of their interests, has been found. And the idea of the general strike as a weapon to remedy all social evils has been glorified into a religion. " It is a new Commune — it is the real danger," says Georges Cochery, who for eight years was director of French posts in the beginnings of the Parliamentary Republic.

Syndicalism is incarnate in the General Confederation of Labor. This has grown up, not on any social theory, but naturally from trade-unions pushing themselves, and Parliament helping them on by laws to get their votes. It has taken it just twenty-five years from the law of 1884, which lifted such unions from the common rights of all associations to those of " syndicats," to reach its present influence.

This general confederation of unions, and of federations of unions and labor exchanges, first counted itself in 1904 at the Congress of Bourges. Even now, all told, it does not number a half-million members, not one in seven of the voters of the laboring classes, not one in forty of the men, women, and children in France who live on wages or salaries paid by the remainder of the population, who are property-holders.

Syndicalists have steadily refused to identify themselves with Socialism. They may be under the delusion that workmen,

having hitherto been nothing in the country, should now be everything; and they are certainly as distrustful of the state in general as they are of Parliament in particular. Their General Confederation of Labor is a triumph of organization, spontaneous for the most part, because of the natural growth of things outside of any written constitution of the French state.

In France the right of association is not a right of man antecedent to political constitutions. It is something granted to citizens by their lawmakers, that is, by a majority of the members of Parliament. Just as Parliament has suppressed convents and religious communities and escheated their property to the state, so it has given a legal status to these workmen's associations.

In each case Waldeck-Rousseau was a beginner and lived to see consequences which he had never foreseen. In 1884 he put through Parliament a fundamental law allowing labor unions to become "syndicats," that is, to exercise a legal collective action in defense of the individual interests of their members. In 1886 various municipalities began the foundation of Bourses du Travail (Labor Exchanges); and soon a law limited the occupation of their buildings to these privileged labor unions. Prime Minister Charles Dupuy closed the bourses; but the need of help from the Socialists to settle the Dreyfus affair led Radical governments to new and ever increasing concessions after they had been reopened. In the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet, M. Millerand, who ranked as the first Socialist minister of the Republic, obtained measures which recognized the unions and federations of unions of the employees of the state itself. Under the Rouvier government, school-teachers and postmen formed themselves into syndicats nominally, some of which were affiliated to the great Syndicalist federations. This year chronicles a further evolution.

In the unrest that existed before General Boulanger gave vent and relief to it, a French political weather-prophet, with experience of revolutions, said ominously, "I hear the horse gallop; who the rider is, I do not yet see!" The man on horseback did not come then, and there is still less likelihood of his coming now. It is not his gallop we hear; it is workmen walking afoot. They think they have found the enemy. It is Parliament.

DONATELLO'S CANTORIA

BY MARY LOWELL

Ye happy children, hand in hand forever,
With laughing eyes that sorry tears disown,
Entwining troops that in and out together
Dance age-long there across the sentient stone —
What ancient shapes of joy do ye remember?
What far Thessalian meadows left ye lone?
With June smiles chiseled there in white December —
What spell of springs innumerous have ye known?

Your faces, fair as wilding windflowers blowing,
Gleam there abidingly in mimic play;
Fresh as the morning notes from Panpipes flowing,
Your golden voices tease the ear for aye.
Enmarbled visions, undisturbed and distant,
That laugh at death in candid undismay,
Ye prove eternal youth, aloof, consistent —
O careless tenants of Art's timeless day!

THE CUSTOMARY CORRESPONDENT

BY AGNES REPPLIER

WHY do so many ingenious theorists give fresh reasons every year for the decline of letter-writing, and why do they assume — in derision of suffering humanity — that it has declined? They lament the lack of leisure, the lack of sentiment, — Mr. Lucas adds the lack of stamps, — which chill the ardor of the correspondent, and they fail to ascertain how chilled he is, or how far he sets at naught these justly restraining influences. They talk of telegrams, and telephones, and postal cards, as though any discovery of science, any device of civilization, could eradicate from the human heart that passion for self-expression which is the impelling force of letters. They also fail to note that, side by side with telephones and telegrams, comes the baleful reduction of postage rates, which lowers our last barrier of defense. Two cents an ounce leaves us naked at the mercy of the world.

It is on record that a Liverpool tradesman once wrote to Dickens, to express the pleasure he had derived from that great Englishman's immortal novels, and inclosed, by way of testimony, a cheque for five hundred pounds. This is a phenomenon which ought to be more widely known than it is, for there is no natural law to prevent its recurrence; and though the world will never hold another Dickens, there are many deserving novelists who may like to recall the incident when they open their morning's mail. It would be pleasant to associate our morning's mail with such fair illusions; and though writing to strangers is but a parlous pastime, the Liverpool gentleman threw a new and radiant light upon its possibilities. "The gratuitous contributor is, *ex vi termini*, an ass," said Christopher North sourly; but then he never knew, nor ever deserved to know, this particular kind of contribution.

Generally speaking, the unknown correspondent does not write to praise. His guiding principle is the diffusion of useless knowledge, and he demands or imparts it according to the exigencies of the hour. It is strange that a burning thirst for information should be combined with such reluctance to acquire it through ordinary channels. A man who wishes to write a paper on the botanical value of Shakespeare's plays does not dream of consulting a concordance and a botany, and then going to work. The bald simplicity of such a process offends his sense of magnitude. He writes to a distinguished scholar, asking a number of burdensome questions, and is apparently under the impression that the resources of the scholar's mind, the fruits of boundless industry, should be cheerfully placed at his service.

A woman who meditates a "literary essay" upon domestic pets is not content to track her quarry through the long library shelves. She writes to some painstaking worker, inquiring what English poets have "sung the praises of the cat," and if Cowper was the only author who ever domesticated hares. One of Huxley's most amusing letters was written in reply to a gentleman who wished to compile an article on "Home Pets of Celebrities," and who unhesitatingly applied for particulars concerning the Hodeslea cat.

These are, of course, labor-saving devices, but economy of effort is not always the ambition of the correspondent. It would seem easier, on the whole, to open a dictionary of quotations than to com-

pose an elaborately polite letter, requesting to know who said,

Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day.

It is certainly easier, and far more agreeable, to read Charles Lamb's essays than to ask a stranger in which one of them she discovered the author's heterodox opinion of encyclopædias. One thing is sure: as long as there are people in this world whose guiding principle is the use of other people's brains, there can be no decline and fall of letter-writing. The correspondence which plagued our great-grandfathers a hundred years ago plagues their descendants to-day. Readers of Lockhart's Scott will remember how an Edinburgh minister named Brunton, who wished to compile a hymnal, wrote to the poet Crabbe for a list of hymns; and how Crabbe (who, albeit a clergyman, knew probably as little about hymns as any man in England) wrote in turn to Scott, to please help him to help Brunton; and how Scott replied in desperation that he envied the hermit of Prague who never saw pen nor ink. How many of us have in our day thought longingly of that blessed anchorite! Surely Mr. Herbert Spencer must, consciously or unconsciously, have shared Scott's sentiments, when he wrote a letter to the public press, explaining with patient courtesy that, being old, and busy, and very tired, it was no longer possible for him to answer all the unknown correspondents who demanded information upon every variety of subject. He had tried to do this for many years, but the tax was too heavy for his strength, and he was compelled to take refuge in silence.

Ingenious authors and editors who ask for free copy form a class apart. They are not pursuing knowledge for their own needs, but offering themselves as channels through which we may gratuitously enlighten the world. Their questions, though intimate to the verge of indiscretion, are put in the name of humanity, and we are bidden to confide to the public how far we indulge in the use of stimulants, what is the nature of our belief in immortality, if — being women — we should prefer to be men, and what incident of our lives has most profoundly affected our careers. Reticence on our part is met by the assurance that eminent people all over the country are hastening to answer these queries, and that the "unique nature" of the discussion will make it of permanent value to mankind. We are also told in soothing accents that our replies need not exceed a few hundred words, as the editor is nobly resolved not to infringe upon our valuable time.

Less commercial, but quite as importunate, are the correspondents who belong to literary societies, and who have undertaken to read, before these select circles, papers upon every conceivable subject, from the Bride of the Canticle to the divorce laws of France. They regret their own ignorance — as well they may — and blandly ask for aid. There is no limit to demands of this character. The young Englishwoman who wrote to Tennyson, requesting some verses which she might read as her own at a picnic, was not more intrepid than the American schoolgirl who recently asked a man of letters to permit her to see an unpublished manuscript, as she had heard that it dealt with the subject of her graduation paper, and hoped it might give her some points. It is hard to believe that the timidity natural to youth — or which we used to think natural to youth — could be so easily overcome; or that the routine of school work — which makes for honest if inefficient acquirements — could leave a student still begging or borrowing her way. Perhaps this particular graduate had been blighted in infancy by those enervating educational processes which substitute games for lessons, which counsel the teacher to do her pupil's thinking, and which save a child from any conscious mental effort until she is rooted in inertia.

It is but justice to admit, however, that the unknown correspondent is as ready to volunteer assistance as to demand it. He is ingenious in criticism, and fertile in

suggestions. He has inspirations in the way of plots and topics, — like that amiable baronet, Sir John Sinclair, who wanted Scott to write a poem on the adventures and intrigues of a Caithness mermaiden, and who proffered him, by way of inducement, " all the information I possess." The correspondent's tone, when writing to humbler drudges in the field, is kind and patronizing. He admits that he likes your books, or at least — here is a veiled reproach — that he "has liked the earlier ones; " he assumes, unwarrantably, that you are familiar with his favorite authors; and he believes that it would be for you "an interesting and congenial task " to trace the " curious connection " between American fiction and the stock exchange. Sometimes he sends a letter all the way from Texas, to object to the stiffness of your bindings, and to beg that you will have " a little row with your publishers " on the subject. Sometimes, with thinly veiled sarcasm, he demands that you should "enlighten his dullness," and say *why* you gave your book its title. If he cannot find a French phrase you have used in his " excellent dictionary," he thinks it worth while to write and tell you so. He fears you do not "wholly understand or appreciate the minor poets of your native land; " and he protests, more in sorrow than in anger, against such innocent word-combinations as " and but that," with which you have disfigured "your otherwise graceful pages."

Now it must be an impulse not easily resisted which prompts people to this gratuitous expression of their views. They take a world of trouble which they might spare themselves. They deem it their privilege to break down the barriers which civilization has taught us to respect. They perform a troublesome task which it would seem a pleasure to elude. And if they ever find themselves repaid, it is by something remote from the gratitude of their correspondents. Take, for instance, the case of Mr. Peter Bayne, journalist and biographer of Martin Luther, who wrote to Tennyson — with whom he was unacquainted — protesting earnestly against a line in " Lady Clare," —

" If I 'm a beggar born," she said.

It was Mr. Bayne's opinion that such an expression was not only exaggerated, inasmuch as the nurse was not, and never had been, a beggar; but, coming from a child to her mother, was harsh and unfilial. " The criticism of my *heart*," he wrote, " tells me that Lady Clare could never have said that."

Tennyson, however, was far from accepting the testimony of Mr. Bayne's heart-throbs. He intimated — not unreasonably — that he knew better than any one else what Lady Clare did say, and he pointed out that she had just cause for resentment against a mother who had placed her in such an embarrassing position. The controversy is one of the drollest in literature; but what is hard to understand is the mental attitude of a man — and a reasonably busy man — who could take Lady Clare's remarks so much to heart, and who could feel himself justified in offering a correction to the poet. " Do not contend wordily about things of no consequence," said the wise Saint Theresa to her captious nuns.

Begging letters are remote from any other form of correspondence. They are too mighty a nuisance to be dealt with in a few words, and they are too purposeful to illustrate the abstract passion for letter-writing. Yet wonderful things have been done in this field. There is an ingenuity, a freshness and fertility of device about the begging letter which lifts it often into the realms of genius. Experienced though we all are, it has surprises in store for every one of us. Seasoned though we are, we cannot read without appreciation of its more daring and fan tastic flights. There was, for example, the importunate correspondent who wrote to Dickens for a donkey, and said he would call for it the next day, as though Dickens kept a herd of donkeys in Tavistock Square, and could always spare

one for an emergency. There was the French gentleman who wrote to Moore demanding a lock of Byron's hair for a young lady who would — so he said — die if she did not get it. This was a very lamentable letter, and Moore was conjured, in the name of the young lady's distracted family, to send the lock, and save her from the grave. And there was the misanthrope who wrote to Peel that he was weary of the ways of men (as so, no doubt, was Peel), and who requested a hermitage in some nobleman's park, where he might live secluded from the wor'd. The best begging-letter writers depend on the element of surprise as a valuable means to their end. I knew a benevolent old lady who, in 1885, was asked to subscribe to a fund for the purchase of "moderate luxuries" for the French soldiers in Madagascar. "What did you do?" I asked, when informed of the incident. "I sent the money," was the placid reply. "I thought I might never again have an opportunity to send money to Madagascar."

It would be idle to deny that a word of praise, a word of thanks, sometimes a word of criticism, have been powerful factors in the lives of men of genius. We know how profoundly Lord Byron was affected by the letter of a consumptive girl, written simply and soberly, signed with initials only, seeking no notice and giving no address; but saying in a few candid words that the writer wished before she died to thank the poet for the rapture his poems had given her. "I look upon such a letter," wrote Byron to Moore, "as better than a diploma from Göttingen." We know too what a splendid impetus to Carlyle was that first letter from Goethe, a letter which he confessed seemed too wonderful to be real, and more "like a message from fairyland." It was but a brief note after all, tepid, sensible, and egotistical; but that magic phrase, "It may be I shall yet hear much of you," became for years an impelling force, the kind of prophecy which insured its own fulfillment. Carlyle was susceptible to praise, though few readers had the temerity to offer it. We find him, after the publication of the "French Revolution," writing urbanely to a young and unknown admirer, "I do not blame your enthusiasm;" but when a less happily-minded youth sent him some suggestions for the reformation of society, Carlyle, who could do all his own grumbling, returned his disciple's complaints with this laconic denial: "A pack of damned nonsense, you unfortunate fool." It sounds unkind; but we must remember that there were six posts a day in London, that "each post brought its batch of letters," and that nine-tenths of these letters — so Carlyle said — were from strangers, demanding autographs, and seeking or proffering advice. One man wrote that he was distressingly ugly, and asked what should he do. "So profitable have my epistolary fellow creatures grown to me in these years," notes the historian in his journal, "that when the postman leaves nothing, it may well be felt as an escape."

The most patient correspondent known to fame is Sir Walter Scott, though Lord Byron surprises us at times by the fine quality of his good-nature. His letters are often petulant, — especially when Murray has sent him tragedies instead of tooth-powder; but he is perhaps the only man on record who received with perfect equanimity the verses of an aspiring young poet, wrote him the cheerfulest of letters, and actually invited him to breakfast. The letter is still extant; but the verses were so little the precursors of fame that the youth's subsequent history is to this day unknown. It was with truth that Byron said of himself, "I am really a civil and polite person, and do hate pain when it can be avoided."

Scott was also civil and polite, and his heart beat kindly for every species of bore. As a consequence, people bestowed their tediousness upon him, to the detriment of his happiness and health. Ingenious jokers translated his verses into Latin, and then wrote to accuse him of

plagiarizing from Vida. Proprietors of patent medicines offered him fabulous sums to link his fame with theirs. Modest ladies proposed that he should publish their effusions as his own, and share the profits. Poets demanded that he should find publishers for their epics, and dramatists that he should find managers for their plays. Critics pointed out to him his anachronisms, and well-intentioned readers set him right on points of morality and law. When he was old, and ill, and ruined, there was yet no respite from the curse of correspondents. A year before his death he wrote dejectedly in his journal: —

"A fleece of letters which must be answered, I suppose; all from persons — my zealous admirers, of course — who expect me to make up whatever losses have been their lot, raise them to a desirable rank, and stand their protector and patron. I must, they take it for granted, be astonished at having an address from a stranger. On the contrary, I should be astonished if one of these extravagant epistles came from anybody who had the least title to enter into correspondence."

And there are people who believe, or who pretend to believe, that fallen human nature can be purged and amended by a system of return postals, and a telephone ringing in the hall. Rather let us abandon illusions, and echo Carlyle's weary cry, when he heard the postman knocking at his door, — "Just Heavens! Does literature lead to this!"

A CLASSICAL EDUCATION IN AMERICA

BY HOMER EDMISTON

I

It is only fair to my readers that I should tell them why I have undertaken to discuss this topic, and that I should give so much of my own history as may help them to an opinion of my ability to do so. I received my primary and secondary education in the public schools of two western states, and from a western state university received my first academic degree. Thereupon, intending to fit myself to be a teacher of the Greek and Latin languages, I entered a well-known eastern university as a graduate student, being at the same time elected to an instructorship in Latin. After five years here, and one more of college teaching in another place, I pursued a graduate course in Greek and Latin at one of our most ancient and renowned seats of learning, where, after three years, I was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Again resuming my profession, I taught Latin in still another college for another three years. It will thus be seen that up to this time my life had been entirely academic, and that I had had plenty of time, both as teacher and student, to possess myself of all the habits of mind, traditions, and prejudices that are incident to such a career.

But in the course of my study and teaching I had often felt a profound dissatisfaction, which amounted at times to great unhappiness. Much oftener than not, though naturally of a studious turn of mind, I went to my work with reluctance, despatched it with impatience, and rose from it without inspiration. I had always had an inclination to liberal studies, and been fond of music and poetry, the only two of the fine arts then accessible to me. But I soon found that in the

more advanced courses, such things have little if any place. Nor will those familiar with contemporary academic life need to be told what kind of classical study is now done in our graduate schools.

I do not say that the student is discouraged by positive precept from striving after full knowledge and love of the masterpieces of antiquity. But it is certainly true that he has usually little direct encouragement to this end; that if he does all of the " scientific research " expected of him, he has small leisure left for anything else; and that a wide knowledge of the authors themselves, apart from commentaries and special treatises, and an original mastery of literary forms, avail him little in his examinations and in the estimation of his teachers. He is soon driven into what is called a specialty, which means the investigation of a minute, and sometimes factitious, topic of grammar, text-criticism, or the like, and the reading of a whole library of German pedantry, along with its imitations in other languages. He is happy indeed if not compelled to make of some great masterpiece a *corpus vile* for philological dissection. Excellent was the advice received by an Oxford undergraduate of my acquaintance, never to choose an author that he loved for his examinations, but rather an author that he hated.

I am bound to mention, however, one bright season in a long winter of desolation, which was a two years' study of comparative philology, or, as it is better called, comparative grammar. After a lapse of more than ten years, I feel my mind still illuminated by the principles of this great science, and many of its facts stamped ineffaceably upon my memory. My teachers were men of rare ability, but beside and beyond this particular advantage, the comparative and historical study of language, especially in these days of formal and academic expression, is full of instruction, not only for the scientific investigator, but equally for the scholar who is concerned with the higher moods of creative thought and expression. It is only just to add that, in the course of a somewhat varied experience, I found some teachers and associates whose minds had been watered, indeed, but not inundated, by the schools both old and new, and whose instruction and influence were a cherished privilege.

But with these few qualifications I now look back upon those long and toilsome years with all the regret that comes of wasted labor. Very often I was forced by sheer distress to shirk my drudgery, and to restore myself with those great and uplifting thoughts which lay ready to my hand. And so, having taught three years after receiving my degree, and my dissatisfaction with the present state of classical scholarship still increasing, I went to Italy, in the hope of finding there, amid the scenes of classical antiquity, the inspiration that had been lacking before. As often happens, one half of my prayer was answered, but not the other:

Audiit et voti Phoebus succedere partem
Mente dedit, partem volucres dispersit in auras.

Inspiration I found in very truth, and such forms of beauty and ideal excellence as changed the whole course of my intellectual life, and gave it a new and profounder meaning. But no such result as this came from contemplating the remains of the Roman race, which in their massive and enduring strength so admirably embody its few great qualities, and in their unintelligent adaptation of Greek artistic forms equally exemplify its dense stupidity. Classical archæology as pursued in the schools of Rome I found to bear a striking resemblance to that gay science of classical philology which I had already renounced. I turned to the treasures of mediæval art and letters, and as soon as I could spell their meaning, with wonder and delight, and with emotions far deeper than these, found a priceless compensation for what I had vainly hoped from the relics of pagan Rome. I found in the *dolce stil nuovo* and its successors a lyric poetry greater, at least to my thinking, than the Greek, whether

Æolian charm or Dorian lyric ode. I found a plastic and pictorial art probably less infallibly perfect than the Greek in the adaptation of means to ends, but profounder in feeling, and in conception more lofty. In Dante I came to know a poet who, not less than our own Shakespeare, surpassed the measure of all that haughty Greece and insolent Rome sent forth; and in Florence, a city whose glory does not yield to ancient Athens.

Thus filled with the sense of the disillusion of the old and the illumination of the new, and with the conviction growing upon me that I could never with a clear conscience return to a profession for which I had spent so many years of toilsome preparation, it naturally occurred to me to inquire under what conditions, and more especially by what system of education, this Italy had grown so great. To speak of general conditions first, life in the Middle Ages was simpler and more sincere than it is to-day, and as it was beset by none of our vain and vexatious distractions, was more seriously bent upon fulfilling its definite ends and purposes. A boy seems to have had no more systematic training than was contained in the elementary *trivium* before his preparation was begun, as his peculiar bent had already revealed itself, for his craft, calling, or profession. Whether in trade and commerce, in the handicrafts and fine arts, or in the religious profession, the tender and formative period of his youth was devoted to making him a master. He had no fellow pupils except those who, like himself, had been chosen to that particular calling, and who could therefore vie with him in excellence and rouse him to emulation. Whatever his powers might be, there was nothing to hinder their growth; and if he attained to greatness, fame, honor, and fortune were his immediate and certain rewards.

The essential and differentiating quality of such education is that a master chooses a few pupils whose exceptional talents he has discovered, and restricts his teaching to these alone. Being with him when he works, and learning to work from him, they are admitted to the very penetralia of his mind and art. The system is one of mutual benefit, since the master must always profit by the reaction of his teaching on fresh and vigorous minds, as also by the assistance of his pupils when they become more proficient. As for "intellectual discipline," which the educational theorists of our own day claim as the peculiar distinction of our formal and academic schemes, if the history of great men and great epochs proves anything, it is that the only discipline worth the name is that which comes to the mind from working at its proper and naturally chosen task. A mind trained along the line of its true development grows and expands as naturally as does a tree planted in the right conditions of soil, air, and sunlight. And to "discipline" the growing human intellect in a great variety of subjects is about as sensible as it would be to split the stem of a sapling to make it put forth branches.

II

The Pagan Renaissance deliberately turned its back upon all that the Middle Ages had accomplished in letters and in art. Its theory of education was that the Greek and Latin languages, — to which was soon added mathematics, — because they contained the unrivaled wisdom of the ancients and unapproachable standards of excellence in all forms of composition, should be taught to all hopeful and promising youth. What we call humanistic education was firmly intrenched in all civilized countries by the end of the sixteenth century. But two other immediate outgrowths of the Pagan Revival were natural science and new forms of vernacular literature. These last were, to be sure, too often not much more than imitation and paraphrase of antique models. But even paraphrase could reveal the forces latent in modern languages, and Italians, Frenchmen, and Englishmen took pride in their native

idioms much sooner than we are likely to suppose. So thorough-going a classicist as Ben Jonson confessed the superiority of Shakespeare to the ancient dramatists, while the praise bestowed on the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, extravagant though it might often be, was at least a sign of wholesome pride in the growth of a national literature.

Among the first of the assailants of the humanists was the philosopher Locke. In a treatise entitled "Some Thoughts concerning Education," published in 1693, this author complained that the English language was not being taught in the schools, and that subjects and methods of teaching had little bearing upon actual life. He asserted that classical studies were being forced on many boys, who, on account of the lack of certain natural aptitudes, could not profit by them. "Every one's natural genius," he wrote, "should be carried as far as it could; but to attempt the putting another upon him will be but labour in vain; and what is so plastered on will at best sit but untowardly, and have always hanging to it the ungracefulness of constraint and affectation."

In reply to such strictures as these, the humanists set up the disciplinary argument, which has been their main reliance ever since. They held that the chief value in education comes, not so much from the subject-matter as from the learning process, whereby the mind is so trained and exercised that it can acquire any other skill or knowledge with ease; and that the peculiar excellence of the Greek and Latin languages for such a purpose lies, apart from the greatness of their content, in their difficulty, and at the same time in their formal perfection, which qualities, especially when allied with mathematics, afford the mind an invaluable discipline in logic and expression.

So powerful was the tradition of the schools, aided by the constant factors of prescription and inertia, that humanistic education stood its ground until well into the nineteenth century. Then finally the demands of modern life and thought would no longer be denied. In 1867 Canon Farrar edited and published a book called *Essays on a Liberal Education*, in which he and his collaborators, among them Lord Houghton and Professor Sidgwick, exposed the futility of the traditional humanism and the absurdity of many of its pretensions. And scientific writers, like Huxley and Tyndall, whose just claims were being so shamefully ignored, were not slow to speak for themselves. For instance, in his lecture on "A Liberal Education and Where to Find It," [1] Huxley thus effectively ridiculed the still-repeated disciplinary argument: "It is wonderful how close a parallel to classical training could be made out of that palæontology to which I refer. In the first place, I could get up an osteological primer so arid, so pedantic in its terminology, so altogether distasteful to the youthful mind, as to beat the recent famous productions of the head-masters out of the field in all these excellences. Next, I could exercise my boys upon easy fossils, and bring out all their powers of memory and all their ingenuity in the application of my osteo-grammatical rules to the interpretation or construing of those fragments. To those who had reached the higher classes I might supply old bones to be built up into animals, giving great honour and reward to him who succeeded in fabricating monsters most entirely in accordance with the rules. That would answer to verse-making and essay-writing in the dead languages."

The arguments of Canon Farrar and his colleagues, and of the natural scientists, told powerfully even in such centres of classical learning as the English public schools and universities. Since it was undeniable that far more progress was being made in the natural sciences than was actual or possible in the dead languages, their right to a place in educa-

[1] Delivered in 1868, and since published in the volume entitled *Science and Education*.

tional schemes was hard to be controverted even by ignorance and prejudice. In the United States, reform was easier and more rapid because there were fewer and weaker traditions in the way. Moreover, natural science so completely dominated the world of thought that all other subjects made haste to array themselves in its garb. It was loudly proclaimed that history and literature were being pursued in a spirit as severely scientific as chemistry and biology. And certain it is that no classifier of specimens or labeler of species ever compiled statistics more relentlessly than have the academic monographers of the last half century. Whether these pretenses to scientific method and result can be justified is a question that need not concern us here. It suffices merely to remark the tendency. The important point is that the elective system has become a feature of American education, exerting a strong influence even where the humanistic tradition has been maintained.

So the condition now is, broadly speaking, that scientific studies have a place in full fellowship with literary, and modern languages with the ancient. High schools, colleges, and universities are thronged with unprecedented numbers, and their material prosperity and equipment are likewise greater than ever before. On the other hand, there has been observed within the past few years a widespread and growing suspicion of this same elective system. Many are openly in favor of returning to the rigid old curriculum of Greek, Latin, and mathematics. Professor Barrett Wendell has expressed a common feeling by saying that formerly college men were badly educated, to be sure, but that now they do not seem to be educated at all. And Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who has been through his whole life in close touch with Harvard College, which represents the extreme form of the elective system, has recently declared that "the existing American academic system, and its logical tendencies, as of late developing under the exigencies of growth, are fundamentally and structurally wrong. The material organization is radically out of date and defective; the soundness of the educational methods in use is very open to criticism."

It would seem, then, that the old classical and the new elective curriculum have both been tried and found wanting. In such a case it is sound logical method to try to discover a vicious principle common to the two, which, in spite of their apparent diversity, may account for their common failure. The history of the greatest periods of human achievement, and of the greatest men of those periods, is all against the supposition that education in distasteful subjects can possibly be made profitable. And the testimony of able and serious men of our own time who have been trained against their will in the ancient humanities is, to the best of my knowledge, unanimously opposed to their value as an intellectual gymnastic. In fact, there has been more loose talking and thinking about "mental gymnastic" and "intellectual discipline" than about any other subject connected with education.

Just as the body, it is said, is brought to its utmost health and efficiency by exercising its various muscles with movements that have no other purpose than gymnastic, so the mind is trained by studies that may in themselves have no ulterior value for the student. The easy answer to this argument is that it is false psychology. The mind cannot be subdivided into faculties that shall even loosely correspond to the muscles of the body; and those faculties of which we somewhat vaguely and arbitrarily say it is made up, such as memory, judgment, and observation, may be developed about as well by one subject as another, and in fact are never out of use in the business of daily life. The dangers latent in the argument from analogy could not more strikingly be illustrated than by this example. If an analogy for the mental constitution be sought from the bodily, it is

surely better to take the body as a whole, rather than the muscles which are only a part of it. Just as the body grows, prospers, and matures if it be well nourished, placed in a fitting environment, and healthfully employed, so also the mind, reared in like manner in the midst of healthful activities, arrives at the full maturity and perfection of its powers.

Intellectual discipline is the result and by-product of successful intellectual endeavor; and learning with the expectation and even the intention of forgetting, the prevailing habit in our schools of every grade, is not successful intellectual endeavor. In fine, the only good excuse for devoting time and labor to learning any subject is mastery and possession, complete and permanent, of knowledge and forms of skill that prepare for the business of life.

III

I have already observed that the theory of education brought in by the Pagan Revival was that the Greek and Latin languages should, as paragons of every kind of excellence, be taught to all ingenuous and hopeful youth. Nor can there be any doubt that the teaching of the ancient classics has had far-reaching effects on the course of modern civilization. But as it often happens that the theory of a system as conceived and expounded by its partisans does not represent its essential character, we must now inquire whether the teaching of Greek and Latin was really the essence of the system which the humanists introduced. And this will further resolve itself into the question whether the recent very general displacement of Latin and Greek by other subjects has meant a fundamental change in education.

We have noted the important fact that university education in the Middle Ages was professional; and so also was that other kind of higher education, apprenticeship to masters, which, much more than the formal instruction of the schools, was efficient in making that period so great. At that time it was weakly supposed that the best way to fit a youth for his calling was to bring him up in and to that calling itself. The newer, or humanistic, theory is that the best way to prepare him for any given occupation is to set him to work at something else. In its more obvious aspects, humanism involves those notions of the imitation of classical models which we have just been considering. Its literature has always shown a tendency to become artificial and exotic, being much engrossed with rules and formulæ which are often the contrivance of the imitators themselves, and unknown to their parents and originals. It has always magnified the importance of mere erudition as opposed to practical skill. For example, in what is called the High Renaissance, any wretched pedant who could write a bad copy of Latin verses was held in greater honor than a master of the vernacular. And so, in education, humanism assumes that learning certain subjects from pedagogues is a good intellectual discipline, whatever may be the ultimate end in view; that, in short, such learning is the right road, not only to culture, so-called, but also to any professional knowledge or skill.

Now, it is important to observe that the displacement of the ancient humanities by other disciplines, modern languages, history, natural science, and so forth, has not in any considerable degree modified this theory of education. It is of course undeniable that modern languages, physics, chemistry, and the like, are of greater practical utility than Latin and Greek, and such considerations often determine the choice of studies. But, in general, the contention of the innovators has been that the newer subjects are "just as good" for culture and discipline as the ancient classics. The pretension is not made, and could not well be made, that these subjects are for most students a direct preparation for active life. Wherefore those educators who think they have solved the educational problem by ban-

ishing the old humanities do most grossly deceive themselves. This problem is not whether the classical and mathematical curriculum is an adequate preparation for the life of our time; but whether these studies in part or in whole, or any that have been substituted for them, in whatever combination, are for most persons a fit preparation for the life of any time.

The question has been made more serious in the United States by the circumstance that (what is called) liberal culture has here been diffused more widely than ever before in any age or country. On the Continent of Europe, universities have very largely preserved their mediæval professional character.[1] In England, where they have become for the most part non-professional, they have maintained their exclusiveness by reason of their aristocratic traditions and costly scale of living. But in our country, free high schools, and colleges free or nearly so, have put higher education within the reach of all who can contrive to pay their living expenses while in attendance. These free schools take the child at an early age, and regardless of his propensities and prospects in life, carry him usually as far as the high school and very often into college. Quite apart from the quality of this instruction, — and it is usually bad or indifferent, — when once it leaves the merest rudiments it loses its practical character, and must have a "cultural" value if any at all. Beginning at an early stage, it is predominatingly bookish, which means that for immature minds it is abstract and unreal.[2] Hence it follows that to most persons education means nothing but the discipline of school and books. That equal training of eye, hand, and brain, which leads to so many forms of gainful employment, and also to the great domains of physical science, and of painting, sculpture, and architecture, is never imparted save in the most exceptional instances.

Now, as it is not likely that more than a third or a fourth of those subjected to such schooling have a real talent for the acquisition of knowledge from books, their usual condition after they have gone through the high school, or even at an earlier stage, is simply this: that, incompetent as they are with books, they have yet been trained in almost nothing else. That widespread and most pernicious folly which deems all bookish and clerkly occupations to be more respectable than work with the hands, and puts an insignificant pedagogue or quill-driver on a higher social plane than an artisan or craftsman, enhances the already fictitious value of academic education. Those who go on to college do but follow the direction of least resistance. And the misguided generosity of wealthy men, who by the endowment of scholarships and in other ways make a college course possible to poor men of no marked scholarly ability, only serves to aggravate the evil.

Considering that the great majority of students have their own careers to make, it is perfectly certain that every year of academic education restricts their opportunities of earning a livelihood, and, if they are not going into a learned profession, wastes their time or worse than wastes it. The best learning years of life are passed before they are out of college, and have been spent almost entirely on books. It is for this reason, and no other, that such excessive numbers crowd into the learned professions. Law and medicine, being at once honorable and lucrative, attract the largest number and the best quality. Graduate schools, on the other hand, and theological seminaries, must usually resort to paid scholarships in order to keep up their attendance.

[1] This distinction as between American and French universities has been clearly brought out by Professor Barrett Wendell, in his recently published book, *The France of To-day*, chapter i.

[2] It must be said that this condition has been somewhat improved of late by the introduction of such branches as manual training, drawing, and modeling.

And it was not long ago that the trustees of a well-known seminary besought their patrons not to endow more scholarships because they were already graduating more ministers than they could find places for.

The graduate school, which concerns our subject more directly, is a peculiar institution, well deserving of a separate and special treatment. Some forty or fifty years ago Americans began resorting in considerable numbers to German universities, and thence returning home introduced into our colleges the spirit and methods of German research. They urged the plea that the United States should not be allowed to lag behind the standards of higher education set by Europe, and also that poor students who could not afford to go abroad might study at home, especially if they were the holders of paid fellowships. In response to this demand, graduate schools were established in connection with our leading colleges, and one or two as independent institutions. They are, of course, professional schools, and have never been regarded in any other light. But the circumstances in which they arose have given them a character totally different from schools of law or medicine.

It is easy to see that American teachers trained in Germany, and in consequence eager to introduce the German tradition at home, have always had a direct personal interest in promoting the growth of graduate schools. The fact also that in these the same subjects are pursued as in undergraduate courses is a most important differentiation from colleges of law or medicine. For this reason students of feeble initiative incline to enter the graduate in preference to other professional schools. The intimate connection between graduate and undergraduate courses has also had this effect, that graduate departments more than the others have been caught up and carried along with the enormous multiplication and growth of American universities that marked the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Because they are regarded as the crown and apex of our educational system, every university, and every college striving to become a university, thinks it must have one. So many have been established in connection with state universities, and free foundations like Chicago and Leland Stanford, that by this time they are a drug on the market. In order to make a respectable showing for attendance, they must offer paid scholarships; and the result has followed, quite naturally, that even universities of highest standing have few unsubsidized graduate students.

There can be no question that graduate schools have grown in size and number much less in response to a need than in consequence of the ambition and mutual emulation of the institutions that foster them. Every year they produce a supply of teachers that bears no necessary relation to the demand for them. It is true that for some time the foundation and growth of colleges went on at such a rate that the supply was none too abundant. But this condition obtains no longer. The number of Doctors of Philosophy who cannot find college positions is every year increasing; and the training of a doctor of philosophy, if it has fitted him for anything, has fitted him to be a college teacher. All of his highly specialized studies are useless, or worse than useless, for secondary teaching. The stronger his bent for technical scholarship, the less competent he will be to teach boys their rudiments. And he will rarely have at hand the libraries and other equipment necessary to such specialization.

The American graduate school, with its requirements of (what is called) original research, thesis and doctor's examination, is an alien system at the best. It was borrowed almost unchanged from the Germans, a people naturally addicted to laborious scholarship, but insufficiently endowed with genius and inspiration. And even in Germany, wise observers are condemning the hypertrophy

of "intellectualism" to which it has led.[1] Now this statistical and monographic specialism has been set in a place where it seems to represent the highest form of our intellectual life. That is to say, our intellectual standards are coming more and more to be determined by a pedagogical discipline. I am not depreciating professional scholarship in and of itself. As practiced by men who have a real vocation for it, it holds a worthy place; and none will deny honor to such of its exemplars as Scaliger, Theobald, or Porson. But even in its highest estate, its function is ministerial, not magisterial. A distance immeasurable in degree, and a difference incommensurate in kind, lies between the great poet and the editor or expounder of his text. Scholarship even at its best should never be allowed to dominate the intellectual life of a people that hopes to be great. But who that knows the facts will assert that scholarship in American universities is at its best? The tempting of needy students by stipends, and by the hope of subsequent employment, is hire and salary, and not the promotion of useful knowledge.

The usual defense of this highly specialized research, that it obeys that scientific spirit of our enlightened age which calls for accurate information, is merely ridiculous. There were as many accurate scholars before the day of our contemporary monographic specialism as there were brave men before Agamemnon. Specialization is, generally speaking, the sole and inevitable resource of small minds, the hack-work of laborious pedants who are fit for nothing better. And our so-called higher studies are in reality often lower than those called elementary. An intelligent sophomore or junior, reading Plato or Sophocles, will get, though in despite of his teacher, some philosophy in the one case and some poetry in the other. The graduate student at work on the same authors will probably be counting prepositions and particles. That such a student, who afterward becomes a college professor, is not likely to impart that broad and liberal culture expected of a college education, is an obvious reflection.

I now take up the subject of the college, whose presence in the American system, in addition to the preparatory school and the university, constitutes the most noteworthy difference between higher education in this country and in Europe. At first, and for a long time, we had only school and college. The university has grown out of the college, and in most cases has not been differentiated from it, a fact which has left both college and university in an equivocal and ill-defined position. It should be noted, on the other hand, that formerly American colleges had to a large extent the character of professional schools. Many of them were at their foundation chiefly intended for the education of clergymen; and all of them for a long time were principally attended by men destined for the learned professions. But the numbers of such students, though still considerable, have been very much reduced; and of the others it must be said that only a small and perhaps diminishing proportion have any serious intellectual or scholarly purpose.

It is needless to enumerate the adventitious attractions that have of late been introduced into American college life. To many, the social pleasures, the social status sometimes acquired, and the opportunity of forming advantageous acquaintances, are the determining motives for a college career. And when, in addition to these facts, one consid-

[1] For example, Professor Conrad of Halle, in an article entitled *Einige Ergebnisse der deutschen Universitätsstatistik* (*Jahrbücher für Nationalökonomie und Statistik*, vol. 87, pp. 433 ff.), calls attention to the grave problems now offered in Germany by the alarming increase of the "intellectual proletariat." He assigns as one cause the over-prizing of academic education, and suggests as remedies that matriculation fees be materially increased, and that stipends be given only to students of exceptional and proved ability.

ers the monotonous and dull routine of our primary and secondary schools, with their utter incompetence to select and train the best ability; when one considers that they must descend to a dead level of mediocrity which is within almost anybody's reach, it is no great wonder if Mr. Charles Francis Adams and other observers are dissatisfied with the intellectual life of American colleges as it is exemplified in most of their graduates.

The assumption of college authorities that a student is " prepared " in a subject, or is master of it, because he can pass the examinations, is pleasantly absurd. " Cramming " and expert tutoring will carry almost any dunce through an examination. The reason why so many do not profit by their studies is that, in spite of the tale told by entrance examinations and examinations in course, they have really no vocation for them. It is surely a logical outcome of this condition that youths whose pursuit of learning is so largely forced and perfunctory should be chiefly engrossed with sports and athletics, with " college spirit," " class spirit," and other spurious enthusiasms; and that the most admired man in college is more often not one distinguished for manners, breeding, or accomplishments, but some hulking, bovine ruffian who plays football.

But since it is antecedently probable that an institution standing so high in public favor as the American college serves some useful purpose, the question may be asked to what extent does it prepare for the duties of active life; and, in answer, it cannot be denied that it goes a certain distance toward meeting this requirement. I am credibly informed, and am quite willing to believe, that business and professional men prefer to employ college graduates, finding them especially well adapted to the performance of important and responsible duties. But I do not believe that the reason for this is to be sought in the intellectual discipline supposed to be derived from college studies. As American youth have gone to college in increasingly large numbers, and for reasons other than the pursuit of knowledge, induced by an instinctive sense of the futility of their half-hearted devotion to scholarship, they have developed for themselves a life of the most varied activities and interests, which, though sometimes trivial enough, are often of great benefit to themselves and others.

The common belief that student organizations are the result of indolence and shirking of duty, is, generally speaking, the very reverse of the truth. Although sometimes participated in by unstudious men, these activities also claim the attention of many devoted students, who are rightly of opinion that the less they depend for their education on class and lecture routine, the better. Athletic, social, religious, charitable, even intellectual interests, all have their place and share. These various enterprises require of their officers and members industrious application and administrative abilities of no mean order. Students with these and other gifts that count for worldly success naturally emerge, and thus acquire an aptitude for dealing with men and affairs. American colleges, indeed, resemble many other Anglo-Saxon institutions in varying considerably from what they pretend to be. Ostensibly seats of learning, they are, more truly speaking, microcosms and colonies of the larger world, for the commonplace business of which they are not a bad preparation.

In this regard, then, and to this extent, the college is not without a certain praise and virtue. But from the intellectual point of view it is not to be taken seriously. Its privileges are shared by so many that their value is of necessity cheapened, — *multitudine compotum ejus doni vulgari laudem.* Indeed, this fact is very commonly admitted by friends of college education and by college professors themselves. They say that it really makes no great difference whether students learn much, — and one cannot avoid the suspicion that this avowal would

not be made were it not for the certainty that they do not learn much. Mental discipline, a notion I have already tried to dispose of, college life and associations, the personal influence of teachers and of fellow students, are the advantages most usually dwelt upon. But letting these, for the sake of argument, be admitted to the full, the fact remains that attendance at college up to the average age of twenty-two is an enormous expenditure of time which only the well-to-do can prudently afford. There are not many young men who, in justice to themselves and to society, ought not, from something like the age of sixteen years, to bestow the larger part of their time in getting ready for their business in life. And since it is generally confessed that our collegians devote four precious years of their lives to what is called liberal culture, to pretending to learn much, that is, and actually to learning very little, there is surely a strong *prima facie* case against the institution which, taking from each rising generation so much of its valuable time, does not fulfill its main and ostensible purpose, but is compelled to rely on incidental advantages in order to justify its existence.

In fact, I believe that most of our educational evils, which are so universally admitted and deplored, and this not only in colleges but in lower schools as well, is to be attributed to this fundamental, underlying principle in humanistic education, to wit, that what is called general culture should be acquired before professional training. And this principle involves many corollaries that are severally and cumulatively pernicious, as, for example, that liberal culture cannot be diffused without an elaborate pedagogical discipline, and that said pedagogical discipline is a good mental training both for general and specific purposes. But a few qualifications are necessary before the question can be argued. In the first place, it goes without saying that no fixed line can be drawn between useful and ornamental studies. Modern languages and the higher mathematics, for instance, although they are merely accomplishments for one person, are useful or even necessary to another. Next, there are branches which cannot be called necessary to any given career, but are, notwithstanding, of varying degrees of utility. Finally, since special gifts and capacities are often slow to reveal themselves, it follows that early instruction must always be somewhat experimental. With these reservations, my contention is that as soon as particular aptitudes are disclosed, the staple of education should be in the way of professional training.

One of the most remarkable features of that teaching by apprenticeship which I have shown to be characteristic of great periods of creative thought is its intense reality. The master in such a case, being engaged in the world's serious and living work, puts into the instruction of his few chosen pupils a quality that no other teacher can ever attain. Nay, it is even doubtful if the best part of his influence comes in the way of formal instruction at all. Subtle, implicit suggestion, followed by equally subtle apprehension, unconscious example followed by unconscious imitation, the mature and masterful personality working upon the young and plastic spirit, and stimulated by its freshness in turn, — these are the mysterious and hidden ways by which the divine fire is received and passed along. I take it to be perfectly certain that professional pedagogy can never receive or transmit this magisterial quality of greatness. Academic professors are rightly so called in respect that usually they profess an art without being able to practice it. Pedagogy can deal only with principles that can be artificially abstracted and formally stated in terms, and this means, *ex vi termini*, principles that are illusory and unreal.[1]

Our system produces connoisseurs of

[1] An exception must be made to this statement in favor of natural science, both pure and applied. It cannot be denied that physical science is the most vital element in modern in-

painting who can't paint and professors of literature who can't write. The inevitable result has been the hopeless commonplace and sterility of our academic culture. It does nothing and gets nowhere. Our rigid curriculum impedes the selection and growth of high and rare abilities. I need cite no other example than the style of literature now emanating from colleges and their graduates. Apart from monographs and special treatises which do not pretend to be literature, it chiefly consists of short stories, pseudo-Swinburnian sonnets and rhapsodies, and that particular kind of phrase-making which is called æsthetic literary criticism.

In very truth, the waste involved in our academic system, waste of money and energy, but chiefly of all-precious time, is nothing short of appalling. Instead of an education adapted to individual needs, instead of a natural and equal training of eye, hand, and brain, every child, whatever may be his gifts, aptitudes, and future prospects, is put into our huge, clumsy mill, and often not taken out of it till he reaches manhood. His mind, dulled and wearied by hard and monotonously recurring tasks, is then "periodically blistered by examinations," as a contemporary writer most happily puts it. Consisting mainly of drill in books, the system is, for this reason alone, ill adapted to the majority of the sufferers, and is not well adapted even to that comparatively small number that is bookishly inclined. For the plea that our education meets the needs of the average mind is a most fallacious one. The average mind, like all other averages, the average weather, for example, is a pure abstraction, and is rarely or never found in nature. Many of the dolts and dunces of our class-rooms would be fitting themselves for joyous and useful, or even high, activities if they only had the chance. And if it be asked whether, in this already material age, our higher studies are to be aimed at mere utility, the answer is easy. Why not, if in this utility be included the highest uses?

We admire, with the despairing admiration of the bereft, the glorious arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, forgetting that they grew out of the humblest handicraft, and in their best days were never dissociated from it. It is one of our evil inheritances from the Pagan Revival that has made us exalt mere accumulative scholarship at the expense of that practical skill which at once supplies the necessities of life, and converts the commonest materials into the means of highest expression. And what has been the final result of our pursuit of the humanistic ideals of literary and scholarly culture? A pedantry so dry, narrow, and repulsive that its own practitioners cannot hide their contempt for it.[1]

The American people are in the habit of being told by politicians and others interested in winning their favor that they are the most enlightened nation of modern times, that they have, in fact, brought the world's civilization to a height it has never before attained. There are many, of course, to whom civilization means tall buildings and mechanical applications of steam and electricity. But even those who have a better notion of the real nature of civilization sometimes use similar language, and point in evidence to our

tellectual life; and in every country there is a goodly number of scientific professors whose contributions to science lend to their teaching that quality I am here insisting upon. Still, Dr. Karl Pearson is authority for the statement that a good fifty per cent of recent scientific literature is worthless, which means that the physical, as well as the philological and historical, branches have suffered from excessive patronage of graduate study and research.

[1] In a recent number of the New York *Nation* a prominent university professor testifies that, if pressed for an opinion, he should feel bound to admit that of the doctor dissertations on literary subjects, either from Germany or America, which have come to his knowledge during the last ten years, the bulk seemed to him hardly worth serious consideration. As to living literary historians of repute, he certainly could not name more than half a dozen who approach a work of literature from within rather than from without.

free-school system with the university at its apex, open to all the people without money and without price.[1] Colleges and universities, maintaining a condition of chronic poverty by the simple expedient of living beyond their incomes, are making unprecedented and successful demands upon public and private beneficence. And all to what end? To foster an education of which the highest form is represented by the doctor's dissertation, to maintain seats of learning where confessedly very little is learned by the vast majority of students, and where their own contributions to learning are more or less openly scoffed at. The larger universities have, in the language of contemporary statesmanship, entered upon a career of expansion; and the spirit of this expansion is very largely competitive. The continuous enlargement of their faculties and material equipment reminds one of nothing so much as the ruinous efforts of European nations to outvie one another in military and naval armaments. In the name of richer opportunity for study and research, the multiplication of courses has reached the point where it is almost ludicrous.[2]

It is a perfectly plain fact of history that great civilizations have never been academic. The Athenian or Florentine shared as naturally in the culture of his native city as he did in its political or religious life; and that culture was fostered by creative effort, not by a forced erudition or by the imitation of a remote antiquity. But just because they were always creators, they were heirs of the past in a sense unknown to a book-taught generation. So if it be asked, how, if our university education is to be professional, liberal culture is to be acquired, I answer, in the same way it has always been acquired, by individual effort and initiative. Interest in intellectual matters is more easily aroused in men of action, led forward by experience and meditation, than in listless undergraduates who are usually too little versed in life and thought to have serious interests at all.

As for the danger of narrowness in a professional training, it must always be remembered that narrowness is the attribute of pedants, not of masters. The monographic investigator of literature or art, for example, is apt to be narrow; the master of art or literature cannot be. The pedant is out of touch with reality. The master, by the very conditions of success, must live in the world of action and ideas. And mastery is not only essential to the practice of one particular art, but is also the best help to the appreciation of others. The craftsman, trained to the practice of even a minor art, has had a better preparation than the academic student for the appreciation of poetry, because he, as well as the poet, has been touched with the spirit of that "art which shares with great creating nature."

It is no part of my present purpose to suggest definite measures of reform. Reform will come easily enough as soon as the need of it is generally felt; in fact, I believe that movements in the right direction are even now being made. But established traditions die hard, and existing educational traditions are very old and very strong. In the mean time I have hoped, by the recital of a personal experience, and of the reflections suggested

[1] I once heard a well-known college president say that the last fifty years had seen a greater progress in civilization than all preceding ages since primitive man discovered the use of fire. Although we might be surprised at this statement, it was, we were assured, an absolutely certain fact. We might take the speaker's word for it. We also learned that the greatest of these achievements of the last fifty years was a lately invented means of transmission of mechanical energy.

[2] Let any one who doubts this statement look at the catalogue of a large university under one of the more popular subjects, say English, history, or political economy. He will find almost every conceivable subdivision of them represented by one or more courses. It seems to be assumed that the student will never know anything about any subject unless he has had a course in it. For some excellent remarks on the abuse of academic lecturing, see Henry Sidgwick's "Lecture against Lecturing," in his *Miscellaneous Essays and Addresses.*

thereby, to bring perhaps more forcibly to the minds of my readers truths of which they are already more or less conscious. My academic friends and associates, whom I hold in grateful affection and remembrance, will some of them here recognize the gist of conversations and discussions I have had with them; some of them share the opinions here expressed, and are doing their best as teachers and scholars to cure the ills I have attempted to show; while all of them, I am sure, will believe me when I say that I have written these condemnations of a way of life to which I was brought up, which is endeared to me by many associations, and which I once hoped never to abandon, in the interest of truth and in all sad earnestness.

THE FACE OF THE FIELDS

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THERE was a flash of gray, a swish of wings, a cry of pain, a squawking, cowering, scattering flock of hens, a weakly fluttering pullet, and yonder, swinging upward into the October sky, a marsh hawk, buoyant and gleaming silvery in the sun. Over the trees he beat, circled once, and disappeared.

The hens were still flapping for safety in a dozen directions, but the gray harrier had gone. A bolt of lightning could not have dropped so unannounced, could not have vanished so completely, could scarcely have killed so quickly. I ran to the pullet, but found her dead. The harrier's stroke, delivered with fearful velocity, had laid head and neck open as with a keen knife. Yet a fraction slower and he would have missed, for the pullet caught the other claw on her wing. The gripping talons slipped off the long quills, and the hawk swept on without his quarry. He dared not come back for it at my feet; and so with a single turn above the woods he was gone.

The scurrying hens stopped to look about them. There was nothing in the sky to see. They stood still and silent a moment, the rooster *chucked*, then one by one they turned back into the open pasture. A huddled group under the henyard fence broke up and came out with the others. Death had flashed among them, but had missed *them*. Fear had come, but had gone. Within two minutes — in less time — from the fall of the stroke, every hen in the flock was intent at her scratching, or as intently chasing the gray grasshoppers over the pasture.

Yet, as they scratched, the high-stepping cock would frequently cast up his eye toward the treetops; would sound his alarum at the flight of a robin; and if a crow came over, he would shout and dodge and start to run. But instantly the shadow would pass, and instantly chanticleer —

> He loketh as it were a grim leoun,
> And on his toos he romeths up and doun;
> . . . . .
> Thus roial, as a prince is in an halle.

He was n't afraid. Cautious, alert, watchful he was, but not fearful. No shadow of dread hangs dark and ominous across the sunshine of his pasture. Shadows come — like a flash; and like a flash they vanish away.

We cannot go far into the fields without sighting the hawk and the snake, the very shapes of Death. In one form or another the dread Thing moves everywhere, down every wood-path and pasture-lane, through the black close waters of the

mill-pond, out under the open of the winter sky, night and day, and every day, the four seasons through. I have seen the still surface of a pond break suddenly with a swirl, and flash a hundred flecks of silver into the light, as the minnows leap from the jaws of the pike. Then a loud rattle, a streak of blue, a splash at the centre of the swirl, and I see the pike, twisting and bending in the beak of the kingfisher. The killer is killed; but at the mouth of the nest-hole in the steep sand-bank, swaying from a root in the edge of the turf above, hangs the black snake, the third killer, and the belted kingfisher, dropping the pike, darts off with a cry. I have been afield at times when one tragedy has followed another in such rapid and continuous succession as to put a whole shining, singing, blossoming world under a pall. Everything has seemed to cower, skulk, and hide, to run as if pursued. There was no peace, no stirring of small life, not even in the quiet of the deep pines, for here a hawk would be nesting, or a snake would be sleeping, or I would hear the passing of a fox, see perhaps his keen hungry face an instant as he halted, winding me.

Fox and snake and hawk are real, but not the absence of peace and joy — except within my own breast. There is struggle and pain and death in the woods, and there is fear also, but the fear does not last long; it does not haunt and follow and terrify; it has no being, no substance, no continuance. The shadow of the swiftest scudding cloud is not so fleeting as this shadow in the woods, this Fear. The lowest of the animals seem capable of feeling it; yet the very highest of them seem incapable of dreading it; for them Fear is not of the imagination, but of the sight, and of the passing moment.

The present only toucheth thee!

It does more, it throngs him — our fellow mortal of the stubble field, the cliff, and the green sea. Into the present is lived the whole of his life — none of it is left to a storied past, none sold to a mortgaged future. And the whole of this life is action; and the whole of this action is joy. The moments of fear in an animal's life are moments of reaction, negative, vanishing. Action and joy are constant, the joint laws of all animal life, of all nature, from the shining stars that sing together, to the roar of a bitter northeast storm across these wintry fields.

We shall get little rest and healing out of nature until we have chased this phantom Fear into the dark of the moon. It is a most difficult drive. The pursued too often turns pursuer, and chases us back into our burrows where there is nothing to make us afraid. If every time a bird cries in alarm, a mouse squeaks with pain, or a rabbit leaps in fear from beneath our feet, we, too, leap and run, dodging the shadow as if it were at our own heels, then we shall never get farther toward the open fields than Chuchundra, the muskrat, gets toward the middle of the bungalow floor. We shall always creep around by the wall, whimpering.

But there is no such thing as fear out-of-doors. There was, there will be; you may see it for an instant on your walk to-day, or think you see it; but there are the birds singing as before, and as before the red squirrel, under cover of large words, is prying into your purposes. The universal chorus of nature is never stilled. This part, or that, may cease for a moment, for a season it may be, only to let some other part take up the strain; as the winter's deep bass voices take it from the soft lips of the summer, and roll it into thunder, until the naked hills seem to rock to the measures of the song.

So must we listen to the winter winds, to the whistle of the soaring hawk, to the cry of the trailing hounds.

I have had more than one hunter grip me excitedly, and with almost a command bid me hear the music of the baying pack. There are hollow halls in the swamps that lie to the east and north and west of me, that catch up the cry of the fox hounds, that blend it, mellow it, round it, and roll it, rising and falling over the

meadows these autumn nights in great globes of sound, as pure and sweet as the pearly notes of the wood thrush rolling around their silver basin in the summer dusk.

It is a different kind of music when the pack breaks into the open on the warm trail: a chorus then of individual tongues singing the ecstasy of pursuit. My blood leaps; the natural primitive wild thing of muscle and nerve and instinct within me slips its leash, and on past with the pack it drives, the scent of the trail single and sweet in its nostrils, a very fire in its blood, motion, motion, motion in its bounding muscles, and in its being a mighty music, spheric and immortal, a carol, chant and pæan, nature's "unjarred chime," —

> The fair music that all creatures made
> To their great Lord, whose love their motions swayed
> In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
> In first obedience, and their state of good.

But what about the fox and his share in this gloria? It is a solemn music to him, certainly, loping wearily on ahead; but what part has he in the chorus? No part, perhaps, unless we grimly call him its conductor. But the point is the chorus, that it never ceases, the hounds at this moment, not the fox, in the leading rôle.

"But the chorus ceases for me," you say; "my heart is with the poor fox." So is mine, and mine is with the dogs too. Many a night I have bayed with the pack, and as often, oftener, I think, I have loped and dodged and doubled with the fox, pitting limb against limb, lung against lung, wit against wit, and always escaping. More than once, in the warm moonlight of the early fall, I have led them on and on, spurring their lagging muscles with a sight of my brush, on and on, through the moonlit night, through the day, on into the moon again, and on — until only the stir of my own footsteps has followed me. Then doubling once more, creeping back a little upon my track, I have looked at my pursuers, silent and stiff upon the trail, and ere the echo of their cry has died away, I have caught up the chorus and carried it single-throated through the wheeling singing spheres.

There is more of fact than of fancy to this. That a fox ever purposely ran a dog to death, would be hard to prove; but that the dogs run themselves to death in a single extended chase after a single fox is a common occurrence here in the woods about the farm. Occasionally the fox may be overtaken by the hounds; seldom, however, except in the case of a very young one or of a stranger, unacquainted with the lay of the land, driven into the rough country here by an unusual combination of circumstances.

I have been both fox and hound; I have run the race too often not to know that both enjoy it at times, fox as much as hound. Some weeks ago the dogs carried a young fox around and around the farm, hunting him here, there, everywhere, as if in a game of hide-and-seek. An old fox would have led them on a long coursing run across the range. It was early fall, and warm, so that at dusk the dogs were caught and taken off the trail. The fox soon sauntered up through the mowing-field behind the barn, came out upon the bare knoll near the house, and sat there in the moonlight yapping down at Rex and Dewy, the house dogs in the two farms below. Rex is a Scotch collie, Dewy a dreadful mix of dog-dregs. He had been tail-ender in the pack for a while during the afternoon. Both dogs answered back at the young fox. But he could not egg them on. Rex was too fat, Dewy had had enough; not so the young fox. It had been fun. He wanted more. "Come on, Dewy!" he cried. "Come on, play tag again. You're still 'it.'"

I was at work with my chickens one day when the fox broke from cover in the tall woods, struck the old wagon road along the ridge, and came at a gallop down behind the hencoops, with five hounds not a minute behind. They passed with a crash and were gone — up over the ridge and down into the east swamp.

Soon I noticed that the pack had broken, deploying in every direction, beating the ground over and over. Reynard had given them the slip, on the ridge-side, evidently, for there were no cries from below in the swamp.

The noon whistles blew, and leaving my work I went down to re-stake my cow in the meadow. I had just drawn her chain-pin when down the road through the orchard behind me came the fox, hopping high up and down, his neck stretched, his eye peeled for poultry. Spying a white hen of my neighbor's, he made for her, clear to the barnyard wall. Then, hopping higher for a better view, he sighted another hen in the front yard, skipped in gayly through the fence, seized her, loped across the road, and away up the birch-grown hills beyond.

The dogs had been at his very heels ten minutes before. He had fooled them. He had done it again and again. They were even now yelping at the end of the baffling trail behind the ridge. Let them yelp. It is a kind and convenient habit of dogs, this yelping, one can tell so exactly where they are. Meantime one can take a turn for one's self at the chase, get a bite of chicken, a drink of water, a wink or two of rest; and when the yelping gets warm again, one is quite ready to pick up one's heels and lead the pack another merry dance. The fox is almost a humorist.

This is the way the races are all run off. Now and then they may end tragically. A fox cannot reckon on the hunter with a gun. Only dogs entered into the account when the balance in the scheme of things was struck for the fox. But, mortal finish or no, the spirit of the chase is neither rage nor terror, but the excitement of a matched game, the ecstasy of pursuit for the hound, the passion of escape for the fox, without fury or fear — except for the instant at the start and at the finish — when it is a finish.

This is the spirit of the chase — of the race, more truly, for it is always a race, where the stake is not life and death, as we conceive of life and death, but rather the joy of being. The hound cares as little for his own life as for the life he is hunting. It is the race, instead; it is the moments of crowded, complete, supreme existence for him — " glory " we call it when men run it off together. Death, and the fear of death, are inconceivable to the animal mind. Only enemies exist in the world out of-doors, only hounds, foxes, hawks — they, and their scents, their sounds and shadows; and not fear, but readiness only. The level of wild life, of the soul of all nature, is a great serenity. It is seldom lowered, but often raised to a higher level, intenser, faster, more exultant.

The serrate pines on my horizon are not the pickets of a great pen. My fields and swamps and ponds are not one wide battlefield, as if the only work of my wild neighbors were bloody war, and the whole of their existence a reign of terror. This is a universe of law and order and marvelous balance; conditions these of life, of normal, peaceful, joyous life. Life and not death is the law, joy and not fear is the spirit, is the frame of all that breathes, of very matter itself.

And ever at the loom of Birth
The Mighty Mother weaves and sings;
She weaves — fresh robes for mangled earth;
She sings — fresh hopes for desperate things.

" For the rest," says Hathi, most unscientific of elephants, in the most impossible of Jungle Stories, " for the rest, Fear walks up and down the Jungle by day and by night. . . . And only when there is one great Fear over all, as there is now, can we of the Jungle lay aside our little fears and meet together in one place as we do now."

Now, the law of the Indian Jungle is as old and as true as the sky, and just as widespread and as all-encompassing. It is the identical law of my New England pastures. It obtains here as it holds far away yonder. The trouble is all with Hathi. Hathi has lived so long in a British camp, has seen so few men but British soldiers, and has felt so little law

but British military law in India, that very naturally Hathi gets the military law and the Jungle law mixed up.

> Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they;
> But the head and the hoof of the Law, and the haunch and the hump is — Obey!

else one of the little fears, or the Big Fear, will get you!

But this is the Law of the Camp, and as beautifully untrue of the Jungle, and of my woods and pastures, as Hathi's account of how, before Fear came, the First of the Tigers ate grass. Still Nebuchadnezzar ate grass, and he also grew eagles' feathers upon his body. Perhaps the First of the Tigers had feathers instead of fur, though Hathi is silent as to that, saying only that the First of the Tigers had no stripes. It might not harm us to remember, however, that nowadays — as was true in the days of the Sabertooth tiger (he is a fossil) — tigers eat grass only when they feel very bad or when they find a bunch of catnip. The wild animals that Hathi knew are more marvelous than the Wild Animals I Have Known, but Hathi's knowledge of Jungle law is all stuff and nonsense.

There is no ogre, Fear, no command, Obey, but the widest kind of a personal permit to live — joyously, abundantly, intensely, frugally at times, painfully at times, and always with large liberty; until, suddenly, the time comes to Let Live, when death is almost sure to be instant, with little pain, and less fear.

But am I not generalizing from the single case of the fox and hounds? or at most from two cases — the hen and the hawk? And are not the cases far from typical? Fox and hound are unusually matched, both of them are canines, and so closely related that the dog has been known to let a she-fox go unharmed at the end of an exciting hunt. Suppose the fox were a defenseless rabbit, what of fear and terror then?

Ask any one who has shot in the rabbity fields of southern New Jersey. The rabbit seldom runs in blind terror. He is soft-eyed, and timid, and as gentle as a pigeon, but he is not defenseless. A nobler set of legs was never bestowed by nature than the little cotton-tail's. They are as wings compared with the deformities that bear up the ordinary rabbit hound. With winged legs, protecting color, a clear map of the country in his head, — its stumps, rail-piles, cat-brier tangles, and narrow rabbit-roads, — with all this as a handicap, Bunny may well run his usual cool and winning race. The balance is just as even, the chances quite as good, and the contest as interesting, to him as to Reynard.

I have seen a rabbit squat close in his form and let a hound pass yelping within a few feet of him, but as ready as a hair-trigger should he be discovered. I have seen him leap for his life as the dog sighted him, and bounding like a ball across the stubble, disappear in the woods, the hound within two jumps of his flashing tail. I have waited at the end of the wood-road for the runners to come back, down the home-stretch, for the finish. On they go for a quarter, or perhaps a half a mile, through the woods, the baying of the hound faint and intermittent in the distance, then quite lost. No, there it is again, louder now. They have turned the course. I wait. The quiet life of the woods is undisturbed, for the voice of the hound is only an echo, not unlike the far-off tolling of a slow-swinging bell. The leaves stir as a wood-mouse scurries from his stump; an acorn rattles down; then in the winding wood-road I hear the *pit-pat, pit-pat* of soft furry feet, and there at the bend is the rabbit. He stops, rises high up on his haunches, and listens. He drops again upon all fours, scratches himself behind the ear, reaches over the cart-rut for a nip of sassafras, hops a little nearer, and throws his big ears forward in quick alarm, for he sees me, and, as if something had exploded under him, he kicks into the air and is off — leaving a pretty tangle for the dog to unravel, later on, by this mighty jump to the side.

My children and the man were witnesses recently of an exciting, and, for this section of Massachusetts, a novel race, which, but for them, must certainly have ended fatally. The boys had picked up the morning fall of chestnuts, and were coming through the wood-lot where the man was chopping, when down the hillside toward them rushed a little chipmunk, his teeth a-chatter with terror, for close behind him, with the easy wavy motion of a shadow, glided a dark brown animal, which the man took on the instant for a mink, but which afterward proved to be a pine marten. When almost at the feet of the boys, and about to be seized by the marten, the squeaking chipmunk ran up a tree. Up glided the marten, up for twenty feet, when the chipmunk jumped. It was a fearfully close call. The marten did not dare to jump, but turned and started down, when the man intercepted him with a stick. Around and around the tree he dodged, growling and snarling and avoiding the stick, not a bit abashed, stubbornly holding his own, until forced to seek refuge among the branches. Meanwhile the terrified chipmunk had recovered his nerve and sat quietly watching the sudden turn of affairs from a near-by stump.

I climbed into the cupola of the barn this morning, as I frequently do throughout the winter, and brought down a dazed junco that was beating his life out up there against the window-panes. He lay on his back in my open hand, either feigning death or really powerless with fear. His eyes were closed, his whole tiny body throbbing convulsively with his throbbing heart. Taking him to the door, I turned him over and gave him a gentle toss. Instantly his wings flashed, they zigzagged him for a yard or two, then bore him swiftly around the corner of the house and dropped him in the midst of his fellows, where they were feeding upon the lawn. He shaped himself up a little and fell to picking with the others.

From a state of collapse the laws of his being had brought the bird into normal behavior as quickly and completely as the collapsed rubber ball is rounded by the laws of its being. The memory of the fright seems to have been an impression exactly like the dent in the rubber ball — as if it had never been.

Yet the analogy only half holds. Memories of the most tenacious kind the animals surely have; but little or no voluntary, unaided power to use them. Memory is largely a mechanical, a crank, process with the animals, a kind of magic-lantern show, where the concrete slide is necessary for the picture on the screen; else the past as the future, hangs a blank. The dog will sometimes seem to cherish a grudge; so will the elephant. Some one injures or wrongs him, and the huge beast harbors the memory, broods it, and waits his opportunity for revenge. Yet the records of these cases usually show the creature to be living with the object of his hatred — keeper or animal — and that his memory goes no further back than the present moment, than the sight of the enemy; memory always taking an immediate, concrete shape.

At my railroad station I frequently see a yoke of great sleepy, bald-faced oxen, that look as much alike as two blackbirds. Their driver knows them apart; but as they stand there bound to one another by the heavy bar across their foreheads, it would puzzle anybody else to tell Buck from Berry. But not if he approach them wearing an overcoat. At sight of me in an overcoat the off ox will snort and back and thresh about in terror, twisting the head of his yoke-fellow, nearly breaking his neck, and trampling him miserably. But the nigh ox is used to it. He chews and blinks away placidly, keeps his feet the best he can, and does n't try to understand at all why great-coats should so frighten his cud-chewing brother. I will drop off my coat and go up immediately to smooth the muzzles of both oxen, blinking sleepily while the lumber is being loaded on. Years ago, the driver told me, the off ox was badly frightened by a big woolly coat, the sight or smell

of which suggested to the creature some natural enemy, perhaps a panther or a bear. The memory remained, but beyond recall except in the presence of its first cause, the great-coat.

To us, and momentarily to the lower animals, no doubt, there is a monstrous, a desperate aspect to nature — night and drouth and cold, the lightning, the hurricane, the earthquake: phases of nature that to the scientific mind are often appalling, and to the unthinking and superstitious are usually sinister, cruel, personal, leading to much dark talk of the mysteries of Providence; as if there were still necessity to justify the ways of God to man. We are clutched by these terrors even as the junco was clutched in my goblin hand. When the mighty fingers open, we zigzag, dazed from the danger; but fall to planning, before the tremors of the earth have ceased, how we can build a greater and finer city on the ruins of the old. Upon the crumbled heap of the second Messina the third will rise, and upon that the fourth, unless the quaking site is forever swallowed by the sea. Terror can kill the living, but it cannot hinder them from forgetting, or prevent them from hoping, or, for more than an instant, stop them from doing. Such is the law of being — the law of the Jungle, of Heaven, of my pastures, of myself, and of the little junco. The light of the sun may burn out, motion may cease, matter vanish away, and life come to an end; but so long as life continues it must continue to assert itself, to obey the law of being — to multiply and replenish the earth, and rejoice.

Life, like Law and Matter, is all of one piece. The horse in my stable, the robin, the toad, the beetle, the vine in my garden, the garden itself, and I together with them all, come out of the same divine dust; we all breathe the same divine breath; we have our beings under the same divine law; only they do not know that the law, the breath, and the dust, are divine. If I do know, and yet can so readily forget such knowledge, can so hardly cease from being, can so eternally find the purpose, the hope, the joy of life within me, how soon for them, my lowly fellow mortals, must vanish all sight of fear, all memory of pain! And how abiding with them, how compelling, the necessity to live! And in their unquestioning obedience what joy!

The face of the fields is as changeful as the face of a child. Every passing wind, every shifting cloud, every calling bird, every baying hound, every shape, shadow, fragrance, sound, and tremor, are so many emotions reflected there. But if time and experience and pain come, they pass utterly away; for the face of the fields does not grow old or wise or seamed with pain. It is always the face of a child, — asleep in winter, awake in summer, — a face of life and health always, if we will but see what pushes the falling leaves off, what lies in slumber under the covers of the snow; if we will but feel the strength of the north wind, and the wild fierce joy of the fox and hound as they course the turning, tangling paths of the woodlands in their race with one another against the record set by Life.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

THERE is but one familiar portrait of Miss Jewett. It has been so often reprinted that many who have seen it, even without seeing her, must think of her as immune from change, blessed with perpetual youth, with a gracious, sympathetic femininity, with an air of breeding and distinction quite independent of shifting fashions.

This portrait is intimately symbolic of her work. It typifies with a rare faithfulness the quality of all the products of her pen. In them one found, and finds, the same abiding elements of beauty, sympathy, and distinction. The element of sympathy — perhaps the greatest of these — found its expression in a humor that provoked less of outward laughter than of smiles within, and in a pathos the very counterpart of this delicate quality. The beauty and the distinction may be less capable of brief characterization, but they pervaded her art.

Her first published work appeared, when she was only nineteen years old, in this magazine. Her last considerable book had its serial publication here; and the greater number of all her stories, from the beginning to the end, first saw the light in these columns. If Miss Jewett placed a value upon associating thus with life-long friends, — and the loyalty in her voice when she spoke of "the house" bore witness that she did, — the *Atlantic* itself understood no less clearly what it was to count her as a constant contributor; for her work embodied in a peculiar degree the elements which every serious editor of an American magazine must find related to the complete fulfillment of his purpose.

In the first place, this work of hers, in dealing with the New England life she knew and loved, was essentially American, as purely indigenous as the pointed firs of her own countryside. The art with which she wrought her native themes was limited, on the contrary, by no local boundaries. At its best it had the absolute quality of the highest art in every quarter of the globe, And the spirit in which she approached her task was as broad in its scope and sympathy as her art in its form. It was precisely this union of what was at once so clearly American and so clearly universal that distinguished her stories, in the eyes of both editor and reader, as the best — so often — in any magazine that contained them.

Her constant demand upon herself was for the best. There were no compromises with mediocrity, either in her tastes or in her achievements. It was the best aspect of New England character and tradition on which her vision steadily dwelt. She was satisfied with nothing short of the best in her interpretation of New England life. The form of creative writing in which she won her highest successes — the short story — is the form in which Americans have made their most distinctive contributions to English literature; and her place with the few best of these writers appears to be secure.

If the familiar portrait typifies her work, it is equally true to the person herself. The quick, responsive spirit of youth, with all its sincerity, all its enjoyment in friendship or whatever else the day might hold, was an immutable possession. So were all the other qualities for which the features spoke. Through the recent years of physical disability, due in the first instance to an accident so gratuitous that it seemed to her friends unendurable, there was a noble patience, a sweet endurance, that could have sprung only from an heroic strain of character.

What she was cannot perish from among men, for her books ensure the tangible continuance of her spirit. If it is to be an immortality, we are doubly fortunate who saw its beginnings in her mortal life. What the books are, she herself preëminently was.

THE LURE OF THE BERRY

Men have sung the praises of fishing and hunting, they have extolled the joys of boating and riding, they have dwelt at length upon the pleasures of automobiling. But there is one — sport, shall I call it? — which no one seems to have thought worth mentioning — the gentle sport of berrying.

Perhaps calling it a sport is an unfortunate beginning, — it gives us too much to live up to. No, it is not a sport; though I can't think why, since it is quite as active as drop-line fishing. Perhaps the trouble is with the game — the fish are more active than the berries, and their excesses cover the deficiencies of the stolid figure in the boat.

What, then, shall we call it? not an occupation, it is too desultory for that; nor an amusement, because of a certain tradition of usefulness that hangs about it. Probably it belongs in that small but select group of things that we do ostensibly because they are useful, but really because they are fun. At any rate, it does not matter how we class it, — it is just berrying.

But not strawberrying. Strawberries are so far down, and so few! They cannot be picked with comfort by any one over six years old. Nor blackberrying! Blackberries are good when gathered in, but in the gathering process there is nothing restful or soothing. They always grow in hot places, and the briars make you cross; they pull your hair and tear your clothes and scratch your wrists; and the berries stain your fingers dark blue; and, moreover, they are frequented by those unpleasant little triangular greenish-brown creatures known as squash-bugs, which I believe even the Ancient Mariner could not have been called upon to love. No, I do not mean blackberrying.

What then? What indeed but huckleberrying! How can I adequately sing the praises of the gentle, the neat, the comfortable huckleberry! No briers, no squash-bugs, no back-breaking stoop or arm-rending stretch to reach them; just a big, bushy, green clump, full of glossy black or softly blue berries, where you can sit right down on the tussocks amongst them, put your pail underneath a bush, and begin. At first, the handfuls drop in with a high-keyed "plinking" sound; then, when the "bottom is covered," this changes to a soft patter altogether satisfactory; and as you sit stripping the crisp branches and letting the neat little balls roll through your fingers, your spirit grows calm within you, you feel the breeze, you look up now and then over stretches of hill or pasture or sky, and you settle into a state of complete acquiescence with things as they are.

For there is always a breeze, and always a view, at least where my huckleberries grow. If any one should ask me where to find a good situation for a house, I should answer, with a comprehensive wave of my arm, "Oh, choose any huckleberry patch." Only 't were pity to demolish so excellent a thing as a huckleberry patch, merely to erect so doubtful a thing as a house.

I know one such — a royal one, even among huckleberry patches. To get to it you go up an old road, — up, and up, and up, — you pass big fields, new-mown and wide open to the sky, you get broader and broader outlooks over green woodland and blue rolling hills, with a bit of azure river in the midst. You come out on great flats of rock, thinly edged with light turf, and there before you are the "berry lots," as the native calls them, — rolling, windy uplands, with nothing bigger than cedars and wild-cherry trees to break their sweep. The berry bushes

crowd together in thick-set patches, waist high, interspersed with big " high-bush " shrubs in clumps or alone, and great, dark masses of richly glossy, richly fragrant bay, and low, hoary juniper. The pointed cedars stand about like sentinels, stiff enough save where their sensitive tops lean delicately away from the wind; and in the scant herbage between are goldenrod, — the earliest and the latest alike at home here, — and red lilies, and thistles, and asters; and down close to the ground, if you care to stoop for them, trailing vines of dewberries with their fruit, the sweetest of all the blackberries. Truly it is a goodly prospect, and one to fill the heart with satisfaction that the world is as it is.

The pleasure of huckleberrying is partly in the season — the late summer time, from mid-July to September. The poignant joys of early spring are passed, and the exuberance of early summer, while the keen stimulus of autumn has not yet come. Things are at poise. The haying is over; the meadows, shorn of their rich grass, lie tawny-green under the sky, and the world seems bigger than before. It is not a time for dreams or a time for exploits; it is a time for — for — well, for berrying!

But you must choose your days carefully, as you do your fishing and hunting days. The berries " bite best " with a brisk west wind, though a south one is not to be despised, and a north one, rare at this season, gives a pleasant suggestion of fall while the sun has still all the fervor of summer. Choose a sky that has clouds in it, too, for you will feel their movement even when you do not look up. Then take your pail and set out. Do not be in a hurry, and do not promise to be back at any definite time. And, finally, either go alone or with just the right companion. I do not know any circumstances wherein the choice of a companion needs more care than in berrying. It may make or mar the whole adventure. For you must have a person not too energetic, or a standard of speed will be established that will spoil everything; nor too conscientious — it is maddening to be told that you have not picked the bushes clean enough; nor too diligent, so that one feels guilty if one looks at the view or acknowledges the breeze; nor too restless, so that one is being constantly haled to fresh woods and pastures new. A slightly garrulous person is not bad, with a desultory, semi-philosophic bent, and a gift for being contented with easy physical occupation. In fact, I find that I am, by exclusion and inclusion, narrowing my description to fit a certain type of small boy. And I believe that here the ideal companion is to be found; if indeed he is not, as I more than suspect he is, the ideal companion for every form of recreation in life. Yes, the boy is the thing. Some of my choicest hours in the berry lots have been spent with a boy as companion, some boy who loves to be in the wind and sun without knowing that he loves it, who philosophizes without knowing that he does so, who picks berries with sufficient diligence sometimes, and with a delightful irresponsibility at other times. Who likes to move on, now and then, but is happy to kick turf around the edges of the clump if you are inclined to stay. Who takes pride in filling his pail, but is not so desperately single-minded that he is unmoved by the seductions of goldenrod in bloom, of juniper and bayberries, of dry goldenrod stalks (for kite sticks), of thistles for puff-balls, of deserted birds' nests, and all the other delights that fall in his way.

For berrying does not consist chiefly in getting berries, any more than fishing consists chiefly in getting fish, or hunting in getting birds. The essence of berrying is the state of mind that accompanies it. It is a semi-contemplative recreation, providing physical quiet with just enough motion to prevent restlessness, being, in this respect, like " whittling." I said semi-contemplative, because, while it seems to induce meditation, the beauty of it is that you don't really meditate at all, you only think you are doing so, or

are going to. That is what makes it so recuperative in its effects. It just delicately shaves the line between, on the one hand, stimulating you to thought, and on the other, boring you because it does not stimulate; and thus it brings about in you a perfect state of poise most restful in itself, and in complete harmony with the midsummer season.

Yes, fishing is good, and hunting is good, and all the sports are good in their turn, — even sitting in a rocking-chair on a boarding-house piazza has, perhaps, its charms and its benefits for some, — but when the sun is hot and the wind is cool, when the hay is in and the yellowing fields lie broad, when the deep woods have gathered their birds and their secrets to their very hearts, when the sky is warmly blue, and the clouds pile soft or float thin and light, then give me a pail and let me wander up, up, to the great open berry lots. I will let the sun shine on me and the wind blow me, and I will love the whole big world, and I will think not a single thought, and at sundown I will come home with a full pail and a contentedly empty mind.

ON OUR FENCELESS STATE

Could a peculiarly British instinct survive through seven Yankee generations, and crop out in me? If not, why is it I so ardently long for a walled garden? As a good, modern American, I ought to rejoice that my grass and rambler roses and goldenglow are thine, or anybody's who happens along. We live in a cottage set with many others in one wide, communistic lawn, over which our children, collectively and individually, scamper freely. They sample Mr. Wheaton's prize strawberries, they merrily swing upon Mrs. Harkness's clothes-reel, pausing to plant a muddy foot on a bleaching tablecloth; they admire my white iris and snap off the largest flower. Bruno and Rover, equipped with twice the number of muddy feet, scamper too.

I suppose the man behind the whirring mower knows where our lawn ends and Mr. Wheaton's begins. I don't. Probably the nasturtium-border marks the line. It is the neighborhood hurdle. Short-legged little scamps in blue rompers, essaying to leap it, invariably find themselves sitting in a forest of juicy stems. They look surprised, but not at all worried. The old things are n't anybody's flowers, so who cares? As a matter of fact, I plant those nasturtiums laboriously every spring. When I feel the lure of warm April sun mixed with cold April wind, I long to go and sit in the dirt and plant something. But why plant a plant that may not stay planted? If it should strike the roving fancy of Bobbie Harkness, it will vanish into the leg of his blue rompers, where a pocket ought to be and is n't. To be sure, our own plump, blue-clad little rascal ranges the commons with the rest. Once he trundled home his little "wheel-barrel" full of tight green peony buds from Mrs. Johnson's garden, — "cabbages for dear mamma," he explained. When we have an English wall round our Yankee yard, our boy shall grub in his own home sand-pile instead of wandering afield. Then, if ravages are committed, I shall know the particular little sinner that needs a spank, unless indeed I ought to spank the sparrows or a courageous, leather-footed pussy-cat.

I suffer considerably, moreover, from an uneasy conviction that the Harknesses, old Mr. Wheaton, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and the critical Miss Laura, not to mention Mrs. Johnson's Hilda (a superior person), are one and all behind their innocent-looking curtains, observing me romp with my little son till my hair falls down. I am not ashamed of my deeds, but I can never quite forget the eyes, eyes, eyes, with which cities are infested. Wait till I get my wall. Then you shall see — shall not see, I mean — how whole-heartedly I can frisk and loaf, reveling in elemental joys.

No, we have pretended long enough that we own a bit of out-doors. We don't,

not one grass-blade, not one pebble. We never have. We never shall, till we save up, little by little, the tremendous sum of courage needed to do something different from our neighbors. Meanwhile I please myself imagining the sensation we shall produce one of these days in this conventional New England suburb.

With the English model in mind, we shall, in the good time coming, build a red brick wall ten feet high all round our little plot. The top shall fiercely bristle with broken bottles and a row of spikes. I am secretly saving up bottles in a barrel down cellar, for that purpose. In the wall there is to be but one opening, a green door with a key and a peep-hole. Locking the green door will be equivalent to the good old custom of raising the drawbridge.

I suspect, though, that just as soon as we are not *obliged* to share our garden with Messrs. Tom, Dick, and Harry, their ladies and children, we shall become the soul of hospitality. Spying through the peep-hole Dr. and Mrs. Harkness and the ubiquitous Bobbie afar off, gazing wistfully and perhaps resentfully at our ramparts, we shall lower the drawbridge and jovially shout, " Come on in; we're just going to have tea." Blessed English privacy! Blessed English peace! Blessed homely English tea and bread and butter! Thinking of their own lawn, as public as the street, our guests will eat envious bites, sip envious sips, and afterwards sniff envious sniffs of our wealth of roses, climbing fearlessly over the warm brick. For roses, if nothing else, I will have, real ones, not soulless, machine-made ramblers or prim little imitations of English rose-trees. And a gooseberry bush or two I mean to set out, good British gooseberry bushes, draped in our old tennis net. I am saving that too, in the attic. There shall be no Old Country apple and pear trees, to be sure, writhing crucified against the south wall; but peach-trees we can grow. How delightful to taste our own peaches, for once. We used to have a peach tree bearing fruit large and showy, but like my pencil-eraser in flavor and consistency. We cherished that tree, when all the rest had died. Though we seldom got one of the peaches, the thought of the people who did was very satisfying.

I have heard, I think, below the conventional surface in this neighborhood, grumbles of discontent with our fenceless state. I am willing to wager all the flowers on my white iris — if they are still there — that we have only to set the example in order to see our English wall flattered by at least half a dozen imitations within the year. O John, John, let us see a mason to-morrow! Or why not telephone to-night?

IN PRAISE OF QUOTERS

In a very serious and amusing book on etiquette, I once read something like this: " Never quote Shakespeare in conversation; it is bad form to quote what every one is familiar with." Perhaps it would be safe to say that most so-called society people pretty scrupulously follow this advice, though probably not for the reason given. Certainly it is a very bad reason, and we may charitably hope that people who never quote Shakespeare have a much better one. Of course I am thinking of conscious quotation; for everybody whose mother tongue is English quotes Shakespeare sometimes, whether he knows it or not. But expressions like " Patience on a monument " are not real quotations; they are mere proverbs.

The power of apt quotation is a gift from heaven. The quoter is born, not made. In a restaurant where I was taking supper one evening there was a table full of college boys whose discussion over their beer was waxing pretty noisy. During a brief lull, a stately old gentleman sitting alone at the next table leaned over and said distinctly to the noisiest of the youngsters, " Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice." The effect was instantaneous.

My friend V. professes to be a confirmed bachelor and misogynist. When he heard that I was about to be married, he congratulated me in these terms: —

> If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
> It were done quickly.

Nothing else could have expressed his attitude so aptly.

As a rule I believe it is true that the most quotable writers are also the best quoters. An instance in point is Montaigne, the prince of all quoters, and one of the most quoted men that ever wrote. No one has spoken better than he on the art of quotation. " I go here and there," he says, " culling out of several books the sentences that best please me." " I make others say for me, not before me but after me, what either for want of language or want of sense I cannot so well express." He admits that he does not always acknowledge his debts. Sometimes " I purposely conceal the author, to awe the temerity of those precipitate censors who fall upon all sorts of writers, particularly the late ones, of men yet living. . . . I will have them give Plutarch a fillip on my nose, and rail at Seneca when they think they rail at me." And again: " Amongst so many borrowed things, I am glad if I can steal one, disguising and altering it for some new service."

This power to force old phrases into new service is one of the marks of the master of quotation. Montaigne's quotations are a source of endless delight, partly on account of their freshness of application. This is the extrinsic, and as it were accidental, charm of his pilferings. But they are also delightful in and of themselves. They give us a comfortable sense of the continuity and friendly society of wit. It is the fashion nowadays to hold secondhand knowledge in scorn; but it is far better than no knowledge at all. We may not have an acquaintance as intimate as we could wish with those charming gentlemen of antiquity, Horace and Plutarch; still, it is pleasant to be able to say, " I am well acquainted with a close friend of theirs, the Lord of Montaigne, and I have met them occasionally at his table." Some of these great ancients I do not care to visit in their own halls; they are too harsh, like Cato, or too lofty and austere, like Lucretius. But Montaigne is so admirable a host that in his company the sternest relax, and the harshest become gracious.

In what I have said in praise of quotation I would not be understood as lauding, or even excusing, those foolish little gift-books called " The Wisdom of So-and-So " or " The Pocket So-and-So," containing *disjecta membra auctoris* in alphabetically arranged lists of passages, on subjects from Adversity to Zeal. Let Montaigne speak for me here; he is properly scornful of such compilations, which however he condescends occasionally to use. " I can borrow if I please from a dozen such scrap-gatherers, people about whom I do not much trouble myself. . . . These lumber-piles of commonplaces are of little use but to common subjects . . . a ridiculous fruit of learning." Elsewhere he says the same thing more concisely: " Every abridgment of a good book is a foolish abridgment."

In another of his *obiter dicta* Montaigne goes to the marrow of the whole question of quotation. The charm of skillful quotation lies not merely in its aptness: there is such a thing as being too apt; that is the trouble with all the threadbare maxims and proverbs. The real beauty lies in a certain degree of aptness, combined with suggestiveness. A quotation should carry the flavor of the soil from which it sprang. Thus when my friend congratulated me on my marriage in the grim words of Macbeth, the peculiar savor of the quotation was due to the fact that the original occasion of the words was so startlingly diverse. Let me give another instance. I was once talking with V. about a common friend, a very correct and dignified young Scotsman, who had the misfortune to be in debt to his Jewish landlord. " I should like to be in the audience when the Hebrew duns

the Scot," I said. "How will A. take it?" "Oh," said V., "he will *wave him to a more removèd ground.*" But I am forgetting Montaigne, who says what I have been aiming at: "My quotations do not always serve simply for example, authority or ornament; they carry sometimes, besides what I apply them to, the seed of a more rich and a bolder matter, and sometimes collaterally a more delicate sound, both to myself and to others who shall be of my humor."

SLEEP

When all is written, how little we know of sleep! It is a closing of the eyes, a disappearance, a wondering return. In uneasy slumber, in dreamless dead rest, in horrid nightmare, or in ecstasies of somnolent fancies, the eyes are blinded, the body abandoned, while the inner essence is we know not where. We have no other knowledge of sleep than we have of death. In delirium or coma or trance, no less than in normal sleep and in dissolution, the soul is gone. In these it returns, in that it does not come again, or so we ignorantly think.

Yet when I reflect on my death I forget that I have encountered it many times already, and find myself none the worse. I forget that I sleep. The fly has no shorter an existence than man's. We bustle about for a few years with ludicrous importance, as bottle-flies buzz at the window-panes. They too may imagine themselves of infinite moment in this universe we share with them. But this is to take no account of the prognostics of sleep. There is something hidden, something secret, some unfathomed mystery whose presence we feel but cannot verify, some permeative thought insistently moving in our hearts, some phosphorescence that glows we know not whence through our shadowy atoms.

Sleep itself, nor half its promises nor mysteries, has been plumbed. It is the mother of superstitions and of miracles. In dreams we may search the surface powers of the freed soul. Visions in the night are not all hallucinations, voices in the night are not all mocking. There is a prophet dwells within the mind, not of the mind, but deeper throned in obscurity. The brain cannot know of this holy presence nor of its life in sleep. The brain is mortal and untrustworthy, a phonograph and a camera for audible and palpable existence. Strike it a blow in childhood so that it ceases its labor, and awake it by surgery after forty years, and it will repeat the infantile action or word it last recorded, and will take up its task on the instant, making no account of the intermediate years. They are non-existent to it. Yet to that hidden Memory those diseased years are not blank; it knows, it has recorded, though the brain has slept. And in hypnotic or psychic trance, when that wonderful Ruler is released from the prison of the body, it can speak through the atom-blent machinery of the flesh, and tell of things man himself could not know because of his paralyzed brain. This Ruler is not asleep in sleep, nor in delirium is it delirious; and in death, is it dead? Through all the ages it has been our Sphinx which we have interrogated in vain. It joins not in our laughter, nor our tears. We have fancied it with immobile, brooding features of utmost knowledge and wisdom and sorrow. It has asked us but one question, nor from the day of Œdipus unto to-day have we answered rightly, so that we die of our ignorance. It is Osiris living in us. It is the Unknown God to whom we erect our altars; the Fire in the Tabernacle; the Presence behind the veil. Not in normal wakefulness, at least, will it answer our queries; but in sleep sometimes it will speak. And it may possibly be that at last, after all these centuries, we are learning how to question it, and in hypnotic trance and in the fearful law of suggestion, are discovering somewhat of its mystery, and how to employ it for our worldly good. Yet to its essential secret we are no closer than our forefathers were.

We may define dreams and nightmare, coma and swoon and trance, with what terms we will; search their physical reasons, and learn to guide and guard; yet we know no more of them than of electricity. We may begin to suspect that telepathy and clairvoyance and occult forces of the soul are not superstitious fancies; and we may even empirically classify and study and direct them. Yet the soul itself is no nearer our inquisition; and the more we learn of its power the more doubtful we grow of its existence.

Though we should know of its reality, though our finite minds should fathom the infinitude, of what benefit would it be? Would it modify our beliefs or our hopes or our faiths? Would it dictate one action to our passionate lives? There would be no change in human nature and no reforms of the world. We are the children of our fathers, and our children will tread the prehistoric paths. Dreams are our life, whether we wake or sleep. We drowse through existence, awaking and dying and being reborn daily, ever torpescent and unamazed, and our thousand slumberous deaths we call restorative sleep; sleep, that restores our physical being, building up where we have torn down, re-creating what we have destroyed.

Black — pitch black, indeed — is the cavern of Morpheus. Faith peoples it with varied legions, and builds its chaos into myriad forms. Nightly we enter it and drain the Lethean air and forget, and daily we return with rejoicings, babbling of dreams that were not dreamed; and finally we enter for the last time, and drain somewhat more deeply the essence of ecstasy, and awake no more, and no more return to the autumn-dyed skies of the dawn. And yet we shall dream.

CHARM

Personal charm seems to be quite independent of every other quality; it has a mysterious individuality of its own. Does the charm of childhood, of certain children rather, consist in perfect features, a well-trained mind, a flawless character? Not in the least. In young character? Not in the least; in young or old, charm is equally intangible and equally distinct from moral approval. It is possible for it to be combined with sterling worth as well as with a snub-nose and freckles, and few would be bold to maintain that all scalawags are fascinating, though they may be firmly convinced that the really successful ones are.

Once upon a time I knew one such. She had practically every fault except bad temper. She never paid a bill if she could possibly avoid doing so, but because of her cordial friendliness she was adored by her tradespeople. She could not bear to tread upon an earthworm, but she would keep her horses, to say nothing of coachman and footman, waiting in the cold and sleet an hour or more while she tried to make up her mind as to what she should wear. She was an exacting mistress, yet because she smiled commendation when a thing was well done, her servants would work their fingers to the bone for her. Few mothers have had more devoted children, yet she flirted outrageously with any young man who began to pay her daughters attention.

Her husband, a clever physician, had to give up the practice of his profession because she wished to have him free to take her to the theatre in the evening, and disliked having strangers ringing at the door at inopportune moments. People confided in her instinctively, though she could not keep a secret, not even one of her own. Indeed, her conversation, always entertaining and frequently witty, simply bristled with indiscretions and betrayed confidences. She was utterly inaccurate, yet even to those who knew her well her wildest remarks carried conviction at the time, enforced as they were by the childlike innocence of her direct gaze.

Though she had few pretensions to beauty, her eyes were remarkably handsome, large, well-cut, and of a liquid

brown. Her manner was gentle and appealing, and she was, for the moment, genuinely interested in the person with whom she might happen to be. She was full of good intentions and high aspirations, and I have no doubt that the only pangs of conscience she ever knew were caused by the thought of imaginary lapses from her unfailing tact and good-humor.

I knew another charmer, a man this time, a devoted and unselfish son and husband, a faithful friend, an upright and public-spirited citizen. He also was adored by high and low, rich and poor. He had a beautiful voice, the aspect of a young Crusader, a merry and most infectious laugh. He never had a row with a cabman, in spite of having conscientious scruples against giving large tips; he was the chosen and beloved friend of one of the most cantankerous and eccentric geniuses of his time; and, greatest marvel of all, he was always on the best of terms with his concierge. So evidently charm can exist without moral obliquity as a necessary ingredient. In fact, few things are necessary, for charm seems to exist quite independently of good looks, of cleverness, of unselfishness, of any of the attributes which, according to a foolish convention, are in themselves attractive. There is no more connection between them than there is between curly hair and a taste for mathematics.

Neither is this personal, undefinable, inscrutable quality confined to human beings. Some animals have almost more than their share of it, as, for instance, the cat, that most inscrutable of beasts. It is easy to sympathize with the ancient Egyptians in their worship of the god Pasht. If I were going to fall down and worship any four-footed creature, it would not be the calf I should choose, — the stolid, slow, ruminating calf. No, I should take the cat, sitting with the corners of her mouth curled up in a superior smile and looking out at the world through half-shut eyes with the air of having solved the riddle of the universe. She is so clean, so fastidious, so unmoved by all our blandishments. If she condescends to notice them, how proud we feel, how honored! How differently it affects us as compared with the adulation of the promiscuous dog, who will risk dislocating his spine with frantic waggings of the tail in return for a casual word of kindliness. A cat's reserve and sense of measureless superiority arise not so much from pride as from the dispassionate conviction that our thoughts cannot be as her thoughts, therefore why should she be at the trouble to impart them to vulgar mortals? In short, she is the furry incarnation of that arch-type of mysterious charm, the Mona Lisa. And for my part, I prefer pussy.

A remote and ineffable superiority, attractive though it be in animals, is less so in mere human beings. In our fellow men it seems more out of place, more humiliating. It is indeed a bold spirit that has never quailed before the unfathomable smile of a Chinese laundryman.

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TWO VIEWS OF THE RAILROAD QUESTION

I

BROTHERHOODS AND EFFICIENCY

BY WILLIAM J. CUNNINGHAM

RECENT articles on the causes of train-accidents and the problems of discipline have done much to stimulate discussion and create a demand for further information on these important subjects. Whether the result of certain suggestive analyses, or of the reaction due to dissent from opinions expressed as to both causes and remedies, there are signs of an increased interest, both on the part of the general public and in railroad circles. The need is the greater, therefore, for a plain statement of the case as it appears to one railroad official.

The views which I shall express are, I believe, those of a large number of railroad operating officials, and my illustrations are drawn from a personal railroad experience of more than sixteen years, the greater part in the operating or transportation department of four representative railroads, in close touch with grievance-committee procedure, the making of wage-schedules, the disposition of appealed cases of discipline, and the formulation of rules and regulations pertaining to train, yard, and station service. The nature of this experience has afforded an exceptional opportunity to become familiar with the inside workings between railroad managements and their employees.

We have been given to understand that labor-organization influence is the one reason, above all others, for the deplorable casualty record of American railways. It has been suggested that this influence has honeycombed discipline, has reduced the manager to a mere cipher, and has placed the traveling public at the mercy of a secret schedule. It has been suggested further that the labor organizations are unconcerned about the number and frequency of accidents, and are apathetic on the whole subject of safety and efficiency of train-service. It is true that certain indications may lend color to these views, and, indeed, isolated specific instances apparently afford support to such suggestions; yet a careful study of average conditions, as they obtain generally throughout the United States and Canada, will, I am convinced, show that railroad managers still have it within their power to control the safety and efficiency of train-service, and that neither the public nor the railroad managements have cause for apprehension on account of the influence of the railroad brotherhoods.

The scope of this article will not include a consideration of labor unions in general, but will necessarily be confined to the limits indicated by the title. The brotherhoods of employees in train-service are four in number, and include engineers, conductors, firemen, trainmen,

and switchmen in the yards. These brotherhoods stand highest in the ranks of organized labor, and should not be classed with many trade unions with less defensible policies. Other employees in railroad work, such as switchmen, station agents, telegraph operators, baggagemen, freight handlers, shopmen, car inspectors and trackmen, have their organizations, varying in strength in different sections of the country and on different roads.

I

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers dates from 1863, was the pioneer organization, and is first in influence. Upon it fell the brunt of the early struggles for recognition of the right to organize, and for the grant of seniority and right of appeal. Yet, notwithstanding the early aggressiveness of the locomotive engineers, their policy in recent years, under better conditions, has been marked by conservatism. Their cool-headed counsel and disinclination to be drawn into sympathetic strikes frequently have prevented belligerent action by the younger organizations.

The membership of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is said to be about 64,000, or between 80 and 85 per cent of all the engineers in locomotive service. The policy of the brotherhood — and the same may be said of the other train-service brotherhoods — is to *invite* eligible men to join; but no coercive means are used to bring them into the organization ranks. Union and non-union men work side by side on all roads. Chief Engineer Stone, of the locomotive engineers, is on record as regarding any attempt to coerce a man into joining the brotherhood as an unwarranted interference with his liberties as a citizen. He believes in showing the non-union man the benefits to be derived from membership, but states that it is never intimated to him that he *must* join, or that other men will refuse to work with him if he does not join. An engineer who joins because he feels obliged to do so is regarded as a poor member — a hindrance rather than a help.

Mr. Stone's statement doubtless reflects the *official* attitude of the railroad brotherhoods. They emphasize their policy to have membership regarded as a *privilege* rather than a requirement. Yet it is idle to overlook the strong social pressure which operates on the young trainmen and firemen, and causes them to feel uncomfortable if they continue to remain outside the pale.

The "closed-shop" policy is, however, not characteristic of the railroad organizations. In addition to the considerations mentioned by Mr. Stone, there are other reasons which would make such a policy unworkable. So many young men take up railroading because it seems so interesting and romantic, and drop it after a month or two because they find the ratio of hard work to romance so high, that the brotherhoods of trainmen and firemen require actual service of six to nine months before the "student" may be accepted as a member. A closed-shop policy would prevent any period of probation as a condition precedent to membership. The brotherhoods differ also from the trade unions in that one organization is not limited strictly to the men in one class or occupation. For instance, a train-man when promoted to be a conductor may, if he chooses, retain his membership in the train-men's organization; or a conductor who has been set back to his former position as a train-man (a frequent occurrence when the volume of business suffers a material reduction) may continue his membership in the conductors' order. Likewise, a fireman when promoted to be an engineer may elect, for sentimental reasons or because of the outlook for better insurance rates, to remain in the younger organization.

The Order of Railway Conductors is next to the engineers' brotherhood in age and influence. It was organized in 1868, and now embraces a membership of 43,370, or approximately 90 per cent of all

train conductors in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. Train conductors only are eligible; yard conductors belong to the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen or the Switchmen's Union.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen is the strongest numerically of the train-service organizations, and also the youngest. It was organized in 1883, and has a membership of over 102,000. It includes passenger and freight trainmen (or brakemen, as they are popularly known), as well as yard conductors, yard brakemen or switchmen, and switch-tenders. It also continues to hold many of the young conductors who have not transferred their membership to the Order of Railway Conductors. By reason of the variety of occupations embraced in its membership, and the lack of statistics in the Interstate Commerce Commission report classifying the different grades of men in yard-service, it is impracticable to ascertain what percentage of the potential membership is now within the ranks.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen (until recently the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen) was organized in 1873, and is said to embrace a membership of more than 64,000. As I have already indicated, it includes within its ranks a goodly number of young engineers who choose to remain with the firemen rather than relinquish the insurance rights of the younger organization, to enter the engineers' brotherhood.

It would be well at this point to consider some of the causes which led the employees to organize. As already indicated, the scope of this article does not embrace a consideration of the forces underlying the trades-union movement in general, or the history of the earlier struggles of all classes of labor for higher wages and better working conditions. Our attention will be directed to one phase of the general subject which had a powerful influence on railroad workmen in stirring these underlying forces into activity.

In the earlier days of railroading the superintendent and master mechanic were vested with autocratic powers. Employees were not generally conceded the right to appeal from a decision, however unfair. The very nature of this supreme authority over employees tended to make subordinate officials inconsiderate. In the promotion of men, merit was ostensibly the standard; but while it was observed in the great majority of cases, the service was permeated by the evils of favoritism. In many cases subordinate officials were swayed by family, political, religious, or other considerations. In frequent changes of officials it was not uncommon for the new official to bring with him a number of engineers, conductors, or other employees, who, he believed, would be of special service to him, but who seldom were any better workmen than those displaced. In many instances, too, discipline was meted out according to varying standards, the " favorite " being more leniently dealt with than the employee with a personal standing relatively lower.

I knew of a case where an engineer was suspended for permitting a stock-drover to ride on his engine. The drover was entitled to free transportation while caring for the shipment of cattle, but his place while the train was in motion was in the caboose. He paid no heed to the protest of the engineer, who hesitated to attempt to use force on a man very much his superior physically. The master mechanic, in suspending the engineer, told him he should have used a red-hot poker on the drover. A few days later, another engineer was detected in the act of carrying three or four acquaintances (not employees) on his engine while hauling a passenger train, but no action whatever was taken in his case. The second engineer was widely known as a " favorite," was an enthusiastic fisherman, and kept the master mechanic and other subordinate officials well supplied with brook trout. He was wont to make much of his " pull " with those in authority. The

effect on discipline is not hard to imagine.

It frequently happened that the personal equation was given too much weight in selecting men for promotion. Before the right of appeal became effective generally, the official had not quite the same incentive to be absolutely fair in estimating the qualities essential to promotion. I knew of a freight conductor of exceptional ability as such, a man possessed of good judgment and a clear record, who was denied promotion to be passenger conductor because the train-master considered his penmanship too poor. The superintendent heard of the case some time later, and on investigation overruled the train-master. But there were so many similar instances where the outcome was not so fortunate, that a deep-seated resentment grew in the minds of employees against anything that bordered on favoritism. It is possible that this factor is exaggerated in its bearing on the development of railroad labor unions, but seven or eight out of ten men, if asked the principal functions of their organization, would answer, "To prevent favoritism, and secure higher wages and shorter hours." Favoritism is given equal weight with low wages and long hours as a prime reason for organizing.

I do not wish to convey the impression that all superintendents or their lieutenants, or even a majority of them, hired, disciplined, or discharged men unfairly or without due regard for merit and efficiency. But the cases of inconsiderate treatment were sufficient to drive the men to create the protective machinery of the labor organization. The engineers banded together for the principle of equal rights and fair treatment to all, as well as for higher wages and a shorter working day. The growth of the organization was gradual, but its effective influence increased with the successful termination of one fight after another for fair play and better conditions. To be sure, they sometimes made mistakes and met defeat, particularly in struggles for higher wages; but the fight against favoritism progressed steadily and successfully, until it has now practically ceased to exist. This brings us to the question of promotion by seniority, but before taking it up, let us first look at the usual agreement or schedule defining rates and working conditions.

II

The so-called "schedule" is a scale of wages and a set of rules defining working conditions, a form of agreement between the general superintendent or the general manager, representing the company, and a committee, representing one or more classes of employees. In the greater number of printed schedules but one signature appears, that of the general superintendent or general manager; in other schedules, the signature of the chairman or chairmen of the committees appears as well, but as representing *employees;* in a few cases, the signatures of the committeemen appear as representing the *organization.* The railroads generally insist upon recognizing the committees as representing employees, not organizations, but the distinction is one with a very small element of difference. It is well known that the members of the committee are elected in the lodge-room, and represent employees by virtue of the power conferred upon them by the lodge.

When the original copy of the schedule has been executed, it is printed, usually by the company but sometimes by the organization, and distributed to all officers and employees affected. The various railroads exchange their schedules, so that each knows the conditions which govern the others in respect to rates of pay and working rules. The associations of operating officers frequently compile comparative summaries, and the brotherhoods publish and sell a book which gives the rates and working agreements of all the principal roads on the North American continent. In a word, the information is widely disseminated. No attempt is made to keep it secret, and I have never heard

of any secret supplements which amplify or modify any of its provisions.

The first sections of the schedule usually deal with rates of pay, hours of duty, allowance for overtime, etc. Then come the rules governing promotion, assignment of runs, reduction of force, the right of appeal, and miscellaneous local regulations. As the seniority rule and the right of appeal have attracted considerable attention, each will be considered separately.

Seniority means the relative standing of an employee in length of service in the class of work in which he is employed. The rule usually reads something like this: —

" Seniority will be the rule for promotion or advancement in train-service when merited by faithful discharge of duty, and when, in the judgment of the superintendent, the employee has shown capacity for increased responsibility."

In appearance, the rule subordinates personality and ability to length of service. It places the ambitious workman on the same plane with the man of mediocre ability. It tends to make " average " men instead of developing individuality. But it was the direct result of favoritism of years ago when the older, more experienced, and more competent men were held back for the younger and more favored. If discriminations of the kind had always been based upon merit, the deep-rooted objection might not have developed. Unfortunately, however, promotions and appointments were often dictated by other motives, and caused such resentment that the whole strength of the organizations was focused on the eradication of favoritism and the recognition of the seniority principle. Their efforts were successful, and now the oldest man has the choice of runs, *provided always* that the superintendent considers him competent.

The saving clause which makes the superintendent judge as to qualifications is carefully observed. The prerogative of denying a man promotion, when the superintendent is convinced that he is unsuited, is frequently exercised. Let me quote the statement of an executive officer of an important eastern trunk line, a man who successively was a train-master, superintendent, general superintendent, and general manager: —

" With reference to the seniority rule. In general, the seniority clauses provide that where merit and ability are equal, seniority shall apply. I never hesitated to exercise this exception where conditions required it. It is a very serious proposition, however, to deprive a man of what he may have worked hard to obtain, and unless there is clear and unmistakable reason for it, seniority should govern. The instances in which it should not govern are infinitesimal. The employee should always be given the benefit of any doubt, if such doubt does not involve the safety in handling business. *This question can and should be largely affected by the selection of men for employment.* Where judicious selection is practiced in employing men, the seniority rule can be applied in practically every case. I have had to set aside seniority a few times, but I have never done so without a most careful and serious investigation and consideration of the matter, on account of the grave consequences involved, *not from the fear as to what any organization might do.*"

The need for promotion of men does not, as a rule, come all at once. The train-masters and superintendents know months in advance when it will be necessary to make new conductors or engineers, and the candidates for promotion are under close surveillance. A careful record is kept of every man's service from the time he enters the employment of the company. Every mishap is noted on his record; a minute is made also of instances of meritorious service. This record is always consulted when the time for promotion draws near. As a further precaution, the candidate is carefully examined on train-rules. This examination is given

by an expert and covers the best part of one day. The knowledge of the candidate as to the other duties of his position and the physical characteristics of the road are tested, as well as his acuity of vision, hearing, and color-perception; and sometimes a thorough physical examination is required. The firemen are subjected to exhaustive examinations on the mechanical features of the locomotive, and what they should do in break-downs and other emergencies. The usual mechanical examinations contain more than six hundred questions, and it is reasonable to suppose that a fireman who can answer them satisfactorily, pass the examination on train-rules, and measure up to the physical standard, is not an incompetent. In these and in other ways the officials have abundant evidence upon which to judge of the man's qualifications, and it is within their power absolutely to deny promotion when the senior man is not qualified. On every road with which I have been connected, and on many others of which I have personal knowledge, train-men and firemen who could not meet the requirements have been refused promotion, and the fairness of such decisions has not been questioned. One official has set the proportion of men who fail as approximately two in every one hundred examined.

That the seniority principle is open to serious criticism, is not for a moment to be denied. In an address to employees at Hartford in April, 1904, dealing frankly with the good and the bad features of labor unions, President Mellen, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, characterized seniority as most discouraging to men of ability; repressive and oppressive; putting men of little wit and less ability into positions for which they are not fitted, and keeping out those who are better qualified, more competent, and far more deserving. Yet despite the weight of this objection, I am convinced from the views expressed in conversation and in correspondence with many prominent operating officials, and from close observation in my own experience, that, *all things considered*, the seniority rule is preferable to the danger of the misrule possible under former conditions. Seniority prevents favoritism on the part of the subordinate officials. It guarantees to the employee that every year of faithful service is an investment which will bring him sure returns. The employee's stock-in-trade is his experience, his years of service, and his record; and according to these he can command a good, fair, or poor run. It is plain that employees as a body will give better and more loyal service and place a greater value on their positions, when assured of fair treatment, than when disheartened or embittered by personal discriminations. The great desideratum in train-service is a contented and loyal body of men, and the seniority rule contributes materially to that end. Its objectionable features are susceptible of such measure of control, by effective supervision and by care in selecting new men, that conservative operating officers have become convinced that in the seniority rule the good outweighs the evil. The case is put clearly by the vice-president and general manager of an important railroad system in the middle west. He writes: —

"Seniority is recognized in the army, in the navy, and generally in the civil service. It is not a new idea, it is a growth; and with all its imperfection it probably represents the best system developed up to the present time. Railroad officers are prone to complain of the objections to the seniority system, and they sometimes, if not always, fail to give due consideration to the only alternative. With seniority, we must know that it has happened, and will happen on the railroads as well as in the army, that at times incompetent men, because of their age in the service, will find themselves in positions for which they are not properly fitted. On the other hand, if the practice of seniority could be absolutely eliminated, we would then find in its place the system of favoritism, and the effect upon the character of the

whole service would, in my opinion, be much worse under the rule of favoritism than under the rule of seniority, with all its known defects."

III

We will now pass from the question of seniority to the consideration of the right of appeal, or the privilege of an employee or committee of appealing to the general superintendent or general manager, or even to the president, when the decision of a superintendent in a case of discipline is considered unjust or unduly severe. This right is now recognized by practically every railroad in the country. No fair-minded officer objects to it. Mr. Aaron M. Burt, division superintendent of the Northern Pacific Railway, in a lecture delivered a short time ago before the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University, expressed himself as in sympathy with the principle. He laid no claim to infallibility, and thought that no superintendent should feel such absolute confidence in the justice of his decisions as to deny an aggrieved employee the opportunity to have his case reviewed. In his opinion, the man should always have the benefit of the doubt; and since it very frequently happens that the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States differ among themselves in their verdict, it is just as possible that there should be an honest difference of opinion among railroad officials in difficult cases of discipline. When such differences occur, there should be no hesitation in affording the employee the chance to reopen the case and have another trial. Mr. Burt's experience with grievance committees had led him to consider them reasonable in their attitude, and they have caused him no embarrassment.

When Chairman Knapp of the Interstate Commerce Commission spoke before the same body of students in March last, he was asked if his experience on the conciliation board of the Interstate Commerce Commission and Bureau of Labor had led him to think that the right of appeal has had a demoralizing effect on discipline. He replied quite positively that, taking the country as a whole, he believed that the right of appeal has not been taken advantage of to an extent that has been subversive of discipline. He stated further that a combination of a weak management and a very strong organization in all classes of service might result in poor discipline. Such cases, however, are rare.

The majority opinion of operating officials is that they do not object to an employee or a committee exercising the right of appeal. It is not embarrassing to them, nor has it an adverse effect on discipline. It is much more embarrassing to have to punish a man at all. The possibility of appeal does not deter the superintendent from imposing discipline when such is deserved, but it has the effect of making him more judicial, and certainly prevents him from showing prejudice, should he be so inclined. A few superintendents, by their very nature, are poor disciplinarians, and it will be found frequently that they have the most to say about the alleged demoralizing effect of labor unions. A superintendent possessing the qualities essential to the successful handling of men seldom complains about committees or unions.

As an indication of the consideration which the railroad men's organizations give to grievances before they are taken up with the officials of the company, I will sketch briefly the rules of the order under which they are handled. It should first be noted that a committee or an officer of the organization cannot originate a complaint. Every complaint or grievance or request for ruling, no matter how trivial, must be made by the employee in writing, addressed to the lodge, and considered at the regular monthly or semi-monthly meeting. Each case is discussed in the open lodge, and must have the support of a formal vote of two-thirds of the members present before it may be re-

ferred to the local grievance committee for adjustment with the local officers of the railroad company. If the local committee fails to reach a satisfactory conclusion with the railroad company, the case is reported back to the lodge and a vote taken as to whether it shall be dropped or referred to the general grievance committee.

The general grievance committee is made up of the officers of all the local lodges of that order on that particular railroad, and meets once or twice a year, or when something extraordinary demands a special session. The general committee, when it meets, will have all the grievances from all the lodges on that road or system. Each case is reviewed and voted upon, and a two-thirds vote of the general committee is necessary to have any case included in the docket. The general committee, having made an appointment with the general officer of the railroad, will endeavor to adjust each case. If the results are not satisfactory, and the general committee considers it worth while to make further effort, it may call in an official of the brotherhood to assist. When this stage is reached, the committee usually requests the general manager to meet them, with the brotherhood official, and the points in dispute are reviewed. The brotherhood official, with his long experience and skill in such matters, is able to present more effectively the arguments in support of the employees' contention, and usually secures some concessions.

If no concessions are offered, and the general committee and the official of the brotherhood consider it justified, a poll of the membership may be taken, to ascertain whether two-thirds will vote to sustain the committee and the brotherhood official in aggressive measures, even to the extent of suspending work. If two-thirds of all the members vote in the affirmative, the brotherhood official is empowered to order a strike, but he cannot take such action without the formal authority of two-thirds of the membership. Neither can the general committee, even with the support of the entire membership, order a strike without the sanction of an executive officer of the brotherhood. It will be seen, therefore, that under the rules of their organization it is impossible to take injudicious steps on the spur of the moment. Each move must be made deliberately and concurrently as between the employees, the committee, and the officers of the organization.

As a matter of fact, grievances are carefully considered by the local lodge, and more than half of them never reach the local grievance committee. Sometimes grievances will be presented as a matter of form, or to register a protest, but without any hope of favorable consideration. For instance, on roads running long freight trains with two engines, known as double-headers, every time the general committee waits on the general manager a request will be made to discontinue running such trains or to pay higher rates to the conductors and trainmen. The committee knows that the request will not be granted, but they go on record every year as protesting against the practice of " double-heading." Their objection is based on the extra work incident to handling the longer trains, and on the fact that by running two trains in one the railroad company saves the wages of a conductor and one or two train-men.

The appeals from discipline when important rules are disobeyed, and where the guilt of the employee is plainly apparent, are comparatively few. When such cases are appealed, they usually are put on a basis of sympathy, — a request for leniency for a man in " hard luck." Stress is laid upon his previous good record, if it happens to be good; or sickness at home, if the man is so unfortunate; or a large family, if it fits the case. Occasionally, a suspension sentence is reduced or a discharged man reinstated on such appeals, or when an element of doubt as to responsibility enters into the case; but this is not done to an extent that affects discipline.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen is on record as challenging any one to cite an instance where the brotherhood has interfered in a case where discipline had been fairly administered. On this point, Hon. E. E. Clark, formerly head of the conductors' order, and now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, says in a letter dated April 15, 1909, —

" A large number of men is employed in the train-service, and it is not surprising if in that number there be found a very small percentage of those who are disposed to impose on good nature, who presume upon the idea that the right of appeal can be used in a sense to intimidate the subordinate official. The percentage of such men is, as suggested, extremely small, and they invariably find that they will not be sustained by the organization in any such spirit or attitude. I personally know of one instance in which a conductor who entertained such a view carried his expressions and his attitude to such length that the superintendent dismissed him for insubordination and for being an agitator. He assigned these reasons for his dismissal in the presence of two other conductors. The justice of his action was recognized by the other conductors on the road, and the organization locally refused to undertake any effort to secure modification or reversal of the decision."

I could cite numerous instances such as that mentioned by Mr. Clark, but his is typical of the majority. I could also give specific instances where local committees, in their desire to force an issue, have been overruled by general committees. Further, I could give cases where the grand officers of the brotherhoods have called off the general committees, and will later cite two instances wherein the grand officers repudiated and annulled strikes ordered by general committees.

I have gone into considerable detail in discussing the two rules relating to seniority and appeal because they have received more attention in public discussion than the others, and relatively are more important. Before passing from the consideration of the schedule, it might be well to note briefly some of the other rules.

With very few exceptions, the concessions which have been granted to the men, and made a part of the schedule, are not unreasonable. To quote again from the letter of an executive officer of an eastern trunk line: —

" It is true that the influence of the labor organizations has brought about a somewhat different treatment of the men. It is also true that there are things which have been done in favor of the clients of the labor organizations which would not have been done otherwise. However, the majority of the concessions that have been secured by the responsible labor organizations have been things that are just and right, and things that the men should have had."

It sometimes is asked why the schedule should go into so much detail as to just what may be done, and what may not be done. Many of the articles seem unnecessary, and apparently circumscribe the authority of those responsible for operation. The answer to the question is that nearly every rule of the kind grew out of misunderstanding or inconsiderate use of authority on the part of train-masters, yard-masters, or other minor officials, and sometimes of the superintendent. The schedule is designed to cover all working relations specifically in detail, so that the men may know just what is expected of them, and the minor officials may know just how far they may go. I once heard a general superintendent remark that he desired the schedule, then in process of revision, to cover every contingency of service and have every rule ample in detail, so that no misunderstanding could occur. The management would not knowingly permit any imposition on employees by minor officials, and the schedule, in the opinion of that general superintendent, is as much a protection to the com-

pany as to the men in preventing abuse of authority.

As a specific instance, let us refer to the rule which prescribes one-quarter of a day's pay to a man who is called for a freight-train run and is not used. Several years ago, before such a rule appeared in the schedule, the yard-master never took chances on running short on crews, and many crews were called and reported for duty with their dinner-pails packed, only to be sent home again, without compensation, to await another call. The rule now in effect very rarely costs the company anything, and results in the men having much more time at home, since they are not called until there is a reasonable certainty that they will be required.

There are many other rules in the schedule which apparently hamper the management; yet, if their history were traced, it would be found that most of them were caused by subordinate officials taking advantage of the men by requiring them to do more work than should reasonably have been asked, or by a lack of consideration for the convenience or comfort of employees. Occasionally a rule which works a hardship on the company will creep into the schedule: as, for instance, an arbitrary limit to the number of cars which a through freight train may drop or pick up at intermediate stations. Train-men are paid on a mileage basis, and naturally dislike any switching work which takes time without adding mileage, and therefore contributes nothing to the day's income, unless there is enough of it to make the number of hours on duty, multiplied by the guaranteed mileage per hour, exceed the actual miles run. Way or local freight-train crews are paid a higher rate per mile on account of the large amount of switching and the relatively small mileage made. To place a penalty on switching by through road crews, some wage-schedules call for way freight-rates for the crew if they are required to make more than five or six stops to set out or pick up cars. Under certain conditions, a through train may be required to exceed this limit slightly without adding appreciably to the work or hours of the train crew, but substantially increasing the cost of wages for the trip.

IV

Since the subject of railroad labor organization is closely related to the safety of train-service, it is proper that some reference should be made to train-accidents; but I can touch only upon the fringe, confining my remarks entirely to the suggestions quoted in the third paragraph of this article.

It must not be forgotten that an employee has an intense personal interest in train-accidents. If he contributes to their number he materially increases his risk of personal injury. If he has fewer accidents, he stands less chance of loss of life or limb. There is, therefore, the most effective motive for using care, although with some employees it is not appreciated to its fullest extent.

It is true, unfortunately, that some accidents are due to lax discipline; and where lax discipline is responsible, it will be found in the greater number of cases that the cause is as much one of management as of labor-organization influence. A superintendent who fails to maintain effective discipline will seek to find a reason which will not reflect upon himself, and it seems to him that the brotherhoods are the real cause overlooking the fact that on neighboring lines, with the same character of employees and the same physical and working conditions, good discipline and *esprit de corps* exist. A poor disciplinarian will have trouble with labor organizations, but he would have trouble also if the men were not organized.

To show that the brotherhoods are interested in preventing train-accidents, numerous instances could be cited where the management is indebted to committeemen for valuable suggestions. Accidents, and conditions which may lead to

accidents, are frequent topics for lodge-room discussion, and it is not uncommon for railroad managers to use the committees as a medium for getting their views before the employees when the subject is difficult to handle by official communications. Let me give a few illustrations.

Here are two cases which are authenticated by an official of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. I quote from his letter: —

"The manager of one of our most important systems called the chairman of the board of adjustment to his office and advised him that a certain conductor was not giving efficient service; that he was jeopardizing the safety of everybody who had to work with him. The chairman was asked if he could not set the conductor right. He realized that the statement was true. He saw the offender, talked with him, and was satisfied that he would not do better — that it was not in him. He so advised his manager and said 'I find that Mr. J. has tipped too far over the hill to be pulled back, and the service will be better without him.'

"Again, the management on another line requested the chairman of the committee to advise an employee that he was not giving satisfactory service, and suggested that he take a less responsible position. The proposition was fair, and it was complied with to the satisfaction of everybody. This procedure is not uncommon in railroad service."

To illustrate further, I will give two cases which recently occurred on New England lines. Within a month, the chairman of an organization informed the train-master that a certain freight conductor was drinking, not to the extent of becoming intoxicated, but just enough to make him stupid and unsafe. He had managed to escape the detection of the train-masters. The committeemen had warned him, but he did not take it seriously, so the chairman came personally to the train-master. An effective warning saved the conductor from disgrace and the company from possible accident.

The second New England illustration applies to engineers. The general manager was greatly concerned about the number of engineers who were not giving proper regard to the observance of automatic signals. The offenders who were detected by surprise tests were disciplined, but the trouble seemed to continue. He thereupon called in the chairman of the engineers' committee, had a talk with him about the condition, and requested the chairman to use some good means of his own to bring home to the men the danger and discredit of such carelessness or indifference. This the chairman did with gratifying results.

Parenthetically, I should say a word about the attitude of the brotherhoods on surprise tests, or tests to determine to what extent automatic or other signals are disregarded, or signal rules ignored. The most common method of making such tests is to set a signal in the stop position by disconnecting the wires. The signal selected usually is in an out-of-the-way spot, and two or three officials and a signalman will be secreted near by to observe and record how the signal or the rule is regarded. Sometimes a signal light is extinguished, and an observation made as to how the rule is obeyed which requires the engineer to stop and make a report of the occurrence. On the Pennsylvania Railroad, recent tests of this kind, running up into many thousands, indicated that the percentage of engineers observing the rules absolutely was 99.1 per cent on automatic signals, and 99.6 per cent on fusees and torpedoes. The few engineers who failed absolutely to live up to the rules partially observed them by reducing speed or stopping after passing the signal.

Surprise-testing is now general throughout the country, and is a most effective means of out-on-the-road supervision. The engineers' brotherhood has never objected to it; in fact, they look on it as an advantage to them, because it soon shows the careless runners, and the stig-

ma is placed upon them, instead of upon the whole organization.

As further evidence of the policy of railroad train-men on train-accidents, I am indebted to the editor of their journal for a copy of a resolution passed at their Buffalo convention in May, 1907. It reads: —

"WHEREAS, we feel that it is the duty of our brotherhood to teach its members that they owe the best of service to their employers, to the end that railway disasters, that have been so common within the past few years, may in no sense be attributed to inferior service on the part of the men employed in the train-service departments; therefore, be it

RESOLVED: That the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen will obey the rules and regulations of its employers until such time as it has been clearly proven that these rules have been misinterpreted and are beyond adjustment. In such event, the usual rules of the organization will be employed to secure adjustment of the condition of which the complaint is made."

The phraseology of the resolution is a little obscure; but, as interpreted by an official of the brotherhood, it means that in the event of a subordinate official giving orders which may seem unreasonable or even absurd, such orders are to be obeyed without question, so that trainmen may not be charged with disregarding authoritative instructions. Flagrant cases are to be reported to higher authority, but in no case are orders to be disregarded, unless involving danger.

Only a few weeks ago the engineers' committee of a line running out of Boston made suggestions to the management with regard to the location of new automatic signals, and has had assurance that the location suggested will be selected. This is a common occurrence on all roads. Valuable suggestions in regard to time-tables, train-service, and many other features of operation, emanate from committeemen as well as from other employees.

The *Railroad Age Gazette* of March 26, 1909, contains an article referring to the coöperation between the management of the Ann Arbor Railroad and the brotherhoods employed on its lines. Meetings are held monthly at which accidents are discussed, and employees of all branches of the service are present. The circular announcing the meeting is signed by the chairmen of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, Order of Railway Conductors, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, and Order of Railroad Telegraphers, and the suggestive topic of the last meeting was: "In the interests of the company and the employees, how can we raise the standard of efficiency?" The meetings are presided over by an official of the company, the call is issued officially by the brotherhoods, and the instance is a good one to show how closely together some of the railroads and their employees' organizations are working.

Railroad managers generally recognize that the railroad brotherhoods, wisely constituted and conservatively managed as they are to-day, are not without advantage to employer as well as to employee. It is plain to every one that such organizations have come to stay, and the condition is generally accepted.

Like all forms of industrial activity, railroad organization and operating methods have changed radically in recent years. The superintendent can no longer call all his men by name and know their personal history, as he could years ago. The intimate relations between official and employee, possible under earlier conditions on the small railroad, have disappeared in the consolidation of short lines and branches into divisions, and divisions into districts. The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad system is comprised of nearly two hundred small roads; the Boston and Maine system has approximately one hundred and twenty-five; and the four hundred miles of the Boston and Albany, now a part of the New York Central system, is made up of thirteen smaller roads, all of which at one time had distinctive rules and rates of pay. Under these conditions of consoli-

dation it is now impracticable to deal with employees as individuals. It is easier, just as effective, and more binding, to negotiate the working agreement with committees from the organizations. Such an agreement has the backing of the entire organization and carries with it a reasonable stability of rates and working rules, which is as much a protection to the company as to the men. The brotherhoods lay great stress on the inviolability of the working agreement.

As an instance of the manner in which the contract is supported by the organization, I will mention the unauthorized strike of the engineers on the New York Elevated several years ago, when the motive power was being changed from steam to electricity. The local lodge struck, in violation of the terms of the agreement and against the instructions of the officers of the brotherhood. The action of the lodge was promptly repudiated by the organization, the entire lodge expelled from membership, and its charter canceled.

Another and more striking case occurred at New Haven in the latter part of 1907. The local lodge of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen employed in the yards of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad struck without the authority of the executive officers of the organization. The Vice-Grand Master immediately ordered the striking members of the brotherhood to resume work, and called upon other lodges of the brotherhood on that railroad to furnish men to take the places of any of the striking members who might refuse to recognize his authority. Twenty-five brotherhood men from Providence, R. I., with the consent and advice of the system chairman, volunteered their services, and the Order of Railroad Conductors officially discountenanced the strike (which they declared illegal, unwarranted, and in violation of the schedule), assuring the management of the railroad of their moral support. Naturally, the strike was short-lived and ineffective.

V

The foregoing, in a general way, covers the subject within the defined limits — the bearing of brotherhood influence on the safety and efficiency of train-service. It may be well, in concluding, to summarize some of the points which have been emphasized: —

The existence of railroad labor unions, while a natural result of the economic and social forces underlying the general trades-union movement, was hastened by inconsiderate treatment and favoritism years ago. Instead of antagonizing the brotherhoods, the efforts of railroad managers should be and are being directed to the development of their good features by closer coöperation and a better understanding of mutual obligations, rights, and interests.

Some of the fundamental defects of all labor unions apply to railroad brotherhoods, but the indefensible policies and acts of violence which are common to some of the trades unions are not a part of the principle or practice of the men in train-service. The railroad man, by the very nature of the service which he performs, is trained along more liberal lines. Strict discipline and absolute regard for orders are a part of his existence, and tend to make his brotherhoods a conservative and well-balanced type of labor union.

By the execution of the working agreement, the rates of pay and rules are simplified and made uniform, and the information furnished to everybody concerned. The handling of negotiations through committees facilitates the work, and is the only practicable method with large bodies of men.

The rule of promotion by seniority was caused by, and has corrected, favoritism. It promotes loyalty and peace of mind in the rank-and-file, and on that account its objectionable features may profitably be overlooked for the greater gain.

The right of appeal is in accord with the first principles of fairness and justice.

The superintendent should not object to having his disciplinary action reviewed, any more than the judge of the lower court should resent an appeal to a higher court. The cases where just decisions have been reversed by higher authority are few, and are not subversive of discipline. Railroad officers generally are in sympathy with the spirit of the rule giving employees the right of appeal.

The articles in the wage-schedule which apparently circumscribe the authority of the superintendent are nearly all due to some former misunderstanding or lack of consideration on the part of minor officials in requiring to be done without compensation work which was not contemplated as a regular feature of the run. With few exceptions, the concessions granted are those which by right the employee should have.

The relations generally between railroad managements and committees are harmonious and coöperative; the committees make frequent suggestions in line with better and safer service, and the management occasionally uses the committees to get information or instructions before the employees which might not be so effective if promulgated officially.

Finally, taking all things into consideration, including the universal tendency to centralize, I believe that the railroads and the public have nothing to fear from the railroad brotherhoods, as now organized and conducted. The public has a right to look to railroad managers to maintain proper discipline, and the railroad managers have it within their power to maintain proper discipline. The solution of the problem of eradicating the defects to which attention has been called lies in closer, more friendly, and more reciprocal relations between the managements and the organizations. Tangible progress has been made to that end, and the outlook for further progress is promising.

TWO VIEWS OF THE RAILROAD QUESTION

II

AUTHORITY AND EFFICIENCY

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

Mr. Daniel Willard, Second Vice-President of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company, is one of the foremost railroad managers in America. He has direct charge of a railroad over 9000 miles in length, which goes through eleven different states. In busy times the names of 50,000 men appear on its payrolls. It has large terminals in Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, and other large cities. It owns 1600 locomotives, 1200 passenger cars, and 52,000 freight cars.

Mr. Willard is a warm advocate of the railroad man's schedule. This schedule is a signed agreement between the management of a railroad and the employees Its stipulations refer to and define rates of pay, methods of adjusting difficulties or disputes, and other matters relating to privileges and duties in the every-day life of the employee. Considered in this way, its face-value is all in its favor. Manifestly all that is necessary is to make the stipulations contained in this agreement

reasonably fair to employee, manager, and the public. From such an agreement the best possible results should be anticipated.

My reference to the manager of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad has no significance, apart from the fact that Mr. Willard probably voices the opinion of a great majority of railroad managers. This consensus of opinion is that this schedule represents the best working arrangement under the circumstances. Indeed, giving illustration from his own experience, Mr. Willard asserted, in an interview with the writer of this article, that to attempt to run a railroad nowadays without a schedule would be something in the nature of an invitation to chaos.

But the shield has two sides. On the other hand, the Pennsylvania Railroad firmly declines to have anything to do with a schedule. Its superintendents propose to superintend, and its managers to manage, as heretofore they have always superintended and managed, without attaching their signatures to trade agreements or schedules of any description.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is also an immense establishment. It controls 23,977 miles of track. The states through which the Pennsylvania Lines run contain 44,936,522 people; that is to say, the road touches directly the social and industrial life of half the population of the United States. The Pennsylvania was the first road to use Bessemer steel rails. It was also the first to use the air-brake and the block-signal system. It has over 134,000 employees on the lines east of Pittsburg. Its monthly pay-roll on the eastern lines is over seven million dollars. It has an unrivaled pension system. There are 316 veterans who have served the Pennsylvania Railroad fifty years and over; the United States government has but 41. More than 2000 employees of the road were receiving pensions on January 1, 1909, and the payments authorized to be made to them during the year 1908 amounted to $544,245.08.

The Pennsylvania owns 6000 locomotives, 248,000 freight cars, 5400 passenger cars, and the company's trains stop at 6000 stations. In regard to efficiency and safety of operation, reports just compiled of all accidents on the 23,000 miles of track show that during 1908 the various lines carried 141,659,543 passengers, and that not a single passenger was killed as a result of an accident to a train.

But my concern with the Pennsylvania Railroad has comparatively little to do with its size and equipment. My interest and story are centred in the fact that it is a personally managed railroad, and that organized labor, or rather, certain of its leaders, have now started a campaign, the avowed object of which is to put an end to this system or method of management. The point to be considered by the public is whether or not their interest will suffer if this movement is successful.

Some time ago a concerted move was made by the four railroad brotherhoods on all lines west of Chicago, and a blanket agreement was executed covering all roads west of that point. That is to say, so far as possible, uniform wages and similar treatment and privileges were desired for the brotherhood men. A similar movement is now on foot east of Chicago; and the great, and practically the only, stumbling-block in its way is the Pennsylvania Railroad. Nearly all the big roads have already given up the fight, and have signed agreements which recognize and accept the principle of dual management with all that follows in its train. It is now, of course, very important for the brotherhoods to get the Pennsylvania system into line.

My attention was first directed to the dissatisfaction of organized labor with the personal policy and management of the Pennsylvania Railroad in December, 1908, by certain head-lines and articles that appeared from time to time in the public prints. The following are some of these head-lines: —

" Pennsylvania firm to Engineers."

" General Manager refuses to recog-

nize the Brotherhood and quits Washington."

" Strike averted on Pennsylvania Railroad."

" Mediation is effective."

The inside history of this campaign and of other campaigns of a similar nature that were under way about the same time, with similar objects in view, is very interesting. Of course it was not a very easy matter to collect information and statistics in regard to this inside history. But while the negotiations were being carried on, certain documents in regard to the matter were circulated, the substance of which was communicated to the press. For the rest, my facts and the story that is attached to them were secured by means of personal interviews with some of the principals in the controversy. The nature of the issue, and its relation to the public safety, must be my excuse for making use in the freest manner of every item of information I was able to obtain, regardless of its source. The investigation was thus a personally conducted one in every way, and only the writer is to be considered responsible for the narrative and the opinion attached to it.

I

On October 26, 1908, Mr. Burgess, the Assistant Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, addressed a communication to Mr. G. L. Peck, General Manager of the Pennsylvania Lines west of Pittsburg, in which he requested an interview for the purpose of considering a bill of requests which the general committee of adjustment had drawn up. Mr. Peck replied, —

" I beg to advise that it is the fixed policy of this company that all matters relating to wages or working conditions must be first taken up with the Division Superintendents for adjustment, before appeal can be taken to any higher officer. . . . The rights of employees are amply safeguarded by the present rule, which provides that employees, upon failing to adjust their matters with the superintendent, may appeal to the General Superintendent, and finally to the General Manager. We cannot, therefore, consider any such change in our policy as is contemplated in your letter."

On October 27, Mr. Burgess appealed to the President of the Pennsylvania system, by telegraph, substantially as follows: —

" Mr. Peck's attitude forces me to appeal to you, as it is very essential to the interests of your company, as well as the men, that this matter be adjusted at the earliest possible moment. The seriousness of the situation demands your prompt attention."

The reply from the President of the road was as follows: —

" Answering your telegram of yesterday, I beg to say that the General Manager is the officer designated by this company for dealing finally with all questions arising between the management and the employees."

Thereupon negotiations were resumed between Mr. Burgess and the General Manager, and communications were exchanged at intervals until November 19, when matters were brought to a head, and Mr. Peck was informed: " As you have refused to grant any concession that would lead to the adjudication of the whole matter, the only course open to us was to submit the questions to your engineers in the form of the attached ballot. After polling the system, all ballots have been returned and counted, and we are now in a position to officially inform you that 82 per cent of your engineers have expressed themselves in favor of an issue."

On November 21, no reply having been received to this notification, Mr. Burgess finally wrote to Mr. Peck: " It now becomes my imperative duty to inform you that I can wait no longer than twelve o'clock to-day. Failing to hear from you by that time, we will invoke the aid of the Erdman Act."

On November 24, Messrs. Martin A.

Knapp, Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor, were called upon to use their friendly offices in the controversy, under the act of June 1, 1898, commonly known as the Erdman Act; and on December 4, a "Proposal for Settlement" was drawn up and finally agreed to and signed by all the interested parties. The temporary nature of this settlement, so far as the desires of the men were concerned, was significantly emphasized when, a few days later, on December 7, 1908, a meeting between the managers and committees was held in Pittsburg at which *only such requests as had been presented to the superintendents, and properly appealed, were considered.*

But while these negotiations were being carried on between the engineers and the manager, the same issues were being advocated and insisted upon from another quarter.

In the month of October, 1908, the Joint Protective Board of the Firemen convened in the city of Pittsburg. At this meeting a set of ten articles was adopted. A sub-committee was immediately appointed which took up the whole business with Mr. Peck. Eight of the articles which had been prepared related to the equipment of engines, and to the services and duties of the firemen. Articles 9 and 10 were as follows: —

No. 9. "Any engineman, fireman, or hostler, who considers that an injustice has been done him, shall have the right to present his grievance for adjustment to the proper officer or officers of the company by a committee of his own selection, without said employee first having personally to appeal his case. The right to appeal to the highest official of the company is conceded."

No. 10. "The proper officer of the lines west of Pittsburg *will enter into a written agreement* with the committee of Firemen and Enginemen representing the employees in engine service on those lines, agreeing to adopt and maintain these rules. Printed copies will be placed in the hands of all employees concerned."

On October 24, Mr. Peck replied to this bill of requests substantially as follows: —

"We cannot consider any such change in our policy as is contemplated in Articles 9 and 10 of your petition, as these proposed changes are only a step in the direction of eliminating the superintendent completely from the control of his men, and breaking down that discipline upon which the safety of railroad operation depends.

"The other matters in your petition, while not in the shape of direct requests for increased compensation, nevertheless involve additional expenditures on the part of the company in almost every instance, and under present conditions they cannot be considered."

Efforts to arrange for consultation and conference between the sub-committees and the management were persisted in through the month of November, and taken up again in January, when the assistance of Mr. W. S. Carter, the President of the Brotherhood, was requested by the committee in convention in Pittsburg.

After considerable ineffectual correspondence, the issue with the firemen was placed before President McCrea, on February 9, in a long communication.

A few days later the firemen on the lines east and west of Pittsburg joined forces, and appealed to President McCrea in similar terms. The answer to both communications referred the committees back to the General Manager for adjustment of all questions arising between the company and its employees. There was one more course open to the committee to take, and that was to appeal to the Board of Mediation at Washington, under the Erdman Act.

Accordingly, an appeal was made to the Board of Mediation, and the result of the correspondence that followed to secure this mediation can best be given in the concluding paragraph of a letter to

the board, in which General Manager Atterbury put an end to the negotiations.

"Responsibility for the maintenance of discipline rests solely upon the railroad company. This responsibility can be neither delegated nor arbitrated. As the issue is so clear and the principle at stake so vital, our management is therefore regretfully constrained to decline arbitration of the only point in question, which I reiterate is that in the interests of good discipline the employees shall not ignore the Division Superintendent by direct appeal to the General Manager."

Having thus brought the negotiations between the management of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the committees of engineers and firemen to a focus, on March 27, with both sides resting on their oars, with arbitration declined and no settlement in sight, let us again state the issue and go over the ground from the viewpoint of the managers, and from that of organized labor and of the men.

The position and contention of the railroad can best be given in the words of Mr. W. W. Atterbury, who was at the time General Manager of the lines east of Pittsburg.

"There is no question of wages, hours of employment, or conditions of service, at issue between the company and its men. The men are demanding, however, that when grievances, or demands of a general nature, are to be presented to the management, they shall have the right to go to the General Manager, ignoring the Division Superintendent and the General Superintendent. To agree to such a procedure would be subversive of that discipline upon which the company relies to protect the safety of the lives and property of its patrons. It has been the policy of the Pennsylvania system, in the interest of good discipline, to require that all questions that arise between the company and its employees should first be taken up locally with Division Superintendents. In case employees then desire to appeal from the decision of the superintendent, they have the right to do so. The amicable relations which have always existed between the company and its employees would indicate that under this policy the men have been liberally dealt with.

"The general relations between the company and its men are most satisfactory. The management prescribes for its employees only such reasonable regulations and procedures as are consistent with its duties to the public, the stockholders, and the employees themselves. While it concedes to employees the right by every proper means to better their condition, the company is morally bound to resist any movement which tends to break down the discipline upon which depends the safety of the traveling public, and the proper performance of its duties as transporters."

From the side of the representatives of the employees the issue is equally plain and emphatic. Under date of March 17, 1909, it was submitted as a final statement of the employees' position to the railroad managers, and to the Board of Mediation under the Erdman Act, in the following language, and signed by the President and Vice-President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers, as well as by the Chairman of the Committee of Employees for the Pennsylvania Lines east and west of Pittsburg.

First. "That all subjects of a general nature governing employees, represented by the regularly constituted committee representing the firemen, that affect the entire system under the jurisdiction of the General Manager, shall be passed upon by the General Manager, *without discussing the same with division officials.*[1]

Second. "All rules and regulations affecting that class of employees represented by the regularly constituted committee of Locomotive Firemen, shall, upon adoption, be signed by the General Manager."

Third. "The General Manager, upon

[1] The italics are the author's.

request from the general chairman of the Firemen's Committee, shall render an official interpretation of any of said rules and regulations, which official interpretation, signed by himself, shall be posted on all bulletin boards."

Fourth. "That all matters that may be presented to any official shall be answered in writing within fifteen days by the officers with whom the committee discussed such matters."

Contained in these reports and statements we have a final and peremptory demand for the institution and recognition of a schedule on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Of course, as everybody is aware, the schedule, and the power at the back of it to-day and when it was first instituted, are widely different concerns. Consequently, and reasonably then, in any investigation or discussion of this controversy, the public should be fully informed as to how the schedule has served its interests on other railroads, for, as we know, the Pennsylvania Railroad and its employees are engaged in a business that vitally concerns half the population of the United States. Naturally the people would like to know what the schedule actually means to them, their safety in travel, and their social and industrial interests. And this question as to the adoption of a schedule on the Pennsylvania, which is now hanging in the balance, brings up a matter which is closely related to it, and which will throw a good deal of light on the subject.

When *The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman* were published in this magazine, the statements of the author aroused much comment and criticism among the officials of the Pennsylvania system. A comprehensive examination and analysis of some of the charges was undertaken, and 495 replies and explanations were returned by 45 operating officers. With a few qualifications, these replies amounted to a sweeping denial of the allegations, so far as the Pennsylvania system was concerned. At the same time the management of the Pennsylvania system insists that the introduction of the schedule into its policy, as now proposed by some of its employees, would constitute a most emphatic interference with discipline and imperil the safety of the traveling public. This is exactly the condition and state of affairs which has been fully described in *The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman.* The missing link, then, is to connect the schedule with the evils anticipated by the Pennsylvania management, and thus justify them in their refusal to have anything to do with it, or even to accept arbitration or mediation of any kind in relation to it. I have no authority from the Pennsylvania Railroad to make any attempt to justify their action in any way, and this personal explanation is intended to cover this article from beginning to end.

In taking issue with organized labor in these matters of authority and the schedule, and in advocating the soundness of the Pennsylvania system of management, it will be necessary to start with the rudiments of the topic, and to follow the issue in its development into one of the most important industrial problems which the present generation is called upon to study.

II

This dilemma of the railroads, which so closely concerns the convenience and safety of the public, is simply a question between personal management and management by trade agreement or schedule. It is not to be supposed, however, that personal management is altogether right and sufficient, or that the schedule in every particular is wrong and should be abolished. The point for the people to understand is that the present combination of these methods, which is now in force on most railroads, is a pact between man and manager, from which the principles of justice and safety are slowly yet surely being eliminated. This is the nature of the pact which the Pennsylvania Rail-

road is now being called upon to adopt, after generations of successful personal management.

In my demonstration of the actual work and influence of the schedule on American railroads to-day, let me begin with a commonplace illustration of authority in every-day life.

The policeman stands at a crossing on a crowded thoroughfare. He is a striking example of personal management and authority. He must deal firmly and justly with situations as they arise. His uplifted hand represents the law. Practically speaking, there is no appeal from his personal judgment. He is intrusted by the people with this autocratic authority for extraordinary reasons, and on account of dangerous conditions. At all costs, traffic must proceed with regularity and safety. If the public are dissatisfied with his behavior or his decisions, the authority and responsibility of his office are not interfered with; another officer is simply put in his place.

Here we have certain principles in regard to authority followed by satisfactory results. On the railroads there are no such recognized principles, and consequently no such results. For a number of years public opinion has been trying to improve the management of our railroads by placing limitations on its authority, and holding it up to public scrutiny as more or less untrustworthy. In this way authority has been parceled out among national and state commissions and the labor organizations. Improvement is sought in every direction at the expense of authority. As a matter of fact, with even greater complications and dangers to contend with than the policeman on the street-crossing, the superintendent of the railroad should be equally powerful, and he should receive the support of law and public opinion. To-day the superintendent will tell you that you cannot treat railroad men as the policeman handles teamsters and the public. He is unable to do so because his superiors have made bargains and agreements with the labor organizations in which the managers are playing a losing game from start to finish. Superintendents and managers are losing ground in this way.

Whenever a condition or situation arises that is manifestly unjust to employees, or even when an apparently harmless concession is desired, the attention of the manager is called to it. Nowadays managers are obliged to deal fairly with employees. No other policy is now tolerated. Public opinion and armies of men insist upon it. Sooner or later, then, a clause is inserted in the schedule and the wrong is righted. Before long, however, the working of these rules and concessions brings to light unforeseen situations, in which injustice is inflicted on the management or the safety of the public endangered. The manager may protest, but the committee holds him to his signature. If it is in the schedule, he lets it remain there. He thinks his honor is at stake. Sooner than have a row, indignity and injustice are swallowed.

But, in examining the authority of the railroad manager, one naturally looks round for its scope and influence. How, for example, does authority protect the pocket-book of the railroad? It should, at least, be strong enough to protect the exchequer from injustice, and a sort of extortion, at the hands of the schedule. As a matter of fact, no business establishment on earth but a railroad could or would put up with such a watering of the pay-roll, that is to say, the payment of wages without its equivalent return in work, as the schedule forces upon the American railroad manager. Illustrations are neither few nor far between. They form part of the daily experience and expenditure on nearly all railroads. When business is rushing the pay-rolls are stuffed with curiosities of the following description: —

An engineman completes his run in seven hours. He receives $5.25 for the service. Here we have a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. The man is then requested to take his locomotive a dis-

tance of two miles to a certain point; he does so, and receives another day's pay and mileage for service performed inside the regular time-limit for one day's labor. In this way, with the assistance of his schedule, he receives about eleven dollars for eight hours' work.

Again, a crew reports for duty at six A. M. An emergency arises and the men are despatched with the wreck train to a certain point. The wrecking service is finished in about five hours. For this they receive one day's pay. Then they return to their regular work and earn another day's pay, both jobs being completed inside the regular working-day of eleven hours.

Another crew starts from a terminal on a regular freight trip. At a certain point they are ordered back a couple of miles to pick up a car of delayed stock. All hands get an extra half-day for the service. They arrive at their destination in nine hours, with a day and a half to their credit. The following day they cover the same trip, and as business is brisk they consume eleven hours on the road, and receive only one day's pay for the service.

Once more, — a crew doing a regular day's work is despatched on some extra service. The engineman gets extra pay, the train-men do not.

From beginning to end, these inconsistencies are the work of the schedule. They are real, not imaginary, incidents. The manager sends a man to the right and pays him four dollars for it. If while en route he turns to the left, it means more money without any reference to time or work. The other day a crew were instructed to pick up a car of stock. They telegraphed for an understanding regarding the extra pay. They were ordered to hurry along with the stock, the consignees were anxiously waiting for it; the pay would be adjusted later. The men refused, went along without the car, and were promptly discharged by the superintendent. But the men knew what they were about. They were acting within their schedule rights, and were reinstated. The interest of shippers and the people in the schedule must be apparent to any one. To whom do this kind of a pay-roll, and the agreement between man and manager, appeal? Do they contain any indication or vestige of authority, economy of operation, or justice to the people or the employer? And yet, railroad managers tamely submit to this domination. Public opinion has never shown any inclination to support them in any other course. They uphold the schedule as the only possible working arrangement, and they are powerless to correct its abuses.

But the illustrations relating to the lack of economy of railroad management are of little public interest compared with the effect and influence of the schedule on the efficiency and accident situations. To begin with, the tendency of the method, as we find it in actual operation to-day, is to *narrow the sphere of individual responsibility*. Under a positive system of personal management the judgment of the superintendent is always hanging over the employee, and his duty then covers every nook and corner of his surroundings. The employee is then just as mindful of the behavior of his companions as he is of his own. He never can tell how the superintendent will interpret his conduct. This element of uncertainty has its uses. It is vitally connected with attention and efficiency. But now, with greater insistence every day, the organization is saying to the manager, through signed rules, regulations, and agreements, "I must know just how I stand. Interpret this and explain that, and sign everything. I want a safety device at one point, and a responsible switchman at another. In this way, when trouble arises, we will know definitely who is to blame, and the area of responsibility will be contracted as much as possible."

Of course, these identical words are not to be found in any schedule, but nearly everywhere on railroads you will find the

mental attitude which is the product of the theory and teaching of specific responsibility. This idea, I say, is fostered by the schedule. I have now before me a Towerman's Schedule, which is being prepared for presentation to a manager of a railroad. Article XVI is as follows:

"Towermen will not be responsible for switches and signals not connected with interlocking plant."

I will also call attention to what is called a "standard rule," in force on nearly all railroads: —

"Switches must be left in proper position after having been used. Conductors are responsible for the position of the switches used by them and their trainmen, *except where switch-tenders are stationed.*"

These stipulations on the surface appear to be fair and reasonable, but the mental attitude that is at once induced by these rules is apparent. Practically speaking, my interest in those switches has received a decided setback. General responsibility under unexpected conditions, and in cases of emergency, has been weakened. On the railroad, that no employee should be held responsible for another employee's behavior is all very well as a general statement, with the superintendent as judge of the circumstances; but at the same time, no rule should be sanctioned that is liable to hold him blameless if he is present and fails to correct another man's mistake. The public cannot afford to travel under any other understanding or condition. Of course, the degree of responsibility is for the superintendent to decide, and this is just the veto power he is deprived of to a great extent by the schedule.

Let us take these rules and ideas with us out on the road, and see what happens. The other day a switch engine and crew crossed over from the west to an east-bound main line, and failed to throw up the switch after them. They then waited on the east-bound main line nearly half an hour for a west-bound passenger train to go by. This passenger train came along running forty miles an hour, took the open switch, and crashed into the switcher, killing or injuring four or five people. It was a regular switchman's duty to attend to that switch, but he was at dinner at the time, and not a man connected with the switcher gave the matter a thought. The blame for the accident was placed on the switchman who was not there. It is useless for other managers to exclaim, "I would have discharged every man on the switcher!" It would depend altogether on the strength of the organization that called attention to the wording of the rule, and the significance of, "*except where switch-tenders are stationed.*"

However this may be, the mental attitude in regard to specific responsibility remains, and the issue and its influence permeate railroad life from one end to the other. In my illustration it is very difficult to account for the seeming apathy of five or six men, under conditions when their own lives were in such obvious peril, unless they were under the spell of a principle or a habit. Untrammeled personal management stands for the widest possible system of general responsibility, with the judgment and opinion of the superintendent hanging over every issue and every situation; and the system is at all times in the best interest of the people who ride or work on the trains. Specific responsibility and its encouragement is to a great extent the work of organized labor, assisted by legislation and public opinion in their efforts to compel the manager to define his position, and, practically speaking, give bonds for his good behavior. Organized labor now proposes to substitute specific for general responsibility on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

But, in its own interest, it is most important that the public should be thoroughly posted on the situation, and therefore illustrations must not be spared. The following is an extract from an article in the May, 1909, issue of the *Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and*

Enginemen's Magazine, under the caption, "Another Judicial Outrage. Brother sentenced to Jail."

"On January 27 last, Brother Kennedy, Engineer, and Brother Frank T. Lane, Fireman, as the crew of Engine 584, left Stratford out at 5.30 A. M. hauling a way freight bound for Owen Sound, in charge of Conductor M. Fleming. All went well until leaving Harriston, instead of taking the curve for Owen Sound, for which four blasts of the whistle should be given, they took the straight track for Southampton. They gave four blasts of the whistle to go to the pork factory, the factory being situated on the branch leading to Owen Sound. On coming back for their train, intending to pull right out, *they took it for granted* [1] that the switchman had left the switch open for them, but he had closed it after they had backed over it, *so of course they did not notice* [1] they were taking the wrong track. They pulled up and left immediately, and, as a very severe snow-storm was raging at the time, they failed to notice that they were taking the wrong track and proceeded three miles, meeting Engine 311 pulling the Southampton way freight. The fireman of No. 311, Brother Mortimer Root of Wellington Lodge 181, and a brakeman of the Southampton way freight, were killed, and the engineer injured. At the time of the collision the entire train crew was in the caboose eating dinner."

They all depended upon the specific behavior and responsibility of the switchman, but under the Canadian law the entire train and engine crew were found guilty by the jury of criminal negligence. Disregarding the fact that the men were found guilty by the jury, the article attacks the judge for his decision and calls the principle of general responsibility in the case an outrage.

But the more we look into it, the more universal and dangerous do these evils of specific responsibility, and the undermining of authority which follow in the train of the schedule, appear.

[1] The italics are the author's.

Some time ago on a western railroad, a freight train started on a trip, with a train of cars thoroughly equipped with safety appliances in good working order. Arriving at a certain point, they picked up six additional cars and then proceeded on their way down a steep mountain grade. Before long, the engineman lost control of his train and finally dashed into a work-train ahead, and ten people were killed in the wreck that ensued. Investigation into the cause of the accident brought to light the facts that the equipment had been complete and in good working order, but that only six cars with air had been in service. Every employee on the train was more or less responsible for failure to hitch up the full equipment which was provided for the purpose, and which the law calls for. It is unnecessary to look into the matter of the discipline imposed in this case, for the principal offender or offenders were killed. I wish, however, to take note of the effect which an accident of such a serious nature has on the public mind, and on the responsible conscience of the community.

In brief, it at once became evident to the people that extraordinary legislation was necessary to compel the railroad to put a stop to accidents of this nature. For one thing, it was plain to those who jumped into the breach that the percentage of cars in any train required by law to be equipped and operated, should at once be increased; that an additional number of railroad inspectors should be hired and located at way stations, and under certain conditions extra brakemen to man the trains should also be insisted upon. This actually represented the answer and influence of public opinion, which was exerted in various ways after its investigation of the accident to which I refer. It signified hundreds of thousands of dollars of added expenditure, without even a glance at the cause of these accidents, or a word of support or encouragement to superintendents and managers in their efforts to secure efficiency and safety of opera-

tion by emphasizing the necessity for a strict observance of rules and the proper use of the ample equipment which was already provided.

The following is another illustration of the kind of support the managements of railroads receive when they detect danger, and take measures to protect the public interests as well as their own.

Railroad managers, very naturally, pay particular attention to the handling of trains on heavy grades, and so does the Interstate Commerce Commission. Some time ago several of the railroads protested that the use of these air-brakes alone on heavy grades was a hazardous matter, for, in case of an accident to the air-brakes, with the hand-brakes unmanned, the danger arose of a runaway train, with consequent heavy loss of life and destruction of property. No consideration of expense entered into the question, for the railroads carry as large a complement of men whether both brakes are in service or only one. It was solely a question of safety to the public and the employees. The Commission sent out a great many inspectors to make an investigation, and, in its official report to Congress, had this to say on the subject:

"The question of the safe handling of trains on heavy grades has been brought to the attention of the Commission, it being contended that a literal interpretation of the law requires that trains shall be handled exclusively by means of air-brakes under all circumstances and conditions of train operations. The object and intent of the law is to save life. If trains cannot be handled on these heavy grades without the use of hand-brakes, *it is certainly not the intent of the law that they be controlled by air alone.* The Commission has made a very extensive examination of the practice in handling trains on heavy grades in all parts of the country."

To Washington, immediately following this report, went representatives of trainmen's unions and protested against the Commission's construction of the statute. The *Railroad Trainman*, the official organ of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, commented on the matter as follows: —

"The Commission has, on previous occasions, taken it upon itself to interpret the safety-appliance law, without regard to all its provisions; and its latest attempt to read into the law something that was never intended to be a part of it, is one of the most outrageous assumptions of authority that have ever been attempted by a Government department in recent years."

Whereupon the Commission took it all back, and altered the report which was already in the hands of Congress, and substituted an amended clause, which promised to furnish to the public the inspectors' reports and a reconsideration of the points at issue. The reports, by the way, are not yet forthcoming.

The power behind the scenes in this illustration is the same firm hand curbing and limiting the properly constituted authority which we found at work on the pay-roll, on the schedule, and in various other avenues through which the service and public opinion are influenced.

III

A word still remains in review and conclusion. From the view-point of the public, perhaps the most important phase of the situation on railroads relates to the settlement of disputes between the management and men. I am sure the people have an idea that their representatives have or should have in the first place, and above all, the interests of the people in mind when they are called upon to arbitrate or to mediate in such controversies. That is to say, the official mediator, in order to be fair to all concerned, should be guided in his deliberations and findings by the merits of the case. It should be understood that the mediator stands for something besides peace at any price.

It must be evident to fair-minded people that, in the midst of disturbances

and strikes, the manager or the employees are liable to be unfairly dealt with in the hurry to patch up some kind of a truce. At such times, authority, its function and future status, should not be lost sight of.

For example, the people look to the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Board of Mediators under the Erdman Act to represent their interests in labor disputes. It may be claimed that the law looks upon this mediation merely as the offering of friendly offices. But in fact, after a settlement has been made by means of said " mediation," it is reasonable to suppose that the public have the impression that their interests have been zealously taken care of by the chairmen of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Labor Commission. If not, in whose charge are these interests?

With the view of finding out just how the board, under the Erdman Act, approached and considered these disputes, the writer asked Chairman Knapp for a statement of his views on the subject. He replied, " We have little or nothing to do with the merits of a case; our business and function is to keep the traffic moving."

Bearing in mind the fact that disputes, even on railroads, are never settled until they are settled on their merits, and looking into the future, the interest of the people in these so-called settlements will surely bear watching. Disputes temporarily arranged in this way are simply transferred to legislative bodies throughout the different states; and in their assemblies, just at present, the manager and his authority can hardly be said to be in the hands of their friends.

In the next place, and face to face with these very conditions, it is to be noted that the Pennsylvania Railroad is now confronted with a problem which is certain, *when business permits*, to agitate the railroad and industrial world to its centre. In this, as in all other controversies, public opinion must always be the court of final resort. The reader of the correspondence and evidence in this article will not need to be informed that the Pennsylvania Railroad has put down its foot with unmistakable emphasis, and proposes to stick to its own idea of the function of authority, and the meaning of its responsibility to the public.

In opposition to this stand of the manager, the advocates of the schedule call attention to their rights and their wrongs, and propose to encroach on the domain of the management for the purpose of adjusting their grievances. My endeavor in this article has been to demonstrate, not that a schedule in all industries is a mistake, but that on the railroads, as it works to-day, and as it is calculated to fulfill its mission in the future, it is a dangerous encroachment on the prerogative of the manager. I have tried to make evident how, and along what lines, the public is called upon to suffer for all encroachments of this nature.

The point for all to understand is that, while fair and reasonable methods of management should be insisted upon, the reform of the department should not be attempted at the expense of its authority. The United States Supreme Court has recently said, " In no proper sense is the public a general manager." This surely applies with equal force to any combination or union of employees. In combatting the entrance of the schedule into the constitution of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and in refusing to permit the grand chiefs of the Brotherhoods to define the policy of the railroad and to share in its administration by making changes in the duties and functions of the superintendents, the management is doing the public a great service. As it appears to me, the management proposes to head off the first appearance of a hydra-headed movement, the manifest purpose of which is to divide the headquarters of attention and authority between the committee rooms of the brotherhoods and the superintendent's office.

Nevertheless, it is also true that the Pennsylvania Railroad has always granted to its men every freedom to organize

into unions and to utilize every legitimate opportunity to better their condition. Labor leaders, who are employees, are given leave of absence whenever requested, to attend to organization duties. The men are granted passes freely; and even when it is known that a strike ballot is being taken, the privileges of the men and the labor leaders are not curtailed in the slightest degree. I have been assured by those in authority on the Pennsylvania Railroad, not only that the organization of the employees into unions is looked upon as right and necessary, but that the men are also perfectly justified in electing the fittest and strongest men as leaders. But a different question is presented when a professional leader, who is not an employee, enters the situation to gather glory for an organization as such, without regard to loyalty to, or sympathy with, the ideas and policy of the management.

No treatise on Labor and Authority on the Railroad would be complete without a glance at this professional trouble-maker. He is now a recognized quantity on nearly all systems. I do not care to say that trouble-makers of this description are at the bottom of the present controversy between the firemen and enginemen and the Pennsylvania management, because I have no information on the subject; but it is to be noticed that the management in many circulars and public notices has been continually emphasizing the well-known and long-established loyalty of all classes of its employees, and the entirely satisfactory results that have been obtained by means of their never-failing coöperation and faithful services.

But this kind of voluntary and coöperative relationship is an abomination to the salaried trouble-maker. When all is well there is nothing doing in his department, and his clients are liable to ask him, " What are you there for? " Under his soulless supervision, the best intentions of both employees and managers are turned awry. No management is safe from this disturbing influence.

Some six or seven years ago, the Burlington officials gave careful consideration to the problem of increasing the company's business. Increase of business on a railroad does n't just *happen;* it has to be thought out and worked out by the managers. So the Burlington road finally decided that the most promising opening was to try and develop a coal movement from Southern Illinois to the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and the northwest generally, where the winters are severe and fuel-supply limited. It was found that if it was to be sold by the dealer at a sufficient profit, in competition with eastern coal, the railroad would have to carry it 648 miles for not more than $2.10 per ton. It was impossible to do this at a profit to the railroad on a road full of heavy grades. So $5,000,000 was expended in putting the road in shape. New engines and high capacity cars for the coal trade were purchased, and a business was created which, *in full trains,* paid a fair profit. Of course a small army of employees was put to work in handling this traffic.

But no sooner was the business on some kind of a paying basis than *some one* discovered that if you could compel the railroad to haul shorter trains, it would mean the employment of more help. So legislation was immediately introduced to secure this result. The men who are supposed to have the interest of the employee at heart are at the bottom of this suicidal legislation. In describing his efforts in building up the coal business, to a meeting of the Burlington employees some time ago, Vice-President Willard summed up the situation in these words: " With the mere possibility of such legislation looming up in the future, can you expect improvements like this to continue? Would you recommend them if in my place? "

Such antagonistic legislation will continue to paralyze management just as long as employees allow certain of their leaders to raise false issues and misrepresent the real interests of the worker and the community.

Brought to a standstill over and over again, and his calculations upset by legislation of this nature, the manager has no alternative. He proceeds to make the public pay for it. Hitherto these unforeseen and only too often unnecessary expenditures have been met by economies secured by continually working on the principle that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. But on most railroads this mainstay has been worked to the limit. When your hill has been leveled, economy is at an end in that direction; and so with your curves, you cannot keep after them after they are straight. So the manager falls back on contemplated improvements. New stations, betterments, conveniences, facilities of various kinds go by the board. Any manager can give a host of particulars of this description. It is now for the public to do a little thinking on the subject.

Of course, it is not to be supposed that the Pennsylvania Railroad is entirely free from the spirit, and perhaps from some of the conditions, which I have described; but the energy with which the management is now opposing any change in their long-established policy will at least have the effect of calling public attention to the principles at stake, and will certainly tend to modify and discourage some of the extravagances of misguided labor movements on all railroads.

MY TRUE LOVE FROM HER PILLOW ROSE

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

My true love from her pillow rose
And wandered down the summer lane.
She left her house to the wind's carouse,
And her chamber wide to the rain.

She did not stop to don her coat,
She did not stop to smooth her bed —
But out she went in glad content
There where the bright path led.

She did not feel the beating storm,
But fled like a sunbeam, white and frail,
To the sea, to the air, somewhere, somewhere —
I have not found her trail.

ON A MORAINE

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Up on the shoulder of a terminal moraine was a barley-field whose fence was to furnish me with stone; and I prospected its beauties with a six-pound sledge. " Hardheads " many of them were called, and they let fly enough sparks that summer to light the fire for a thousand years. They were igneous rocks, and they responded in terms of fire.

Such rock! Rag-carpets woven in garnet and topaz; petrified Oriental rugs; granites in endless designs of Scotch mixture, as if each bowlder were wearing the plaid of its clan; big, uncouth, scabiose, ignorant-looking hardheads that opened with a heart of rose, — each one a separate album opening to a sample from a different quarry. I have seen cloven field-stone that deserved a hinge and a gold clasp; I have one in sight now which is such a delicate contrast of faintest rose and mere spiritual green that it is like the first blush of dawn. Imagine smiting a rock until the fragments sting you in the face, and then seeing it calmly unfold the two wings of a moth! I have broken into a rock which pleased me so well that I held it in mind in order to match it; but though I had the pick of a hundred and sixty loads that summer I never found another. There is " individuality " for you.

Some of them are " niggerheads." These are the hardest rock known to practical experience. There are those that have refused to succumb to the strongest hitters in the country. Some of them will break and others will not; the only way is to try. Fortunately I had had some early training as a blacksmith; but this was as if the smith were trying to break his anvil. I have seen the steel face of a hammer chip off without making a mark on one. And yet the glaciers wore them off to make soil and left them rounded like big pebbles! I never realized what ground is, till I became acquainted with the stones that did the grinding.

My fence was eight to ten feet in thickness and shoulder high; and similar windrows of rock ran over the moraine in all directions, like a range upon a range. It is, of course, valuable land that warrants a wall like that. The barley-field might easily have defied a siege-gun on all four sides, for it had had so many bowlders on it that they had been built up into more of a rampart than a windrow. On a nearby field from which the timber had been removed, but which, notwithstanding, was far from " cleared," it looked as if it had hailed bowlders. You could have forded your way across it without putting a foot to ground. I have seen places where the glaciers had deposited rocks in surprising uniformity of size, and as thick as the heads of an audience (a comparison that means no harm, I trust).

Because of my encounters with " niggerheads," and other layerless or massive rock, I had difficulty in getting a handle which would not give out. Not that I broke them with mislicks, but the sudden bounce of the steel jolts the grain of the wood apart, and then a split begins to work its way up the handle. After this happens a man will not try to crack many bowlders, for the split hickory vibrates in a way that hurts. That sudden sting and numbing of the arm is the only sensation I ever came across that resembles the sting of a Texas scorpion; and that is an injection of liquid lightning that suffuses the membranes from hand to shoulder, and dwells a while and fades away. I might say here that the sting of the dread-

ed scorpion is harmless, like that of the tarantula, as any one with a few experiences knows. A wrong-headed bowlder that has kept itself intact for ages and spits fire at you, and then takes measures to protect itself, is far more dangerous. One of them shot off a piece with such force that it went through my clothing and made a respectable wound. This, however, is just what is needed to rouse you up and make you hit back; and when you have had success with this one you are sure to pass on to another.

There is an enticement in their secret, locked-up beauty that lures you on from rock to rock till nightfall. Thus you are kept at it, till some day you find you have become a slave of the exercise habit; you are addicted to sunshine and sweat and cool spring water; your nose, so long a disadvantage to you, comes to life and discovers so many varieties of fresh air that every breath has a different flavor to it. As for myself, I rather prefer to take wild plum or clover in my atmosphere — or a good whiff of must off the barley-field. Along in July it is excellent to work somewhere in the jurisdiction of a basswood tree. Compare this with the office-building or the street-car, where the only obtainable breath is second-hand. Nobody could now coax you back to where people have eyes that see not, tongues that taste not, and noses that smell not unless they have to. I *have* experienced smells in a city that would make a baby cry.

In this leisurely bowlder-breaking you have become so strong that you need work to make you comfortable. When you wake up in the morning rested, your fingers have a feeling of the absent sledge-handle; there is a missing presence at the end of your arm which makes you understand easily enough how a person can have feeling in a limb that has long been cut off; and not till you have taken it up again does your body seem entire. When a man has become so strong that he needs work to make him comfortable, he would pound rock if it were only limestone in a quarry. What then is it to go bowlder-hunting in a barley-field? Rocks of all ages and varieties, sedimentary, metamorphic, and igneous; and now and then a plutonic piece that was unthinkably old when the Atlantosaurus strolled about, stepping thirty feet at a stride. Sixty millions of years, scientists agree, since life in its lowest forms made its appearance on the globe; four hundred millions since the molten earth began to cool and form plutonic rock! If a man has antiquarian tastes let him browse in one of these stone-fence libraries with a sledge. It is like opening ancient volumes with beautiful pictures in them.

Bowlder-breaking exercises all the parts, intellectual, physical, and æsthetic, — it sounds as if it were Culture. If so, it is the only form of it I ever came across which did not spoil one's appetite. Your digestion attends to its own business, and you become a disciple of plain thinking and high living. If I could explain it in all its branches at once, I would no doubt succeed in starting up a cult of glacial stonesmith. A six-pound sledge is the true key to science and health.

It will probably be said that I am a fanatic. But wait. Please listen to what I have to reveal. I rolled off a rusty-black sort of a one. I worked it around into position for striking. The sledge simply rebounded. Nine, ten, eleven blows; and then it fell in two, disclosing a black interior of beautiful mat texture. Diagonally across the face of it was a straight white stripe as wide as one's finger. And an inch and a half away was a contrasting stripe as straight and fine and parallel as if it had been made on a loom; it was like a bold design in French silk. With its slightly wedged shape, it looked for all the world like a dashing four-in-hand tie. It had broken in just the way to make a key for the arch of the fireplace. Here then was very good luck indeed, — the very necktie of the house all done.

I next essayed a light-complexioned one; and it opened the first time I knocked.

It was a light gray stone that glistered as with spangles of silver; it had shining scales like a herring, and each scale a little mica mirror that flashed cool metallic beams. Could anything be in better taste than light gray and silver? I picked it up tenderly and set it down right-side-up, next to the keystone. I passed on. The next was a moth — but I shattered one of the wings. It was some sort of infinitely fine greenish sand that had absorbed chocolate-colored matter, and become a pudding-stone with a big plum of the subdued purplish-chocolate in the proper place, and I had gone through it in a cross-section. It was really a chocolate-colored bronze, powdered with that peculiar soft green that old statues take on; and the evanescent powdery effect was so convincing that I thought, at first, I could brush it off. This antique delicacy was solid and everlasting; I would not have taken a dollar for it then and there. I set it carefully alongside the knight of the silver scales.

But enough. If I fought it out on this line it would take all summer. I merely wish to indicate what I am talking about. If I am a fanatic, let it be so. If I were a crazy Cromwell, it is one of these same processions of roundheads that I would want to lead over the face of the country. If I could only march a mile of them through the cities giving demonstrations and lectures! They are a rough-looking lot, but there is beauty in them. I once stood, hat off, in a little church in New York where they go to worship John La Farge; and if there is as much beauty and inspiration in one of those stained-glass windows as there is dispersed all over the face of this country, put me down for a plebeian. It is as a crazy-quilt beside a Daghestan.

Whenever I stopped for breath I had a bird's-eye view of agriculture, the fields all laid out in crops of various colors so that the country was a map of itself. Nearer at hand it was a most statistical scene, the corn all adding itself up in rows, and the Holstein cattle set down in black and white — a pleasing prospect of diversified farming. The name of glacial soil is Diversity. So many elements have been ground up in the making that it will raise any sort of an honest crop; and if it is not tropically brilliant it is steady-going and dependable. The drainage is just suited to the amount of rainfall; there is inexhaustible gravel to make roads; and every field has stone on it for an everlasting fence. As I patrolled my altitudinous ramparts, sledge in hand, I had a commanding view of southern Wisconsin — a diagram of prosperity. Here and there were patches of hardwood or tamarack; and a mile or so to my right, down at the side of the range, was Heart Lake showing its shape in silver. I think the peculiar charm of Wisconsin lies in the fact that it is a man's-size country, — lakes that you can row across, hills that you can climb. And so near together that there is always a new shining goal, a lake, to tempt you onward. I am almost tempted into the folly of trying to put it in words.

I had not swung my hammer many days before I realized that I was midway between two bells. Back on Miracle Hill, that lifts its church-crowned summit like a commander from out the procession, was the bell of the Carmelite monks who were expelled from France: its tones came sweet and plaintive over the heads of the hills, and spoke to all the country. An equal distance from me, in the opposite direction, was the town bell, that rings curfew as faithfully every evening as if it still had a Yankee at the rope. Near by was a Norwegian settlement, originally composed of sixty families. Not a great distance away was a village where German is spoken more exclusively, it is said, than anywhere in the country. Back in the depths and heights of the moraine was Erin, still strongly Irish, with its log cabins and old charcoal-pits, attesting its respectable age. At every cross-roads were the Swiss, making cheese. And in the distance I could see the newly-primed houses of

the " hands " at the factory — still more nationalities. The solid foundation of it all is the German, a lover of the soil. Wisconsin is a favorite stamping-ground of the Sociologist; and it is hardly to be wondered at that the state university excels in agriculture and the philosophy of government.

As my fence bordered a steep stretch of road along which the farmers passed with their loads of milk and hay and agricultural implements, I found myself in a position to become well introduced to my neighbors for miles around; and at times, when the sun was hot, I was quite willing to stop and explain my appreciation of the stone or talk about the crops. By fall I had met so many solid, wholesome Americans, of all nationalities, and so democratic, that I was really glad they had all had so much practice in meeting foreigners. An immigrant from the city they took to quite as naturally. And at what great risk to themselves! Suppose I had been a lawless literary hunter hoping to bag some rare specimen of fellow man and take him back to my magazine all mangled in his feathers!

I discovered but one new dialect; and that would not be accepted by any editor in the country. Had I come here for that purpose, it would have been a sorry day for me, as witness the following conversation. It is two German women who are speaking, in the presence of an Irish woman.

"Th' tap o' th' marnin' t' ye, Mis' Brettschneider. 'T is glad I am t' see th' likes av ye. Iss yer daughther Gretchen goin' to the Hill th' morrow? "

"Faith an' she is. Ven me bye Heinrich can get th' bay haarse away from th' plowin' I t'ink I'll go mesilf, bedad."

This is not travesty; it is a report of German dialect. The manner of speech came about naturally enough. When the Germans arrived here in full force, the country was already settled, largely by Yankees and Irish; and the German had to buy his farm here or there. In this way a number of them found themselves located in the town of Erin, where, of course, they learned the language of their country. And I leave it to my fellow citizens in Wisconsin whether a German cannot speak as broad and rich a brogue as any son of Erin. This, although exceptional, is hardly an exaggeration of the cosmopolitan processes of democracy in Wisconsin. In other places you find the exact opposite. At many farmhouses, if you wish to be understood in English, it is necessary to address the father or mother, who were immigrants, and not the members of the second generation. The mother speaks English well, and her son, who works the farm and was born here, does not understand it. The parents, starting as farm-laborers among Yankees and New Yorkers, had to learn English; but when they had saved money and bought out their employers, — a very usual process, — and had a household of their own, they naturally reverted to their native tongue.

One day I took a trip to Miracle Hill, whose steeple dominates the scene for miles around. It is not till one goes to the top of one of these dome-like wooded knolls, three or four hundred feet up, and all built of gravel, that one begins to realize what a stone-crusher and mound-builder a glacier was. And so recent it was! When a man considers with all his might the scientific rough estimate of four hundred million years as the time that has passed since the world began to harden and form plutonic rock, a glacier seems absolutely modern. If that Azoic, that no-animal time, is looked upon as being several thousand feet back, the glaciers will be but a few inches; thus one catches the spirit in which the scientist says, lightly, " In times so recent as the Glacial Epoch." If a plutonic bowlder, a fragment of Azoic time, could really speak the language that Wordsworth claims stones can speak, it could tell the whole story of life from the first microbe to the megatherium — and then the decline and fall to the mere elephant and man. The mention of a glacial epoch

seems almost "timely," and the other is so far back that it is no time at all.

From the time the first life-cell floated in the sea around continents but partly formed, life and land progressed until the cave-dweller and his contemporary animals lived on the completed world. Possibly "there were giants in those days;" but such of their stone implements as we have found would not indicate that they could handle a sledge any heavier than I swing myself. When this sort of man was fighting his fellow animals for their dens, the glaciers came down upon them. Through some great revolution in climate, the snow piled up season after season farther south, and moved along by expansion and contraction, helped somewhat by the downhill slope from the Laurentian range. It was as if the Arctic zone, with all its snowfields pressed into ice, had decided to migrate to a warmer clime. Those weighty ice-fields, big stone-mills grinding the grist of gravel and rounding off huge fragments of rock which had been torn bodily from their bed, — rolling and wearing and sliding them along and making soil of them, — kept melting at the edges as they reached the warmer clime; and there, dropping the bowlders and piling up the débris in a long line of mounds, made a moraine. One of these hills was but a good wagon-load of gravel; and the whole shape of the scene was determined by the nature of the rounded rolling pebble. Where they did not make positive hills, and very steep, they dropped down a landscape of broad low knolls — rather like a hilly country melted and run together. Such is the Kettle Range of Wisconsin, so called because of the shape of the hills and valleys; such are all the small-lake regions. They are well named "glacial drift," for when the winter is white upon them they look as if their whole substance were but the huge wind-work of the snow.

Between the hills are valleys without outlet — deep rounded kettles indeed that catch the water and hold it till it leaks out of the gravelly bottom. The whole country is rolling in the same basin-like way, so that in the farmer's woods are little tarns that you could jump across, in the broad pasture-land are undrained bottoms where the tamarack finds a foothold, and in every day's journey are a number of the beautiful spring-fed lakes with which summer resorters all over the United States are familiar. These lakes are but a larger manifestation of the blind valleys and the hollows in the pasture-land; it is because of this nature of the surface, due to the rounded pebble, that there are so many small, clean-filtered lakes in a glacier-built country.

The limits of glacial action in the United States are marked by the Ohio and Missouri rivers. If one conceives the Ohio extending onward to the Atlantic through northern Pennsylvania, and the Missouri reaching to the Pacific through northern Washington, he has almost the exact boundaries beyond which the ice-fields did not encroach southward. All over this territory are evidences of their work, to a greater or less extent, here and there. The effects of glacial action are most marked in the Appalachian region, in a sense; for there, on the granite structure of the country, they could scratch the history of their progress as on tablets of stone. But in Wisconsin, a comparatively level country, they show themselves as complete country-makers, hill-builders, unhampered agents of their own sweet will. It was one of their favorite dumping-grounds. Thus Wisconsin has a furniture of hills which do not belong to it, a scenery which has rolled along and moved in; and all made up of pieces of the geological Everywhere. This state, the foundation of all these hills and knolls, might easily claim to be the oldest state in the Union, for it had its head out of water at a time when there was nothing else to be seen of the United States but the tops of the Appalachian Mountains. But the original state, as it were, has been quite covered with the recent addition of landscape. I had

a well put down a hundred and thirty-two feet, and brought up glacial matter all the way; but somewhere down there, had I kept on, I should have struck Wisconsin.

Such hills, while they lack the accentuation, the scenic ruggedness of rock, have yet an influence of their own; and this you feel especially when you get into the tumultuous heart of the range and look down into these bowl-like wooded valleys without outlet. They are not valleys with the life of outgoing streams and an open door to the rest of the world; they are deep privacies in the heart of nature, not intended for thoroughfare or habitation. The dark little pond at the bottom, forever unruffled, invites you down for a spell of deep and moody contemplation. They are retreats, places to go down into with your secrets, and then to leave and go up into the world again; the public may not pass through; and they are so constructed as to forfend them from all other uses. I have no doubt that many a penitent, on his way to the church on the Hill, has felt their subtle invitation, their promise of secrecy; it must have been on account of them, quite as much as the wide outlook from above, that the mysterious praying Hermit pitched his habitation on the summit. It seems quite natural that a place of holy pilgrimage should have grown up and established its wayside shrines amid such surroundings. These places of refuge hold a breezeless silence while you pray or think; and the way up to the panoramic summit, past the stations of the Cross, is not a mere matter of six or seven hundred feet: it is all the way from depression to elevation. They seem to have been made for the very purposes of a monk.

The trees here grow branchless to twice their wonted height, in the struggle to get their heads up into the light and air. So tall and thin are they from this sort of competition, one with another, that they cannot stand steady for a moment; they swing slowly from side to side, in long deliberate movements that seem actually solemn. They do this when there is hardly a breeze to be felt, as if it were an act of their own. In some places they are so tall and branchless, so out of all stable tree-proportions, that they seem not to be standing up, but hanging down from the sky — like big ropes of a belfry on which you might expect to ring the clear chimes of heaven.

One cannot help but feel, as he gets into the spirit of the soil, that those westward-wandering Yankees, who here stopped their prairie schooners and picked out the town-sites and put up the well-wrighted mills, — some of whose stones grind the feed to this day, — must have found a certain solemn welcome in the fieldstone scattered about. It was a new New England.

They did these things, and then, as usual, "went West." Many of them fought in the war for the Union, and many came back; but altogether they kept drifting westward — " Yankees " all of them, whether they came from Connecticut or Pennsylvania, or the belligerent regions of the Erie Canal. And now the " Yankee " is to be found in greatest force in the burying-ground at the edge of the town. In such a cosmopolitan community it is a strange experience to wander into this quiet place and find such old worthies as Comfort and Thankful addressing you from their headstones. Many of them date their birth back to the eighteenth century; and those who have 17— on their tombstones are known to the inhabitants, being local celebrities in death. I have had them all pointed out to me — and not by a Yankee — with a certain commendable pride; as if they gave a sort of historical ballast to the Ship of State.

In one of these villages, railroadless because it was founded before the railroad had found its way to these parts, and the one which is the most German of them all, there sat, until just recently, an aged and cultured gentleman — somewhat of a " character " in a fine way

— after whom the town was named. When he died, a little over a year ago, he was the oldest " living " alumnus of Yale. There he sat, surrounded by his ancient collection of books, and some dusty paintings which he prized and valued highly, amid a population where German could be used to better effect than English. It was quite a change he had seen in his day. By such little glimpses of the past, one gets sudden perspective of the growth of Wisconsin. Even curfew, although a European custom, harks back to the Yankee. When it rings, at eight o'clock in winter and nine in summer, the children run home to their mothers as promptly as if they had seen the ghost of a Puritan. It is the Yankee's passing bell.

In certain connections you will not hear their absence regretted. They were not, to tell the truth, very good farmers. It was not they who piled hundreds and hundreds of loads of stone into a single fence. But now, when there is sore need of good natural mechanics, — masons, joiners, machinists, — you will occasionally hear them spoken of as an ensample. Their buildings were well carpentered and joined; and in them are still preserved marvels of whittling in the way of canes and hat-racks. Some of the canes, as patiently elaborated as Japanese engraving, attracted attention at the Centennial Exposition. Even up on the cornice of the house now passed, may be seen a whittled frieze of acorn and oak-leaf. All of the " Yankee " did not leave, however; and what is left of him may not be studied in any one community, for he is pervasive and generally at home; he plays *skät* and *schopskopf* and drinks beer and speaks German; he is doctor, lawyer, and office-holder — in many ways a publican and sinner.

Small towns have a bad reputation; they are said to be given over to narrow views, backbiting, provinciality, and a general inbreeding of the species. For some reason, this is the exact opposite of the workings of village and country life in Wisconsin. And there is an absence of racial prejudice, even among small farmers, in communities, which is surprising — there is a cosmopolitan spirit which one would expect only among the most traveled classes. I think it is due to this balanced heterogeneity of population acting under the particular conditions of the small town. In the small town a man is more of an individual; he is a larger fraction in the world; and so his importance to the community makes him more of a person than a member of a race. Even the little farming communities, racial colonies, cannot keep separate for long; they come together in working out road-taxes, in business and politics and farmer's institutes; and they are brought next door to each other by the farm telephone. And on the monthly Fair Day, the most homekeeping are brought into contact with the whole surrounding population. As an agent of true democracy, this is entirely different from the Afeurasian mix-up of the big city. There the Congress of Nations is forced together in a factory, from which the Nations go home to a community, or, what is worse, to a life that is essentially a hermitage in the crowd, a no-connection vagabondage of rented life. In the country the contact is of a basically different kind; it is a communion between homes. As a result, the marriage record will show an appalling forgetfulness of the past history of kings. What is more desirable, however, is that cosmopolitan spirit on which democracy has got to be founded — the essential Americanism of the man who was born in Germany or Norway or a British island. By all sorts of influences the people are cohering. And if not in marriage, then in the saloon. In this country the German saloon, a solid institution, must be taken into account. Whatever its faults, it must be said that it is here a very crucible of democracy. This is a country of immigrants — seeing there is no other word for it. But here the word is ridiculous. The hills then are immigrants; the soil is a foreigner. The

scenery itself is situated on land which might as easily rise up and claim to be the native country. And the immigrants are all being Americanized, not by any "ism," but by the good old glacial process of mixing them up and stirring them together.

From the artist standpoint, a moraine, seen from a distance, lacks accentuation; the hills all wear the same contour; they march in uniform and none assert themselves over the others except by being bigger. But is not their rounded, flowing, broad-based expression of peace and solid satisfaction just as good — or even better? There is something German about a moraine, whether you view it from inside or out. It is a well-known fact that the dwellers in the most ancient ranges, such as the Jura in Switzerland, which Time has worn down to mere nubs of mountains, find that the hills make a place for themselves in the heart which grand peaks of the Alps cannot fill. Big, self-assertive young mountains — and the tallest are always the most recent in the world's history — can be overbearing in their beauty; and after a while you want to go home. I can imagine an inhabitant of the Appalachians, whose asperities the ages have worn off until they are almost domesticated, being glad enough to get back from the company of the high-spirited and riotous Rockies.

However this may be, the contour of these glacial hills tells the truth about the country, for Wisconsin is the quiet, philosophic home of the cow. When the Japanese want the best Holsteins to help raise the war debt, they do not confine themselves to Holland, where the breed originated, but come here to Wisconsin. Japan has come and been satisfied and returned for more; and only recently the Cow Ambassador was back again negotiating with the farmers for cows with which to beat the world. While the average dairy herds throughout the state are not yet up to the standard that is hoped for, it is no small point of distinction to the government itself that it has developed the world's champion cow. In the report published a year ago it was announced that Colantha 4th's Johanna had produced in twelve months 27,432 pounds of milk, which made "3-15 pounds of butter per day for each day in the year." By doing this for her master, the State, she conquered the best cow in Switzerland. While other cows, and indeed herself, have gone beyond this in individual yields of butter, it was the best yearly performance; she won the long-distance championship, as it were. And this is what counts in practical dairying.

By such example the state specialists raise the breed, and awaken among the farmers a spirit of emulation. While much fault is continually found with the average herd, there are plain farmers in Dodge County and otherwhere who have broken records of one kind or another, — short or long ones with regard to milk or butter-fat, with this particular breed or that. When a farmer is working a cow to break a record he feeds her as industriously and scientifically as a locomotive fireman would stoke his engine on a trial run for a mail contract. This is kept up day after day or week after week, and a record kept of every ounce of milk, together with its daily test for richness. A long run like this is, as a farmer will tell you solemnly, "hard on her constitution," but she must do it if she would be a famous cow. It requires much stamina and digestive ability on her part, and much science on the part of the farmer; and while it might not seem very exciting sport to the city man, it is a matter of great importance to those who know what is going on. It is not so easy to be a cow as it looks.

The state university has always on its farm herds of cows and hogs that are being educated, — drawn out to see what they will make. When last I heard, there were some promising hogs at Madison; and recent triumph in this line was the great Berkshire, Star Masterpiece II. When Star Masterpiece went to Madison he was a little pig that cost seventy-five

dollars, a descendant of many famous animals. He was fed on the best and kept in a " blue-grass paddock; " and when he had thus gone through Wisconsin University he was bought back by the man who had sold him, for one thousand dollars. " From the day he came to the University farm as a small pig, until he left it, he never missed a meal and always consumed his allowance with a relish that caused many visitors to marvel at his great feeding quality." He left behind him forty little pigs at the University who will try to outdo him. He is now a famous sire whose name stands high in hog literature; and his public is of a size that might give many a poet a pang of envy. In Wisconsin it is considered more of a triumph to do something like this than to have a victorious University eleven.

The milk goes to the cheese-factory at the crossroads, or to the creamery which is to be seen near the railway station — a " milk-depot " indeed. The disposal of the milk at the creamery is a most systematic operation. The farmer drives up to the side of the building, and his cans are hoisted to a loft, where the milk is weighed and tested with a sort of hydrometer which tells exactly the proportion of butter-fat in the product. Along with his empty cans he receives a brass check. Then he drives around to the other side of the little building, where there is a hose about the size used in metropolitan fire departments. He inserts the check in a slot in the side of the building, whereupon the hose squirts out his due amount of skim-milk. Then he drives home with the wagon-load of milk and feeds it to the hogs. This is the universal practice; it is a land that flows with milk, if not with honey.

Near the depot will be seen also the brewery which supplies the little town with beer, and probably a big malt-house which receives the barley of the region, and sprouts and dries it. Wisconsin malt is of a superior quality known all over the United States. The proprietors of the many malt-houses go all the way to New York and Pennsylvania to sell the malt that was made from the grain that grew in the country that Jack Frost built.

From this preëminence in milk and beer it might seem that Wisconsin produces nothing but drink; but this is not true. It is also a great tobacco country, and, as might be expected of a region with some of the features of New England, we raise a quantity of Connecticut broad-leaf. While the state does not lead Kentucky in this respect, a little town here claims to be the biggest tobacco market in the world. It is hardly likely that the Prohibition wave will make inroads in Wisconsin. Since the success of the movement throughout the United States, there has sprung up in Wisconsin an organization, with influential members in every village, which is busily fighting the battle of Beer for the whole nation. It is doubtful if any state in the Union, when put to it, could raise such an influential and able army of volunteers in the cause of " Personal Liberty," as the opposition to Prohibition is called. And yet it is not a country of drunkards; it is the very opposite. As compared with other parts of the country, even Milwaukee is notably temperate and steady-going.

But this is not continuing with matters on the moraine, unless, to see things from that standpoint, we are all of us Hardheads — as might be implied in certain obdurate and durable qualities. And a man who works a summer — two summers — on stone fence appreciates thoroughly the nomenclature which conceives these stubborn bowlders in terms of " heads." To trim them into shape you have to know how to take them, according to their shape and character, their stratification and lines of cleavage. In working plutonic or " massive " rock especially, you must become a phrenologist of hardheads; you must study their bumps and general mass. It is so with human individuals. More than one Hardhead of my acquaintance, plain practical men, have more in them than a finished quarry-stone might ever suspect. Un-

couth, unpromising characters they may seem, so that you would hardly look for anything inside of them. But form their acquaintance, knock a few chips off them in social contact, and they will strike fire and open with a heart of rose. They are likely to surprise you.

What sort of average citizen will result from this mingling and rubbing together of diverse material? What sort of foundation for democracy will it make? Will strong racial idiosyncrasies disappear into one colorless mediocre mass of men? It is a question which all guess at, to no definite purpose. Will not a glacial population be about the same as a glacial soil? That is strong, steady-going, reliable, suited to any sort of crop. The United States is a large experiment in man-breeding. Horse-breeders have long given up the fallacy that like produces like, so far as the individual is concerned; it is the strain which counts. And the greatest triumphs in breeding have resulted from mixing two strains. Among us animals without pedigree, who can tell what surprising atavism lurks in the blood of some human "scrub!" Or what will be the result of this grafting of nation upon nation! It will certainly have some surprises in it, at least; and it is not this, but "inbreeding," that really weakens.

And this reminds me to conclude — where possibly I should have begun — with the remarkable pedigree of the state itself. Stretching across Canada, north of the St. Lawrence, and ending in the regions about the source of the Mississippi, is a range of low granite hills called the Laurentian Highlands. These hills are really mountains that are almost worn out, for they are the oldest land in America, and, according to Agassiz, the oldest in the world. In the days when there was nothing but water on the face of the globe, these mountains came up — a long island of primitive rock with universal Ocean chafing against its shores. None of the other continents had put in their appearance at the time America was thus looking up. The United States began to come to light by the gradual uplifting of this land to the north and the appearance of the tops of the Alleghanies, which were the next in order. Later, the Rockies started up. The United States grew southward from Wisconsin and westward from the Blue Ridge. An early view of the country would have shown a large island which is now northern Wisconsin, and a long thin tongue of this primitive rock sticking down from Canada into Minnesota, and these two growing states looking out over the waters at the mere beginnings of mountain-ranges east and west. They were waiting for the rest of the United States to appear.

As the heated interior of the earth continued to cool and contract, and the water-covered crust sank in some places, and kept bulging up higher in others, the island of northern Wisconsin continued to grow; and the Alleghanies came up with quite a strip of territory at their base. The western mountains made no progress whatever; it was as if they had some doubt about the matter. A view at another stage of progress would have shown Wisconsin and Minnesota entirely out, and pulling up with them the edges of adjoining states, and a strip along the Atlantic about half as wide as New York or Pennsylvania. Still no United States. There was water between these two sections and some islands scattered about in the south. The western mountains had not been progressing at all; they lagged behind for æons. These two sections, beginning with Wisconsin and Minnesota in the west and the Alleghanies in the east, kept reaching out till they made continuous land; and thus Ohio and all those states between are some ages younger. But they are much older than the west; for at a time when the whole eastern half of the continent had long appeared, the Gulf Stream was flowing across the west, and the waters were depositing the small sea-shells which make the calcareous matter under Kansas loam. All that country is much younger, and the western mount-

tains are as big as they are simply because they have not had time to become worn down. As to Florida, it was a mere afterthought, an addition built on by coral insects.

The whole story of those east-central and southern states — how Pennsylvania and Ohio and Illinois got their coal, and Michigan her salt — would make a lengthy narrative; I have mentioned just enough to show the age of Wisconsin and the still greater age of some of that glacial matter that came down from the direction of the Laurentian Highlands. It is the oldest land in the world; and the other states, I am sure, will not resent my taking out the state's pedigree and showing it. Wisconsin took part with the east in what geologists call the Appalachian Revolution, — is a veritable Daughter of the Revolution. I mention it merely because I think it greatly to the credit of a dairy state that, at a time so early in the world's morning, she was up and doing.

EYE AND HAND

BY ELLEN DUVALL

The plain little parlor, the small, plain house, the remote cheap neighborhood — all bore out Janet Carling's theory and knowledge of her former instructor, that he was one who faced life unflinchingly, and expected others to do the same. That was why she had come to him, for it was what *she* must do if the truth were what she suspected. But, oh, the toppling ambition, the depth of the downfall, the unconscious grim irony and seeming waste of it all! And to this was added the sting of that inevitable mortification which follows hard upon the sense of miscalculated capacity, of overestimated powers. The very way her outspread designs lay upon the centre-table seemed to foreshadow the unpalatable truth. And she must know it, she must have her doubts resolved. She had tried, tried, *tried* — and had never once succeeded. And with life at its height for her, ambition at the flood, the family admiration, hope, belief, — all fixed upon her. The tears did not fall, but a scalding moisture filmed over her eyes, and she steadied her lips with a perceptible effort, as Emil Ruckert, special draughtsman, and also an instructor at the Institute, entered the room; and the homely odor of the good Sunday dinner which he brought with him, helped her trembling self-possession.

He came forward pleasantly, with the cheerfulness that is a life-habit, and took warmly her extended hand. His full sonorous German voice, with its slight German accent, more than filled the room.

"Well, young lady, you are brave, and I love courage in man and woman. I have gone over them all carefully, — they are perfectly done, perfectly executed."

He broke off, and sat down opposite her, then slowly adjusted his big round spectacles, and scrutinized her much as a physician might a patient, she thought, in a consulting-room. Her absolute health precluded the possibility of any such experience, but this was the way that it must feel and seem. With her sweeping feathers and winter furs she was so strikingly handsome, that Ruckert said suddenly, with childlike pleasure, "It is always so good to see you." The little rotund German-American was himself so "mortal ugly," as the Institute pupils were wont to say, that he made an admirable foil.

But Miss Carling's forced smile was very shadowy, as she said, " Yes, I know they are perfectly done; but — are they really worth while, is there really anything in them? "

The tone of suspense held both hope and fear. Ruckert, gazing at her steadily, turned his head from side to side, and brought his finger-tips together: he was evidently weighing his words.

" Just the plain truth, please," entreated Janet hastily, " the plain truth."

" Even if it — it 's — a facer? " asked Ruckert kindly.

" Even if it's a landslide and buries me," said Janet firmly, " I *must* have it."

Ruckert regarded her with a mental and spiritual comprehension and sympathy that, for the instant, revealed to Janet Carling the power of beauty that lies in expression. Then, in a softer voice, he reiterated, " The drawings are perfectly *done* " — emphasizing and prolonging the last word.

The ensuing silence was very telling.

" Yes," said Janet falteringly, " my talent showed itself early, the family believed in me and gave me every advantage. They have made sacrifices for me. I've had all the preliminaries, all the necessary training, as you well know. Eye and hand, hand and eye, are in me cultivated to their utmost. But I shall never make a painter, — I know that now, — though I do very pretty work in water colors, and I can copy perfectly. There, I begin to suspect, lies the mischief, the first hint of what I've had thrust into and upon me for three long years. There seems a fatal lack somewhere; and if it is n't in technical skill, then it must be in me, myself. Am I all facility and versatility, and nothing more? I can do all the prettinesses; the frippery of ornamentation is at my fingers' ends; and I make good money, and do help the family." She evidently tried to speak lightly and to control her quivering voice. " But there's a desire in me, a hunger, that goes infinitely deeper. I think I would almost have given my soul to be able to paint a real portrait, — I don't know why, just to express the something that's in me." She drew a sobbing breath. " And failing that, then I bent all my energies to architecture, intending to make it my life-work, to open a regular office, and to pay back handsomely to the family what they've spent on me. For my mother has even dipped into her principal. But I can't afford to make a serious mistake, or to prolong it; it might involve too much. I know that you yourself began with architecture; I know you know. Is it worth while for me to persist in it? Or shall I fall back on the prettinesses, and help the family in that way? I'm thirty-three, and I've worked hard."

Ruckert looked at her with the deepest sympathy, for had he not himself drunk to the full of just this cup?

" I really need expert opinion, you see," she said presently, " and the part of a true friend will be to tell me the truth, no matter how unpleasant. You are good and kind, and you *know:* that's why I'm here."

Ruckert rubbed his hands softly together, and inhaled and exhaled long, labored breaths. Passionate lover of beauty as he was, for the first time in all her handsome, self-sufficient life, Janet Carling really appealed to him, really touched his imagination and heart. Very outwardly attractive, but no real charm, had always been his mental reservation; but now, barely able to restrain her tears, throwing herself upon his unquestioned practical and artistic knowledge, his long experience and wisdom, she was really more womanly, and therefore more truly engaging, than she had ever been before. For a man never separates a woman from her femininity, and what man would really care in a woman for utmost artistic capacity expressed without utmost artistic skill?

" Yes I know, I know," said Ruckert gently; " it is a not uncommon sorrow, and a not uncommon mistake. I made it myself. I began with tremendous ambitions, hopes, intentions. I was going to

set the world afire; I was going to build such wonders as never man beheld. Well, it was n't in me, that's all. I had to face my limitations, and to work on from them. I'm a fine draughtsman, and an instructor at the Institute. I've made a decent living, have kept my old mother, now ninety, and a widowed sister, and have wound up and set going the nephews and the nieces. I've done what I *could;* you will have to do the same. I don't say all, but most of us, have to compromise with life in some way. Our worth depends on the nature and degree of our compromise. Use yourself to the best of your ability. I need n't tell you the truth, you know it; that's much, perhaps everything." She was so pale and rigid that he went on hastily, " Nature would seem to be prodigal of attempts in all of us, yet niggardly of results. There are far more blossoms than fruit; there are myriads of talents for one genius, and thousands of artistics to one artist. You and I, dear, dear — Lamb," — bringing out the droll little endearment with sweetest sympathy, — " are just artistics; but we can do our work well, can put plenty of use into life, and get plenty of happiness out of life."

Miss Carling could not speak, and Ruckert turned mercifully to the beautiful mechanical drawings.

" Life is such a paradox," continued the speculative German kindly, " it would seem that Nature, to get any kind of work out of us, often leaves something inadequate, an aching desire unfulfilled, a fine hope thwarted. And if we are brave, we make the best of it, and turn our very limitations to account. I don't know why it is, but you and I," he went on delicately, " have the creative impulse, but not the creative faculty. Give you an idea, a suggestion, and you can work it up to perfection; but your own mind does not generate ideas, does not offer to itself suggestions. That's why I call us both *artistics.* You have all the requisite ability, but not the real inherent capacity." He paused, and Janet crushed her hands together in silence and bit her lips. " Yet sometimes Nature fits us into life, and into one another, in wonderful and undreamed-of ways," he went on. " If you could find some one to be the necessary spark of genius to your skill, I should say, take a partner, open that office, live, and prosper. But where will you find such? "

He looked at her questioningly, searchingly, as if half-expecting a certain reply; but her face was blank. If he had an ulterior meaning, she did not catch it.

" I suppose you have been submitting these plans — "

The disappointment in her eyes checked him, yet she forced herself to smile as she held out her hand for the plans that he was now neatly putting up.

" Yes, I've submitted them, — always to get them back. But you have done me a real service, Mr. Ruckert, and I'm truly grateful. I can't afford to lose time, or to waste effort." Then, turning upon him almost passionately, she cried, " Why, *why,* can't we be artists? "

He hesitated a moment, then said slowly, " Because we cannot, by taking thought, add a cubit to our stature. Because the essential fire is given, — a rare gift, — not won, not learned, nor bought. But we can learn the worth of life, and make a place for ourselves by patience and humility."

He rose as she did, and they stood looking at each other, that mutual experience bringing them very near together. He went to the door with her and opened it, and the crisp air and winter afternoon sunshine seemed to fill the common little street with a kind of untimely joy. They shook hands in silence on the doorsteps, Ruckert knowing that disappointment, like the Knight's move at chess, admits of no interposition; and as he watched her tall fine figure pass swiftly out of sight, with its high head unconsciously drooped, and the impotent drawings crushed under one arm as if she were hiding a stab, he felt a return of his own old keen throb and pain, the sense of individual inadequacy in the face of overwhelming artistic de-

sire. He went slowly back into the house, and felt in his pocket for his pipe.

They were but heavy and sombre thoughts that companioned Janet on her homeward way. She, the eldest of the family, — so bright, handsome, intelligent, and devoted a family, — she who had always expected a career, for whom a brilliant career had always been predicted; she the very spirit of initiation, who set the pace as it were, who was adviser in general and critic extraordinary, who, almost ever since her father's death eighteen years ago, had successfully combined legislative, judicial, and executive functions, — the family pillar, boast, and idol, — she, Janet, was facing *failure;* not absolute failure, though she was scarce yet in a condition to recognize this, but certainly the failure of her own proudest, dearest, most confidently and openly expressed hopes.

It may be very human, the mortification that waits upon the discovery of individual limitation, but it is none the less poignant, and Janet fairly smarted at every pore. Should she tell the family that her architectural dreams were but dreams, and have a sharp pang over; or should she continue as she was now doing, go on with her various " prettinesses," and let the family discover the fact of her inadequacy for themselves?

She did not really so much seek to spare her vanity, or personal feeling,—for Janet's was too wholesome a nature for this, — but it was coming home to her now how masterful she had always been, so sure of herself, so sure of her judgments of and for others. In putting an end to the family expectations regarding herself, must she not greatly curtail her influence? When you have once flatly disappointed people, they are not apt to continue to believe in you, she thought bitterly, and the family pendulum of admiration and adulation was just as likely to swing to the opposite extreme. She thought of Ruckert's patience and cheerfulness, of his sunny kindness and usefulness, of the fine self-abnegation of his daily life, — something of this began to dawn on her, — yet she shivered, for the wind that blew from the heights of discipline that he had attained seemed less stimulating than sinister and cold.

Though the way was long, in her present state of feeling she could not take the trolley: she must walk, if only to counteract these surging thoughts that lashed themselves from side to side, like caged creatures within the suffocating sense of immutable limitation. What she had been feeling and suspecting was now confirmed, was fairly riveted down. Creative heat and energy are from within, responsive to suggestion, correlated with it, but not *it*, and she simply had n't this essential fire and force. In the shelter of her muff, the fingers clinched into the palms until even through the gloves she felt the cut of the nails upon her flesh. Oh, it was hard, hard, when she had so tried, so industriously and systematically *tried*. Conscience and mind fully acquitted her here; no, the lack was unmistakably and irretrievably in herself. And yet, in the midst of this sense of self-limitation, she became gradually aware that life itself was enlarging. She had always been fairly well able to criticise her own work; she now began to scrutinize that other work — Nature's Janet Carling.

She had always been rather " King of her Company," — in itself a serious detriment, — had always been admired, deferred to, in many ways served. Her immediate family, relatives, and friends had formed an unconscious little claque, which stimulated ambition, but did not enhance mental and spiritual perception. She began to feel and see that, while the company of one's peers may not tend to clarify vision, it certainly would not have prolonged the period of self-ignorance. She sighed deeply, and in connection with herself, mentally surveyed her brothers and sisters. There were six of them in all. Ada was married; and Ralph, the eldest son, the one next to her, hoped to be married in the spring, which would naturally remove *his* material help from

the family sphere; and that left Clare and Laura, herself and — Lexy. Her thought paused upon Lexy, and she involuntarily and grimly smiled. He was hardly to be counted upon or reckoned with.

The youngest, full eleven years her junior, delicate in infancy and early childhood, barely out of babyhood when his father died, Lexy, while at first a great care to his mother and sisters, had always been overlooked. Small and morbidly shy, physically and mentally unlike all the others, — the family changeling, indeed, — it had been easy to overlook him. Plain among the handsome, inarticulate among the fluent, neutral among people of decided tastes and opinions, Lexy had always gone his own way unmolested. He disturbed no one; he was never late, never unaccounted for. Unconsciously the family had always said, "All of us — and Lexy." In a family distinctly and distinctively abreast of the times, people who read the latest books, saw the newest pictures and plays, heard the latest operas, and could state clearly the freshest theories in politics, science, literature, and ethics, — among these wide-awake people, Lexy was completely submerged.

Though a great reader, he had barely scraped through school, lost among the ruck of pupils, and no one thought of his going to college. It had not seemed worth while. And at twenty-two he was the intendant of a multi-roomed sky-scraper, where he sat in a tiny office, and rented offices and answered questions and adjusted difficulties and gave directions, and lived a life as little salient, seemingly, as an ant's. His wage was fifty dollars a month, now, with prospects of an increase later on; thirty-five of this he gave regularly to his mother, "for the house," he would briefly say, — and he did not, apparently, squander the remaining fifteen.

He was scrupulously neat, but rather careless in his dress; if taken unawares and flustered, he was apt to stutter. "Society," of the Afternoon-Tea order, and Bridge-playing sort, he quietly avoided; from girls he glided wistfully away; yet he was always pressed into service to escort home from the family social gatherings the middle-aged ladies and the plain young ones. For the handsome sisters, and Ralph — who was handsomest of all, bright, many-sided, and sympathetic ("sympathetic" was one of the family shibboleths) — had hosts of friends and acquaintances; their Thursday Evenings in January were really delightful: good company, good talk, good music; and a tractable and obliging younger brother who, except when he went to the theatre, was almost invariably at home by half-past ten, was really invaluable.

Defects are almost as obvious as beauties. If the Carlings as a whole had a lack, it was repose, as conspicuously absent as the fine family nose was conspicuously present. Yet very few would feel this, perhaps; for is not repose with us a lost art, or a prehistoric requisite outlived, like the evolutionary tail? But the quiet Lexy was reposeful enough: he could sit the whole evening in a lamp-lit corner, with a "kind-hearted, mellow, old play-book," comfortably lost to the "up-to-date" world. No, Lexy was "good as gold," a family comfort and convenience, but he did not count in this disintegration of Janet's scheme of things; he was "just Lexy."

She sighed deeply, and he dropped suddenly out of her thoughts as Ralph, with his contemplated marriage, took his place. Ralph counted upon *her*, Janet, to help doubly when his help should be withdrawn. They had both taken it for granted, and moreover, she had openly promised it to him and to herself. What now if she simply *could* not fulfill that promise? She had encouraged his engagement, and the reasonably speedy marriage; she did not believe in long waitings, and there was Adeline's side of the question to be considered. A man should not engage himself to a girl to love all his family, she had said gayly and

kindly; for Janet, if masterful, was anything but selfish. She sighed still more deeply, since this failure might make a difference in Ralph's and Adeline's prospects; for while the "prettinesses" did very well in their way, she had all along regarded them as a mere by-product, and now they would have to be her main dependence.

Softly she opened the front door, intending to go directly to her room. The warm dusk of the hall, the delicate scent of house-plants, the sound of bright voices from the parlor, all jarred upon her strained senses, and she slipped quickly and quietly to the stairway. A figure, which had the effect of lingering half-way up the steps, became opaque in the twilight.

"Is that you, Jan?" And she recognized Lexy's rather low, soft voice. He came down to meet her.

"Who are in the parlor?" she asked hurriedly.

"Nobody in particular: Charlie Grant and two or three girls. Charlie will probably stay to tea; the others will go presently. Why don't you come up to the Den, and rest awhile?"

He led the way to the end of the long upper passage where a living-room looked out to the west; and now the ineffable glow of sunset still shone above the housetops. He stirred the soft-coal fire till the flames darted and quivered up the chimney, but did not light the lamp. Janet dropped into a chair by the fire, and let the drawings slide from under her arm to the floor. Lexy silently picked them up, and laid them carefully on a near-by divan. He said nothing, but lingered, a gentle unobtrusive presence, and finally moved over to one of the windows, and stood looking out, with his back to his sister.

In the moment of defeat so-called, one often realizes more keenly and distinctly the customary life about one, as the blow or sting of failure quickens rather than dulls the sense. Presently Janet became aware that Lexy *was* lingering, and had made several little inarticulate sounds as if attempting speech. She roused from her self-absorption. Did Lexy divine that aught was amiss? Was it possible that the boy had some boy's notion of standing by her by way of comfort?

"Lexy," she said softly.

"Yes?" The answer came tense and swift, but he drew no nearer.

"I've been having the — the — conceit taken out of me — dreadful operation! — I'm obliged to — to — forego my hopes."

"Janet" — His voice held a note of entreaty, yet he got no further, for he began to stutter.

"I shall never make an architect: I'm just femininely clever, *clever*, no more nor less. The root of the matter is n't in me; and I've had to face the truth."

"But, Janet, you have such skill." His voice had an odd strain and break in it that hers did not show.

"That's it; I'm all skill. Archimedes could have moved the world if he had had the fulcrum for his lever. I've no fulcrum, no *substance*. I'm a perfect piece of machinery, but with no grist to grind."

There was a long silence. Janet shaded her eyes from the firelight, and leaned back in the chair.

"I'm sorrier — in one way — for the family's sake than for my own. I — I — meant to do so much for you all — be a sort of son and daughter combined. I was going to don a man's armor and do a man's work."

She did not know that the pain in her voice was all the more audible because of the attempted lightness; but she heard Lexy catch his breath.

"Did Ruckert tell you?" He spoke with unusual quickness and decision.

She sat up in sharp surprise. "Ruckert! Do *you* know him?"

"Oh, yes. I've gone to the night-classes for four years. I graduated — with distinction — last June."

She turned on him in amazement. "Lexeter, and you never said a word!"

He came forward shyly, and slipped

down upon the divan beside the discarded drawings.

"Well, you would all have laughed at, maybe scouted, the idea, and would have pitied my infatuation, or my — my — *nerve*. For my hand is still shaky, the after-effects of those childish illnesses still linger, and I shall probably never have perfect muscular control. But, Janet, I *wanted* to do it so, — it seemed part of my very life, — and it took nothing from any one, no one's time or trouble."

He sighed deeply.

"Lexy, why did n't you tell me?" This in a voice of wondering reproach.

"I did want to, often; but as I had never been much of a book-learner, — too busy with books and bits of chalk for that, — I was afraid you and mother might object on the score of health, the taking of the evening for extra work when the day had been already fully occupied. And you have mother's ear more than the rest of us, you know. But as soon as I got the Algonquin Building, it was all plain sailing."

"And your work, Lexy — where's your work?"

She spoke kindly but somewhat mechanically, with no very deep interest. He stooped down and pulled out a shabby portfolio, a discarded one of her own, from under the divan. "I put them here this afternoon on the chance of showing them to you when you came back." He rose quickly and lighted the lamp. "Ruckert told me to show them to you, when he mentioned your intention of consulting him."

Her numbed spirit stirred a little, for she was artist enough, and generous enough, to feel at least anticipation in the presence of the same kind of work. Yet it was with a sigh that she wheeled determinedly round to the light as Lexy laid a large sheet on her lap. Her first glance was half-hearted and perfunctory, but she presently checked an exclamation, and held out a hand eagerly for more. Sheet after sheet he laid down — charcoal most of them, rough, but powerful and *alive*. Janet held her breath as she fairly devoured them with her eyes. Here was what she would have liked to do, for while finished technical skill was doubtless lacking, there could be no question of their merit, — the root of the matter was too surely there.

"Lexy, and you never even let us *sympathize* with you!"

His small, vivid, hazel eyes, so different from the large gray-blue ones of the others, significantly fixed her.

"*Would* you have sympathized?" he asked quietly. "Would n't you have thought rather that my nervous hand was deterrent enough, that it would be time wasted for *me* to take up drawing? You are all so busy and active and eager and — clever; and feminine cleverness is apt to have so much edge," added Lexy naïvely, with an unconscious sigh. "I like to crawl into my inmost self, and think; I like to prowl about and to look at life in my own way. You are all so — together, so — gregarious; I did n't seem just to — fit in." He had spoken with little apologetic gasps and stutterings, while Janet earnestly regarded him as in a new and unfamiliar light. "I've got no *show* about me, no *effect*," he concluded with quaint candor. "As you all say, I'm 'just Lexy.'"

Janet was silent. Decidedly life was enlarging, and kaleidoscopically changing; it showed the same colors, perhaps, but far different shapes.

"This face with its traveling eyes — where did you get it?" asked Janet, laying a detaining hand upon a sheet that Lexy was about to remove.

"Oh, a common sailor on the wharves, a rover, son of a Scotch father and a Portuguese mother, he told me; you catch the look of the eyes? Does n't it remind you of Marco Polo's eyes, — that sidelong, far-off look into unreckoned space, the look of the born traveler and explorer? The fellow sat to me for an hour, and I certainly fixed that look."

Lexy spoke with enthusiasm. Janet earnestly regarded him, and it was a really

beautiful face that she bent toward the young man from under the yellow lamplight, a face touching in its generous pride and fellow-artist satisfaction.

Lexy was absolutely undemonstrative, but he put out his hand and gently touched her sleeve. "Nice old Janet!" he said softly, with a long breath of happy relief and affection.

"There's something in the old fairy stories after all," she said presently, — "a truth with a difference. Is n't it the youngest brother who so often does the deed, and carries off the prize? I'm proud of you, Lexy, and I suspect it was unconsciously our fault that you hid your light so long under a bushel. But the light is here; *you* are the real thing." She spoke with decision. "What a terrible pity that your hand is n't surer."

Lexy drew a deep breath, and clinched the fingers of that nervous right hand. "It's an awful disappointment, Janet, one that has fairly eaten into me; but it can't be helped. I may possibly outgrow it; but as three times seven have passed over me, it's hardly likely. Will you look at my architectural attempts?"

He spoke shyly and wistfully, as if still uncertain there of her entire sympathy; and then he laid another little heap of drawings on her lap. These were less striking, perhaps, than the charcoal heads and sketches, because of the more markedly imperfect workmanship; but the individual idea was always strong, nothing was meaningless, and there was a simplicity, directness, and beauty about his designs that made them memorable.

"Lexy, beside these mine are a mere mess of prettiness," she cried eagerly. "Why, in the name of wonder, have n't you said anything before?" Then, as the interview with Ruckert flashed significantly across her mind, — "Lexy, why did n't Ruckert" — And then she stopped. Something in the pain yet triumph of the young man's expression, its sweetness and patience and hope, came home to her. "Lexeter, was it *this* that Ruckert meant when he said, 'If you could find some one to be the spark of genius to your skill'? — Would you like me to work these over for you, Lexy, put them into shape so that you could submit them?"

The boy brought his hands together in ecstasy, and tears of joy shone in his eyes.

"Janet, *will* you, would you be willing to play second fiddle?" There was a sob in his voice. "It'll be *such* a chance!"

Large vistas of life opened before Janet as she looked at him, and as self dropped slowly out of sight. "Did Ruckert mean, did he hope and think — "

She broke off, but gazed questioningly into Lexy's radiant face.

"I don't know," said the boy quickly; "all he said was, 'I want you to show your sister your work; show it to her Sunday afternoon when she comes back from me.'"

Janet's face flushed, then paled, then grew firm again. "Ah, he knew I would do you justice, even as he does!"

Lexy seemed to expand in the warmth of her generous admiration and affection.

"He is finer than I thought, than I knew," she said musingly.

"Oh, Ruckert, he's great!" cried Lexy eagerly. Brother and sister looked deep into each other's eyes. "It was — beautiful — of him to let us find each other out for ourselves," said Lexy shyly, after a long silence.

Janet looked at him remorsefully. "Let me find *you* out, you mean; for you knew my skill." She spoke tensely.

He laid his beautiful hand on her arm again. "If you've found out my — talent, maybe, I've surely discovered yourself, Jan, your — magnanimity. That's better still."

There fell a yet longer silence in which neither could speak.

"Then you'll be eye and genius, and I'll be hand and skill," said Janet presently. She spoke determinedly, bravely concealing any last mortal pang the words may have cost her.

The youth regarded her earnestly. "You are fine, too, Janet," he said

bluntly. Then, catching the quality of her resolute smile, he added wistfully, "You won't mind — very much?"

"Well, possibly just at first I may. Personal ambition, mixed with some vanity, probably dies hard: all the anodyne of common sense does n't quite deaden the pain. But, Lexy, it will be the real opportunity for both of us. It will take you out of the Algonquin, where you evidently *don't* belong, and will put me in an office, where I evidently do, as your assistant. I'm beginning to see great things for you, Lexeter; you must n't disappoint me."

"I won't," said Lexy quietly, gathering up the scattered designs. "Do you really know Ruckert?" he asked suddenly; and for the first time Janet felt how perceptive his eyes were.

"I begin to suspect there are many things I have n't an inkling of."

"Oh, come, don't go to the other extreme, and be *too* self-depreciative," returned Lexy, stuttering.

"I'm going to get ready for tea now."

She rose as she spoke; Lexy held her, however, with his wistful eyes.

"Be satisfied," she said almost tenderly. "This is really our mutual gain. And I'm quite sure I need the discipline. Eye and hand, eh, Lexy?"

The boy turned his back, and the hands that were so carefully putting up her drawings with his own shook. She felt that he was touched to the quick, too grateful and happy for speech.

"When we *do* put out our sign," he contrived to murmur presently, "it'll be, 'Carling and Carling, Architects.'"

She laughed from the doorway. "Immense; I see it already with my mind's eye. But, meanwhile, come down to tea. Visions are unsubstantial."

But the boy lingered. There was rapture in his soul, and he wanted space and silence and solitude in which to meet it. No one more than he who lacked it could appreciate his sister's rare skill. God had lent him a hand. The limitation of each was more than made good in the fullness of the other. Lexy would always be more or less of a solitary, because the deep things of the spirit are incommunicable, and he was born to the deeps of Life; they went with his spark of genius, its joy and its pain. The thought flashed through his mind that there is just one process the Great and Only Artist lets man see and partly share, — the fashioning of a soul in the furnace of pain. He laid all the drawings carefully away, and, after a time, followed his sister.

THE EXPECTATION OF IMMORTALITY

BY GEORGE HODGES

In founding at Harvard a lectureship on the Immortality of Man, the donor, Mr. George Goldthwait Ingersoll, provided for entire freedom of discussion. He proposed, indeed, the establishment of his foundation " on a plan similar to the Dudleian lecture," but in this reference he had no more in mind than a separation of the lecture from the ordinary instruction of the college. Judge Dudley, in 1750, prescribed not only the theme, but the manner in which it should be treated. Mr. Ingersoll did not follow his example.

It illustrates a characteristic difference between Dudley's day and ours. The men of the eighteenth century did not differ from the men of the twentieth century in their regard for the truth. They believed it to be the most precious of all possessions. They were quite as intent upon getting and keeping it as are the most conservative or the most radical of our own contemporaries. But they felt that truth needed a good deal of protection. They were unwilling to have her go about without an escort. Dr. Holmes said that they thought that Truth was an invalid, and that it was unsafe for her to take the outer air except in a closed carriage with a gentleman in black upon the box. Dudley, accordingly, made provision for the defense of the truth. The lecturers on his foundation were not only to discuss certain subjects, but were to arrive at certain conclusions; as, for example, that " the Church of Rome is that mystical Babylon, that man of sin, that apostate church, spoken of in the New Testament."

Mr. Ingersoll made no such arrangement. What he himself thought about the Immortality of Man does not appear in the statements which are quoted from his will. It is plain, however, that he did not expect that his lectures would become a series of Easter sermons. He specified that the choice of the lecturer should " not be limited to any one denomination, nor to any one profession, but may be that of either clergyman or layman." The fact that he chose this theme indicates his inclination toward belief, and also his experience that such belief is beset with difficulty. But, whatever his own position may have been, he offered to the truth the homage of his perfect confidence. He was content, in Milton's phrase, to let truth and falsehood grapple. He was in no doubt as to the consequences. Thus he set his theme, and left his lecturers to affirm or deny it as they would. The Dudleian lecture and the Ingersoll lecture are milestones on the road of theological progress.

I

Ten Ingersoll lectures having now been delivered and published, one in each year since the bequest became available, it is proper to consider what has been said thus far. These ten small books on one of the greatest of subjects contain the untrammeled opinions of ten wise men. Two of the lecturers, Professor Ostwald and Professor Osler, are physicists. Two others, Professor James and Professor Royce, are psychologists. Mr. Dole and Dr. Crothers are Unitarian ministers. President Wheeler and Dr. Bigelow illustrate the theme by the ideas of other religions, one reporting the mind of ancient Greece, the other of modern India. Dr. Gordon and Mr. John Fiske may be set together as philosophers. Mr. Fiske's

brilliant work was done indeed in various fields, but to no study did he bring a more earnest mind than to the consideration of the idea of God and the destiny of man, and no writing of our generation has been more effective in resolving the doubts of those to whom the language of technical theology is an unknown tongue; he alone of all the ten knows at this moment what the arguments are worth.

It is an unconventional list. Dudley would no more have committed such a subject to such a succession of lecturers than he would have proposed a discussion of the validity of congregational orders by a series of poets, schoolmasters, and lawyers. The choice, however, has been justified by the size and interest of the audience. Nobody could predict beforehand what any lecturer would say. People came expecting to be surprised, and some of the lecturers fulfilled this expectation. So strong and constant is the note of independence that few of the contributors to this series seem to have risked the peril of prejudice even by reading the arguments of their predecessors. Professor Ostwald, for instance, in his discussion of individuality is completely unaware of Professor Royce's treatment of that subject.

A curious fact is the abstinence of most of the lecturers from any serious consideration of the Christian religion. The Buddhist idea of immortality is admirably expounded by Dr. Bigelow, and the doctrine of the Eleusinian Mysteries is excellently explained by Dr. Wheeler, but there is no exposition of the Christian point of view. In this respect, the lectures are like the schoolrooms adorned with pictures of Minerva and Diana, and in which the only religions whose details are systematically taught are those which are remote in time or place from our contemporary life. This omission has recalled to some impatient minds the associations which were connected with the name of Ingersoll some years ago.

There is, of course, a difference between a university lecture and a parochial sermon. The sermon is addressed for the most part to those who are already in possession of certain firm convictions. These convictions are fundamental. They assert, for example, the being and nature of God, the divinity of Christ, the immortality of man. These are not open questions. They may be discussed for the greater confirmation of the faith, but the discussion ends with affirmation. The religious teacher who finds himself at variance with these convictions resigns his place. That is expected of him.

The university lecture, on the other hand, is addressed to those who are engaged more or less seriously in the interpretation of the universe. It is their purpose to consider truth without regard to convictions or to consequences. All questions are open. Any position, no matter by whom held, — though all the philosophers and all the prophets were agreed upon it, — is open to interrogation; and whoever can show just cause may follow his interrogation by denial.

This description of the difference between the sermon and the lecture exaggerates the contrast. In the actual conditions of the pulpit and the chair, the two are not so wide apart. But it will serve to indicate a characteristic distinction between the preparation of a sermon and the preparation of a lecture, to which these teachers have had regard. Thus an eleventh Ingersoll lecturer, Mr. Lowes Dickinson, whose thesis has just been published, begins by saying, " There may be those who are convinced, on grounds of revealed religion, that man is immortal. To these I do not speak, for anything I could say must be an irrelevance or an impertinence." This is the posting of a notice of intention to debate the matter quite apart from considerations of religion. Immortality is to be affirmed or denied on grounds of philosophy. Most of the lecturers are of this mind.

What do they say? Supposing our-

selves to be desirous of knowing what ten learned men have to teach us as to our probable future, what do they say?

II

Two of them say very little. These, of course, are the physicists. Being asked to consider the subject in the light of their special studies, one of them says bluntly that he finds nothing to confirm or even to suggest the notion of immortality; and the other, while unable to deny that his investigation of the human body gives him no expectation of immortality, still prefers to be in error, as he says, with Plato. That is, two ingenious men being provided with a hammer apiece, a pound of nails, two saws, and two smooth boards, are asked to see what each can do in the way of making a violin. One of them actually sets to work, and for the space of an hour demonstrates beyond the shadow of a doubt that a violin cannot be made with a hammer, a saw, and any quantity of boards and nails. The other looks ruefully at his impossible materials, but maintains his confidence in violins. Beethoven, he says, believed in violins.

The assertion of these lecturers, that as physicists they find no ground for any expectation of immortality, dismisses a whole class of possible witnesses. We can learn nothing about our subject from the processes of physical research. So far as the study of the body goes, intelligence and the nervous system are bound up together. Mr. Fiske puts the matter with his customary clearness when he says that "we have no more warrant from experience for supposing consciousness to exist apart from a nervous system than for supposing the properties of water to exist in a world destitute of hydrogen and oxygen."

Not only is it impossible to prove the immortality of man from the facts with which the physicist deals, but it is equally impossible to imagine the conditions under which such an everlasting life might proceed. The descriptions which are given in the sacred books are plainly in the language of symbol, and have no concrete significance. He who wrote of golden streets and gates of pearl, and crowns and harps, was only using the words which lay at hand to describe the indescribable. He did not expect his vision to be read like the specifications of an architect. This is true also of the discussion by St. Paul of the spiritual body. The adjective means that, as we have now a body adapted to the conditions of a natural or physical world, we shall presently have a body adapted to a spiritual world. This is no more a definition than the famous description of the duties of an archdeacon as consisting in the performance of archidiaconal functions. The whole matter is not only beyond the range of the physicist's instruments of precision, but it is beyond the scope of imagination.

When, however, it is securely proved that a violin cannot be made by a carpenter out of a piece of board, the case against the possibility of violins is by no means established. There may be other workmen with other materials. So it is with the immortality of man. The physicist says that he is unable to affirm it; but inability to affirm is no ability to deny. Not only, says Mr. Fiske, does the position of the physicist fail to disprove the validity of the belief in immortality, but "it does not raise the slightest *prima facie* presumption against it. This will at once become apparent if we remember that human experience is very far indeed from being infinite, and that there are in all probability immense regions of existence in every way as real as the regions which we know, yet concerning which we cannot form the faintest rudiment of a conception."

One remembers, in this connection, the assertion of Mr. Edison that nobody knows a seven-billionth of one per cent about anything. The physicists are outside the province of their special knowledge. The question under dis-

cussion has to do with the possibility of consciousness when all the materials with which the physicist deals are removed. Plainly, the hypothesis of their removal transfers the whole debate into quite another line of research. "The last place in the world," says Mr. Fiske, "to which I should go for information about a state of things in which thought and feeling can exist in the absence of a cerebrum would be cerebral physiology." That is, the opinion of a student of the body regarding the immortality of the soul is of no more value than the opinion of a maker of kettledrums regarding the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. The debate is outside his department. It belongs to the psychologists.

III

Accordingly, Professor James in his lecture, beginning with the formula of the materialist, "thought is a function of the brain," shows that this is no objection to our faith in immortality. For a function may be transmissive rather than productive. The formula need not mean that the brain produces thought as the kettle produces steam. It may mean that the brain transmits thought as a prism transmits light.

"Suppose, for example," says Mr. James, "that a dome opaque enough at all times to the full supersolar blaze, should at certain times and places grow less so, and let certain beams pierce through into this sublunary world. These beams would be so many finite rays, so to speak, of consciousness, and they would vary in quantity and quality as the opacity differed in degree. Admit now that our brains are such thin and half-transparent places in the veil. What will happen? Why, as the white radiance comes through the dome, with all sorts of staining and distortion imprinted upon it by the glass, even so the genuine matter of reality, the life of souls as it is in all its fullness, will break through our several brains into this world in all sorts of restricted forms, and with all the imperfections and queernesses that characterize our finite individuality here below. When finally a brain stops acting altogether, or decays, that special stream of consciousness that it subserved will vanish entirely from the natural world. But the sphere of being which supplied the consciousness would still be intact; and in that more real world with which, even whilst here, it was continuous, the consciousness might, in ways unknown to us, continue still." That is, consciousness is like the act of looking through a window. Outside is a vast world of reality; the brain is our dim window. It may be that at death the window opens, and out we go into a new and better sight of the real world, into a new relation with it. The fact that there is no more window does not signify the abolition either of the world or of ourselves; it signifies only some other point of view.

Mr. James's emphasis is on the independent reality of this vast outer world at which we look by consciousness. Mr. Royce, on the other hand, emphasizes the truth of our own being, the fact that within us is an individuality which looks out. We know ourselves, he says, to be individuals, and we recognize the same quality in our neighbors. We cannot define this quality either in them or in ourselves, but it is the one thing of which we are absolutely certain. Philosophy is doubtful about things, and has sometimes denied the reality of the visible world, but it is sure of persons. The affirmation of individuality is an invincible assertion of the human mind. No conceivable identity of appearance or of characteristics can persuade us that two men standing side by side are one and the same man. If, having formed an accurate idea of Abraham Lincoln, we were able to create a man conforming to that idea in every particular, the man would not be Lincoln. Every one of us has the inalienable and indestructible quality of individuality. "I know not in the least," says Mr. Royce, "I pretend not to guess, by what pro-

cess this individuality of our human life is further expressed, whether through many tribulations as here, or whether by a more direct road to individual fulfillment and peace. I only know that our various meanings, through whatever vicissitudes of fortune, consciously come to what we individually, and God in whom alone we are individuals, shall together regard as the attainment of our unique place, and of our true relationship both to other individuals and to the all-inclusive individual, God Himself."

Thus the psychologists, coming into the debate from which the physicists by reason of the irrelevance of their studies are excluded, maintain the immortality of man on two grounds, negative and positive. Mr. James takes the negative position, that although consciousness is a function of the brain, the brain may be no more essential to it than a prism is essential to the existence of light; in another life, we may get along very well without it. Mr. Royce takes the positive position that we are conscious of individuality; and that this individuality, which we can define neither in ourselves nor in our friends, is the hint of a completion of consciousness and of expression for which we need a life larger than this.

IV

When we turn from the physicists and psychologists to the theologians, we find a confident expectation of immortality on the basis of certain fundamental assertions. All reasoning depends on fundamental assertions. When the theologian begins his argument by taking certain things for granted, he is in the company of the man of science who starts with the assertion of the reality of the world of the senses, and of the philosopher who starts with the assertion of the reality of the processes of the mind. The necessity of taking things for granted has its source in the limitations of our intellectual powers, and in the consequent limitation of our intellectual accomplishments. At the end of three serious questions about anything, we find ourselves in the region of the unknown. " A man surveys his field," says Dr. Crothers, " and fixes his boundaries. He is satisfied with his finite possession, this bit of space inclosed against all trespassers. Then in the night he looks up, and there is no inclosure." Over his scanty acres shines the ancient and everlasting mystery of the stars. We live environed with mystery. Life is a mystery; matter is a mystery. The known is related to the unknown as the cultivated farm within its fences is related to the stars. That which can be proved by mathematics or chemistry is insignificant in comparison with the vast areas where such proof has no standing. Such knowledge as we have of these astronomic regions is got by looking from the heights of the fundamental assertions. Here we know because we know.

These assertions are accredited by their universality. They are the common property of all men in all generations. They are phenomena of humanity, facts about us, like breathing and seeing. We find ourselves in possession of them as a part of our human inheritance. They are conditions of our intellectual being. They cannot, indeed, be proved by instruments of precision, but we perceive that we are unable to get along without them. We assume them in order to prove anything else. Hence we infer that they correspond to reality, as the optic nerve corresponds to light. Being universally in possession of these ideas, we are convinced that they mean something.

Also, the fundamental assertions are accredited by their accordance with our best understanding of the general order of things. We apply to them the method of the naturalist who tries his hypothesis to see how it will fit, and proceeds upon the hypothesis which on the whole appears to explain the greatest number of phenomena in the most reasonable way.

Thus Dr. Gordon, Mr. Dole, and Dr. Crothers base the expectation of immortality, first, upon the fundamental asser-

tion of the being of God; then, upon the assertion of the reasonableness of the universe; and then, upon the assertion of the worth of human life.

"The preposterous," says Mr. Dole, "will not be suffered to happen. We could not respect a God, much less love or worship any being, who brought ranks of creatures into existence, shared the mightiest thoughts with them, inspired infinite hopes in them, lifted the noblest of them into rapturous communion with Himself, continually unfolded their minds and hearts and disclosed the unexhausted capacities of their being, only to drop them into nothingness, as children blow their soap-bubbles and drop them out of the window to burst and vanish." Such an idea of God and of man is out of accord with the reasonableness of the world.

Moreover, "man's life," as Mr. Dole again reminds us, "not only belongs to the realm of the senses and what we call material things, but it belongs essentially, in respect to all that most concerns us as human, to the invisible realm of thought or spirit." In the material realm the eminent facts are force and matter; in the spiritual realm the eminent facts are consciousness, personality, thought, will, and love. And to all this we apply the doctrine of the conservation of value. The material facts persist: on they go, through manifold transformations, into existence without end. What shall we say as to the spiritual facts? Shall oxygen and hydrogen continue, while faith and reverence and self-sacrifice and honor and affection perish? "The idea of immortality is an assertion of the indestructible worth of the values that characterize humanity at its best." And these values are not satisfied by any immortality of lasting influence, or by any merging of the soul of man into the soul of the universe. They demand a conscious, individual existence. Justice and truth and love have no meaning apart from persons. Personality itself is one of the precious facts of human life. Man has been too long in growing, through the ages of the universe, to live a few years, to make a beginning of an endless life, and then perish. Man is of too much value to be outlived by a brick wall, or even by a mountain.

The being of God, the reasonableness of the world, the value of man, and the immortality of the soul, these theologians say, belong together.

V

The discussion, however, as thus far conducted, is like a debate on the making of the world, without reference to the doctrine of Darwin. The criticism of a man of science upon such a presentation of the matter would be that a great range of new ideas has come into our possession since 1859. To lecture now upon the process of creation as one might have lectured in 1858 is to bring a belated contribution. The criticism of a man of religion upon the Ingersoll series is of the same sort. Something happened in the year one of our era. There entered then into our thought and life a new person, who at the least and lowest taught a body of new truth, and at the most and highest was Himself a disclosure of the divine nature. This new truth was a revelation of God, as revolutionary in regard to the relation between God and man as was the revelation of Copernicus in regard to the relation between the sun and the earth. It was an assertion of the fatherhood of God.

This had, indeed, been dreamed of by saints and philosophers and poets, but it was Jesus Christ who brought it clearly and definitely into the consciousness of man. It differentiates the Christian conception of man and of God from that of any other religion. It is confirmed by that valid process of reasoning whereby we argue from the known to the unknown, from man at his best to God, from human love to divine love. Hosea got a sight of it by inference from his own experience. But back of all reasoning is

our immediate perception of the love of God in the person of Jesus Christ. God is our father; gradually, in the recognition of this truth, superstition and propitiation and the dread of God fade away. We are the sons of God and brothers in one family; gradually, in the recognition of this truth, tyranny and oppression and the merging of the man in the multitude give place to democracy and liberty. And these two truths, the contribution of Christianity to our understanding of life, this fatherhood and this brotherhood, are the syllables which spell the immortality of man. They certify it.

Not only do they certify the life everlasting, but they bring into it new elements of satisfaction. The eleventh Ingersoll lecturer discusses the desirability of immortality. Apart from Christianity, this is an open question. By the Greek, even by the Hebrew, the life whose gate is the grave was accepted with foreboding. The soul entered into a dim, shadowy, and cold existence; "in the darkness," says the psalm, "as the men that have been long dead." To the Buddhist, the blessed end is to escape at last from individual life into final absorption into the divine. The life everlasting is not desirable, says Mr. Dickinson, unless it implies a state of constant progress. Certainly not. But such constant progress is assured by the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Here again, Christ brought both life and immortality to light. It is by reason of Him that the future is a splendid expectation.

The lectures are all interesting, but one of the elements of their interest is that they show how strong a defense of truth may still be made with bows and arrows; and how much we may see of the planet of Mars without the aid of telescopes. The lecturers summon us to meet them in the Painted Porch of Zeno, or in some philosophic grove whose trees were felled for firewood before the Christian era. It is a long way to go, in space and time. Much of high importance has happened, not only in science, but in religion, since those days.

MY PORTION

BY JOHN B. TABB

I KNOW not what a day may bring;
For now 't is Sorrow that I sing,
And now 't is Joy.
In both a Father's hand I see;
For one renews the Man in me,
And one the Boy.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES[1]

VIII

THE SUMMER OF '64, AND LINCOLN'S RENOMINATION

[General Nathaniel P. Banks, a civilian general, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives, had superseded Butler in New Orleans toward the end of 1862. In 1864 he was placed in command of the so-called Red River Expedition, designed to drive the Rebels from western Louisiana. After a defeat at Sabine Cross Roads, and a success at Pleasant Hill, the expedition ended in futile fashion.]

Tuesday, April 26, 1864.

Rear Admiral Porter has sent me a long, confidential letter in relation to affairs on Red River and the fights that have taken place at Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, etc. The whole affair is unfortunate. Great sacrifice of life and property has been made in consequence of an incompetent general in command. It is plain from Admiral Porter's account that Banks is no general, has no military capacity, is wholly unfit for the position assigned him. He has never exhibited military capacity, and I regret [that] the President should adhere to him. It is to be attributed in a great degree to Seward, who caused Butler to be superseded by Banks, and naturally desires he should not prove a failure, and therefore hopes and strives against facts. Banks has much of the demagogue. [He] is superficially smart, has volubility and a smack of party management which is often successful. The President thinks he has presidential pretensions and friends to back him; but it is a great mistake. Banks is not only no general, but he is not much of a statesman. He is something of a politician, and a party man of his own stamp, and for his own advancement, but is not true and reliable.

There is an attempt to convert this reverse into a victory, but the truth will disclose itself. The President should, if Porter's statements are reliable, dismiss Banks, or deprive him of military command.

I asked Halleck, who called on me today, what the army opinion was of the recent conflicts on Red River. He said we undoubtedly had the worst of it, and that Banks had no military talent or education. While I do not place a high estimate on Halleck himself, his expressed opinion of Banks corresponds with my own. Whether he will recommend the withdrawal of Banks from the army remains to be seen.

Saturday, May 7, 1864.

Some fragmentary intelligence comes to us of a conflict of the two great armies. A two days' fight is said to have taken place. The President came into my room about 1 P. M. and told me he had slept none last night. He lay down for a short time on the sofa in my room and detailed all the news he had gathered.

Mr. Wing, a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, called upon me this evening. He brings the first news we have had, but this is not full and conclusive.

[Two great movements of the Federal armies were in progress. On May 3 Grant crossed the Rapidan and advanced into the Wilderness, where on May 5 the bloodiest struggle of the war

[1] Copyright, 1909, by Edgar T. Welles.

began. On May 6 Sherman had started from Chattanooga on his march through Georgia.]

Monday, May 9, 1864.

We had yesterday great feelings, deep interest, but little news, little in the way of detail though great in importance. Nothing came from General Grant, who is no braggart, and does not mean to have tidings precipitated in advance. A despatch from General Ingalls to Quartermaster General Meigs calls for forage, which indicates an onward movement. Other incidental information is to the same effect. At least this is my inference, and [that of] others also.

To-day's news confirms the impression, yet we have nothing specific. All our conclusions however are one way, and there can be no doubt the rebels have fallen back, and our forces have advanced.

Mr. Heap, Clerk to Rear Admiral Porter, arrived yesterday from Alexandria on the Red River. He brings a deplorable account of affairs in a confidential despatch from Admiral Porter, and more fully detailed by himself. The misfortunes are attributed entirely and exclusively to the incapacity of General Banks. Neither Admiral Porter, nor Mr. Heap admit any mitigating circumstances, but impute to his imbecility the loss of the expedition and the probable sacrifice of the fleet. They accuse him of equivocating, of electioneering, of speculating in cotton, and general malfeasance and mismanagement.

I took Heap with me to the President and had him tell his own story. It was less full and denunciatory than to me, but it seemed to convince the President, who I have thought was over partial to Banks, and I have thought that Seward contributed to that feeling. The President after hearing Heap said he had rather cottoned up to Banks, but for some time past had begun to think he was erring in so doing. He repeated two verses from Moore, commencing —

'T was ever thus from childhood's hour
I 've seen my fondest hopes decay.

It would not do to retain him in military command at such obvious sacrifice of the public interest.

I am not one of the admirers of Banks. He has a certain degree of offhand smartness, very good elocution and command of language, with perfect self-possession, but is not profound. He is a pretender, not a statesman, a politician of a certain description. He has great ambition, but little fixed principle. It was Seward's doings that sent him to New Orleans.

[On May 11 Grant sent his famous dispatch to Halleck, " I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." The terrible series of attacks on Lee's fortified lines continued daily.]

Wednesday, May 11, 1864.

A craving, uneasy feeling pervaded the community through the day. No intelligence from any quarter received, yet a conviction pervades everywhere that much is being done. I was at the War Department at 9 P. M. The President and Stanton were anxiously waiting intelligence.

Thursday, May 12, 1864.

Late last night, Mr. Byington, a newspaper correspondent, called at my house. He left General Grant's headquarters at 8 A. M. yesterday. Reports hard fighting on Tuesday, but represents our troops to have had the best of it. General Robinson, severely wounded, arrived in Washington.

Friday, May 13, 1864.

The army news is interesting, and as well received as the great loss of life will permit. Hancock has made a successful onset and captured Ed Johnson and two other Generals, with about fifty other officers and four thousand prisoners, thirty pieces of cannon, etc. General Sheridan with his cavalry has got in rear of Lee and destroyed about ten miles of railroad, captured two trains, and destroyed the depot of rebel supplies at Beaver Dam. Our troops are in good heart and everything looks auspicious

for the Republic. Many valuable lives have been offered up for the Union, and many a rebel has fallen. I dwell not on particulars. The public press and documents will give them. The tidings have caused joy to the patriotic everywhere, but among the intense partisans, known as Copperheads, it is obvious there is not gratification in the success of the Union arms. It is painful to witness this factious and traitorous spirit, but it plainly shows itself.

Tuesday, May 17, 1864.

A painful suspense in military operations. It is a necessary suspense, but the intense anxiety is oppressive, and almost unfits the mind for mental activity. We know it cannot be long before one or more bloody battles will take place, in which not only many near friends will be slaughtered, but probably the Civil War will be decided as to its continuance, or termination. My faith is firm in Union success, but I shall be glad when faith is past.

There was nothing special to-day at the Cabinet. No information received from the Army of the Potomac. Sherman has had hard fighting in Northern Georgia at Resaca, and the rebels under Johnston have retreated.

THE FORGED PROCLAMATION

[Two young newspaper men, probably without more serious notives than the depression of the stock market, left at every newspaper office in New York City, just before the hour of going to press, copies of a forged proclamation, signed with the President's name, which called in terms of extreme dejection for four hundred thousand fresh troops. The only papers which fell into the trap happened to be two of the most rabid enemies of the administration, and Stanton promptly gave orders for the suppression of both papers. The editors were not, however, imprisoned, and after an interval of three days the papers were suffered to appear as usual.]

May 18, 1864.

Mr. Seward called on me this afternoon at a late hour in reference to the alleged misconduct of the Marigold, which is charged with firing a gun at a blockade runner within six hundred yards of Morro Castle. As Temple, Fleet Captain of the East Gulf Squadron, had left me but a few minutes previously, I sent for him, there having been no report of the case. While waiting for Temple, Mr. S[eward] informed me that a forged proclamation had been published by sundry papers in New York, among others by the *World* and *Journal of Commerce*, imposing a fast on account of the failures of Grant and calling for a draft of 300,000 men. Seward said he at once sent on contradicting it, and had ordered the English steamer to be delayed. He then had called on Stanton to know whether such a document had passed over the regular telegraph. Stanton said there had not. Seward then ordered that the other line should be at once seized, which was done. Seward then asked if the *World* and *Journal of Commerce* had been shut up. Stanton said he knew of their course only a minute before. Seward said the papers had been published a minute too long; and Stanton said if he and the President directed, they should be suspended. Seward thought there should be no delay.

Gold, under the excitement, has gone up ten per cent., and the cotton loan will advance on the arrival of the steamer at Liverpool with the tidings [manufactured] probably by the rebels and the gold speculators, as they are called, who are in sympathy with them.

Thursday, May 19, 1864.

The bogus proclamation has been the principal topic to-day. The knowledge that it is a forgery has not quieted the public mind.

Monday, May 23, 1864.

The author of [the] forged proclamation has been detected. His name is Howard, and he has been long connected with the New York papers, but especially with the

Times. If I am not mistaken he has been one of my assailants and a defamer of the Department. He is of a pestiferous class of reckless sensation-writers for an unscrupulous set of journalists, who misinform the public mind. Scarcely one of them has regard for truth, and nearly all make use of their positions to subserve selfish mercenary ends. This forger and falsifier Howard is a specimen of the miserable tribe.

The seizure of the office of the *World* and *Journal of Commerce* for publishing this forgery was hasty, rash, inconsiderate and wrong, and cannot be defended. They are mischievous and pernicious, working assiduously against the Union and the government, and giving countenance and encouragement to the rebellion, but were in this instance the dupes — perhaps the willing dupes — of a knave and wretch. The act of suspending these journals, and the whole arbitrary and oppressive proceedings, had its origin with the Secretary of State. Stanton I have no doubt was willing to act on Seward's promptings, and the President in deference to Seward yielded to it.

These things are to be regretted. They weaken the administration and strengthen its enemies. Yet the administration ought not to be condemned for the misdeeds of one, or at most two, of its members. They would not be if the President was less influenced by them.

Thursday, June 2, 1864.

There is intense anxiety in regard to the Army of the Potomac. Great confidence is felt in Grant, but the immense slaughter of our brave men chills and sickens us all. The hospitals are crowded with the thousands of mutilated and dying heroes who have poured out their blood for the Union cause.

Lee has returned to the vicinity of Richmond, overpowered by numbers, beaten, but hardly defeated.

Friday, June 3, 1864.

For several days the delegates to the National Convention have been coming in. Had a call from several. Met a number at the President's. All favor the President. There is a spirit of discontent among the members of Congress, stirred up I think by the Treasury Department. Chase has his flings and insinuations against the President's policy or want of policy. Nothing suits him.

There seems some difference among the delegates about the Vice-Presidency, but they will be likely to renominate Hamlin, though he has not much personal strength and has not the mind and temperament to build up a party for the country. There is an impression here that he has great strength in New England, but that is not my opinion. He has party cunning and management, but not breadth and strength, and is but little cared for there. [He] is not offensive or obnoxious, but there is no zeal for him. As the President is a Western man and will be renominated, the Convention will very likely feel inclined to go East and to renominate the Vice-President also. Should New York be united on Dix or Dickinson, the nomination would be conceded to the Empire State, but there can be no union in that state upon either of those men or any other.

[On June 3 the Army of the Potomac encountered a terrific repulse in the assault on Lee's lines, known as the Battle of Cold Harbor.]

Saturday, June 4, 1864.

Many delegates to Convention in town. Some attempts [are] made by members of Congress to influence them. The friends of Chase improve the opportunity to exclaim against Blair.

There has been continued fighting, though represented as not very important. Still there is heavy loss, but we are becoming accustomed to the sacrifice. Grant has not great regard for human life.

Monday, June 6, 1864.

Am urged to go to Baltimore, but do

not deem it advisable. Some talk with Blair respecting Chase and Seward, who, though not assimilating, and unlike in many respects, continue to get along. Each has a policy which seems to me unsound, and Blair coincides with me, but [he] is so intent on other matters, personal to the Blairs and the vindictive war upon them, that he is compelled to defer the differences on grave questions to what so nearly concerns him.

[The vote of Missouri at the convention was cast for Grant on the first ballot, although her twenty-two ballots were afterwards transferred to Lincoln to make his nomination unanimous.]

Wednesday, June 8, 1864.

The President was renominated to-day at Baltimore. A contest took place in regard to Missouri, and the wrong delegates were admitted by an almost unanimous vote. A strange perversion! There was neither sense nor reason nor justice in the decision. Rogues, fanatics, hypocrites, and untruthful men secured and triumphed over good and true men. Prejudice overcame truth and reason. The Convention exhibited great stupidity, and actually stultified itself in this matter.

When the vote of the Convention was taken on the nomination for President, it was found the Missouri delegation who had been admitted were not in harmony with the Convention. They would not vote for Mr. Lincoln. He had all the rest of the votes. There was much intrigue and much misconception in this thing.

THE NOMINATION OF JOHNSON

On the question of Vice President, there was greater diversity of opinion at the beginning, but ultimately all united on Andrew Johnson. Personally I did not regret this result although I took no part in its accomplishment. The delegates and papers of my state generally have disapproved of Hamlin's course toward me, and I have no doubt it contributed to their casting a united vote at the start for Johnson. Hamlin and his friends will give me credit for influence which I do not possess, and ascribe to me rage or malevolence which I never felt.[1] Without cause, and because I would not extend undue favor to one of his friends by official abuse, he has treated me coldly, discourteously, and with bad temper, so much so as to attract attention and lead to opposition to his renomination.

Thursday, June 9, 1864.

There seems to be general dissatisfaction with the nominations made at Baltimore, and with the resolutions adopted. Except the nomination for Vice President, the whole proceedings were a matter of course. It was the wish of Seward that Hamlin should again be the Vice President, and the President himself was inclined to the same policy, though personally his choice is Johnson. This I think was the current administration opinion, though with no particular zeal or feeling. Blair inclined to the policy of taking Hamlin, though partial to Johnson. I took no part, and could not well take any. Yet to-day from several quarters it is said to me that Connecticut overthrew Hamlin, and that it was my doings which led to it. While this is not correct, I am no wise disposed to be dissatisfied with the change that has been made.

[The so-called "Gold Bill," which became law on June 17, " provided penalties for effecting contracts in gold coin or bullion or foreign exchange for future delivery and declared all such contracts ab-

[1] [Mr. Hamlin was disgruntled with Secretary Welles because the latter had not given a contract for building gunboats to a firm of contractors friendly to Mr. Hamlin. The tradition that Welles was covertly hostile to Hamlin is still cultivated by Hamlin's most recent biographer, Charles E. Hamlin, who remarks: " He [Welles] was a false friend, and pursued Mr. Hamlin with the traditional bitterness of that kind of a man." The remarks in the Diary, never intended for publication, are an adequate commentary on this opinion.] — THE EDITORS.

solutely void." This bill, which made it still easier for gold speculators to monopolize their commodity, resulted within ten days in a rise of the precious metal from 200 to 250. On July 2 the measure was repealed.]

Monday, June 20, 1864.

The gold bill, as it is called, has been finally enacted, and we shall soon ascertain whether it effects any good. Chase and his school have the absurd follies of the Whigs and John Law in regard to money and finance. I have no confidence in his financial wisdom or intelligence on those subjects.

We get no good army news from Petersburg. Our troops have suffered much and accomplished but little so far as I can learn. But there is disinclination to communicate army intelligence as usual. Were the news favorable it would be otherwise.

The President in his intense anxiety has made up his mind to visit General Grant at his headquarters, and left this P. M. at five. Mr. Fox has gone with him, and not unlikely favored and encouraged the President in this step, which I do not approve. It has been my policy to discourage these Presidential excursions. Some of the Cabinet favored them. Stanton and Chase, I think, have given them countenance heretofore.

He can do no good. It can hardly be otherwise than harmful, even if no accident befalls him.

Wednesday, June 22, 1864.

Much sensational news concerning delay of army movements. I am inclined to think our people have learned caution from dear experience — dear in the best blood of the country.

Gold has gone up, to-day to 230. Legislation does not keep down the price or regulate values. In other and plainer terms, paper is constantly depreciating and the tinkering has produced the contrary effect from that intended by our financiers.

Friday, June 24, 1864.

The President was in very good spirits at the Cabinet. His journey has done him good physically, and strengthened him mentally, and inspired confidence in the general and Army. Chase was not at the Cabinet meeting. I know not if he is at home, but he latterly makes it a point not to attend. No one was more prompt and punctual than himself, until about a year since. As the presidential contest approached, he has ceased in a great measure to come to the meetings. Stanton is but little better. If he comes, it is to whisper to the President, or take the despatches or the papers from his pocket and go into a corner with the President. When he has no specialty of his own, he withdraws after some five or ten minutes.

Mr. Seward generally attends the Cabinet meetings, but the questions and matters of his Department he seldom brings forward. These he discusses with the President alone. Some of them he communicates to me, because it is indispensable that I should be informed, but the other members are generally excluded.

Saturday, June 25, 1864.

The Treasury management is terrible, ruinous. Navy requisitions are wantonly withheld for weeks, to the ruin of the contractor. In the end the government will suffer greatly, for persons will not under these ruinous delays deal with the government at ordinary current rates. The pay of the sailors and workmen is delayed until they are almost mutinous and riotous. There is no justifiable excuse for this neglect. But Mr. Chase, having committed blunders in his issues, is now desirous of retiring certain paper, and avails himself of funds of creditors on naval accounts to accomplish this. It is most unjust. The money honestly due to government creditors should not be withheld for Treasury schemes, or to retrieve its mistakes.

I am daily more dissatisfied with the Treasury management. Everything is growing worse. Chase, though a man of

mark, has not the sagacity, knowledge, taste, or ability of a financier. [He] has expedients, and will break down the government. The President has surrendered the finances to his management entirely. Other members of the Cabinet are not consulted. Any dissent from, or doubt even of his measures is considered as a declaration of hostility and an embarrassment to his administration. I believe I am the only one who has expressed opinions that questioned his policy, and that expression was mild and kindly uttered. Blair said about as much, and both [he and I] were lectured by Chase. But he knew not then, nor does he know now, the elementary principles of finance and currency. Congress surrenders to his capricious and superficial qualities as pliantly as the President and the Cabinet. If they do not legalize his projects, the Treasury is to be closed, and under a threat or something approaching a threat, his schemes are sanctioned, and laws are made to carry them into effect, but woe waits the country in consequence.

Tuesday, June 28, 1864.

Gold has gone up to 240. Paper which our financiers make the money standard is settling down out of sight. This is the result of the gold bill and similar measures, yet Chase learns no wisdom. We are hurrying onward into a financial abyss. There is no vigorous mind in Congress to check the current, and the prospect is dark for the country under the present financial management. It cannot be sustained.

Wednesday, June 29, 1864.

Congress is getting restive and discontented with the financial management. The papers speak of the appointment of Field, Assistant Secretary, to be Assistant Treasurer at New York, in the place of Cisco. I doubt if any one but Chase would think of him for the place; and Chase, as usual, does not know the reason. Morgan prefers Hillhouse, and Seward wants Blatchford. But Field has talents, and Chase takes him from association.

The closing hours of Congress are crowded, as usual, but I believe matters are about as usual. Our naval bills have mostly been disposed of.

THE RESIGNATION OF CHASE

[Lincoln's behavior towards Chase was long-suffering under continued and extreme provocation. The Secretary's frequent intrigues in support of his Presidential aspirations were passed over by his superior with humorous comment, but in the summer of 1864 the difficulties of retaining Chase became practical impossibilities. Within six months Chase had twice offered his resignation, and Cabinet councils were still further embittered by the increasing intensity of the hatred between Chase and Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster General, whose brother, Frank P. Blair, made matters worse by a speech in the House of Representatives filled with invective against the Secretary of the Treasury. While his relations to the administration were strained almost to the breaking point, an opportunity occurred for the appointment of a new Assistant Treasurer in New York City. Chase urgently supported M. B. Field, who was resolutely opposed by Senator Morgan of New York. Knowing that such a nomination would split the party in New York state, where harmony was of great moment to the Union cause, Lincoln refused to accept Chase's suggestion, but framed his reply in the most conciliatory way. The Secretary refused to be mollified, and on June 29 resigned his office. "Chase," said the President, "thinks he has become indispensable to the country, that his intimate friends know it, and he cannot comprehend why the country does n't know it."]

Thursday, June 30, 1864.

All were surprised with the resignation of Secretary Chase and the nomination of Governor David Tod as his successor. I knew nothing of it till the fact was told

me by Senator Doolittle who came to see and advise with me, supposing I knew something of the circumstances. But I was wholly ignorant. Chase had not thought proper to consult me as to his resignation, nor had the President as to his action upon it, or the selection. My first impression was that he had consulted Seward and perhaps Blair. I learn, however, he advised with none of his Cabinet, but acted from his own impulses.

I have doubts of Tod's ability for this position though he has good common sense and was trained in the right school, being a hard-money man. Not having seen the President since this movement took place, I do not comprehend his policy. It can hardly be his intention to reverse the action of Chase entirely without consulting those who are associated with him in the government. And yet the selection of Tod indicates that, if there be any system in the movement. The President has given but little attention to finance and the currency, but yet he can hardly be ignorant of the fact that Chase and Tod are opposites. The selection of Tod is a move in the right direction if he has made the subject a sufficient study to wield the vast machine. On this point I have my doubts. His nomination will disturb the "Bubbles" (the paper-money men), and the question was not acted upon, but referred to the finance committee who have been with the Senate. I have no doubt their astonishment at the obtrusion of a hard-money man upon them was made manifest.

The retirement of Chase, so far as I hear opinions expressed, and they are generally freely given, appears to give relief rather than otherwise, which surprises me. I had thought it might create a shock for a brief period, though I did not fear that it would be lasting. I look upon it as a blessing. The country could not go on a great while longer under his management, which has been one of expedients and of no fixed principles, or profound and correct financial knowledge.

It is given out that a disagreement between himself and the President in relation to the appointment of Assistant Treasurer at New York was the cause of his leaving. I think it likely that was the cause of his tendering his resignation, and I have little doubt that he was greatly surprised that it was accepted. He may not admit this, but it is none the less true, I apprehend. Yet there were some circumstances to favor his going — there is a financial gulf ahead.

Friday, July 1, 1864.

This day is the anniversary of my birth. I am sixty-two years of age. Life is brief. Should I survive another year I shall then have attained my grand climacteric. Yet it is but the journey of a day, and of those who set out with me in the morning of life how few remain! Each year thins out the ranks of those who went with me to the old district school in my childhood.

Governor Tod has declined the position of Secretary of the Treasury. It does not surprise [me]. Senator Fessenden has been appointed, who will, it is said, accept, which does surprise me. I doubt if his health will permit him to bear the burden. He has abilities; is of the same school as Chase. Has been Chairman of the Committee of Finance during Chase's administration of the Treasury, and, I have supposed, a supporter of his policy. Yet I have had an impression that Fessenden is an improvement upon Chase, and I trust he is.

But the President's course is a riddle. Tod is a hard-money man. Fessenden has pressed through Congress the paper system of Chase. One day Tod is selected: on his refusal Fessenden is brought forward. This can in no other way be reconciled than in the President's want of knowledge of the subject. His attention never has been given to the finances. He seems not aware that within twenty-four hours he has swung to opposite extremes.

Seward can hardly have been consulted, for Fessenden has been his sharp and avowed opponent of late, and unless he

has changed, or shall change, will prove a troublesome man for him in the Cabinet.

The President has great regard for Chase's abilities but is glad to be relieved of him, for C[hase] has been a load of late. [He] is a little disappointed and dissatisfied, has been captious and uncertain, favored the fault-finders, and, in a way, encouraged opposition to the President.

July 2, 1864.

Telegrams this A. M. inform us that the pirate Alabama was sunk on the 19th of June off Cherbourg by the Steamer Kearsarge, Commander Winslow, after a fight of one hour and a half. Informed the President and Cabinet of the tidings which was matter of general congratulation and rejoicing.

Mr. Fessenden appeared at Cabinet meeting as the successor of Mr. Chase.

The subject of the arrest and trial of General Dix in New York for suspending the publication of the *World* and *Journal of Commerce* was brought forward. There was a little squeamishness with some on the subject. The President very frankly avowed the act to be his, and he thought the government should protect Dix. Seward was positive and bold on that.

I expressed no opinion, nor did Blair or Bates. While I regret that the papers should have been suppressed or meddled with, I would not, I think, permit a general officer to be arrested and tried by a state Judge for obeying an order of the President. If there is a disposition to try the question before the United States tribunals, it would be well to permit it. This was my hasty conclusion.

Admiral Porter called on me to-day direct from his command. Had a long interview on his affairs.

KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA

Received despatches to-day from Captain Winslow of the Kearsarge relative to sinking the Alabama. Wrote congratulatory letter. There is great rejoicing throughout the country over this success, which is universally and justly conceded a triumph over England as well as over the rebels. In my first draft I made a point or two, rather too strong perhaps against England and the mercenary piratical spirit of Semmes, who had accumulated chronometers.

While the people generally award me more credit than I deserve in this matter, a malevolent partisan spirit exhibits itself in some, which would find fault with me because this battle did not sooner take place. These assaults disturb me less perhaps than they ought — they give me very little uneasiness, because I know them to be groundless. Violent attacks have been made on the Department and myself for the reason that our naval vessels were not efficient — had no speed: but in the account of the battle the Kearsarge is said, by way of lessening the calamity, to have had greater steaming power than the Alabama, and to have controlled the movement. Our large smooth-bore guns, "the Dahlgrens," [1] have been ridiculed and denounced by the enemies of the Navy Department, but the swift destruction of the Alabama is now imputed to the great guns which tore her in pieces.

[For the time being, Grant seemed to have been fought to a standstill. Lee detached Early with 20,000 veterans to invade the Shenandoah valley and, if occasion offered, to attack Washington. The capital was in imminent danger (had Early appreciated the condition of affairs) and might have been actually captured on July 11.]

A summer raid down the valley of the Shenandoah by the rebels and the capture of Harper's Ferry are exciting matters, and yet the War Department is disinclined to communicate the facts. Of course I will not ask. A few words from Stanton about "cursed mistakes of our

[1] Named after their inventor, who later became Admiral Dahlgren.

generals " — loss of stores that had been sent forward — bode disaster.

Friday, July 8, 1864.

Stanton tells me that he has no idea the rebels are in any force above, and should not give them a serious thought but that Grant says he thinks they are in force, without, however, giving his reasons or any facts. The President has been a good deal incredulous about a very large army on the upper Potomac, yet he begins to manifest anxiety. But he is under constraint I perceive, such as I know is sometimes imposed upon by the dunderheads at the War Office, when they are in a fog, or scare, and know not what to say or do. It is not natural, or the way of the President, to withhold information or speculation at such times, and I can always tell how things are with Halleck and Stanton when there are important movements going on. The President is now enjoined to silence, while Halleck is in a perfect maze, bewildered, without intelligent decision or self-reliance, and Stanton is wisely ignorant. I am inclined to believe, however, that at this time profound ignorance reigns at the War Department concerning the rebel raid in the Shenandoah valley, that they absolutely know nothing of it.

Saturday, July 9, 1864.

The rebel invasion of Maryland, if not so large or formidable as last year and year before, looks to me very annoying — the more so because I learn nothing satisfactory or reliable from the War Office, and am persuaded there is both neglect and ignorance there.

Our Alabama news comes in opportunely to encourage and sustain the nation's heart. It does them, as well as me, good to dwell upon the subject and the discomfiture of the British and Rebels. The perfidy of the former is as infamous as the treason of the latter. Both were whipped by the Kearsarge — a Yankee ship with a Yankee commander and a Yankee crew.

THE REBELS APPROACH WASHINGTON

Sunday, July 10, 1864.

When at the Department Sunday morning the 10th, examining my mail, one of the clerks came in and stated that the rebel pickets were on the outskirts of Georgetown within the District lines. There had been no information to warn us of this near approach of the enemy, but my informant was so positive and soon confirmed by another, that I sent to the War Department to ascertain the facts. They were ignorant — had heard street rumors, but they were unworthy of notice — and ridiculed my enquiry.

Later I learned that young King, son of my neighbor Z. P. K[ing], was captured by the rebel pickets within the District lines and is a prisoner.

Monday, July 11, 1864.

The rebels are upon us. Having visited Upper Maryland they are turning their attention hitherward. General Wallace has been defeated, and it was yesterday current that General Tyler and Colonel Seward were prisoners, the latter wounded. But it seems only the last is true of the latter.

The rebel pickets appear in strength in front of Forts Stevens and De Bussy, on the borders and within the District lines. Went to Stanton, but got from him nothing at all. He exhibits none of the alarm and fright I have seen in him on former occasions. It is evident he considers the force not large, or such that it cannot be controlled, and yet he cannot tell their number, nor where they are.

I rode out this evening to Fort Stevens, latterly called Fort Massachusetts. Found General Wright and General McCook with what I am assured is an ample force for its defence. Passed and met as we returned three or four thousands, perhaps more, volunteers under General Meigs, going to the front. Could see the line of pickets of both armies in the valley, extending a mile or more. There was continual firing — without

any casualties so far as I could observe, or hear. Two houses in the vicinity were in flames, set on fire by our own people because they obstructed the range of our guns and gave shelter to rebel sharpshooters. Other houses and buildings had also been destroyed. A pretty grove nearly opposite the fort was being cut down. War would not spare the tree if the woodman had.

I enquired where the rebel force was, and the officers said, over the hills, pointing in the direction of Silver Spring. Are they near Gunpowder or Baltimore — where are they? Oh! within a short distance, a mile or two only. I asked why their whereabouts was not ascertained, and their strength known. The reply was that we had no fresh cavalry.

The truth is the forts around Washington have been vacated and the troops sent back to General Grant who was promised reinforcement to take Richmond. But he has been in its vicinity more than a month, resting apparently after his bloody march, but [has] effected nothing since his arrival on the James.

Tuesday, July 12, 1864.

The rebels captured a train of cars on the Philadelphia and Baltimore Road, and have burnt the bridge over Gunpowder and Bush rivers. It is said there were 1500 of these raiders.

Governor Bradford's house, a short distance out of Baltimore, was burnt by a small party. General demoralization seems to have taken place among the troops, and there is as little intelligence among them as at the War Office in regard to the rebels.

We have no mails, and the telegraph lines have been cut, so that we are without news or information from the outer world.

Went to the President's at twelve, being day of regular Cabinet meeting. Mr. Bates and Usher were there — the President was signing a batch of commissions. Fessenden is absent in New York. The condition of affairs connected with the rebels on the outskirts was discussed. The President said he and Seward had visited several of the fortifications. I asked where the rebels were in force. He said he did not know with certainty, but he thought the main body at Silver Spring.

I expressed a doubt whether there was any large force at any one point, but [thought] that they were in squads of from 500 to perhaps 1500 scattered along from the Gunpowder to the falls of the Potomac, who kept up an alarm on the outer rim while the marauders were driving off horses and cattle. The President did not respond farther than to again remark he thought there must be a pretty large force in the neighborhood of Silver Spring.

I am sorry there should be so little accurate knowledge of the rebels, sorry that at such a time there is not a full Cabinet, and especially sorry that the Secretary of War is not present. In the interviews which I have had with him, I can obtain no facts, no opinions. He seems dull and stupefied. Others tell me the same.

Rode out this P. M. to Fort Stevens. Went up to the summit of the road on the right of the fort. There were many collected. Looking over the valley below, where the continued popping of the pickets was still going on, though less brisk than yesterday, I saw a line of our men lying close near the bottom of the valley. Senator Wade came up beside me. Our views corresponded — that the rebels were few in front, and that our men greatly exceeded them in numbers. We went together into the fort where we found the President was sitting in the shade — his back against the parapet towards the enemy.

Generals Wright and McCook informed us they were about to open battery and shell the rebel pickets, and after three discharges an assault was to be made by two regiments which were lying in wait in the valley.

The firing from the battery was accurate. The shells that were sent into a fine

mansion occupied by the rebel sharpshooters soon set it afire. As the firing from the fort ceased our men ran to the charge and the rebels fled. We could see them running across the field, seeking the woods on the brow of the opposite hills. It was an interesting and exciting spectacle. But below we could see here and there some of our own men bearing away their wounded comrades. I should judge the distance to be something over three hundred yards. Occasionally a bullet from some long-range rifle passed above our heads. One man had been shot in the fort a few minutes before we entered.

As we came out of the fort, four or five of the wounded men were carried by on stretchers. It was nearly dark as we left. Driving in, as was the case when driving out, we passed fields as well as roads full of soldiers, horses, teams, mules. Campfires lighted up the woods, which seemed to be more eagerly sought than open fields.

The day has been exceedingly warm, and the stragglers by the wayside were many. Some were doubtless sick, some were drunk, some weary and exhausted. Then men, on horseback, on mules, in wagons as well as on foot, batteries of artillery, caissons, an innumerable throng. It was exciting and wild. Much of life and much of sadness. Strange that in this age and country there is this strife and struggle, under one of the most beneficent governments which ever blessed mankind, and all in sight of the Capitol.

In times gone by I had passed over these roads little anticipating scenes like this, and a few years hence they will scarcely be believed to have occurred.

Wednesday, July 13, 1864.

It is no doubt true that the rebels have left. I called on General Halleck on a matter of business and while there about eleven he had a telegram saying the rebels passed through Rockville to the northwest about three this A. M. They are making, I remarked, for Edward's Ferry, and will get off with their plunder if we have no force there to prevent. He said it was by no means certain they would cross at Edward's Ferry.

We looked over the map together, and he, like myself, thought it probable they had taken that course. I remarked that they appeared not to have concentrated their force upon any one place. Halleck asked by what authority I said that. There was harshness and spite in his tone. I coolly said, by my own judgment and the observation of almost anyone who had any intelligence on the subject. He said he did not think I had heard so from any military man who knew anything about it. I said no military man or any other had been able to tell me where they were concentrated to the amount of five thousand. Nor have I found any one except Halleck, Hitchcock, and a few around the Department, express an opinion that there was a large number or that they were concentrated. They were defiant and insolent; our men were resolute and brave, but the bureau generals were alarmed and ignorant, and have made themselves and the Administration appear contemptible.

The rebels before leaving burnt the house of Judge Blair, Post-Master General. This they claimed to have done in retaliation for the destruction of the house of Governor Letcher, — a disgraceful act and a disgraceful precedent.

Friday, July 15, 1864.

We had some talk at Cabinet Meeting to-day on the rebel invasion. The President wants to believe there was a large force and yet evidently his private convictions are otherwise. But the military leaders, the War Office, have insisted there was a large force. We have done nothing, and it is more gratifying to our self-pride to believe there were many of them, especially as we are likely to let them off with considerable plunder scot free.

Seward and Stanton seem disturbed. There is something which does not suit

them. Seward followed Stanton out, and had a talk in the ante-room. I met Solicitor Whiting as I left the White House, who was very anxious to talk. Deplores the miserable military management; imputes the whole folly and scare to General Halleck; says Stanton has disapproved his policy, but [that] the President clings to Halleck who is damaging him and the Administration greatly; that Halleck and Blair are both injuring the President. "Why," said I, "you do not mean to identify Blair with this pitiful business?" "Oh no," said he, "but Blair is so perverse on the slavery question that he is getting all the radical element of the country against the Administration." As I did not care to enter into controversy on that topic, and it was late, I left him. But the conversation indicates that Stanton intends to throw off responsibility on to Halleck.

THE MEDDLING OF GREELEY

[On his own initiative, Horace Greeley attempted to open negotiations with the Confederate Government for bringing the war to a close. Lincoln subsequently authorized Greeley to bring with him to Washington any person "professing to have any proposition of Jefferson Davis, in writing, for peace, embracing the restoration of the Union and abandonment of slavery." Greeley proceeded to Niagara Falls, and after desultory negotiations with Confederates in Canada, learned that they possessed no authority from the Confederate Government. The negotiations eventually broke up in futile fashion.]

Friday, July 22, 1864.

At the Cabinet meeting the President read his correspondence with Horace Greeley on the subject of peace propositions with George Saunders and others at Niagara Falls. The President has acquitted himself very well if he was to engage in the matter at all; but I am sorry that he permits himself in this irregular way to be induced to engage in correspondence with irresponsible parties like Saunders and Clay, or scheming busybodies like Greeley. There is no doubt that the President and the whole administration are misrepresented and misunderstood on the subject of peace, and Greeley is one of those who has done and is doing great harm and injustice in this matter. In this instance he was evidently anxious to thrust himself forward as an actor; and yet when once engaged he began to be alarmed — he failed to honestly and frankly communicate the President's first letter, as was his duty, but sent a letter of his own, which was not true and correct, and found himself involved in the meshes of his own frail act.

Thursday, July 28, 1864.

Rode out this evening, accompanied by Mrs. Welles, and spent an hour with the President and Mrs. Lincoln at the Soldiers' Home.

The New York papers are engaged in a covert and systematic attack on the Navy Department, — covert so far as the republican or administration press is concerned. Greeley of the *Tribune* is secretly hostile to the President, and assails him indirectly in this way; so the *Evening Post*, a paper hitherto friendly, but whose publisher is under bail for embezzlement and fraud which the Navy Department would not conceal. The *Times* is a profligate Seward and Weed organ, wholly unreliable, and in these matters regardless of truth or principle. It supports the President because it is the present policy of Seward. The principal editor, Raymond, is an unscrupulous soldier of fortune, yet recently appointed Chairman of the Republican National Executive Committee. He and some of his colleagues are not to be trusted, yet these political vagabonds are the managers of the party organization. His paper, as well as others, are in a combination with Norman Wiard, and pretenders like him, against Monitors. Let the poor devils work at that question. The people will not be duped or misled to any great extent by them.

THE FIASCO AT PETERSBURG

[After repeated failures to capture Petersburg by assault, Grant attempted to blow up part of the Confederate works by an extensive mine filled with powder. The execution of the attempt was attended with inexcusable blundering and cowardice. The result was a costly and mortifying failure.]

Tuesday, August 2, 1864.

The explosion and assault at Petersburg on Saturday last appears to have been badly managed, the results were bad, and the effect has been disheartening in the extreme. There must have been some defect or weakness on the part of some one or more. I have been waiting to get the facts, but do not yet get them to my satisfaction. It is stated in some of the letters written, that lots were cast as to which corps and which officers should lead in the assault. I fear there may be truth in the report, but if so and Grant was in it or cognizant of it, my confidence in him, never very great, would be impaired. I should not be surprised to learn that Meade committed such an act, for I do not consider him adequate to his high position; and yet I may do him injustice.

My personal acquaintance with him is slight, but he has in no way impressed me as a man of breadth and strength or capabilities, and instead of selecting and designating the officer for such a duty, it would be in accordance with my conceptions of him to say, let any one cast lots, etc.; but I shall be reluctant to believe this of Grant, who is reticent, and I fear less able than he is credited. He may have given the matter over to Meade, who had done this. Admiral Porter has always said there was something wanting in Grant, which Sherman could always supply, and vice versa as regards Sherman, but that the two together made a very perfect general officer, and they ought never to be separated. If Grant is confiding in Meade, relying on him as he did on Sherman, Grant will make a failure I fear, for Meade is not Sherman, nor the equal of Sherman. Grant relies on others, but does not know men, can't discriminate.

I feel quite unhappy over this Petersburg matter. Less, however, from the result, bad as it is, than from an awakening apprehension that Grant is not equal to the position assigned him. God grant that I may be mistaken.

Seward and Stanton make themselves the special confidants of the President, and they also consult with Halleck — so that the country is in a degree in the hands of this triumvirate who, while they have little confidence in each other, can yet combine to influence the President, who is honest.

Attorney General Bates, who spent last evening with me, opened his heart freely as regards the Cabinet. Of Blair he thought pretty well, but said he felt no intimacy with or really friendly feelings for any one but me; that I had his confidence and respect, and had from our first meeting. Mr. Seward had been constantly sinking in his estimation; that he had much cunning, but little wisdom, was no lawyer and no statesman. Chase, he assures me, is not well versed in law principles even; is not sound, nor of good judgment.

General Halleck he had deliberately charged with intentional falsehood and put it in writing, that there should be no mistake or claim [that he had] misapprehended him. He regretted that the President should have such a fellow near him.

Thursday, August 4, 1864.

This day is set apart for fasting, humiliation, and prayer. There is much wretchedness and great humiliation in the land, and need of earnest prayer.

General Hooker has arrived from Atlanta, having left in a pet because General Howard was given McPherson's position. He is vain, has some good and fighting qualities, and thinks highly and too much of himself.

PARTY ASSESSMENT OF FEDERAL OFFICE-HOLDERS

Monday, August 8, 1864.

Mr. Seward sent me to-day some strange documents from Raymond, Chairman of the National Executive Committee. I met R[aymond] some days since at the President's, with whom he was closeted. At first I did not recognize Raymond, who was sitting near the President conversing in a low tone of voice. Indeed I did not look at him, supposing he was some ordinary visitor, until the President remarked "Here he is, it is as good a time as any to bring up the question." I was sitting on the sofa, but then went forward and saw it was Raymond. He said there were complaints in relation to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, that we were having and [were] to have a hard political battle the approaching fall, and that the fate of two districts and that of Kings County also depended upon the Navy Yard. It was, he said, the desire of our friends that the masters in the yard should have the exclusive selection and dismissal of hands, instead of having them subject to revision by the Commandant of the Yard. The Commandant himself they wished to have removed. I told him such changes could not well be made, and ought not to be made. The present organization of the Yard was in a right way, and if there were any abuses I would have them corrected.

He then told me that in an attempt to collect a party assessment at the Yard, the Naval Constructor had objected, and on appealing to the Commandant he had expressly forbidden the collection. This had given great dissatisfaction to our party friends, for these assessments had always been made and collected under preceding administrations. I told him I doubted if it had been done, certainly not in such an offensive and public manner; that I thought it very wrong for a party committee to go into the Yard on pay-day and levy a tax on each man as he received his wages, for party purposes; that I was aware parties did strange things in New York, but there was no law or justice in it, and the proceeding was, in my view, inexcusable and indefensible; that I could make no record enforcing such assessment, that the matter could not stand investigation. He admitted that the course pursued was not a politic one, but he repeated former administrations had practised it. I questioned it still and insisted that it was not right in itself. He said it doubtless might be done in a more quiet manner. I told him if obnoxious men, open and offensive opponents of the administration, were there, they could be dismissed. If the Commandant interposed to sustain such men, as he suggested might be the case, there was an appeal to the Department; whatever was reasonable and right, I was disposed to do.

We parted and I expected to see him again, but instead of calling himself, he has written Mr. Seward, who sent his son with the papers to me. In these papers a party committee propose to take the organization of the Navy Yard into their keeping, to name the Commandant, to remove the Naval Constructor, to change the regulations, and make the Yard a party machine for the benefit of party, and to employ men to elect candidates instead of building ships. I am amazed that Raymond could debase himself so far as to submit such a proposition, and more that he expects me to enforce it.

THE NEW YORK PRESS

There is not an honest fair-dealing administration journal in New York City. A majority of them profess to be administrative, and yet it is without sincerity.

The New York *Herald*, with a deservedly bad name, gives tone and direction to the New York press, particularly those of Whig antecedents, and which profess to support the administration. It is not of course acknowledged by them, nor are they conscious of the leadership, but it is nevertheless obvious and clear. When the *Herald* has in view to defame or put a mask upon a man, it commences and persists in its course against him. He

may be the friend of the *Tribune* and *Times*, [and in that case] of course they do not at first assent to what is said by the *Herald*. Sometimes they will make a defence — perhaps an earnest and strong one — but the *Herald* does not regard it, and goes on attacking, ridiculing, abusing, and defaming. Gradually one of the journals gives way, echoes slightly the slanders of the *Herald*, and once commenced it follows up the work. The other journals, when things have proceeded to that length, also acquiesce. This is a truthful statement of the standing and course and conduct of the papers I have named.

The *Times* is a stipendiary sheet. Its principal editor, Raymond, is mercenary. [He] possesses talent, but is a subservient follower of Weed and Seward. At present the paper, being in the hands of Thurlow Weed and SIC, it will not for the campaign openly attack the President, who is the candidate. But it will, under the lead of the *Herald*, attack any and every member of the Cabinet but Seward, unless Seward through Weed restrains it.

The *Tribune* is owned by a company which really desired to give a fair support to the administration, but Greeley, the editor, is erratic, unreliable, without stability, an enemy of the administration because he hates Seward, a creature of sentiment and impulse, not of reason or professed principle. Having gone to extremes in the measures that fermented and brought on this war, he would now go to extremes to quell it. I am prepared to see him acquiesce in a division of the Union, or the continuance of slavery, to accomplish his personal party schemes. There are no men or measures to which he will adhere faithfully. He is ambitious, talented, but not considerate, persistent, or profound.

The *Evening Post* is a journal of a different description, and still retains some of its former character for ability and sense. Bryant, I am inclined to believe, means well, and of himself would do well. But he is getting on in years, and his son-in-law Godwin attempts to wield the political bludgeon.

These are the Administration journals in the City of New York. Thurlow Weed has control of the *Evening Journal* of Albany, and to a considerable extent of the press of the State, of Whig antecedents. He is sagacious, unscrupulous, has ability and great courage, with little honest principle, is fertile in resources, a keen party tactician, but cannot win respect and confidence, for he does not deserve them. For some time past he has been ingratiating himself with the copperhead journals and leaders, and by his skill has made fools of their editors, but I apprehend has not fooled their leading managers. He evidently believes, not without reason, [that] he is using them. They know they are using him. To some extent each may deceive the other. There is a feigned difference between him and Seward, or there has been, but no one is misled by it. Weed is indispensable to Seward, and the master mind of the two. This is as well-known to the copperhead leaders as to any persons. Recently Weed has been here, and has had interviews with the President; to what purpose, whether of his own volition or by invitation, I have never enquired. I have noticed that Seward endeavors to impress on the President the value of Weed's opinion, especially in party matters.

Friday, August 19, 1864.

Much pressed with duties. A pleasant hour at the Cabinet, but no special subject. Fessenden still absent, Stanton did not attend. Blair enquired about the Niagara peace correspondence. The President went over the particulars. Had sent the whole correspondence to Greeley for publication, except one or two passages in Greeley's letters which spoke of a bankrupted country and awful calamities. But Greeley replied that he would not consent to any suppression of his letters or any part of them; and the President remarked that though G[reeley] had put

him (the P[resident]) in a false attitude, he thought it better he should bear it than that the country should be distressed by such a howl, from such a person, on such an occasion.

Concerning Greeley, to whom the President has clung too long and confidingly, he said to-day, that Greeley is "an old shoe — good for nothing now, whatever he has been." "In early life with few mechanics and but little means in the west, we used," he said, "to make our shoes last a great while with much mending, — and sometimes, when far gone, we found the leather so rotten the stitches would not hold. Greeley is so rotten that nothing can be done with him. He is not truthful — the stitches all tear out."

Friday, August 19, 1864.

Seward said to-day that Mr. Raymond, Chairman of the National Executive Committee, had spoken to him concerning the Treasury, the War, the Navy, and the Post Office Departments connected with the approaching election, that he had said to Mr. Raymond that he had better reduce his ideas to writing, and [that Raymond] had sent him certain papers; but that he, Seward, had told him it would be better, or that he thought it would be better, to call in some other person, and he had therefore sent for Governor Morgan, who would be here, he presumed, on Monday. All which means an assessment is to be laid on certain officials and employees of the government for party purposes. Likely the scheme will not be as successful as anticipated, for the depreciation of money has been such that neither [party] can afford to contribute. Good clerks are somewhat indifferent about remaining, and so with mechanics. I cannot for one consent to be an instrument in this business, and I think they must go elsewhere for funds. To a great extent, the money so raised is misused, misapplied, and perverted and prostituted. A set of harpies and adventurers pocket a large portion of the money extorted. It is wanted now for Indiana, — a state which has hosts of corrupt and mischievous political partisans, who take large pay for professed party services, without contributing anything themselves.

HOW FARRAGUT WAS DISCOVERED

Tuesday, August 23, 1864.

Received despatches to-day from Admiral Farragut confirming intelligence received several days since through rebel sources. The official account confirms my own previous impressions in regard to operations. Secretary Stanton, in one of his bulletins, represented that Fort Gaines had surrendered to General Granger and the army. It is shown that the proposition of Colonel Anderson, who commanded the fort, was to surrender to the fleet after the Monitors had made an assault; that Admiral Farragut consulted with General Granger, that the terms were dictated from the squadron, that Colonel Anderson and Major Brown went on board the Admiral's vessel when the arrangement was consummated, etc.

Why should the Secretary of War try to deprive an officer like Farragut and the naval force of what is honestly their due?

It does not surprise nor grieve me that another and different class — the intense partisan — should wholly ignore the Navy Department in all naval victories. No word of credit is awarded us by them for the late achievement, yet I know the people are not wholly ignorant on the subject; some of the more thoughtful will appreciate the labor and responsibility devolving on those who prepared the work, and furnished the means for the work in hand. Some credit is due for the selection of Farragut in the first instance.

When the expedition to New Orleans was determined upon, the question as to who should have command of the naval forces became a subject of grave and paramount importance.

I had heard that Farragut resided in Norfolk at the beginning of the troubles, but that he abandoned the place when

Virginia seceded and had taken up his residence in the city of New York. The fact interested me. I had known something of him in Polk's administration, and his early connection with Commodore Porter was in his favor. All that I had heard of him was to his credit as a capable, energetic, and determined officer of undoubted loyalty. Admirals Jo Smith and Shubrick spoke well of him. The present Admiral, D. D. Porter, who, with others, was consulted, expressed confidence in him, and as Porter himself was to take a conspicuous part in the expedition, it had an important influence. But among naval officers there was not a united opinion. Most of them, I think, while speaking well of Farragut, doubted if he was equal to the position — certainly not so well appointed a man as others, but yet no one would name the man for a great and active campaign against Mobile or some other point. They knew not of New Orleans.

After the question was decided, and I believe after Fox and D. D. Porter both wrote Farragut unofficially of his probable selection to command the new Gulf Squadron, I was cautioned in regard to the step I was taking. Senator Hale asked me if I was certain of my man — southern born — a southern resident, with a southern wife, etc. Several members of Congress questioned me closely; a few knew Farragut, who had not then carved out a great name, and there was, I became conscious, a general impression or doubt whether I had not made a mistake. I will not follow the subject here. His works speak for themselves, and I am satisfied the selection was a proper one, probably the very best that could be made. At that time Dupont was in favor — almost a favorite.

POLITICS IN THE NAVY YARDS

Saturday, August 27, 1864.

Mr. Wakeman, the Postmaster at New York, with whom I am on very good terms, for he is affable, insinuating and pleasant, though not profound nor reliable, — a New York politician, — has called upon me several times in relation to the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Wakeman has been prompted and put forward to deal with me. He says we must have the whole power and influence of the government this coming fall, and if each department will put forth its whole strength and energy in our favor, we shall be successful. He had just called on Mr. Stanton at the request of our friends, and all was satisfactorily arranged with him. Had seen Mr. Fessenden and was to have another interview, and things were working well at the Treasury. Now, the Navy Department was quite as important as either, and he, a Connecticut man, had been requested to see me. There were things in the Navy Yard to be corrected, or our friends would not be satisfied, and the election in New York and the country might, by remissness, be endangered. This must be prevented, and he knew I would use all the means at my disposal to prevent it. He then read from a paper what he wanted should be done. It was a transcript of a document that had been sent me by Seward as coming from Raymond, for the management of the Yard, and he complained of some proceedings that had given offence. Mr. Halleck, one of the masters, had gotten two or three hundred workmen together, and was organizing them with a view to raise funds and get them on the right track; but Admiral Paulding had interfered, broken up the meetings, and prohibited them from assembling in the Navy Yard in future.

I told him I approved of Paulding's course. That there ought to be no gathering of workmen in working hours, and while under government pay, for party schemes; and there must be no such gatherings within the limits of the yard at any time. That I would not do an act myself that I would condemn in an opponent. That such gatherings in the Government Yard were not right, and what was not right, I could not do.

He was a little staggered by my words or manner, or both; insisted we could not succeed without doing these things, that other parties had done them, and we must; but he had full confidence I would do right, and should tell them so when he returned.

Neither Wakeman, nor those who sent him, are aware that the course which he would pursue would and ought to destroy any party. No administration could justify and sustain itself that would misuse power and the public means as they propose. Their measures would not stand the test of investigation, and would be condemned by the public judgment, if healthy. They are not republican, but imperial.

FARRAGUT AND DUPONT

[The important sea victory of Mobile Bay forced the surrender of Forts Gaines and Morgan, and gave Farragut the control of the most important harbor in the Gulf still open to the Confederacy.]

Friday, September 2, 1864.

Admiral Farragut's despatch relative to the capture of Fort Morgan and the infamous conduct of General Page in spiking his guns after his surrender is received. It was most disgraceful, and would justify severe treatment.

Some of the administration presses and leaders have undertaken to censure me for slighting Dupont, not one of them awards me any credit for selecting Farragut. Yet it was a great responsibility, for which I was severely criticised, and until he had proved himself worthy of my choice, I felt it.

The contrast between Farragut and Dupont is marked. No one can now hesitate to say which is the real hero — yet three years ago it would have been different. Farragut is earnest, unselfish, devoted to the country and the service. He sees to every movement, forms his line of battle with care and skill, puts himself at the head, carries out his plan, if there is difficulty leads the way, regards no danger to himself, dashes by forts and overcomes obstructions. Dupont, as we saw at Sumter, puts himself in the most formidable vessel, has no order of battle, leads the way only until he gets within short cannon range, then stops, says his ship would not steer well, declines however to go in any other, but signals to them to go forward without order or any plan of battle, does not enjoin upon them to dash by the forts; they are stopped under the guns of Sumter, Moultrie, and are battered for an hour, a sufficient length of time to have gone to Charleston wharves, and then they are signalled to turn about and come back to the Admiral, out of harm's way.

When I appointed Dupont to command a squadron I met the public expectation. All but a few naval officers, most of whom were under a cloud, approved and applauded so judicious a selection. But no cheering response was made to the appointment of Farragut. Some naval officers said he was a daring, dashing fellow, but they doubted his discretion and ability to command a squadron judiciously. Members of Congress inquired who he was, and some of them remonstrated, and questioned whether I was not making a mistake, for he was a southern man and had a southern wife. Neither the President nor any member of the Cabinet knew him, or knew of him, except, perhaps, Seward, but he was not consulted and knew nothing of the selection until after it was made. When told of the appointment, he inquired if Farragut was equal to it, and asked if it would not have been better to have transferred Dupont to that command.

Farragut became a marked man in my mind when I was informed of the circumstances under which he left Norfolk. At the time the Virginia convention voted to secede he denounced the act, and at once abandoned the state, leaving his home and property the day following, avowing openly and boldly, in the face and hearing of the rebels by whom he was surrounded, his determination to

live and die owing allegiance to no flag but that of the Union under which he had served. This firm and resolute stand caused me not only to admire the act, but led me to inquire concerning the man. I had known of him slightly during Polk's administration, when I had charge of a naval bureau, remembered his proposition to take San Juan de Ulloa at Vera Cruz, and all I heard of him was well, but he was generally spoken of as were other good officers. Fox, Foote, and Dahlgren gave him a good name. Admiral D. D. Porter was emphatic in his favor, and his knowledge and estimate of men were generally pretty correct. Admiral Smith considered him a bold, impetuous man, of a great deal of courage and energy, but his capabilities and power to command a squadron was a subject to be determined only by trial.

Had any other man than myself been Secretary of the Navy, it is not probable that either Farragut or Foote would have had a squadron. At the beginning of the rebellion, neither of them stood prominent beyond others. Their qualities had not been developed; they had not possessed opportunities. Foote and myself were youthful companions at school. And I have stated the circumstances under which Farragut was brought to my notice.

Neither had the showy name, the scholastic attainments, the wealth, the courtly talent, of Dupont. But both were heroes. Dupont is a polished naval officer, selfish, heartless, calculating, scheming, but not a hero by nature, though too proud to be a coward.

[In the Democratic Convention which met at Chicago on August 29, General McClellan was nominated for the Presidency on a platform which declared the war a failure, and demanded peace "at the earliest practicable moment." McClellan accepted the nomination, but repudiated the salient plank of the platform. At first, everything seemed to favor his election.]

Saturday, September 3, 1864.

New York City is shouting for McClellan, and there is a forced effort elsewhere to get a favorable response to the almost traitorous proceeding at Chicago. As usual, some timid Union men are alarmed, and there are some, like Raymond, Chairman of the National Committee, who have no fixed and reliable principles to inspire confidence, who falter, and another set like Greeley, who have an uneasy lingering hope that they can yet have an opportunity to make a new candidate. But this will soon be over. The Chicago platform is unpatriotic, almost treasonable to the Union. The issue is made up. It is whether a war shall be made against Lincoln to get peace with Jeff Davis. Those who met at Chicago prefer hostility to Lincoln rather than to Davis. Such is extreme partisanism.

We have to-day word that Atlanta is in our possession, but we have yet no particulars. It has been a hard, long struggle, continued through weary months. This intelligence will not be gratifying to the zealous partisans who have just committed the mistake of sending out a peace platform, and declared the war a failure.

Monday, September 5, 1864.

Mr. Blair returned this morning from Concord. He had, I have little doubt, [been] sent for partly to see and influence me. I am not sufficiently ductile for Mr. Raymond, Chairman of the National Executive Committee, who desires to make each Navy Yard a party machine.

Blair, like a man of sense, has a right appreciation of things, as Paulding's letter satisfied him. Whether it will Raymond and [E. B.] Washburn is another question, about which I care not two straws; only for their importuning, the President would not give the old Whig party a moment's attention. His good sense and sagacity are against such exercise or abuse of power and patronage, as I heard him once remark. It is an extreme of partyism such as [is] practised in New York.

Tuesday, September 13, 1864.

Had an interesting half hour's talk with J. M. Forbes, a sensible man and true patriot. He wishes the President to make the issue before the country distinctly perceptible to all as democratic and aristocratic. The whole object and purpose of the leaders in the rebellion is the establishment of an aristocracy, although not distinctly avowed. Were it avowed, they would have few followers. Mr. Forbes wishes me to urge this subject upon the President. It is not in my nature to obtrude my opinions upon others. Perhaps I err in the other extreme. In the course of the conversation he related a violent and strange assault that was made upon him by Mr. Seward, some time since, in the railroad cars or on the platform at a stopping-place, denouncing him for trying to postpone the nominating convention.

Mr. Blair, in walking over with me, took the opportunity of stating his conviction that there was a deep intrigue going forward on the part of the " little villain," using Greeley's epithet to Raymond, to effect a change of Cabinet next March. The grumbling and the complaint about the employees in the navy yards meant more than was expressed. It is to gradually work upon the President and get him, if possible, dissatisfied with me and with the administration of the Navy Department. I doubt if this is so, and yet should not be at all surprised to find Blair to be right in his conjectures.

POLITICAL PRESSURE CONTINUES

Wednesday, September 14, 1864.

I had a formal call to-day from a committee consisting of Mr. Cook of Illinois, a member of the National Committee Mr. Humphrey, an ex-member of Congress from Brooklyn, and two or three other gentlemen. Mr. Cook opened the subject by presenting me a resolution, adopted unanimously by the National Committee, complaining in general terms that the employees of the Brooklyn Navy Yard were, a majority of them, opposed to the administration. He also presented a paper, which the President had given him, from certain persons in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, complaining in a similar manner of the condition of affairs in the Charlestown and Kittery Navy Yards.

Our interview was long, and matters were pretty fully gone into. After reading the papers, I stated that these were charges in general terms, and asked if they had any specific facts, anything tangible for us to inquire into. Was there any case within their knowledge, or the knowledge of any one to whom they could refer, of wrong, or disloyalty, of offensive political bearing? They were evidently unprepared to answer. Mr. Cook said he had understood there were some warrant officers who ought to be removed. I explained there were naval officers and there were civilians in the Navy Yards. The former were detailed to duty, the latter are appointees of the Department. The Masters are appointed by the Department and they employ all the workmen, subject to the approval of the chiefs of their respective departments. I had appointed and retained all the Masters in Brooklyn by the advice of Mr. Humphrey and his associates. If there were any improper persons employed there, it was by the Masters thus selected on Mr. Humphrey's recommendation. Mr. Cook said he had not fully understood this matter.

Mr. Humphrey said there were a good many disloyal men in the yard. I requested him to point them out, to give me their names, to specify one. He was not prepared, nor were either of the men with him. Mr. Humphrey said that a majority of the men in the yard were copperheads, opposed to the administration. I asked him how he knew that to be the case, for I could not credit it. He said he had been told so, and appealed to the Master Joiner who was present — a little deaf. The Master Joiner thought that four-sevenths were opposed to the administration. I enquired on what data he made that statement. He said he had no data, but he could tell pretty well by go-

ing round the yard and mingling with the men. I told him that besides introducing partisans into the yard, which was wrong, his figure was mere conjecture; and asked if their ward committees in the city outside the yard did their duty, if they canvassed their wards, knew how many navy yard men were in each ward, and how they stood relatively with parties. They were aware of no such canvass, had no facts, had done nothing outside.

But the burden of their complaint was against Mr. Davidson, the Assistant Naval Constructor, who would not dismiss, or give his approval to dismiss, any man of the opposition. Again I asked for facts. "Why, if there is this wrong, has not a case been brought to my knowledge? You must certainly, among you all, know of a single case if there is such a grievance as you represent." Mr. Humphrey appealed to the Master Joiner, who related the circumstance of a difference that had grown up between a workman and a quarter man, — an appeal was made to Mr. Hallock, the Master; Hallock wrote his dismissal for insubordination, and Mr. Davidson had not approved it; no action had yet been taken.

This was the only case they could recollect. This, I told them, was not a case of disloyalty, or objectionable party opinion, but of discipline. If as stated, the facts should have been reported to me, and I would have given them attention. But nothing, they were confident, could be done with Mr. Davidson to favor the Republican party. I asked Mr. H[umphrey] if he knew Mr. Davidson's political opinion. Told him Mr. D[avidson] had been recommended by every Republican member of Congress from Philadelphia. Mr. H[umphrey] did not know what his opinions were, but he had no sympathy with us. I told him my impressions were, that D[avidson] was a friend and supporter of the President — but he had gone a stranger to Brooklyn, and been treated with neglect and was much misrepresented; that I was satisfied and confirmed that my impressions were correct, that there was no proper party organization in Brooklyn, that they had no proper canvass, that they did not labor and exert themselves properly, but sat down leisurely and called on the President and Secretary of the Navy to do their party work and organization for them; that in this way they could never make themselves formidable. They must mingle with the people, be with them and of them, convince them by intercourse that the Republicans were right. That they should invite the employees to their meetings, furnish them with arguments, get them interested, and they would in that way have their willing efforts and votes.

They thought, they said, they had a pretty good organization, but if allowed to go into the yard they could better organize; it would help them much. I told them I thought such a proceeding would be wrong; it was a maxim to me not to do that which I condemned in another. They said if they could go near the Paymaster when he was paying the men off, and get the assessment off each man, it would greatly aid them. I told them it would help them to no votes. The party who was compelled to pay a party tax could not love the party who taxed him. His contribution must, like his vote, come voluntarily; and they must persuade and convince him to make him effective.

I promised to write, instructing Delano, the Constructor, to pass on the selections and dismissals of men, and not to depute this duty to his assistant. This, they thought, would afford them relief; and though I perceived there was disappointment in the matter of money-getting, which is obviously the great object in view, they went off apparently satisfied with the victory for Delano.

Tuesday, September 20, 1864.

Intelligence reaches us this morning that Sheridan has achieved a great victory over Early, in the valley of the Shenandoah, after much hard fighting. This will do much to encourage all union-loving men, and will be ominous to Lee.

(*To be continued.*)

CONCORDANCE-MAKING IN NEW ZEALAND

BY A. E. TRIMBLE

As a child and as a young person I received much advice — some good, some bad, some indifferent, all useless. I have grown up into neither lawyer, doctor, nor spiritual pastor, so my advice is not a marketable commodity. Therefore, having freely received, I now freely give — advice.

To those wishing to become thoroughly acquainted with the work of an author my advice is simple, — "Concord him." There is no surer method. At once you get his innermost meaning, and test his best worth. If his writing be great, the enthusiasm with which you attack the work will be great, and will grow greater as the work grows. Spite of weariness of the flesh, of writer's cramp, or of the many other devices whereby Satan intrigues to make your hands idle that he may mischievously use them, you stick to your work. Day by day, week by week, even year by year, the work and your ardor together increase. Daily your spirit with exceeding joy meets the author's spirit. At length the work is finished, and the knowledge of "Something attempted, something *done*" warms your heart as it warmed the Blacksmith's. Woe to the man who concords second-rate stuff! Drearier toil could scarcely be imagined, lacking the Divine Fire. But, given Genius to work upon, no task could be more absorbing. The Lust of Finishing seizes you, the newest novel fails to tempt, social duties are forgotten, meals are tiresome necessities only, and bedtime an interruption.

While the spell was upon us, our friends facetiously christened our home "Concord."

Firstly, because we were always concording.

Secondly, in affectionate remembrance of our household gods — Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, but chiefly old Bronson Alcott, the father of that pathetic family of which Louisa was the star.

Thirdly, because there was no discord there.

Again, we received much advice: "Cruden became a lunatic. You had better take care. Don't work too hard." Or, "Mary Cowden Clark spent sixteen years upon her Concordance. Do you expect to do yours in less time?" Or, "Why did you choose Whitman's poems? Surely it would have been wiser to do some more popular author. Nobody reads Whitman except a few cranks like yourselves. No one will need your concordance." Or, "Could n't you spend the time more profitably on original work?" Or, "How do you know that some other Concordance of *Leaves of Grass* will not be brought out before yours is finished?" And the speaker would proceed to relate the saddest of Baring-Gould's stories: of the poor shoemaker who loved his Bible, and who wanted to make the study of it easier for others, and who indexed every significant word therein, spending all he had — time, money, life itself, on the work. And how, when the Herculean task was done, he — with great gladness — bore his burden of precious toil to his clergyman, only to find it "love's labor lost," — to learn that the work had been done three centuries before. "And the poor man died of a broken heart," we are reminded; to which we would gayly answer in Walt's own words, "The song is to the singer, and comes back most to him."

Just so the work is to the worker, and

comes back most to him. It cannot miss, and no one will ever get quite as much out of the Concordance as the Concorder does. It indeed "comes back most to him." Robert Browning says somewhere (if I had a Browning Concordance by me, I could give chapter and verse), —

> No gain
> That I experience, must remain
> Unshared.

When I read these lines — years ago — they practically made over my scheme of life. They became my working motto. So, as I had found in Walt Whitman great stores of faith, hope, and love, I hailed the chance of sharing him with others; and it was with great good-will that I joined in helping to make a "Complete Concordance of *Leaves of Grass*."

For the information of those who have not done any such work — a fairly large percentage of the Cultured Class — it would be well to explain the method of work. Drawing a bow at a venture, I hit a typical line: —

> Roaming in thought over the Universe, I saw the little that is good steadily hastening towards immortality.

Next, take the index paper. In a column, at the beginning of each line, stand the letters of the alphabet. Write the title of the poem and its page at the top of the paper thus: —

Roaming in Thought, page 216.

On line G enter good.
On " H " hastening.
On " I " immortality.
On " L " little.
On " O " over.
On " R " roaming.
On " S " saw, and steadily.
On " T " thought, towards.
On " U " universe;

marking each entry "line 1," because it is the first line of that poem. Next, enter these words on uniform sheets of paper, which contain all previous entries of the same word. Should any word not have occurred before, take a fresh sheet, write the word plainly at the top, and enter your new word thereon. When entering the word, write the quotation in which it occurs, also note name of poem and number of line. These sheets are kept in bundles, one for each letter of the alphabet. To save handling, let all words having the same initial letter be consecutively entered from the index paper. Every sheet must be placed scrupulously in alphabetical order in the bundle, or the result will be confusion worse confounded.

It will be seen that the line just concorded had to be written out twelve times, once when indexing and eleven times when entering upon the sheets. Hence the work is to be most highly recommended for giving the worker a full, true, and particular knowledge of the poet's words and meaning. The way in which the esoteric purport of a line or poem gradually emerges and yields itself up to the patient Concorder, when writing it for the twelfth or maybe the twentieth time, is as beautiful as it is amazing. Then too, the joy of living, day by day, in ever closer communion with the mind of a great poet, is not to be lightly esteemed. So, even supposing some one else should publish the work before us, it cannot rob us of past joys, or of present wisdom, acquired in the process of doing the work.

There is a curious inequality in the size of the bundles. A is an average size, as are also B, D, E, F, L, M, O, P, R, W; but you must add together J, K, G, V, Y to make a bundle equal in size to A, or I. H, N, O, U together only equal A. Bundle C is twice the size of A, and bundle S is quite three times the size. This was surprising until one noticed how many of the most musical and sweet-sounding words — poets' words — begin with a sibilant. Next in bulk to C comes T, while Z has only four entries from *Leaves*, — Zeus, Zinc, Zones, and Zuyder Zee.

After about four years of steady work the concording is complete. All that

remains to be done is the typing — each letter and each sheet being typed in alphabetical order. The manuscript meanwhile is stored in kerosene boxes, and, roughly speaking, occupies thirty-two gallons of space, or is equal in bulk to eight four-gallon tins of kerosene. Its weight is appalling; so, too, were the monthly bills for paper. When telling a friend — of the female domestic species — that our monthly bills for paper were at least five times as large as our butcher's bills, her horror was so voluble and overwhelming that there was no opportunity to explain that we were vegetarians, though not of the bigoted variety.

Walt's vocabulary is prodigious. He uses a fresh word every time, and always the right one. One would imagine Roget's *Thesaurus* to have been his favorite reading, yet this cannot have been so, or Horace Traubel would certainly have told of it. Without the slightest consideration for the pains of his Concorders-to-be, Walt makes and uses compound words. Once used, he casts them aside and they appear no more, or else appear un-hyphenated, necessitating two new entries.

Penology is a fashion of the day. "How not to make Criminals," and the like; or, having already manufactured them under our elaborate system of prisons, police, punishments, "How can We Cure our Criminals?" An eminent physician, interested in our literary labor, made a wise suggestion the other day. "All great authors should be concorded," he pronounced, "and the work should be done by the educated prisoners." Instantly we saw that he had hit upon a great idea, on the right thing to be done under the present wrong social circumstances. As in a vision we beheld the spirit-wearied prisoner, long thrown back upon his own angers and resentments, upon his sense of injustice, or maybe upon the memories of his own ill-deeds to others, or of others to him. We saw him transfigured by noble, useful work, by constant and uplifting occupation of hand and brain. If anything could make a man forget he is a prisoner, forget that green fields, flowers, fresh air, and freedom are not for him, this work would. It is the sense of futility which destroys a man's best part, and one who was busied on this work would feel that, no matter what wrong he has done, or what good he has left undone, he now does great service for mankind; does work which, once done, is done for all time; work which will be of value to all students coming after him. And if the author whom he concords be not merely a "Singer" but an "Answerer," one who has the pass-key of hearts, then indeed will anger and resentment die out of that tired heart. The riddle of his universe will be so far answered as to enable him to step off the treadmill-round of old thoughts, and his spirit will be healed.

> They are not vile any more, they hardly know themselves. They are so grown, —

says Walt. A scoffing friend took another view of the suggestion. "Why, you'd never catch an educated chap in prison again if he knew that sort of thing was ahead of him," he jeered. "Not a man-jack of them would own up to reading or writing. It would clear the prisons of educated folk." He was a scoffer who had no soul for poetry.

Besides the diversity in the size of the bundles of letters, there are whimsical inequalities of mention in the *Leaves*. To instance a single subject, that of "Animals." "The serene-moving animals teaching content." While Walt mentions them as "animals" twenty-eight times, he has but four references to them as "brutes," which is quite in keeping with his position as a lover of animals; as one who has said, —

> I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained. They do not lie awake in the dark, and weep for their sins, they do not make me sick, discussing their duty to God.

The harmless pussy-cat Walt names only once, twice only the dog, thrice the cow, while horses' hoofs ring out galore. There is no pig amongst the *Leaves*, yet we find

pork there, and although we find poultry, there are neither cocks nor hens. At any moment you may encounter strange beasts and reptiles among the *Leaves:* the moose, the panther, rattlesnake, alligator, or the black bear searching for roots or honey, or the beaver as he pats the mud with his paddle-shaped tail. You may meet herds of buffalo, or packs of winter wolves barking amid wastes of snow or icicled trees. And, going back to the "Huge First Nothing," you find monstrous sauroids, engaged in transporting Walt's embryo in their mouths and depositing it with care. So the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, passes over the whole earth, and, with apparently neither rhyme nor reason, commandeers beasts and birds for the purpose of his poems. And the why and the wherefore of the appearance is one of those mysteries known only to the poet, and him you may not cross-examine.

> Vex not thou the Poet's mind
> With thy shallow wit.
> Vex not thou the Poet's mind,
> For thou canst not fathom it, —

was the sage advice given by our late Poet Laureate. Advice is sometimes worth taking.

THE LOVE OF THE WORLD

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

"JUDITH." The challenge broke the silence of the old room a little wistfully.

"Yes, mother."

"When you have a house of your own, — you know you will have a house of your own some day, — you will remember, won't you? and have it built with windows toward the south, toward the sun?"

"I will remember and have it built close to the road, close enough to see people when they pass by. And I hope there will be plastered walls and some new furniture."

"Oh, I don't know about the people — or the plaster." She looked about her, a little jealous for the small hewn-log house and the sombre room. It was a large room with two opposite doors, front and back, and a single window near the wide chimney. In a shadowed corner a few steep steps led up to the low-roofed chamber above. As for the furniture, hand-made and enduring, it, like the house, belonged to an earlier time when family needs were few. And yet in its arrangement, its spotlessness, in even so small a thing as the earthenware cup on the high mantel, which held a few red maple twigs with swelling buds, there was subtle evidence of a modern, more sensitive personality.

And in spite of the sombre grays and browns of walls and furniture there were touches of brighter color. A narrow gilt-bordered panel in the old clock-face set forth a winding river with a red turreted castle and green willows; on the high bed was an indigo and white counterpane, hand-woven in an intricate pattern of wheels; the window framed an oblong of blue sky crossed by the gray, lichened boughs of an oak; and red and yellow flames wavered ceaselessly in a deep fireplace.

The woman looked about her again, by all this somewhat comforted. "Things need not be quite new," she decided. "But it is hard not to have the sun."

If she had laid her gentle law through the slow years upon her unyielding environment, something of the character

of that environment had in turn passed into herself and her child; was visible, one might fancy, watching the two this wintry afternoon: slightly in the girl, despite the preponderating softness and enticements of youth, noticeably in the well-knit aging woman in her clean dark dress, her skin fine in texture as a child's but colorless, her hair white above the wide full brow, an extraordinary sweetness in her changeful expression, a more remarkable childlikeness in her blue eyes.

"It is always hard not to have the sun," she repeated.

Judith raised her eyes from her work. They were bluer than her mother's, but not childlike, and her face was of a lovely freshness. She had been cutting with much precision folds for the trimming of a blue serge skirt. The rarity of a new dress made its making an affair of almost sacred importance. Concern for so trivial a thing as the sunlight savored of the profane. "I am sure the sun is shining to-day," she contended severely.

"Not in this room. It has n't since last fall. Have n't you noticed that it does n't come through the window in the winter-time?"

"I've noticed that it has n't shone anywhere for two weeks, until to-day. As to whether it comes or does n't come into this room, I never noticed such a thing in my life."

Her mother was sewing the blue serge folds together as Judith cut them. She laid her head somewhat wearily against the high back of her chair. "Judith, you know I am sometimes homesick here without knowing anywhere else that I want to be." The plaint of a child's voice was in the words.

"Well, it seems to me" — reason was silencing unreason — "you might have got used to it in all this time."

"Thirty years! Does n't it seem so?" The words came with a mellow laugh. But Mary Hartsfield's voice lent itself easily to laughter or tears. "And Mother Hartsfield for thirty years before me. Dear Mother Hartsfield."

Judith looked at her curiously. For all their intimacy she had never grown accustomed to her mother's swift mutations of feeling. "Why did n't you make father change things to suit you?" she asked.

"Oh, they suited me then. I was just a girl, like you. Besides, I had him. And the dear books that were my father's." She looked up at them fondly, ranged on the two heavy shelves fastened high against the wall by the chimney. "Those first eight years went by, oh, so quickly! People lived simply then, and things meant so much to them. And then, at last, you came, and John and I wondered how we had ever lived at all without you."

She turned her face to the window. Across the lonely landscape through the bare branches of the trees she could distinguish the mossy roof and gray, unpainted walls of the country meeting-house.

"You were the first baby that was ever baptized in the new Sharon church. Your father carried you over there in his arms. It was April; and on the way I gathered the pink and white wake-robins — the ground was thick with them — and filled a bowl for the little bare pine table inside the altar. It was the first time the members had ever seen flowers in a Methodist church, or any church, and they thought it a sin. Old grandsire Oliver came up to me after the service, as I sat near the front by the married women's door, so as to slip out with you if you cried. I must have seemed very young to him. I seemed very young to myself. But I was not; I was nearly twenty-five. 'Daughter,' he said, pointing with his trembling purple old fingers, first at you, then at the little bowl of pink flowers on the table, 'daughter, for that child's sake learn to trample the world under your feet!'"

She paused. "He was a good old man, but he thought," — sweetness and the softest of mirth were in her voice, — "he thought pink and white wake-robins from the woods were — the *world!*"

Judith responded with the sharpness of

youth demanding its right. "Good or not, he need n't have troubled himself. I don't know when you ever had any of the world to trample on, or I either. The first new dress I've had in two years!" She caught up the blue-and-white silk which had been bought for the bodice, and drew the soft uncut lengths across her chest close to her delicate chin. "I suppose he would have told me to trample this silk under my feet too; but I won't, will I? You beautiful thing!" she apostrophized, searching hard for some adequate reflection of her youthful prettiness in the dim old mirror that slanted from the wall. She sighed a little. "I might as well be sixty years old. If only I had a good looking-glass now, he might talk about the world!"

Mary Hartsfield's face grew sharp with longing. She spoke, but rather to herself than to Judith, little bitter pauses between her words. "It does seem — that there might be — in the third generation, and for a girl not much past twenty — a new looking-glass!"

In a moment she melted into tender apology. "It would all be different if your father had lived. He died before he could recover from all he lost by Howard Alison; and I could not make what land there was left do more than support us. John's family used to be better off than anybody's in the neighborhood; they set the standard for the rest, just as my father and mother were looked up to for their learning and their manners. But now the people around us have good homes and more of everything than they used to have, and you and I have barely held by our own."

One word in the explanation had caught Judith's interest. "Mother, was n't Mr. Alison legally right in what he did to father?"

"Legally, perhaps; though nobody knows. But not morally. He had no moral right on his side whatever."

It was almost as if for the moment her daughter had become her antagonist. A slow fire that burned always in her heart leaped up and touched her cheeks with crimson.

Judith dismissed the subject lightly. "Well, it all happened a long time ago, and we need n't worry about it now."

"Here are the last of the folds." Her mother spoke with cold constraint, and laying them on the girl's lap turned and lifted a white cloth from her own small workstand. It was a low black table with turned legs and a heavy drawer. The bit of work looked oddly out of place on it: a square of blue satin, two small paint-brushes, and a box of colors.

Judith strained her eyes upon the materials. "Why, you have n't got any way at all with it," she said.

Her mother held toward her the blue satin cushion which was intended to serve as her model. "I could n't do anything this morning. These little white flowers are not right. There are no flowers like that. I am trying to think how the leaves of a vine looked that I found last summer in the canebrake. I remember the blossom. It would make a prettier pattern than this."

"Yes, but what if it would? Ella Mears bought that cushion when she was away, and Fanny Seabrook wants one made like it. She does n't care whether the flowers on it are like real flowers or not."

"I care," the elder woman said softly, though scarcely in argument. She looked at the window. "How bright the sun must be shining, and we in here! If only the other side of the room were all of glass it would be almost like being out of doors."

She had been ailing all winter, and in imagination had replaced the heavy timbers with clear glass many times.

"I never saw the side of a house made of glass," Judith replied in some irritation.

Mary Hartsfield laughed. "Judy, dear," she palliated, "if I were as heroic in the matter of friendship as I ought to be, I should not intrude my tiny woes upon you as I do. I should keep quite

out of your sky until I had finished molting and was ready to sing again. But there is one note that does n't fail even in February; " — she had gone back of the girl's chair, slipped her arms around Judith's neck, and laid her cheek against the heavy crown of her black hair; — " it does n't fail at any time, Judy — I love you."

Judith did not comprehend the metaphor, though feeling no loss therefrom, but she was mollified by the caress. It had been given simply, yet a flush of color crept into the too white face as it lay hidden from sight on her daughter's hair. Her whole attitude as she stood there was one of gentle deprecation and longing.

Perhaps that her face might be out of view for a few minutes longer, she moved away and stood with her back to Judith before the high bookshelves, running her eyes slowly along the dim titles and faded bindings. Presently she took down with a little touch of affection a thin square book in mottled paper binding, a relic of her school-days. Turning the rough yellow pages past the school compositions in the first half, she came to the pencil-drawings and simple sketches in color which had been put there from time to time in more recent years. She looked through them with unhurried interest, a light of pleasure in her eyes, and at length returned to the little table and laid the book open upon it. " I have found a drawing of the flower I was thinking of," she said, and began sketching from it a design for the satin cover.

She worked slowly, but with unerring accuracy. Judith watched curiously the telling aptitude of the tapering fingers — she had coveted such hands for herself often — and the growing satisfaction on the absorbed face.

" I declare, mother," she cried, " if you could only get in this neighborhood just the kind of work you like to do, we might have all the money we need."

" If I could get the kind of work to do," Mary Hartsfield repeated a little dully.

At rare intervals through her widowhood, she had visited among her parents' kindred, solacing for a time in their world of larger interests an unsatisfied side of her nature. Sometimes she thought to make a place there for herself and her child; but always she had come back to the lonely hill country of her husband's people, held back by instinct, or by providence, from sacrificing for such gains joys more vital to herself, and perhaps to her small share in the progress of the race.

Presently she pushed her work back a little, and, looking at it critically, lifted herself suddenly erect, her lips parted, her face kindling. The February sun, near its setting, sent through the little window a narrow shaft of light which melted into a band of quivering gold on the dark wall opposite. " Look, Judith! " she called. " It is beginning to come in again. I had forgotten it ever came in till March."

Judith turned at her voice, and was aggrieved. " Why, I thought you saw — *something*," she said.

Mary Hartsfield did not hear. A tender smiting of conscience impelled her to confession. " It has been this way with me all my life, Judith," she cried. " I can't bear things just as they happen to be, or I feel that I shall sicken and die without some special thing which it is impossible for me to have. Then, suddenly, everything is different. I have what I wanted, and I am ashamed. Oh, if we would only be patient and peaceful long enough! What we desire really does come to us at last."

" I thought what you wanted was to have the sunshine in here all day," Judith argued with literalness. " I don't see that *that* is what you wished for." She pointed to the band of orange light in some contempt.

Her mother was a little confused. " Well, maybe not exactly," she admitted, " but it is beautiful, beautiful! And I was not expecting it. I thought the sun did not get so far round till some time in March. To-day is only the twenty-fifth of February."

Judith dropped her sewing in her lap and folded her hands over it. The time had come to say something which she had known for several days had to be said.

"To-day is the twenty-fifth, and Ella Mears's party is on the twenty-ninth," she began a little unsteadily.

Her mother looked at her. "Yes, but you will finish your dress in time. Most of the waist will be hand-work, and I can do that."

"Oh, the dress is all right," she swallowed. Her resolve to speak needed strengthening. "You may not like it, mother, but Richard Alison is coming here Friday night."

"Coming here?"

"Coming to take me to the party. Why should n't he? I see him at other places; why must n't he come here?"

Mary Hartsfield did not speak. Perhaps she could not. She had begun to tremble. Once on forbidden ground, Judith grew bolder. "There is n't a finer young man in the country. He is more than welcome everywhere else. But just because his father and mine had a lawsuit twenty years ago —"

Her mother lifted a trembling hand. "There was no lawsuit," she said in a voice unlike itself; "they were members of the same church. Your father would not go to law with a member of Sharon church. He would rather suffer himself to be defrauded."

"Well, a difficulty, then. It's all the same. Because there was a difficulty between them when Richard and I were babies, here our two families have been kept apart all these years, and I dare not tell him he may come to this house. They are as good as we are, and Richard himself is better than the best. What can you have against him? He is upright and kind, and successful in everything he undertakes. Besides, he loves me," she burst out; "he has asked me to marry him."

Her mother did not answer. She was shaking from head to foot. She essayed to lift her chest, as some one had told her to do when attacked by the strange trembling which for some months had overcome her at the happening of anything untoward or exciting. She was helped a little, but not enough for speech, and going out into the low shed-room, she began moving about mechanically preparing the evening meal. She had caught at the commonplace activity as a possible relief to the stress of her emotion, which seemed to stop her breath.

Judith went about her own share in the evening work, tidying the room, milking the cow, bringing in wood and water for the night. She attempted conversation during supper and afterwards, but with poor success, and went to bed half-grieved and half-defiant.

There was machine work on the new dress which must be done at a neighbor's, and she relieved the situation by spending the next day away from home. In the evening, when the two sat together before the hearth, the room lighted only by its yellow flames, her mother led up to the subject which had been constantly in the minds of both. Her face was gray, and heavy lines drew down from the corners of her mouth, but her eyes were serene and sweet.

Except upon the matter of Howard Alison, she had always poured out her heart to her child in both grief and gladness, being not too exacting as to Judith's response. She did so now, checking so far as her will could avail the tremulousness of her body, which in part was due to physical ill.

"Judith," she said, "you know I am not strong and capable as many women are. I may be strong in some ways, but not in the same ways, perhaps not in the best ways. All my life my heart has been obliged to have some place in which to hide itself, to make its home. Your father's heart was that home for mine." Her voice had dropped very low. She paused till the rise of tears should be subdued.

"Through all the years since he went

away, I think I have been homeless. I have had other things which have grown dear — this house in which he left me, this room which has seen so much of what I have thought and done; the little church over yonder in the lonely woods, which has kept my inner life bound to the life beyond. And my books," — she spoke slowly, and in broken phrases rather than sentences, — "which have been like dear companions growing older with me, perhaps because I have been able to see more in them. Then my drawing, and the little embroidery I get to do, and sometimes letters from far-off friends, and the neighbors and friends close around us. Oh! I have not been poor, as you sometimes imagine, I have been rich, rich!" Her lips trembled. "Rich, too, in this wonderful world around us, which enfolds us all the time, though we build walls between us and it, and forget it in our little foolish affairs, though it will not stay forgotten. I think I have never forgotten it myself a whole day in my life, — this world of the precious woods and the changing, beautiful sky, which has nourished me like some tender, voiceless mother."

Through the little window the stars could be seen beyond the leafless boughs of the oaks. She rose and, pressing her face close to the small glass panes, looked up at them in their wintry radiance, — other faithful friends of her solitude and widowhood.

"No, I have not been poor," she said again, coming back, sweet and tranquil, and sitting with hands clasped in her lap. "I have had so much, — merely in the thoughts that come to me, such thoughts, I suppose, as come to other women too, — so much more than I have ever deserved. Only in one direction have I ever been oppressed, not free, my faculties beaten back as if against some dreadful wall. Except for that, I have had living joy in all these things I have mentioned, and in more than these.

"And yet I have never given myself to rest in any or all of them. I have said all along, 'Judith is growing older every day. Since my husband first laid her in my arms she has been to me beyond what any but the speech of angels could tell. She will be more and more to me all the time. I must let her see into my thoughts, as far as I can, for by and by she will be a woman and understand her mother as one woman understands another; and then I can make my home in my daughter's heart.'"

The words were not spoken in appeal, but with the utmost singleness of truth; yet upon the girl's face was the impress of a new emotion, the first consciousness of a profound responsibility, shadowed by reluctant fear. Mary Hartsfield did not see it. She had indeed been speaking rather to herself than to another, and instead of turning her eyes to Judith's face had lifted them, without intention, but with sudden quivering recollection, upon an old print which hung against the wall above her bed. She remembered how she had tried to follow its details in the slow anguish of childbirth.

"But I cannot hide myself there if you do this thing you have purposed." The cry rose fiercely in her breast, but did not pass her lips. Motherhood, uncorrupted even in its outgoings of supreme desire, had touched, and left inviolate, a barrier newly fallen between her child and herself.

Silence held the lonely house, the sombre room, save as the wind stirred in the overspreading boughs of the oaks, or the flames broke softly on the hearth. The young girl sat erect and still, grasped by the first knowledge of the illimitable pathos of human relationships. Her unlined brow, her sweet young form, were fair to see in the old firelit room.

When Mary Hartsfield again spoke, it was in a voice steady and clear. She no longer trembled; she felt no fear. It was as if one had passed over fearful continents and uncharted seas and stood at last upon another shore, but in the strength and hope of courage re-born.

"Daughter," she said, "this man's

father robbed your father and shortened the measure of his days, and in doing so he robbed me of what I loved best, and planted in me I know not what bitter seed, which had to grow and bear its fruit, and fulfill its end — its end. But it was the man's father who did this, not the man himself. Do you wish still to marry him, Judith?"

The girl's eyes met hers, unafraid and full of a new humility. "Yes, for I love him, mother."

THE HIDDEN GARDEN

BY FLORENCE D. SNELLING

The garden walls are high,
And yet, year after year,
Belovéd passer-by,
What time thou drawest near,

Quick stirs the old surmise,
And punctual blossoms greet
Thy dear unheeding eyes
And thy unpausing feet.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

IV

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

It will be remembered that the Germanna Ford Road strikes the Fredericksburg and Orange Court House Pike where the latter crosses Wilderness Run, and that the Lacy Farm lies immediately south, in the angle between the run and the Pike. The head of Griffin's division, on reaching this famous old highway, wheeled into it to the right, and mounted with it as it rose to the woods which skirt the Lacy Farm on the west. There, somewhat over a mile from the run, they went into bivouac; and, unknowingly, within a half-mile of their lines of battle for the next two days. Crawford, next in column, on reaching the Pike, took the road for Parker's Store, which sets off southwardly at this point, and after passing the dooryard runs wavering through the Lacy Farm. He made his headquarters in the old mansion, which faces east, and camped his division along the west side of the run. Wadsworth led his men to the fields and ridge east of the run; while Robinson, who brought up the rear of the corps, camped on the Germanna Road, the middle of his division about where Caton's Run comes down through the woods from the west.

The day had been very warm; and, having marched since midnight, the troops were fairly tired, and glad to rest. Some of the batteries parked on the Lacy Farm, others with the trains in the fields back of the deserted old Wilderness Tavern. This old stage-house, indicated on all the maps and mentioned many times in orders and reports, was a two-storied, hewn-log house in its day, standing on the north side of the Pike, at the top of the ridge east of Wilderness Run. It overlooked all the Lacy estate, and had the reader stood in its lonely, weedy dooryard as the sun was going down and the shadows of the woods were reaching into the fields, the men of Crawford's and Wadsworth's divisions, all preparing their evening meals, the smoke of their little separate fires lifting softly over them, would have been in full view below him. From the same point, should some one have directed his eye to a flag with a blue field and a red Maltese cross in the centre, a mile or so to the west, at the edge of the woods, it would have been Griffin's. The field-hospital during the battle of Chancellorsville, to which Stonewall Jackson was taken, — he was carried at first on a litter, and the way lit by pine-knot torches till an ambulance came up, — was located near this old Tavern.

Warren's headquarters were on the Germanna Road, not far from the Pike and nearly opposite the knoll which Grant and Meade occupied during the battle. At supper that night Warren was in fine spirits, cheerier at heart, I believe, than ever afterwards, unless it was on the field of Five Forks just before he met Sheridan, who, in that passionate moment, then and there peremptorily relieved him, just as the veterans of the Fifth Corps, whom he had led so often, were cheering him over the victory he had helped to win. Sheridan's harsh dealing with him, however, was not wholly unstudied; for Warren's relations with Grant, which felt their first strain in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania, were at the breaking point, and Sheridan knew it.

After supper I filled my pipe and sat alone, on an old gray rail-fence near by, till the sun went down and the twilight deepened into an evening of great peace. A brigade camped up the run was singing hymns and songs that I had heard at home as a boy; and, probably with feelings deeper than my own, the timber of the Wilderness listened also. Over us all, — woods, men, the Lacy Mansion, the old tavern, and the softly murmuring run, — bent kindly the still, pondering sky, and soon on came Night. Sedgwick's divisions were in bivouac along the Germanna Ford Road, between Warren and the river: first Getty, as far as Flat Run; then Wright, in the old Beale plantation fields; and behind him, just this side of the river, Ricketts, who had crossed the Rapidan about a quarter of four.

Sheridan had pitched his headquarters a quarter of a mile or so east of the Sixth Corps, near the workings of an old gold mine. Custer, perhaps the lightest-hearted man in the army, with whom as a cadet I whiled away many an hour, was back just this side of Stevensburg, his brigade guarding the rear of the army and especially the trains at Richardsville. Davies, with another brigade of cavalry, was at Madden's; in fact, all of Sheridan's first division was posted from the Rapidan to the Rappahannock at eight o'clock that beautiful May night.

Grant and Meade, after crossing the river, established their headquarters near a deserted house whose neglected fields overlooked the ford. At 1.15 P. M., Hancock and Warren having met with no opposition in their advance to the heart of the Wilderness, Grant telegraphed for Burnside, whose Ninth Corps was stretched from the Rappahannock to Manassas, to make forced marches until he reached Germanna Ford. There is reason to believe, it seems to me, that it would have been better had Burnside been brought up nearer before the movement began. For, as it was, his men were nearly marched to death to overtake us; and as a result, they were altogether too fagged out for the work they were called on to do the morning of the second day. The same criticism, however, can be made on Lee's failure to bring Longstreet within striking distance. Though, to be sure, in his case, he did not know whether Grant would cross the Rapidan at the fords above or below him; if above, then Longstreet was just where he would have needed him. I have always suspected that Lee feared a move on that flank more than on his right, for there the country was so open that he could not conceal the paucity of his numbers, as in the Wilderness. While Hancock's, Warren's, and Sedgwick's men on our side, and Hill's and Ewell's on Lee's, were resting around their camp-fires, Burnside's and Longstreet's corps were still plodding away, long after their comrades in the Wilderness were asleep. Such, then, were the movements and the camping-places of the Army of the Potomac on the 4th of May.

Meanwhile the enemy had been moving also. Ewell reports that, by order of General Lee, his corps and division commanders met him on Monday, May 2, at the signal station on Clark's Mountain, and that he then gave it as his opinion that Grant would cross below him. His forecast was right, and I suspect Meade's aides were even at that hour carrying the orders for the movement. It was the last time that Lee and his valiant subordinates ever visited that charming spot with its wide, peaceful view. If ever the reader should be in that vicinity, I hope he will not fail to go to the top of the mountain.

At an early hour on Wednesday it had been reported from various sources to Lee that Grant was under way. By eight o'clock this news was fully confirmed and he transmitted it through the proper channels to his corps commanders, with orders to get ready to move. Sorrel, Longstreet's adjutant-general, at nine o'clock notified General E. P. Alexander — a soldier and a gentleman whose name will last long —

as follows: "Many of the enemy's camps have disappeared from the front, and large wagon-trains are reported moving through Stevensburg. The lieutenant-general commanding desires that you will keep your artillery in such condition as to enable it to move whenever called upon." It was the artillery that under Alexander tried to shake our lines at Gettysburg before Pickett's charge. The same despatch was sent to Longstreet's division commanders, Field and Kershaw. The former was our instructor in cavalry at West Point, and the present King of England saw, I believe, no finer type of American cavalryman than Field, as he rode at the head of the troop that escorted him when he came to West Point in the fall of '60.

It is reasonably clear that by eleven o'clock at the latest Lee was convinced that Wilson's and Gregg's crossings of the Rapidan were not the beginning of a raid, or a feint to cover an advance up the river, but the opening of the campaign. Apparently he seems not to have hesitated, but set his army of sixty-odd thousand men in motion for the Wilderness; taking the precaution to hold Ramseur back with three brigades at Rapidan station, to meet any possible danger behind the mask of our cavalry under Custer. Ewell, who commanded his Second Corps, consisting of Rode's, Johnson's, and Early's divisions, was to draw back from the river to the Pike and, once there, to march for Locust Grove, some eighteen miles to the eastward and within three and four miles of where Griffin camped. His Third Corps, A. P. Hill's, at Orange Court House, was to take the Plank Road for Verdierville or beyond. It had about twenty-eight miles to go.

Longstreet at Gordonsville and Mechanicsburg was first ordered to follow Hill, but later, at his suggestion, he took roads south of the Plank which strike the Brock Road, the key of the campaign, at Todd's Tavern. From his camp to where his men met Hancock the morning of the second day, east of Parker's Store, was forty-two miles. None of Lee's corps got well under way before noon; and by that time over half of Hancock's and all of Warren's were across the river. It was after dusk when Ewell passed through Locust Grove; and the bats were wavering through the twilight over the heads of Hill's men as they dropped down to rest at Verdierville. Longstreet's veterans, those who in the previous autumn smashed our lines at Chickamauga and who left so many of their dead at Knoxville, were still on the march.

Sometimes, when alone before my wood-fire, my mind floating as it were over the fields of this narrative, and one after another of its scenes breaking into view, I have been conscious of wishing that with you, reader, at my side, I could have stood near their line of march. I should like to have seen those men, — and so would you, — the heroes of the Peach Orchard and Round Top at Gettysburg, as well as of Chickamauga. I should like to have seen also the North Carolinians of Hill's corps who, with the Virginians, made Pickett's charge. But above all the men in gray that afternoon, I should like to have seen the face of the officer who, on the succeeding night, hearing the pitiful cries for water of our wounded in Griffin's front, could stand it no longer and crawled over the breastworks, notwithstanding the persistent fire from our lines, made his way to where one of our wounded men lay, took his canteen and, groping to a little branch of Wilderness Run, filled it and brought it to his stricken enemy and then went back to his own lines. If ever the spirit of that Good Samaritan should come to my door, he shall have the best chair before my fire; I'll lay on another stick of wood and let its beams kiss his manly face as we talk over those bygone days. Yes, I wish that with a reader who would enjoy such a scene I could have stood under a spreading-limbed tree on the roadside and seen Field and Kershaw, Ewell and Gordon, Heth and Alexander, march on their way to the Wilderness.

Lee encamped in the woods opposite the home of Mrs. Rodes, near Verdierville. Able critics have blamed him for fighting Grant in the Wilderness. They maintain that he might have avoided all of his losses there by going at once to Spottsylvania, intrenching, and inviting Grant to assault him.

In that case they assume that Grant would have followed the same system of repeated assaults that he did after the Wilderness, and that he would have met with severer repulses. It will be conceded, knowing Grant as we do, that in all probability he would have gone straight at his adversary, and that no works which Lee could have thrown up at Spottsylvania or elsewhere would have daunted him: the appalling record of that battle summer would certainly seem to justify such a conclusion. And, by the way, one among the reasons which contributed to make it so deadly may be found possibly in the fact that Grant came to the army with an impression that in many of its big engagements under McClellan, Pope, Hooker, and Meade, it had not been fought to an end. However this may have been, long before we got to the James River the grounds for a like impression, I think, were gone. At any rate, go ask the slopes before the Confederate works at Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor what they think about it, — if they think the Army of the Potomac was not fought to its limit. Gallant old Army of the Potomac, my heart beats when I think of the trials this half-way well-founded impression brought to you, as again and again you were called on to carry the enemy's works by direct assaults, — assaults glorious in the splendid courage of your attack, and appalling in your losses.

True, there could have been no end to the war till one or the other of the parties to it was utterly and finally defeated: and neither party would acknowledge defeat until after complete exhaustion of men and resources. I am only sorry so much blood had to flow. With the way Grant fought I find no fault. It was a war of deep-seated principles, and the sacrifice of blood with tears had to be made.

In regard to the wisdom of Lee fighting in the Wilderness, I think we can be sure of one thing, that his decision was not the result of sudden impulse. For what he should do with his army, little as compared with Grant's, when spring should open, had no doubt been weighed and re-weighed, as night after night he sat before his green-oak fire at the foot of Clark's Mountain. His critics, moreover, will agree that he was too good a tactician not to know that, if he should adopt the defensive from the outset and go to Spottsylvania, Grant could flank not only that position but any position he might take between there and Richmond. Again, those who find fault with him for fighting in the Wilderness will have to acknowledge also, we believe, that he was too good a general not to realize that any backward steps he might be forced to make, for any reason whatsoever, would have a bad effect on the spirit of his army. Of course, he knew that sooner or later in the campaign he would have to assume the offensive, and take his chances. It is obvious that in case of defeat, the nearer Richmond he should be the more serious might be the results; he had had one experience of that kind at Malvern Hill, which is within ten miles of Richmond, and I am sure he never wanted another like it; for all accounts agree, and are confirmed by what I have heard from Confederates themselves, that his army and Richmond were on the verge of panic.

In justification of the plan that he followed, where is there a field between the Rapidan and Richmond on which his 65,000 men could have hoped to attack Grant's 120,000 and more under such favorable conditions? where his numbers would be so magnified in effectiveness, and Grant's so neutralized, by the natural difficulties and terror of woods? — for dense woods do have a terror. Again, where on the march to Richmond would the Army of the Potomac, from the

nature of the country and the roads, be more embarrassed in the use of its vastly superior artillery, or in concentrating its strength, if battle were thrust upon it suddenly?

Save right around Chancellorsville, the region was an almost unknown country to our people, while to Lee and his men it was comparatively familiar. He himself was thoroughly acquainted with its wooded character, paths, runs, and roads. Moreover, he knew the military advantages they afforded, for he had tested them in his campaign against Hooker. Taking all this into account, then, it seems to me that in planning his campaign to strike at Grant just when and where he did, he planned wisely. For it presented the one good chance to win a decisive victory, which, as I have said before, was absolutely necessary to save the life of the Confederacy. It is true Lee failed to win the victory he had planned and hoped for; but at the moment of his tiger-like spring at the flank of our army there intervened, in the fluttering screen of leafing bough and twig which hid Longstreet from the clear view of his men, that spirit of Fate ever dwelling in the Wilderness to strike down the leaders of his veterans and arrest the advance.

Of the fateful, the mysterious, the unseen, agents of destiny which walk by the side of nations, as go the better angels with the children of men from their cradles, you, my reader, may find no suggestions in the events and circumstances of the battles of the Wilderness and Chancellorsville. If it be so, well and good; but to me, at all events, their presence is very real.

A little before sundown, when all were in camp for the night, Grant issued his orders for the next day. Sheridan was to move with Gregg and Torbert against the enemy's cavalry, who at that hour were supposed to be at Hamilton's Crossing, and who, as a matter of fact, were not there at all. Wilson, with his Third Cavalry Division, was to move at 5 A. M. to Craig's Meeting House, on the Catharpin Road, the one that Longstreet had chosen for his approach. Warren was to take Wilson's place at Parker's Store; Sedgwick to move up to Old Wilderness Tavern, leaving one division at Germanna Ford till the head of Burnside's corps appeared; in other words, he was to occupy Warren's present position with his whole corps across the Pike. Hancock was to advance by way of Todd's Tavern to Shady Grove Church on the Catharpin Road, and from there, about three and a half miles south of Warren, throw out his right and connect with him at Parker's Store. Of the infantry, Hancock had by far the longest march to make, about twelve miles; the others only very short ones, not more than three or four miles. The trains were to be parked at Todd's Tavern.

None of the moves, as we have stated, were long, or apparently any part of a well-defined campaign, but, rather, precautionary. They neither seriously threatened Lee's communications with Richmond, nor indicated an active offensive, but were clearly made with a view to allow Burnside to overtake the army, and to get the big, unwieldy supply-trains a bit forward; for there was practically only one narrow road, and not a very good one at that, from Richardsville, where the trains were then halted, to Todd's Tavern. It was for these reasons, I think, that Grant's orders did not push the army on clear through the Wilderness the second day. But whatsoever may have been the reason for Grant's unenergetic move, there is something very striking in his repetition of Hooker's delay of the year before, when once within the gloom of the fated region. Hooker, all vitality — and bluster for that matter — till he reached the heart of the Wilderness, became then mentally numb and purposeless, as if he were narcotized by some deep, stagnating potion. Just a year later our army marched over twenty-odd miles briskly and cheerily, ready to meet the enemy at every turn, all life as they bivouacked, but by six o'clock, be-

fore camp-fires were lit or twilight had begun her journey, the lotus apparently was again at work. While aides are carrying the orders to their respective destinations for the next day's march, the day ends, and twilight comes on through the Wilderness.

After night had set in, Meade, having disposed of all his current official duties for the day, came over from his headquarters — they were only a few steps away — and joined Grant before a large camp-fire made of rails. Grant's staff withdrew to a fire of their own, and left them alone. From all accounts they were both cheery over having the army across the Rapidan, and on the flank of Lee, without a battle. And now, as it were, a living mysterious being is hovering over them; neither Grant nor Meade, nor a soul in the army under them, dreams that Lee's advance is within three miles and ready to strike. Why they did not know it, I shall try to explain, but it will only add to the mystery. Meanwhile there they sit before the fire, the wavering, upshooting, and subsiding yellow flames throwing their beams into their faces, anxiety over the first move all gone. The stubborn resistance that Lee might have offered to their crossing of the river had not been made; and now that they were well established on his flank, he would be forced to decisive action. It meant one of two courses for Lee: he would either have to fight it out at once, or fall back and ultimately undergo a siege. In the way they misconceived what he would do, there is almost a suggestion of fatality. For although there is no absolute corroborative evidence to support the conclusion, yet the movements show that what they expected was this: that he would hastily withdraw from his works and place his army to receive, but not to give, attack. Hooker had yielded to the same illusion. In forecasting his Chancellorsville campaign, he had imagined that when Lee at Fredericksburg found that he was on his flank at Chancellorsville, he would fall back and contest the way to Richmond. The difference between the results in Hooker's case and in Grant's was wide: the former was driven from the field in almost utter disaster; Grant met Lee's attack in the Wilderness, threw him back, and pushed on undaunted.

We left Meade and Grant before a camp-fire; the stars were out, and not far away the Rapidan was murmuring on, and close by were the thick night-blackened pines of the still Wilderness. Meade was Grant's senior by about ten years, and the lines of their lives had run widely apart, sunshine and success on one, adversity's blasts across the other. They were practically utter strangers when they met before this camp-fire. We may credit Meade, for he would not have been human without it, with a natural wondering curiosity as to Grant's character, that must have been greatly deepened by his of knowledge Grant's army career and his marvelous advancement. Knowing ourselves and our fellow men as we do, it is not unreasonable to imagine Meade, a man of the world, of cultivation, and at home in society and clubs, following Grant's motions and speech with the unobtrusive yet keen observation of men of his class; or to imagine Grant having to meet from him, as from all his old fellow officers of the army, that searching look which had met him from them all since his emergence from obscurity. But I can easily see Meade's curiosity disarming, and his noble, sensitive nature breathing naturally and strengthening in the soothing influence of Grant's deep calm; every utterance of his low vibrating voice gliding modestly from one grasp of a subject to another, every tone simple and un-self-conscious.

Our country owes a great deal to both of these men; justice, but not more than justice, has been done to Grant. Meade has never had his due. As I look back and see his devotion day and night in that last great campaign, his hair growing grayer, and the furrows

in his face deeper, under its trying burden, and then when it is all over and the cause is won, see him relegated to the third or fourth place in official recognition and popular favor, I feel deeply sorry, knowing, as I do, how the country's fate hung in the balance when he was called on to take command of the Army of the Potomac. I hope his last hour was comforted, that there came to him out of the Past the cheers of his countrymen, greeting his victory at Gettysburg.

After his death, it was discovered that his system had never recovered from the wound he received at Charles City Cross Roads.

I have no doubt, then, that Grant's naturally sweet, modest nature, together with the auguries, which were all good, made Meade's first camp-fire with him a pleasant one; and that, before its flames and in the wild charm of the place, was born the spirit of loyal coöperation which he showed to his chief on every field, and clear to the end. Had they known Lee was so near, it would have been, I think, quite another camp-fire, and Meade might never have gained those fine impressions of Grant which were so honorable to him and so valuable to the country; for which, I sincerely believe, Fortune so turned her wheel that they might be made that night. It is a matter of singular interest that all this time Lee's position was barely suspected, and his purpose entirely unknown to either of them. And how it all came about is one of the mysterious features of the battle of the Wilderness. Let me state the circumstances, and I promise to make the account as short and comprehensible as I can.

Wilson, with his Third Division of cavalry, reached the Lacy Farm about half-past eight in the forenoon; halted, and sent patrols westward and southward, that is, out the Pike toward Locust Grove and toward Parker's Store. At noon, when the head of Warren's corps bore in sight, he set off for Parker's, first sending orders to the scouting party on the Pike to push out as far as Robertson's Tavern (now, and by the Confederates during the war, called Locust Grove), and after driving the enemy away from that place, to ride across country and join the division in the neighborhood of Parker's Store. Wilson, with the bulk of his division, on arriving at the store about two o'clock, sent a strong reconnaissance up the Plank Road, with directions to keep an active lookout for the enemy. In a despatch to Forsythe, Sheridan's chief of staff, dated 2.10 P. M., he said, "I send herewith a civilian, Mr. Sime, a citizen of Great Britain. He says he left Orange yesterday 2 P. M.; Longstreet's corps lies between there and Gordonsville; passed at the latter place Ewell and Hill about Orange Courthouse. Troops well down towards Mine Run [about halfway between the Lacy Farm and the Courthouse], on all the roads except this one [the Plank]; none on this nearer than seven miles. I have sent patrols well out in all directions, but as yet hear nothing from them."

Sheridan sent the following despatch to Meade, — the hour not given, but presumably toward sundown: "I have the honor to report that scout sent out the first road leading to the right from Germanna Ford went as far as Barnett's Mill at or near Mine Run [Barnett's Mill is on Mine Run], found the enemy's pickets. Also the scout sent out on the second road to the right [the Flat Run Road that intersects the Pike where the battle began] went to within one-half mile of Robertson's Tavern, found a small force of the enemy's cavalry on picket. It was also reported that a brigade of rebel infantry was sent down to Barnett's Mill or Mine Run yesterday."

These scouts referred to were probably individuals in Confederate uniform, for Sheridan always kept a group of these quiet, daring men about him on whom he called for hazardous service.

At 7.40 P. M. Wilson again reported to Forsythe, "I have executed all orders so

far. My patrols have been to the Catharpin Road. Did not see Gregg, and only two of the enemy; also to within one mile of Mine Run on Orange Pike [Plank?] skirmishing with small detachments of the enemy. Patrol to Robertson's Tavern not yet heard from."

Ten minutes later, or at 7.50 P. M., Wilson sent this despatch to Warren: "My whole division is at this place [Parker's Store]. Patrols well out on the Spottsylvania and Orange Roads. No enemy on former, and but small portion in this. Drove them six miles or to within one mile of Mine Run. Patrol from here toward Robertson's not yet reported. *Rodes's division reported to be stretched along the road as far as twelve miles this side of Orange.* Will notify you of any changes in this direction." The italics are mine, and as we know now, not only Rodes's, but Lee's entire army was on the move. Here we have all the recorded information that Meade could have received of the enemy up to when he joined Grant at his camp-fire.

There is no evidence, so far as I have discovered, that any inquiries were made of Wilson as to the enemy's movements, either before or after his despatches to Sheridan and Warren. Apparently they were satisfied at headquarters that Sheridan's scouts and Wilson's patrols had reported the situation truly, that there was no movement this side of Mine Run. It is quite obvious, too, that no heed was paid by Warren or Sheridan to the ominous statement in Wilson's despatch as to Rodes. Possibly this information never reached either Meade or Grant; and evidently, if it did, it made but little, if any, impression. This can have but one explanation: namely, that they were possessed with the delusion that Lee, as soon as he found we had crossed the Rapidan, would hasten from his lines to some position beyond the Wilderness. No fog ever drifted in from the sea, wrapping up lighthouses and headlands, that was deeper than this delusion which drifted in over the minds of Grant and Meade, and, so far as I know, over corps and division commanders as well.

But how about Wilson's patrols? And especially that one he had sent toward Locust Grove? This is probably what happened. It got to Locust Grove before noon, having scattered into the byroads and paths the videttes of the First North Carolina cavalry whom they had brushed away from the ford at daybreak. From there I assume they went on to Mine Run, which they found glinting brightly from one clump of willows to another. Beyond the run, and in full sight, rose Lee's breastworks of the year before, not a flag flying on them or a soul in them. All was peaceful at Mine Run. After a while, having scouted up and down the run as far as Barnett's Mill on the north, and off toward the head of the run on the south, they rejoined the main patrol at Locust Grove. No one disturbed them, and there they waited till they saw the sun approaching the treetops, and then they obeyed their orders and struck off through the woods for Parker's Store. Their dust had barely settled before on came Ewell. Had they stayed at Locust Grove a few hours longer, the Army of the Potomac would have left their bivouacs and been on the move. Hancock would have been brought up to Parker's Store, and both Ewell and Hill would have been crushed, probably before noon of the next day.

Is there nothing mysterious in all this? Knowing the situation as we now do, does it not add interest to that camp-fire of old rails, before which Grant and Meade are sitting smoking? Does it not give a weird echo to the cheery bursts of laughter of their staffs at the humor and wit of the light-hearted members?

And all this time the spirit of the Wilderness is brooding.

Lee's camp-fire was in the woods near Verdierville; and General Long, his military secretary, says that at breakfast the following morning he was in unusually fine spirits, chiefly over the fact that Grant had put himself in the meshes of the Wilderness, just as Hooker had done

before him, giving him the one chance to overbalance his 120,000 men.

It may freshen the understanding to bring clearly to mind once more the relative positions of the camps of the two armies. Wilson is at Parker's Store within five miles of Heth, Hill's leading division. When I was there last May a couple of old straggling orchards were in bloom, and in the road beside one of them I met an old Confederate, whose tawny beard is now streaked with frost, going home from the store. "Can you tell me where General Wilson was camped?" I asked. He replied, sweepingly waving his hand, "Stranger, he was camped all over that field and all around here; but I was off with Rosser's cavalry. It is very quiet now, sir." And so it was.

Ewell is on the Pike within a few miles of Griffin. The positions of the rest of Warren's corps and of those of Sheridan, Sedgwick and Hancock have already been indicated. From Grant's headquarters to where Lee was in camp in the woods opposite the house of Mrs. Rodes is, as the crow flies, between nine and ten miles; and a circle with its centre where Warren was in camp and a radius of six miles would have taken in all of the Army of the Potomac save a part of Burnside's corps and the bulk of Ewell's and Hill's corps. And yet the Army of the Potomac lay down to rest, not dreaming that they were almost within gunshot of their old foe!

Happily all of their camps were on less gloomy and fated ground than Hancock's. His were on the old battlefield of Chancellorsville, and some of his regiments found themselves on the identical lines where they had fought in that engagement. The ground around them, and for that matter everywhere, was strewn more or less with human bones and the skeletons of horses. In a spot less than ten rods square, fifteen skulls with their cavernous eyes were counted, their foreheads doming in silence above the brown leaves that were gathering about them. In sight of a good many of their camp-fires, too, were half-open graves, displaying arms and legs with bits of paling and mildewed clothing still clinging to them. Oh, war's glory, this is your reverse side! On all hands there were tokens of the battle: shriveling cartridge-boxes, battered and rickety canteens, rotting caps and hats, broken artillery-carriages, barked and splintered trees with dead, or half-dead, dangling limbs, and groves of saplings, in which the woods abound, that had been topped by volleys as if sheared by a blast. Of course, there was line after line of confronting, settling breastworks, whose shallowing trenches nature was quietly filling with leaves and dead twigs. All these dismal reminders met the eyes of Hancock's men until they were closed in sleep. I do not know how it would have affected others, but I think that if I had been sitting before one of those camp-fires, — night having well come on and the whip-poor-wills, of which there are thousands that make their homes in the Wilderness, having begun their lonely cries, — and the fire drawing to its end had suddenly kindled up as fires do — and mortals too — sometimes before they die, and thrown off a beam into the darkness upon one of those skulls, it seems to me that I should have felt a low, muffling beat in my heart.

Hancock's tent was in the old peach orchard. (What is there about a peach orchard that war should choose it for the scene of battles? There was the battle of Peach-tree Creek near Atlanta, the Peach Orchard at Gettysburg, and now Hancock is in the old peach orchard at Chancellorsville, where the battle raged fiercest. Does war love the red blossom, or did the blood of some noble soldier-heart quicken the first peach of the world?) The whole disastrous scene must have passed in review before Hancock went to sleep. But the feature of the battle that would come back to him, I think, with most vividness, and make the deepest impression on him as a corps commander, was the flank attack that Stonewall Jackson made. In fact, judging from Han-

cock's own reports of the first two days' fighting at the Wilderness (which took place within less than three miles of where he slept), he not only thought about it, but possibly dreamed about it. For the entire time he was fighting Hill, he seemed haunted with the fear that Longstreet would come up on his left by way of Todd's Tavern and give him a blow on his flank such as Jackson had given Howard, thus paralyzing a great share of his customary aggressive and magnetic usefulness.

I wonder if the ghost of Stonewall did not come back; it was about the anniversary of the night on which he received his mortal wound. The old armies that he knew so well were on the eve of meeting again. Did he cross back over the river that he saw just before he died, that river whose beckoning trees offered such sweet shade to the dying soldier? Did I hear you say that you thought he did? Yes, and lo! he is on the field of Chancellorsville looking for his brigade, for his old legion of the Valley. "They are not here, Stonewall; these men you see are Hancock's men." And now he goes to the peach orchard, for no soldier ever took part in a battle who does not have a longing to see the ground the enemy defended. He approaches Hancock's tent, — they had known each other in the old army, — draws its walls softly, and looks in on the gallant fellow. Perhaps it was then that Hancock dreamed Longstreet was on his flank.

Stonewall closes the tent-walls and seems to ponder; is he debating where he shall go next? Shall it be off to where he parted with Lee to make his great flank movement, or shall it be back to where he fell? He is retracing his steps. If you will follow him, so will I, for the road he is on, the woods that border it so sullenly, and the spot to which he is going, I know right well. And now that he has reached it his lips seem to move; is it a prayer he is offering? Or is he addressing some aide, telling Hill to come up and Pender to push right on, as the old scene comes back to him? But what is that figure emerging from whence his own men fired on him, that so engages his attention? Is it the spirit of the Wilderness, and does he read in its relentless eyes the fate that is to befall Longstreet? Off up the Orange Plank Road towards Parker's Store then turns the spirit of Stonewall, his heart yearning to be with Lee and his valiant corps once more; and now he is passing the spot where Longstreet is to be stricken down almost mortally by a volley from his own men. Whose hands are those pulling the bushes and overhanging limbs aside? Lo! there again is the spirit of the Wilderness, with the same ominous, relentless look in her eyes. The figure withdraws, the branches swing back into place, and the ghost of Stonewall moves on, with troubled brow.

Hark! he hears something. It draws nearer, and now we can distinguish footsteps; they sound as if they were dragging chains after them through the rustling leaves. Presently, off from the roadside where two oaks admit a bit of starlight, Stonewall sees a gaunt, hollow-breasted, wicked-eyed, sunken-cheeked vision. Behold, it is addressing him! "Stonewall, I am Slavery and sorely wounded. Can you do nothing to stay the spirit of the Wilderness that, in striking at me, struck you down?"

"No, no," says the ghostly commander, impatiently waving the staring creature away. "Your day, thank God! has come. To-morrow morning Lee will strike, but it will not be for you."

"And is this history?" comes a peevish voice from the general level of those who are as yet only dimly conscious of the essence and final embodiment of History. Yes, it is a little sheaf out of a field lying in one of its high and beautifully remote valleys.

At Warren's headquarters we breakfasted early, and at 5 A. M. he sent this despatch to Humphreys: —

"My command is just starting out.

As I have but little ways to move, I keep my trains with me instead of sending them around by the plank road, which I fear might interfere with the main trains, which I understand to be those to be assembled at Todd's Tavern."

A half-hour later he notified Getty, camped back at Flat Run on the Germanna Road, that Griffin would hold the Pike till he (Getty) got up. At the same time he sent word to the officer in charge of the pickets in front of Griffin not to withdraw till the column got well in the road on the line of march to Parker's Store. He then mounted his big, logy dapple gray, wearing as usual his yellow sash of a major-general, and started to follow Crawford and Wadsworth. From his camp he could see that they were already under way, passing the Lacy House. Just as he was reaching the Pike — we had not left camp three minutes — a staff officer, riding rapidly, met him and, saluting, said that General Griffin had sent him to tell General Warren that the enemy was advancing in force on his pickets.

I do not believe that Warren ever had a greater surprise in his life, but his thin, solemn, darkly sallow face was nowhere lightened by even a transitory flare. Hancock's open, handsome countenance would have been all ablaze. There was with Warren at this time, as I recall, only Colonel Locke, Dr. Winne, the general's brother Robert, and Lieutenant Higbee, an aide who had been on his staff for a good while, and who was a very brave man. Warren first turned to me and said, "Tell Griffin to get ready to attack at once;" then, for some reason, perhaps because of my youth and inexperience, he told Higbee to take the message; and at once notified Meade as follows: —

"6 A. M. General Griffin has just sent in word that a force of the enemy has been reported to him coming down the turnpike. The foundation of the report is not given. Until it is more definitely ascertained no change will take place in the movements ordered."

And now he yielded to one of his weaknesses, referred to by Grant in his Memoirs, namely, informing his commanding officer what should be done. (He had another and more fatal one, that of commenting at times unfavorably, regardless of who were present, on the orders he received.)

"Such demonstrations are to be expected, and show the necessity for keeping well closed and prepared to face Mine Run and meet an attack at a moment's notice. G. K. WARREN."

Before the above despatch left headquarters another aide came in and Warren added, —

"6.20. Bartlett (Griffin's advanced brigade) sends in word that the enemy has a line of infantry out advancing. We shall soon know more. I have arranged for Griffin to hold the pike till the 6th corps comes up at all events. G. K. W."

He then sent this order to Griffin: —

"Push a force out at once against the enemy, and see what force he has."

Even Warren had not quite thrown off the mysterious delusion that Lee was falling back; but within three hours, like a fog, it lifted, not only from his mind but from Meade's and Grant's also.

Griffin, on receipt of these orders, forwarded them to Bartlett, who sent at once the Eighteenth Massachusetts and Eighty-third Pennsylvania, the former on the right, the latter on the left of the Pike. When they reached the pickets, skirmishers were thrown out, who promptly engaged those of Ewell, driving them back to their lines, and who quickly ascertained that the enemy was there in strong force and busy throwing up breastworks. On this reconnaissance Charles H. Wilson of Wrentham, Company I, Eighteenth Massachusetts, was killed, the first to fall in the campaign. He was only eighteen years old, and the son of a farmer.

In a short time after these orders were sent to Griffin, Meade with his staff came up hurriedly to Warren, and, hearing what he had to say, exclaimed emphatically, "If there is to be any fighting

this side of Mine Run, let us do it right off."

I have seen many statements as to what Meade said, but I was within ten feet of him and recall with distinctness his face, his language, and its tones. Meade then sent this despatch back to Grant, who was still at his camp waiting for Burnside. It was received at 7.30 A. M.

"The enemy have appeared in force on the pike, and are now reported forming line of battle in front of Griffin's division, 5th Corps. I have directed Gen. Warren to attack them at once with his whole force. Until this movement of the enemy is developed, the march of the corps must be suspended. I have, therefore, sent word to Hancock not to advance beyond Todd's Tavern. I think the enemy is trying to delay our movements and will not give battle, but of this we shall soon see."

General Meade, may I ask when Lee ever declined battle with you? All your doubts on this point will soon be removed, however; for he is right on you and means to deliver a blow, if he can, that will send you reeling, as he sent Hooker, back across the Rapidan.

Grant, on receipt of this unexpected news from Meade, replied, "If any opportunity presents itself for pitching into a part of Lee's army, do so without giving time for disposition." Meanwhile Warren, having hurried aides off to Crawford and Wadsworth, the former to halt, the latter to move up on Griffin's left, established his headquarters at the Lacy House. From there he sent this message, dated 7.50 A. M., to Griffin: —

"Have your whole division prepared to move forward and attack the enemy, and await further instructions while the other troops are forming."

He then rode, and I went with him, to Wadsworth, who had halted about a mile beyond the Lacy House. Where we overtook him there was an old chimney that probably marked the home of one of Major Lacy's overseers. I remember it very distinctly, for one of Warren's staff having observed that a bare little knoll near the chimney would be a good place for a battery, he observed coolly that when he wanted advice from his staff he would ask for it. I have always thought that it was an uncalled-for snub on the part of Warren, but a great deal must be excused when a battle is pending; I doubt, however, if Grant or Sedgwick or Thomas under any stress ever spoke to a young officer or soldier in a way or tone that made him uncomfortable. Wadsworth was just forming his division, facing it west. Warren said to him, pointing toward the woods, — we were on the bank of Wilderness Run near where its biggest western branch comes in, and its listening waters, whose cradle is in those glooming woods, heard every word he said, — "Find out what is in there." And did they find it? Yes indeed they did.

We then went back to the Lacy House, and Warren set off to see Griffin. By the time the aide overtook Crawford, — it was just eight o'clock, — the head of his division had cleared the basin of Wilderness Run and reached the east side of the Chewning Farm, which is on the same heavily wooded broken ridge that Wadsworth and Griffin were forming on, a mile or so to the north. This ridge, with abrupt ascents, bends eastward at Chewning's like the rim of a great kettle, and after a while falls away into the swampy heads of the easterly branches of Wilderness Run. The farm is an irregular opening, its gently rolling fields — in the midst of which stands the old house that was filled with Confederate wounded during the battle — were beginning, when I saw them last, to clothe themselves in springtime green. Parker's Store is only about a mile south from them through the woods, the ground declining gradually in that direction.

In acknowledging the receipt of his orders, Crawford said, —

"There is brisk skirmishing at the store between our own and the enemy's cavalry. I am halted in a good position."

The cavalry he saw were the Fifth New York, five hundred strong, whom Wilson had left to hold the place till Crawford should arrive. They were not skirmishing, however, with cavalry, but with the head of Heth's division of Hill's corps, that opened the battle of Gettysburg. Had Warren's orders to Crawford been delayed twenty or thirty minutes in delivery, the entire day's operations would have been changed, for his advance would have brought him into immediate contact with the Confederate infantry and Lee's plans would have been disclosed at once. It is all conjecture what would have been the moves Grant would have made in that case, but the chances are, however, that Hancock would have been diverted to the junction of the Brock and Plank Roads; that Getty would have been pushed immediately to the Chewning Farm, and with Hancock forcing his way to Parker's Store, and those open fields firmly in our possession, it would have made Lee's position very critical. But that was not to be; in the May nights of years to come, the phantom regiments of the Confederacy and not ours were to form in the fields and march across them with spectral colors flying.

When Crawford's despatch, quoted above, reached corps headquarters, Warren was still with Griffin; and it was sent to Meade, who, judging from the indorsement he put upon it, was not even at that early hour — it was just after nine — in a very good humor. Crawford found that the enemy were in force on the Plank Road, and later asked — his despatch was received at a quarter after eleven — if he should abandon his position to connect with Wadsworth, having received orders to that effect from Warren, who had been impressed with the seriousness of the situation in front of Griffin. Warren replied to this, "You will move to the right as quickly as possible." Roebling, Warren's right-hand man, who presumably was with Crawford at the time, sent this despatch to his chief: "It is of vital importance to hold the field where General Crawford is. Our whole line of battle is turned if the enemy get possession of it. There is a gap of half a mile between Wadsworth and Crawford. He cannot hold the line against attack." [1]

It is only necessary to visit the field, to follow the old works and gun-emplacements, — when I was there last spring I saw in one of the latter where wild turkeys had been scratching for snails in the leaves, — I say follow the lines, and you will agree with Roebling that we ought to have held the Chewning Farm at all hazards. But before sending the above despatch to Crawford, Warren sent the following, dated 10.30, to Wadsworth: —

"Push forward a heavy line of skirmishers followed by your line of battle, and attack the enemy at once and push him. General Griffin will also attack. Do not wait for him, but look out for your left flank."

This order to Wadsworth is so inconsistent with what actually transpired that it can only be accounted for by the fretful nagging which had begun on Warren from headquarters. Morever, Griffin, Ayres, and Bartlett, having visited their skirmish lines and discovered that the enemy were in strong force, were averse to moving unpreparedly, and had so notified Warren. Colonel Swan of Ayres's staff, whose account is altogether the clearest and most comprehensive yet written of that part of the field, says he went back to Warren at least twice, at Griffin's behest, to report the gravity of the situation, and that Warren used sharp language to him the second time. Colonel Swan says, "I remember my indignation. It was afterwards a common report in the army that Warren had just had unpleasant things said to him by

[1] I beg to acknowledge my obligations to Col. Washington A. Roebling, Warren's chief of staff, for the valuable aid his notes have given me; and to Professor Theodore Lyman, son of Col. Theodore Lyman, Meade's most confidential staff officer, who has allowed me to consult his gallant father's notes of the battle.

General Meade, and that General Meade had just heard the bravery of his army questioned." The ground for the latter might have been some heedless remark from one of Grant's aides who had come with him from the West. But however this may be, as soon as Grant could communicate the necessary orders to Burnside as to the disposition of his troops at the ford, he came to the front with all speed. On his arrival he found Meade and Sedgwick standing near the Pike, and after short consultation he and Meade pitched their headquarters near by. They were on a knoll covered with pines from four to seven inches in diameter, the ground strewn with needles and bits of dead limbs. It is now part of an open leaning field, with here and there an old tree dreaming of the past; and nearly opposite, on the Pike, is a little frame chapel, its bell on Sunday mornings pealing softly over it.

They had barely dismounted before news of importance besides Crawford's first despatch came in. Captain Michler of the engineers, whom Meade had sent to reconnoitre to the right of Griffin, had been suddenly fired on while making his way through the thickety heads of Caton's Run. After satisfying himself that trouble was brewing, he hurried down the Flat Run Road to its junction with that from Germanna, and notified Meade of the situation. Wright's division of the Sixth Corps was moving along unconscious of danger. As soon as Wright heard Michler's story he formed his division, facing it west, and soon orders came to move up and join the right of Griffin. He had to advance through about the most broken and confusing district of the Wilderness. His left, under Upton, had to cross all the feathery branches of Caton's Run, which are densely packed with bushes, vines, and low-limbed trees. By this time, too, definite news had reached headquarters from Parker's Store. The five hundred men of the Fifth New York whom Wilson had left there under command of the gallant Colonel Hammond, had dismounted, and fighting as infantry, were falling back, though gamely, under his inspiring example and that of General McIntosh, who on his way from Sheridan to report to Wilson for the command of a brigade, had joined him. Meade realized the danger those brave men were stalling off, that Lee was aiming for the junction of the Brock and Plank Roads. With this in his possession, Warren's position would be turned and Hancock at Todd's Tavern completely isolated from the other corps. So about half-past ten Getty, who had been lying near headquarters, — waiting, shall I say for the delusion to lift that Lee was retreating, — was ordered to move thither with all haste, and head off Hill. At the same time Hancock, who, dismounted, was resting in a pine grove beyond Todd's Tavern, was told to come up without delay and support Getty.

Meanwhile Winne and the other surgeons were busy locating their hospitals and getting ready for what they knew was coming. And by ten o'clock the yellow flags of the First, Second, and Third divisions of the Fifth Corps were flying on the ridge east of Wilderness Run; that of the Third was first near the Lacy House, but later moved back with the rest; those of Wright's and Rickett's divisions of the Sixth Corps were behind them respectively to the east of the Germanna Road; that of Getty, and later those of Hancock's corps, were pitched near Lewis Run among the fields of the Carpenter Farm, which when I saw them last were in blading corn.

To the wonder of headquarters, no news had come from Wilson; but it is easy of explanation. Not having received counter-instructions and the enemy having made no demonstration, he had set off promptly for Craig's Meeting House on the Catharpin Road. His division got there at eight o'clock; and shortly after, its leading brigade engaged Rosser and drove him westward several miles. Rosser was soon reinforced, and pushing Wilson back got possession of the road

to Parker's Store, thus cutting him off from communicating with Meade. About noon Fitz Lee, having joined Rosser, after some severe fighting finally drove Wilson rapidly toward Todd's Tavern. There Gregg, with the Second Cavalry division, interposed and checked the enemy. In the mean time, every little while, as the morning had worn on, wounded men had come down Wilderness Run from the gallant Hammond's command, all telling the same story of the advance of Hill toward the Brock Road. This, and the absence of any news from Wilson himself, added to the intensity of the situation, and impatience grew apace.

Again and again inquiries were made of Warren when Griffin would move, and each time with more edge. No one at headquarters shared Warren's conviction that the situation called for a thoroughly organized and formidable attack, one that would leave no doubt of results. Had any one of the headquarters staff, however, tried to put a division or even a regiment in line, he would soon have realized the difficulties and would have had abundant charity for Warren. It is true that the delay that morning was almost inexplicable. But once a division left the roads or fields it disappeared utterly, and its commander could not tell whether it was in line with the others or not. As it turned out, they were almost as disconnected when they struck the enemy as if they had been marching in the dark. Yet it took nearly four hours to get ready to form, and when the orders came to go ahead, divisions were still looking for each others' flanks. By half-past eleven Meade could stand the delay no longer, and, whether or not Wright was abreast with Griffin, "Send him ahead," was the firm command from headquarters.

The situation, then, on our side, thirty minutes before the battle began, is as follows: Bartlett's brigade of Griffin's division is formed in two lines of battle on the south of the Pike. The first line is the Eighteenth Massachusetts and Eighty-third Pennsylvania, the latter next the road; the second line, the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania, and Twentieth Maine, the First Michigan deployed as skirmishers. Ayres is moving up by the flank of regiments in column of fours, through the tangled cedars and pines on the right of the Pike, the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, Pat O'Rorke's old regiment, on the left of the first line, and then the Regulars. In the second line, its left on the Pike, is the One Hundred and Forty-sixth New York, then the Ninety-first and One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania. I doubt if a single captain in Ayres's brigade or that of Upton, the left of Wright's division of the Sixth Corps, who were elbowing their way through the bushes and buck-horned, dead limbs of morose, moss-tagged pines to overtake and connect with Ayres, saw the entire length of his company, let alone the battalion, as he moved forward.

Wadsworth, mounted on his iron gray, lighter in color than Warren's, is following up his division that is trying to advance in line of battle to join Bartlett's left. Cutler is on the right with the Iron Brigade, the Twenty-fourth Michigan on its left. Stone is in the centre of the division, Rice on the left next to Crawford. The Maryland brigade is in reserve behind Stone. Daniel W. Taft, a brave, one-armed Vermont veteran, who was with Rice in the Ninety-fifth New York, tells me that, as they advanced, a wild turkey, the first and only one he ever saw, broke from a thicket ahead of them.

Getty is nearing the junction of the Brock and Plank Roads. Wheaton, commanding his leading brigade, catches sight of the tall North Carolinians who are about to overwhelm Hammond making his last stand, breaks into a run, forms behind the tired, gallantly-fought cavalrymen, and is saving the key of the battlefield. There were bodies of Confederate dead within less than 200 feet of this vital point. Hancock, urged by orders from

Meade, is riding rapidly ahead of his corps up the Brock Road to join Getty. His troops are coming on too, as fast as they can, sometimes at double-quick, but all are greatly delayed in their march by artillery, trains, and horsemen, the road being very narrow and bordered by such thick woods that the guns and trains cannot draw off into them to clear the way for the infantry. For three or four miles this side of Todd's Tavern the road is packed with his sweltering troops, for it is very hot in the still woods. The trains that had set out to follow him to Todd's Tavern have faced about and are making all speed for Chancellorsville, where the artillery reserve is going into park.

The bulk of Burnside's corps, suffering with heat and marching as fast as it can, is away between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock. The batteries around the Lacy House and on the overlooking ridge east of Wilderness Run stand ready to move, the buglers following their captains as they go from section to section of their batteries, the gunners lying down or leaning against their well-loved pieces. There is one battery close behind Griffin. Ammunition wagons from the various supply-trains have drawn out and taken positions as close as they dare to their respective brigades. The ambulances too have come forward and are ready.

At headquarters, anxiety with Meade and Humphreys is increasing over Hill's move toward the Brock Road. The eagle spirit in Meade is up, and a captious wonder pervades the staff why Warren does not attack. No one seems to know or care whether Upton is within reach of Ayres or not. In fact, impatience born of a delusion that there was nothing very serious in front of Warren blinded every one from taking the ordinary safeguarding steps. Grant is sitting with his back against a young pine, whittling and smoking, his modest, almost plaintive, face as calm as though he were sitting on a beach and waves were breaking softly below him.

At last Meade's imperative orders have reached Warren, and Griffin's lines are moving. The sun is in the meridian, not a cloud in the sky, and Wilderness Run is glistening down through the fields. In the woods not a living leaf is stirring, and the dead ones are waiting to pillow softly the maimed and dying. "The mortally wounded will be so thirsty!" says a spring beauty blooming in the woods on the bank of the little run that crosses the Pike in front of Griffin. "And some of them I *know* will cry for water," observes a violet sadly. "And if they do, I wish I had wings, for I'd fly to every one of them," exclaims the brooklet. "We know you would, sweetheart," reply violet and spring beauty to their light-hearted companion of the solitude. "And if one of them dies under me, I'll toll every bell that hangs in my outstretched, blooming branches," declares a giant huckleberry-bush warmly. "But hush! *hush!*" cries the bush, "here they come!"

(*To be continued.*)

A SIDE-VIEW OF OPTIMISM

BY W. A. GILL

"Like enough," said Sancho, "but, for all that, I had a side view of it and saw it all."

"Take heed, Sancho," said the duchess, "for one cannot see the whole of anything by a side view."

When Voltaire with malicious intent brought the word "optimism" out from the recesses of a learned Jesuit magazine and started it derisively on a popular career, he scarcely foresaw the destiny lying in wait for it. Since its appearance as sub-title of the successful novel, *Candide, ou l'Optimisme*, it has never ceased extending its circle of patrons, until now, in the English-speaking world at least, it has really become a "household word," familiarly employed by the learned and unlearned alike, and to be found almost anywhere, from a metaphysical treatise or presidential message to a trade advertisement. Meanwhile, the originally intended derision has been dying away, so that, were Voltaire to visit the present English-speaking world, the loud and incessant praises of "optimism" in the newspapers and elsewhere might frighten him into the idea that he had landed in a nation of Dr. Panglosses. However, after some further study of the facts, he would certainly suspect, to his relief, that the meaning of "optimism" had radically changed, and that what was now being preached differed widely from the irrational doctrine he had tried to laugh to death a century and a half ago.

Many signs would suggest this to him. For instance, he would hear "optimism" advocated with equal enthusiasm by all sorts and conditions of minds, — by atheists and divines, scientists and astrologers, hatters and poets, reformers and anti-reformers. Now, to him "optimism" signified, quite definitely, an intellectual creed or theory; what he attacked in *Candide* was something based on a logical "trilemma" — the Leibnitzean metaphysic; the whole matter moved in his day in a rare atmosphere of "First Principles" and syllogisms. This very diverse company of modern preachers, however, could not be supposed to agree in the "metaphysico-théologo-cosmolonigologie" of Dr. Pangloss; they could not all, he must think, accept any one intellectual theory of existence. Their unanimity, therefore, must have some other ground. There is reason to think that he might say to himself after a while: "They are not maintaining a theory at all, but something like a practical rule of conduct. It seems to be a good enough rule, though very slenderly connected with 'optimism,' properly so-called."

All these various advocates, he would observe, were preaching "looking on the bright side," cultivating "the happy habit," "keeping smiling," and not much else. He would find such a leader of social thought as President Eliot urging the public "to be sure to live on the sunny side," "to be sure to see the good side of any event which has two sides," and interpreting the latter proviso thus broadly. "When a tiger springs on an antelope, we say, 'Poor little antelope!' We forget to say, 'Happy tiger!'" — an illustration not unacceptable, it may be presumed, to Tammany Hall. Elsewhere he would come across such expressions as "honey exchanges," and "optimistic lubricant," and might chance on such a paragraph as the following, in his morning paper: —

"It was Optimist Sunday, and the philosophy of making the best of, and

seeing the best in, everything was expounded by ministers of all creeds and denominations from a hundred pulpits, in Newark, its environs, and the Oranges. The sermons were by members of the 'Optimist Club of New Jersey,' the newly incorporated 'smile' organization, which has been taken so seriously that the most prominent business, professional, religious, and financial men in the state have joined in the movement to drive pessimism from business and society."

Possibly he might be so fortunate as to receive, in a rose-colored envelope, the prospectus of the larger organization called the "Optimist Club of America," which has President Roosevelt and the governors of all the states among its members, and whose purpose is, as he would learn from the prospectus, "to cause optimism to be a concrete reality; to make people think, act, feel, and talk optimism to themselves and their neighbors; to induce good men to stand together, and smile, and have full confidence in themselves, their country, and their destiny." Of a similar body, the "National Prosperity League," news might also come to him. He would certainly enjoy reading about a meeting of that league last summer in New York City, where, while it was proclaiming that all was for the best in the best of all possible financial worlds, the unemployed marched on its hall of assembly with cries of "Show us!" In the numerous optimist magazines, which pour from the press with such an air of spontaneity that one might suppose them to be inspired by the *Zeitgeist* itself, he could not fail to light upon many roseate advertisements of a distinctly concrete nature: — "Treatments for Health, Happiness, and Success," "Personal Success — Power absolutely guaranteed," and so on. In short, he could not long question the establishment of "optimism" nowadays as a "concrete reality," sharply distinguished from any mere intellectual speculation; and his old object of attack must appear as scarcely even a side-issue in the ardors of the modern campaign.

This view of things might satisfy him, for a time at least, as to the unanimity of the various leaders of the campaign. For everybody, of course, whatever his intellectual standpoint, recognizes the practical value of hopefulness, confidence, and the "merry heart" that "goes all the day." Voltaire himself, though he did write *Candide*, and had no mercy on speculative optimism, took extreme pains to cultivate smiling, cheerfulness, etc. Though he did not utilize the "pre-established harmony" as a means to his end, he was very careful about the humbler matters of diet, fresh air, and exercise. In his art of living, he gave an almost indelicate prominence to the maxim: "Bien digérer et se tenir le ventre libre." Our noted "physiologic optimist," for whom "happiness is health," and health "a question entirely of the correct treatment of food in the mouth," has gone no farther in this direction; though, it must be owned, Voltaire would not follow Mr. Horace Fletcher in saying that "the final, most condemning accusation against pessimism is that even the slightest touch or shadow of it retards digestion."

The word "pessimism" was not invented till after Voltaire's time; he called it "Manicheism;" but he would not have admitted a question of hygiene as "the final, most condemning accusation" against it. Here again, however, a difference of meaning has come in, for pessimism is at present almost entirely as practical a matter as is optimism.

Voltaire was not blind to the fact that the holding of this or that intellectual view of existence may possibly result in some concrete modifications of character or conduct. He declared somewhere, for instance, that "optimism" produced inertia. For all that, and although he brought the discussion down from the astral plane of Leibnitz's "monads" to the level of human life, and even threw it into the form of a novel, he made

scarcely any attempt to depict any such character-reflections in his *dramatis personæ*. During most of the tale he battered them with such a rapid succession of overwhelming disasters that they had little chance to do more than gasp; but even in modes of gasping there are *nuances*, which, if his purpose had lain that way, he might have turned to revelatory account. His optimist, Pangloss, is not more "inert" than Martin, his Manichean, and of "grit" he shows at least as much as any of his companions. After Pangloss has lost an eye and an ear, been flogged, hung, and enslaved, he still maintains that his troubles are not "odious blots," but "the shadings of a beautiful picture," and that "since all partial evil is universal good, the more there is of the former, the more there must be of the latter." The personages of this drama, however, are hardly more than markers, as it were, in a disquisition of dry reason, resembling those apples and eggs which are sometimes introduced into algebraic problems, to refresh the young, instead of x and y.

In the particular circumstances of this case, the omission of the character-reflections affords a vivid enough illustration of the difference between Voltaire's use of "optimism" and our own. If we may imagine him deciding to rewrite *Candide* during his visit, and to bring it up to date according to our English-speaking notions, he would probably devote most of his space in the new version to the character element he so signally neglected before, while the theoretical interest, which previously absorbed him, might be almost left out. His personages, instead of being passively mammocked, and tossed to and fro like dummies, would now, it may be presumed, be endued with plenty of initiative; and since Voltaire would certainly sympathize with an exponent of cheerfulness and smiling, Pangloss, if his optimism were limited to those functions, might conceivably be exalted from a sorry butt into an admirable hero; and in short, the whole tendency of the work be diametrically reversed.

And yet, on reflection, the occurrence of this reversal is by no means certain. It cannot be overlooked that Voltaire's younger compatriots, the Frenchmen of to-day, though quite as fond of cheerfulness as he was, and though more successful in attaining it, perhaps, than the English-speaking world, with its "spleen" or "nervous prostration," — and though understanding the term in that practical extension of it familiar to ourselves, — are nevertheless, as a rule, hostile critics of the modern concrete optimism. A French comedy, *L'Optimiste*, traces the optimist-character, just as Voltaire might supposedly do in a fresh version of *Candide;* but the portrait of the chief figure is far from flattering. M. de Plinville exemplifies, as has been said, "those moments when, satisfied with all, seeing everything in a favorable light, excluding all memory and all foresight, men deceive themselves and those about them equally as to the present and the future." That is not a bitter censure, to be sure; but, more recently, intelligent Frenchmen of goodwill have used very much stronger language about concrete optimism. Renan, for instance, who personally practiced a smiling serenity to be envied by the most adept Christian Scientist, "involuntarily suspected any professor of optimism of some smallness of mind or meanness of heart." Brunetière inveighs angrily against the "sordidness," "pettiness," and "meanness" of the thing. Emile de Girardin thinks, "The dissolute man is the typical optimist." Another writer alludes, as a matter of course, to the "depraved hearts" of optimists.

Now, when one recalls the glorifications of optimism by an Emerson or a Browning, it is clear that they and the French moralists are not speaking about one and the same thing. Yet neither are the latter using the word in Voltaire's sense. They are certainly talking about a practical enough issue, about character-reflections, — with their "dissolute

man" and "depraved hearts." The truth is, our modern optimism, all practical and concrete though it be, is none the less arrantly ambiguous, and under a smiling surface masks a deep division.

The existence of this twofold reference is so obvious that it is sometimes overlooked, perhaps for that very reason. Perhaps, too, the change from the word's original meaning is not sufficiently realized. As a theory, optimism has, indeed, only one meaning; not so, however, as a practical issue. To what different characters, for instance, do we ascribe "optimism" as a dominant quality! To Micawber, substituting hope for work and always waiting for something to "turn up;" and to the energetic Mark Tapley, quixotically welcoming troubles as opportunities of "coming out strong;" to Falstaff, whose philosophy (as read by Goldsmith) was that "by struggling against misfortune we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict, but a sure method to come off victorious is by running away;" and to the Rabbi Ben Ezra with his

> Then, welcome each rebuff
> That turns Earth's smoothness rough,
> . . . . . .
> Be our joy three-parts pain!

and again to the "orator of the human race" in the French Revolution, Anacharsis Cloots, who being accosted as he came out of a great banquet, by a starving beggar, with the cry, "I am hungry," replied, "And I have eaten too much; things are balanced." The trait has also been ascribed to the Levite who preserved his serenity of soul by "passing by on the other side;" and some might see just as much reason for imputing it to the Samaritan, who went trustfully to succor the wounded stranger.

"Optimism" is preached nowadays, not argued about. Theories are discussed, and rules of conduct are inculcated. But inculcation is more dangerous than discussion, where an ambiguity exists. Our preachers of "living on the sunny side" may wish to inculcate either this rule of conduct, — that the best way to be happy is by facing and fighting the troubles of life; or this rule, — that we must try our best to evade and close our eyes to those troubles. The confusion between two such contrary principles is facilitated, no doubt, by the circumstance that everybody, very legitimately, practices both rules every day.

"*Mrs. Croaker:* But don't you think that laughing off our fears is the best way?

Honeywood: Which is the best, madam, very few can say; but I'll maintain it to be a very wise way.

Croaker: But we're talking of the best! Surely, the best way is to face the enemy in the field.

Honeywood: Why, sir, as to the best, that — that is a very wise way, too."

The opposed rules can come into debate only when adopted as general principles. The optimism of Emerson and Browning, and that of the French moralists, repeat the antithesis; and which side Voltaire would select for Pangloss in his new version must remain uncertain, though it seems probable that he would see the question through the eyes of his compatriots.

It may perhaps be said, as if it were scarcely worth mentioning, that the optimism so enthusiastically advocated in our English-speaking world is, of course, of the first, the Emersonian, Brownings esque, or fighting kind. Yet the fact stares us in the face that the second, the evasive, type is more openly adopted among us to-day than ever, perhaps, since antiquity — at least by any considerable body of citizens. Hitherto, in the modern world, only a few eccentric individuals, like Anacharsis Cloots, have ventured to be frank about it, and the novel spectacle of a reputable *bourgeois* association, like that of the Christian Scientists, publicly avowing and maintaining the evasive way with honest pride might excite a suspicion that the times must be

more in accord with such a tendency than they used to be.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the queer, piratical assumption by this sect of the prestige and authority of the Man of Sorrows as authority for its rule of indifference to the sorrows of the world, but it may be worth while to consider for a moment the appearance of a metaphysical sanction or foundation of that rule, which is set up in its "book of books." The evasive rule is there indeed decked out in the whole panoply of the "metaphysico-théologo-cosmolonigologie" of Dr. Pangloss, and yet, at bottom, it remains true enough to the plain characteristic practicality of our modern optimism. All this enigmatic pomp of speculation reduces itself, on inspection, to a simple enough circumstance. When a child hurts itself, we say: "Never mind! Take no notice of it! It does n't really hurt," — hoping the soreness may disappear if not thought about. We enjoin on the little victim, that is to say, the adoption of the evasive rule; and we reinforce the advice, to help it in "taking no notice," by the assertion, "The pain does n't really exist." These two sentences comprise the natural history of this interesting metaphysical doctrine.

Starting from a few "cures," effected by the principle of "taking no notice," the sect has advanced to the courageous conception of a "cure-all," or panacea, along similar lines. The nursery formula has accordingly been generalized into this guise: "Never mind! Take no notice of any pain or evil! No pain or evil really exists." But the blunt public pays little heed to the metaphysical web spun about the last limb of this injunction. It looks through the cocoon to the nursery spell, and perceiving that expanded to vast proportions, murmurs, "It's ridiculous, of course, but what an effect it has in diverting their thoughts!"

In the comedy of *L'Amour Médecin*, Molière tells about a girl locked up by her father, and how her sweetheart disguises himself as a doctor to get through "the locks and bars." The youth gives himself out, on being introduced into the household, as a "mental healer:" — "since the mind," says he, "has a great empire over the body, and diseases often have their origin in it, my practice always is to begin by curing the mind." He diagnoses the girl's condition, with her father's leave, and discovers, sure enough, that "all her sickness comes from a disordered fancy, that is, from a silly craving she has for the state of wedlock." He accordingly proposes to the father this drastic, deceptive treatment: "Since we must always humor the imaginations and whims of an invalid, and since I perceived immediately that any delay would be extremely dangerous, I ventured to win control of her by means of her little foible, and told her in so many words that I had come for no other purpose than to ask you for her hand in marriage. Immediately, her face changed; her eyes lit up; her color revived; and, if you 'll consent to keep the deception up for a day or two, I'll promise you we'll bring her round!"

Had Clitandre's pretense in this case been a pretense, instead of a naked truth, his curative proposition of marriage might have been compared to the "No pain or evil exists" of Christian Science.

It is tempting to dwell on this contemporary illustration of evasive optimism, not only because of its admirable frankness, but because of the novel facilities it offers, or rather has called general attention to, for the successful pursuance of the rule. The Earl of Pembroke, who ordered his wife always to be at home by 10 P. M., used to set the clock back, when she disobeyed, to keep up appearances. This was a very crude stroke of auto-suggestion; and usually in the past the difficulty of following out the evasive rule on a general scale has been keenly felt. People have said half-heartedly to themselves that "facts are facts," and could not be blinked in the long run, that is, with any degree of comfort to the defendant. Nowadays, however, we are told that facts are not facts, but thoughts; we are reminded that "there is nothing

either good or bad but thinking makes it so," — a quotation which figures in many expressions of opinion of contemporary optimism, among others, on the title-page of *Science and Health;* that each of us constructs his own world and may construct it so as best to please himself; and to a mind so prepared the science of "suggestion" is applied.

"Suggestion" is as old an art as the "Let's pretend" of children at play, but it has recently acquired freshness through being employed, not at haphazard, artlessly, anyhow, but systematically, scientifically, even coöperatively. Now we may hire professional "suggesters," trained to the practice, to aid us in following the evasive rule; moreover, they will teach us to do it for ourselves. The psychologists have formulated a "law" of the process: "Every idea tends to affirm and realize itself, if it is not prevented by an equal tendency of another contrary idea;" which law is closely followed in the instructions to "healers" in *Science and Health.* It is undeniable that Christian Science has in several respects kept well abreast, if not ahead, of the times. The "healers" are instructed to divert the patient's whole attention to the "bright side," and in every way to suppress the "contrary idea" of disease, or the "dark side." And so successful has the sect been in carrying out this law, that, by general admission, the entire medical profession has been induced to follow its lead. It seems, moreover, that the Christian Science Church may always retain an advantage over the isolated practitioner, inasmuch as it can apply the process of "suggestion" in the most powerful form, that is, the coöperative. Large congregations assembling every week and declaring jointly in prayer and song, that "no pain or evil exists" must create a panic reassurance on the point, as influential, probably, as is panic fear.

So widespread and prosperous an organization as this church, with its handsome temples and zealous members, all so ready to testify to the benefits of its central practice of evasion, has undoubtedly made a profound impression on the world at large. This striking instance of the evasive rule being frankly, systematically, and successfully practiced by so many prosperous members of society has permeated the minds of even the least educated. And yet, were the church merely a source diffusing an alien sentiment into the community, it would be, whatever its members, a more or less negligible factor. Its main significance comes from the possibility that its influence upon the public mind may be, after all, trifling compared with the influence of the public mind upon it; that its pursuance of the second rule of optimism may be but a symptom of a general mood, which it doubtless reinforces by reaction, but of which it is, at bottom, not the cause, but an effect. How, indeed, should it have risen so swiftly to success in any but a favorable atmosphere? The admission of this possibility would suggest, of course, that the evasive kind of optimism, which the French regard as the only kind, and which they denounce as sordid, mean, and depraved, is not by any means exceptional, but, on the contrary, pretty general among us. It would not follow, however, from an acceptance of this view, that the validity of the French epithets must be conceded.

The practical results and character-reflections of evasive optimism are, of course, considerably mingled. To speak as if meanness and depravity summed them up is absurd. Smiling serenity, cheerfulness, confidence, are invaluable qualities. A hostile critic of Christian Science, Mark Twain, asserts that its practices may deliver humanity of four-fifths of its ills. There is a good deal of truth in the saying, often repeated by contemporary optimists, that the best way to make those about us happy is to make ourselves happy. And then, in a work-aday, buying, and selling world, the material usefulness of a beaming countenance, a glad hand, an inwardly secure poise cannot be overrated. These "minor

morals" are indubitably "money-getters," to say no more. Of course, the practice of the evasive rule makes for egotism. It begins, usually, with care for the individual's health, and when that is established, goes on to protect him from mentally sympathizing with — which, after all, means "suffering with," so often superfluously! — the troubles of others. But in these times "egotism" is no longer a word of awe. Many can draw a wide enough distinction between egotism and depravity. In a whole clever school of modern thought it is rather altruism which pairs off with the latter. In order to rise toward the ideal of ultimate humanity, dreamed of by Nietzsche, Stirner, and others, the first requisite is to avoid sympathy, — to "be hard." Only so is the "Superman" to be attained. Were Nietzsche asked which of our contemporary creeds was the most ideally beneficent, it is quite likely that he would name Christian Science. Not only does it carry out the maxim, "Be hard," but by insisting on facts being merely thoughts, and on nothing being either good or bad except as we choose to esteem it so, it sets the individual's feet upon the path which leads him "jenseits des Guten und Bösen." It still halts, no doubt, in alien traditions and compromises; but, as Emerson says, "We must look at tendencies."

This ethical attitude, with its varied consequences, advantageous or the reverse according to one's point of view, is not altogether lacking, it would seem, in encouragement from our contemporary environment. It would not be difficult to adduce many sympathetic manifestations from focuses of thought independent of Christian Science. In the various publications of "joy philosophy," "new thought," "new mysticism," quaint medical lore, "arrivisme," occultism, and every sort of "nigologie," now showered upon us, references to an optimism closely allied to that just discussed are common enough. A recent English writer, after studying this abundant literature here and in Great Britain, reports that the thinker of this type "seeks by will-power, self-suggestion, etc., to construct his own universe, and to attain union with the divine principle of his life, — with an indwelling, not a transcendent, God, located not infrequently in his 'solar plexus.' He seeks this union, as a rule, from strictly utilitarian motives, connected with his physical health, comfort, or success."

It may be of interest to set beside this fresh report some notes of Emerson's about the *Present Age* of fifty or sixty years ago. "A leading trait," he wrote, "is the growing consciousness of the individual of his access to the universal mind. This tends to degrade and weaken all relations. Superficially, it shows itself in analysis and detachment. Ours is the age of the First Person Singular, and of freedom and the casting off of all ties. . . . At first, we run to excess, separate utilities from the labor they should represent, appropriate and monopolize them. The end to be rich infects the whole world, and shoves by the Church and the State. Government and education are only for the protection of Property, and Religion even is a lever out of the spiritual world to work for this." The words might have been written to-morrow. The First Person Singular manifests itself nowadays in a continual laudation of selfhood, rising sometimes to grave discussions as to whether we are not, in fact, "gods together." The corollary of self-deification, that each man is a law unto himself, is not seldom drawn, and Schopenhauer's condemnation of the "immorality" of pantheistic optimism then finds its justification. Never is the word "sin" employed in this literature; "mistake" takes its place; and the errant is adjured to forget his "mistakes" as quickly as possible, in defiance of the old-fashioned lines: —

> He who lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend;
> Eternity mourns that.

And all through the utterances of these

independent new thinkers the use of "suggestion" for keeping the "bright side" uppermost is prescribed in a measure fully equaling that of Christian Science. Sometimes, indeed, the application of this process, dissociated from the religious trappings of that sect, takes on a very irresponsible air. A writer in a New York newspaper, commenting the other day on the large sales of books about "psychic treatment," "religion and medicine," "mental healing," and the like, remarked, —

"It is probable that the great success of Christian Science is largely responsible for this. The idea that the mind has a great power over matter has penetrated the brain of every one, and in a number of cases I have noted, the first effect is, I am sorry to say, to make the persons deliberate liars."

The most scrupulous, however, permit some lying in a sick-room, and did not Jeremy Taylor say that "all the world is a hospital"?

Nevertheless, it may surprise some to find the altruists, the opponents of Nietzschean ideals, and the clergymen of the old-fashioned churches, joining so strenuously, as many of them do, in preaching optimism and "living on the sunny side," amid existing circumstances. The prevalent ambiguity concerning the two rules seems to endanger the advice. In the light of which rule is the "man in the street" likely to interpret it? This advocacy has been explained as a reaction against the old-time gloomy Calvinist style of religiosity. In mitigation of that, a plea for a livelier hue were explicable enough. While the religion of the preachers was not only as bare, but also as fast as a rock, it might evidently be permitted them to train vines over it. But, supposing their religion to be no longer so very hard and fast, would vines serve to tether it? We hear of the old-fashioned churches having "lost their hold," and of people aspiring to no heaven but one "here and now," and fearing no hell but that "of not getting on." And then, in real fact, how much Calvinist background exists to-day to be reacted on? He would have to be an old man who could now write about his youth, as Emerson wrote about his: —

"Calvinism was still robust and effective upon life and character in all the people who surrounded my childhood. They were a high tragic school, and found much of their own belief in the grander traits of the Greek mythology, Nemesis, the Fates and Eumenides."

Would Emerson himself speak in the following strain at present?

"Least of all do *we* need any checks or measures: as if New England were anything else!" "I will and I can," is a common saying of our modern optimists, — a formula which differs, perhaps typically, from, —

> When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
> The youth replies, "I can."

In any case, it would almost seem to be superfluous for altruists and the like to preach the "bright side" in commercial communities, such as make up the English-speaking world, seeing that commerce itself always takes good care to divert attention that way. Our new "Optimist Clubs" serve to illustrate the fact, but it may be seen throughout history. The typical English school of moralists, for instance, the "Utilitarian," which has faithfully reflected the commercial expansion of the "nation of shopkeepers," has always been markedly optimist. It has sometimes given an even rampant expression to that way of thinking, as when Hartley declared that "all individuals are actually and always infinitely happy," or Tucker, that "our whole amount of suffering may be equal to a minute of pain once in twenty years," or Adam Smith, that the happy outnumber the unhappy by, precisely, "twenty to one."

The commercial life, indeed, both encourages and needs the optimist spirit. Its rewards are not ideal nor vague, but tangible and well within the reach of human effort, and they are accessi-

ble to the hopes, at least, of all classes. Moreover, one's advance in it may be vastly accelerated at any moment by some lucky or skillful stroke. And, on the other hand, a sanguine, confident mood is peculiarly needed for the enterprises and speculations by which alone commerce can be sustained and expanded. In the most thoroughly and intensely commercialized community that has ever existed, a sufficient concentration of thought on the "bright side" will certainly be effected by the mere facts of the case; and if the forces of altruism and old-fashioned religion have any quarrels to prosecute with the spirit of trade, they may, it seems, feel themselves free to carry on those quarrels *à l'outrance* without weakening their opposition by any alliance in respect of "optimism."

SANDRO BOTTICELLI

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

GIORGIO VASARI was until recent times the last critic who prized the exquisite art of Sandro Botticelli. To have been great and so long forgotten is a pledge of sensational rediscovery. But in a day of rehabilitations, that of Botticelli has been singularly complete and durable. Upon the discreet imitations of the English Preraphaelites, followed the guarded apologia of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, only to give way, in turn, to the sentimental inferences of Walter Pater, to the fervid championship of Ruskin, and to Mr. Maurice Hewlett's graceful and penetrative musings. I pass the dozen or more works in erudition, or semi-erudition, that have illuminated or obscured the theme. Mr. Berenson has carried the matter into the field of general ideas. Mr. Herbert P. Horne,[1] Botticelli's best and latest biographer, shows a prudent predilection for facts.

We first meet Sandro Filipepi, the fourth son of Mariano the Tanner, in a tax return of 1457, which tells that the boy was thirteen years old, still at his books, and in poor health. Vasari assures us that Sandro had the usual schooling, and specifies the "three R's," but in the main we must suppose that he was self-educated, and, like a true Florentine, largely through the reading of that compendium of all grave doctrine, the *Divine Comedy*. At a later time we know that Sandro denied the possession of a soul to a rash 'prentice, who, without letters, ventured to hold opinions upon Dante. Through association with such humanists as Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco de' Medici, for whom Botticelli began to work in his thirty-third year, and Poliziano, who inspired the composition of the Birth of Venus, the aspirations of the classical revival were communicated to the young master. The year in Rome, his thirty-seventh, left an enduring impression in certain grandiose forms of architecture. No master of the time except Mantegna was better versed in antiquity, and the Florentine kept the advantage of loving his Rome naïvely. Loving it too well to archæologize, he glimpsed it fervidly through a genuinely Tuscan pair of eyes. Indeed, it is worth noting that the idiomatic quality is equally strong in his work, whether he treats a stock subject of the Middle Ages, or a mythological fantasy of the newest humanistic coinage. His mature

[1] *Alessandro Filipepi, commonly called Sandro Botticelli, Painter, of Florence.* By HERBERT P. HORNE. London: George Bell & Sons. 1908.

inventions bespeak poise and self-mastery. His later work indicates an unwholesome detachment, — perhaps that sudden reckoning with mortality that makes a perfected craftsman seek fanatically new and strange perfections. It is a phenomenon that we may study in so well-ordered a genius as that of Titian. Botticelli began a course that should have conducted him parallel with his younger contemporary Leonardo, only to finish as the most reactionary spirit that lived on into the so-called Golden Age. The Calumny was painted while the Last Supper was being designed. Thus Botticelli must be classed with those who have made some "great refusal," not, like the Dantesque shade, "from cowardice," but from inner stress that dashes them athwart the easy grooves of their age.

No sign of this, however, in Sandro's beginnings. He was articled with the most popular painter of the time, and actually learnt his trade from the most progressive. Working with Fra Filippo Lippi, by this time for reasons released from the religious life, the young Sandro really studied Antonio Pollaiuolo. Had not Vasari preserved the tradition, Botticelli's early work would tell us plainly enough that the erratic Frate had been his master. No painter in Florence was better known or more popular. Had he not put the neighbors plainly into his pictures — the shy grace of their young mothers, the roguishness of their urchins, the genial poise of their men and matrons? If the innovations of Fra Filippo commended him to such Florentines as Mariano the Tanner, his conservatism was equally popular. Beyond his study of the moods of the human face, which with the crowd always counts for pretty much the whole of art, he took no forward step. Regardless of the new painting in oil mediums, he practiced the old beautiful manner of working in tempera. This, with the abundant use of gold, Botticelli took over from his master, applying the method handed down by the Middle Ages to the new subjects and emotions of the Renaissance. To many it will seem that he put new wine into old bottles, by thus persisting in an obsolescent technic. But the charm of his painting is largely in the sense that a new life, wistful and passionate by turns, has swept into an experience where the old lights still burn serenely.

Technically, then, Botticelli owed everything to Fra Filippo. Beyond this, I feel, he owed very little, for the good reason that master and pupil were of diverse temperaments. From the first, in vitality of contour, cunningly devised and controlled motion, concentration of interest, we find Botticelli precociously strong, precisely where his master was weak. Moreover, where these more serious qualities do appear in the Frate, it is in work executed at a time when Sandro was old enough to be an active assistant and counselor. Take, for example, those remarkable frescoes of 1364–65, the Funeral of St. Stephen and Herod's Feast, painted in the choir of the Collegiata at Prato years after its decoration had been begun. They do not show the hand of any of Fra Filippo's known assistants, but one at least does inevitably recall the manner of Botticelli. Herod's Feast shows a fluidity of composition that we find just this once in the work of Fra Filippo. In dancing Herodias, the draperies flutter, obeying the toss of the legs with unwonted spirit. Herod is the mate of the captains of Holophernes in the little picture painted some years later by Botticelli, and the type is not Lippesque. In many such particulars Herod's Feast displays the familiar manner of the Frate with a curious difference, as it were unstiffened and carried to higher grace and mobility. In candor it should be said that this view is not countenanced by the authorities, and that no strict division of the actual painting between master and pupil is to be thought of.

However that may be, soon after the Prato frescoes, we meet Botticelli as a painter in his own right. In the oblong Adoration of the Magi, of the National

Gallery, in the Judith, the slain Holophernes, and the Fortitude, of the Uffizi, — all painted before his twenty-sixth year, — we may trace indubitably the real influence under which he was developing. In these, as indeed in most of the paintings done before his thirty-sixth year, the example of Antonio Pollaiuolo is authoritative. Equally competent as goldsmith, sculptor, draughtsman, and painter, Antonio's designs reveal a passion for truth of form and the higher truth of energy. For a kind of dæmonic force, they are still counted among the most remarkable works of all time, displaying through their superficial ugliness a beauty of action, a noble tension, that only an artist is likely fully to appreciate. In perspective and anatomy, he was simply the most searching spirit of the age. When Botticelli began to paint, Antonio was in his early prime, and his drawings were passed about as unapproachable models. Botticelli, while acknowledging the Frate as master, was really studying with Antonio.

In the oblong Adoration of the Magi at London we may see the lesser yielding to the major influence. It is a furniture panel, painted conceivably before Botticelli had left Fra Filippo. This small work boasts two compositions. To the right the Kings from the East and their train, in the familiar oblong arrangement invented by Don Lorenzo Monaco, worship the Child. Here we are very near Fra Filippo, in the hint of ledgy landscape, in the bits of ruined architecture, in the somewhat detached effect of the figures, more especially in the facial types and draperies. Botticelli's contribution is a greater concentration, and a less formal disposition of the many figures, but this improvement is only half realized. In the main the courtiers are paired off like awkward guests at a dinner-table. To the left of the panel are thrown in, for good measure, the men-at-arms of the Magi in the stir of a brief halt. Here the arrangement is compact, the variety of expression and gesture remarkable. We note the strongly accented, almost distorted, masks of Antonio Pollaiuolo, horses in all manner of foreshortening, brusque contrasts of light and shade; in short, all the earmarks of the realistic school. We shall soon find the theme repeated in more effective, because simplified form, in the group of captains and horsemen who loom in the opening of the tent where lies headless Holophernes.

When Fra Filippo went to Spoleto in 1468, where he died the following year, all business connection between him and his best disciple probably ceased. Meanwhile Sandro's devotion to the realistic movement was unswerving, and it is not surprising to find him, as it were, rewarded by a commission from the great Antonio. That painter, in 1470, engaged to paint the seven theological and moral virtues as mural panels for the commercial court held in the Mercanzia. Most of these allegorical figures he turned over, as was his wont, to his brother Piero; one, the Fortezza, was assigned to Sandro Botticelli. John Ruskin has expressed so much that one would like to feel about the Fortezza, that I much regret owning how little of it I see. The moody face, which does indeed contrast with the expressionless masks of the six sister virtues, is a reproduction of one of Verrocchio's mannerisms, and (*pace* Ruskin) has nothing to do with nervous courage. One notes a figure most solidly modeled and ornately decked out, which shares the ungainly proportions of the series. In brilliancy of color and fantastic preciousness of ornament we may presume that Botticelli was trying to outdo the Pollaiuoli on their own ground.

The ease with which Botticelli adopted the ornate manner of these goldsmith-painters raises the question whether he too was not trained in metal-work. Vasari declares that he had such training, but this is denied. In any event, whether through his own practice with the tracer or mediately through Antonio Pollaiuolo, Botticelli commands from the first the peculiarly terse and energetic line which is almost a prerogative of the goldsmith-

painters of Florence. The feigned sculpture with which he adorned so many of his later works may be a kind of reversion to youthful exercises with the tracer. Much of the architectural screen of the Calumny, for example, would furnish the most suggestive and appropriate themes for a sculptor-goldsmith.

From such tentative efforts as we have briefly noted, the advance toward independent mastery was swift. For years yet the dynamic forms of Antonio Pollaiuolo are used, but in applications undreamed of by the inventor. In the little panel, Judith Returning to Bethulia, we detect Antonio's leading in the large figures, completely filling the composition and profiled against a deeply-receding champaign with low horizon; but in the swift yet suave motion of the figures, in the calligraphic yet expressive flutter of the draperies, in the keen flash of a yellow robe against the blue, in the dog-like attentiveness of the handmaiden, in a delicacy that pervades this strongly conceived design, we have traits that are Sandro's own. This very famous picture, the subject of many rhapsodies and of innumerable reproductions, has unfairly cast in the shade its less attractive companion piece. Nothing could be more tragically inventive, or more truly pictorial, than that astounded group of mail-clad captains and horsemen towering in the opening of a rich pavilion, while the pale light falls pitilessly on the headless body that lies delicately amid the disordered bedclothes, as if merely forespent with wine and lust.

In times of experiment and restless endeavor there come moments when we seem to be projected into the harmony that is our distant, perhaps our wholly unconscious, goal. Such a moment must have smiled upon Botticelli, when he painted the so-called Chigi Madonna, now in the Gardner collection, Boston. As if to forget the ardors of Pollaiuolo, and with them the sweat of the workshop, Sandro adapts a composition of his old master, Fra Filippo, and essays the gently lyrical mood of Verrocchio. An angel, a strange androgynous figure, offers grapes and ears of wheat to the Christ Child — the symbols of His future passion. The Infant draws back in a dubious curiosity. As if to reassure Him, the Virgin takes an ear. It is his destiny which she is about to offer. Both figures seem sunk in revery upon a mystery and tragedy sensed rather than perceived. The angel has the grave affability of a visitant in a dream, but shares too the inner perturbation of those whom he serves. A bit of placid river landscape completes this most sympathetic composition. There is a complete absence of the conscious effort that marks most of Botticelli's early work. We find anticipated, by more than ten years, the sentiment of those rounds of Madonnas wreathed with angels which constitute the best known, if not the best, achievement of the master. And I am not sure that, for its simplicity and reticence, the youthful picture is not to be preferred.

In 1477, his thirty-third year, Botticelli painted two very famous pictures, the Adoration of the Magi, in the Uffizi, and the Allegory of Spring. Their mood is so widely different, their implications as to the temperament of the artist so contradictory, that we must think of them as painted in a time of hesitation. The Adoration is the work we might have predicted, being the mature product of some ten years of realistic studies. He had only to go on, to be one of the leaders of the new movement. The Allegory of Spring is almost the first hint of that bizarre beauty in pursuit of which Botticelli was increasingly to avoid the main current in favor of radiant or darkling by-waters. It is the first intimation of the solitary trend of his genius.

The Adoration of the Kings, let me repeat, sums up the realistic studies of his young manhood in an elaborate composition abounding in incidental portraits, and fairly outdoing Ghirlandaio on his own ground. It was Sandro's most normal triumph, and naturally his most popular picture. It was still honorably exhibited

when the Allegory of Spring was deemed fit only for the junk-room. From the time when the Adoration was placed in Santa Maria Novella, commissions came readily to the *bottega*, and Sandro's way might have been a smooth one had he chosen to let it be so. In the sixteen years since I first saw this famous picture, I have outgrown, not my admiration, but much of my affection for it. It strikes me as an extraordinary academic exercise, more valuable for the perfection of the parts than for the charm of the whole. The regal *cortége*, ostensibly on parade below, jars a little with the devotionalism of the Holy Family. Something of this apprehension must have been in Sandro's mind, for when, about five years later, he painted another Adoration, now in the Hermitage Gallery, he achieved a greater unity of mood and arrangement, wreathing the worshiping courtiers about the Child in converging groups, all most devoutly attentive. And in another repetition of the theme, the ruinously repainted canvas in the Uffizi, he inspired a multitude of figures with a pious vivacity that fairly rivaled, in spirit if not in dignity, Leonardo's unfinished masterpiece. The Adoration of the Kings and the Primavera were in all probability for some time in the shop together. Possibly visitors, who must have been rather frequent at this period, were as baffled by the Spring as the earnest tourist is to-day. But the Florentines, we may guess, at least were not worried by this first appearance of a strange and ambiguous beauty. They seem to have taken it for an odd yet lovely bit of decoration, and the allegory never bit them deeply. It was left for our times to deck out the Spring with the legendary embroidery which it certainly invites, yet possibly does not need.

Legend has it that the picture was painted for Lorenzo the Magnificent, that Mercury presents the unfortunate Giuliano, and Venus the fair Simonetta. This lady, who is presumed to be Giuliano's mistress, is said to have sat for many of Botticelli's pictures. Her apparition when Sandro painted her as the sea-born Venus has inspired one of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's most winning pages. All this is delightful matter of poetry, for which the facts give no warrant. The Spring contains no portraits, but merely Sandro's characteristic ideal masks. As for Giuliano and Simonetta Vespucci, their relations may have been merely ceremonious. All we know is that Giuliano, wearing her colors, — a usual compliment, — won the midsummer joust of 1475. As the poets were laboriously filing their eulogies of the champion, she died, affording excellent elegiac material wherewith to eke out chivalric stanzas. The assassination of Giuliano himself, in the flower of his youth, gave pathetic credence to such rhetoric. So far the tradition; now the facts.

The Spring was painted, like the Birth of Venus, and Pallas and the Centaur, a few years later, for Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco's newly-bought villa at Castello. For him Botticelli also executed the Dante illustrations, now preserved at Berlin. This relation of patron and artist lasted some twenty years, evoking Sandro's most precious and characteristic work. Compared with this, his relations with the ruling Medici, and especially with Lorenzo the Magnificent, are of an insignificant sort. No commissions, except those for the Sistine Chapel, approach in importance those undertaken for Castello and its master. Mr. Horne has made the case plain for the first time, and it is among the most interesting of his numerous discoveries. Returning to the Spring, its basis is purely literary and classical. As Dr. Theodor Warburg first showed, Cupid, Venus, Flora, Spring, and Zephyr, — in fine, all the right-hand side of the picture, — are borrowed from Lucretius. We read in the fifth book of *De Natura Rerum* a splendid passage in which Venus is represented as she who renews all life through recurring springs:

It ver et Venus et Veneris praenuntius ante
Pennatus graditur, zephyri vestigia propter
Flora quibus mater praespargens ante viai
Cuncta coloribus egregiis et odoribus opplet.

Which Mr. Horne translates, "Spring and Venus go their way, and the winged harbinger of Venus, Cupid, steps on before; and close upon Zephyr's footsteps, Flora, their mother, strewing all the way before them, covers it with rarest colors and odors." Here we have all the characters except Mercury and the Graces, who are added for good measure, being for that matter frequently named in Latin poetry as part of Venus's train. Here we have, too, the explanation of the pregnancy of Venus, and of Spring, the goddess and minister of all fruitfulness. The Spring of Sandro Botticelli, in short, is only less literary than the Calumny. Its strange beauty is individual. Neither Lucretius nor a pair of ill-starred young folks explain it. We may regard it as a bit of passionate make-believe, a sheer nympholepsy of Sandro's. He mused until the Tuscan spring about him dissolved, resolving itself into a distant garden of Venus — an antique paradise, but composed, after all, of the dear homely Tuscan materials, and peopled by the lithe girls and bonny youths of Florence, raised to a momentary divinity.

We shall return to this fantastically graceful work. It is in all respects quintessential, and to understand it truly would be to read the secret of Botticelli's art. But, for the moment, let us rather consider certain technical points which are not without æsthetic instructiveness. And first, note that the shut-in composition — the orange thicket seems merely a colored and elaborated development of the tooled background of a bas-relief — is unusual in Florentine art of the period. Mr. Horne thinks that we may look to a late Gothic arras for this decorative motive. But I feel sure that we need go no further afield than the famous print of the Ten Nudes by Antonio Pollaiuolo. There we find the half-conventionalized thicket, and a similar group of agitated forms. In fact, this stern realist curiously pervades the Spring. The pointed feet with heels raised high, the knotted joints and wiry attachments, all that suggests the actual strain of muscle and sinew, derives from him. From the silver altar-front made by him for St. Mary of the Flower is borrowed the figure of Flora. Yet how individual remains Botticelli's adaptation of the forms of Pollaiuolo! What had served for rather sterile technical display, or at best for realizing certain effects of ferocity, here becomes the vocabulary of a new and gracious style. It is Florence in her most sensitive genius, seeking a new dialect in which to revive the myths of antiquity. Here is still pure Tuscan idiom, a little raucous, as it should be, but of a pensive and pagan beauty, only essayed before and never afterwards repeated. When we reflect that this new loveliness is rooted after all in the asperities of Antonio Pollaiuolo, we are reminded of the Scriptural enigma, "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

In passing immediately to the companion piece, the Birth of Venus, we anticipate by a few years. Adepts of Botticelli may be roughly classified as they prefer one or the other picture, neophytes being as readily stamped by their enthusiasm for the roselike Magnificat. Into this amicable strife it would be fruitless to enter. Lovers of the fantastic, I think of the essential, Botticelli, will hold by the Primavera for the richness of its contents, the raciness of the varied impressions it affords, the general romantic strangeness of the treatment. Those more classically disposed will find a higher satisfaction in the simpler and more unified impression of the Birth of Venus, in the more advanced and purposeful conventionalization of the landscape, in its sombre harmony of gray, olive, pale blue, and rose, with mellow tracery of gold; in the wistfulness of the virgin goddess unmindful of the cool dawn, of the earnest wind-gods that waft her ashore, of the rose-colored vestment of passion fluttering in the hands of an expectant nymph. Compared with the Spring, it is less mediæval and hieratic, and perhaps more intimate and appealing. It has the Virgilian sense

that recurs in all modern portraiture of the ancient gods.

Somewhere between the Spring and the Venus — æsthetically I mean, for it is considerably later than either — belongs Pallas and the Centaur. It partakes of both the serene and the bizarre beauty, and though summary in execution, has a delicate elaborateness of design inferior to nothing of the master's. The room at Castello that included these three mythologies among its decorations was truly a hall of halls. Would that they might once more be united under a Tuscan roof, not in the bleak light of a gallery, but in a kind of reverent seclusion.

The paintings at Castello belonged to one who was both a kinsman and a political opponent of the ruling Medici. It is possible that they were little known. The mention of them by early writers is of the vaguest, as if on hearsay. In any case, despite Vasari's declaration that Sandro painted " plenty of nude women," some of which must have helped feed Savonarola's famous bonfire, we must suppose that his mythologies were little in demand. The Mars and Venus, of the National Gallery, a furniture panel and of minor importance, though charmingly conceived, completes the list. Numerous school pieces and remoter imitations suggest that others reaped where he had sown.

Lorenzo de' Medici and his circle, the natural patrons for such subjects, gave Botticelli few and trifling commissions. This neglect perhaps drove him back to deeper study of the religious subjects one might suppose he was outgrowing. At all events, we shall find him deliberately retracing his steps, deserting the progressive school, and cultivating a revived and more poignant mediævalism. Of course this change did not take place abruptly. It was preceded by a number of experiments, of which the most interesting is the St. Augustine at Ognissanti. It was painted in 1480, in competition with Domenico Ghirlandaio's St. Jerome. Here Botticelli undertakes no less a theme than the portraiture of a soul that through the agony of the mind has obtained an arduous peace. As if the agile formulas of Pollaiuolo were inadequate to express the weight of intellectual melancholy, Sandro reverts to the ponderous, almost metallic, modeling of Andrea del Castagno. Outside the Bargello were Andrea's effigies of early traitors, beside which, in 1478, Botticelli had depicted the Pazzi plotters hanging ignominiously by neck or heel. Of the St. Augustine, a figure truly of Faust-like significance, Vasari justly remarks that the head " reveals that profound thoughtfulness and acute subtility which is wont to be in persons intellectual and continually abstracted in the investigation of lofty and difficult subjects." And the whole figure, especially the knotted hand pressed to the swelling breast, is quite as expressive as the face. In most of Botticelli's later work we shall find this attempt to realize highly rarefied or powerful emotions. The recourse to the sculptural methods of Castagno is merely symptomatic. Botticelli's problem of expressive draughtsmanship was to be solved along quite other lines.

The year 1481 was a turning-point in Sandro's career. It was then that his first designs for the Inferno of Dante were published, and it was then he went to Rome, where he appears to have had general charge of the preliminary decoration of the Sistine Chapel, with Ghirlandaio as his associate. Probably not one visitor in a hundred to-day notices the twenty-eight figures of popes between the windows, so completely has Michelangelo's ceiling crushed all else; but most of these effigies, which are admirable as decoration, seem to have been designed by Botticelli, and executed by various disciples of Ghirlandaio. Sandro himself painted three frescoes, comprising the Temptation of Christ and nearly the whole story of Moses in many incidents. For the first time his peculiar fervor, the rustle of tense emotion that pervades his later pictures, was displayed.

A suitable analysis of these frescoes would be matter for an entire essay. Here I may note only their extraordinary range of sentiment and invention. The stories of Moses in the land of Midian are pure pastoralism, abounding in graceful forms set in a delectable hill country. In the Destruction of Korah we have drama, if not grandiose melodrama, — violent gesture, exaggerated expressions, stately Roman monuments in the background. All these elements unite in a kind of ornate impressiveness. Yet the effect is not quite single; some harmonizing ingredient seems lacking. Possibly, when the Sistine Choir intones one of the great vengeful psalms, the fresco actually achieves the operatic effect toward which it seems to be striving. The forms are still those of Antonio Pollaiuolo, but grown less harsh. Abounding in lovely detail, as a whole these compositions convey to me a sense of effort, as if the great task found Sandro unprepared. The fact suggests the limitations of Sandro's gift. He had nothing of the epic sense that goes to make a great mural painter. His art tended almost invariably to complication, and away from simple and broad effects. The kind of cunning sparseness of design that Giotto, and some quite inferior contemporaries of Botticelli, practiced habitually, was alien to his mood.

From Rome Sandro must have brought back something like fame. For a matter of ten years his brush was busy with important commissions. To this time belong the Coronation of the Virgin, with its lovely wreath of dancing angels; the Madonna, at Berlin, the most perfectly preserved of his works; the two rounds of the Virgin with Angels, and the Annunciation, in the Uffizi; the allegorical frescoes in the Louvre, celebrating the marriage of Lorenzo Tornabuoni to Giovanna degli Albizzi, and finally the Birth of Venus, and Pallas and the Centaur, in continuation of the decoration of Castello. In short, these years from his thirty-fifth to his forty-fifth saw the creation of practically all the pictures by which Botticelli is popularly known today. At the same time began the circulation of those *bottega* pictures, exaggerating all his mannerisms but lacking his vigor, which have made him seem chiefly a pensive, if not a lackadaisical temperament. The error is the more pardonable that there was in this time a distinct drift toward a more effusive mood. The landscapes, earlier complicated and smiling, become rigid, conventional, and sombre, or give place to architectural and sculptural backgrounds. The line serves less to model than to communicate an emotional flutter. Positive contrasts begin to disappear from the color in behalf of a general dusky tonality. His pictures cease to associate themselves with the Pollaiuoli and the realists; it seems as if a more tragic and powerful Lorenzo Monaco had reappeared.

The Calumny, which Mr. Horne dates in 1494, epitomizes the early and the late Botticelli. It shows all his perfection of line and contour; it outdoes, in the variety and expressiveness of its storied background, even his exuberance of invention; finally it communicates that especial thrill which became his chief aim, to attain which in after years he readily sacrificed all verisimilitude of draughtsmanship. One feels this quality in the tilted heads and figures of Ignorance and Suspicion, who fairly encompass the foolish judge with their draperies; in the rigid accusing hand of Envy, and the sinister fall of the bristling rags he wears — everywhere the most strange and yet appropriate graphic symbols for the passion possessing each figure. Thus Botticelli reconstructed out of the hints of Lucian the famous masterpiece of Apelles. What in many other hands became a frigid exercise, in his grew into a spectacle of absorbing interest. And we may suppose that he intended the contrast of a little whirlwind of envy, hatred, and malice contained within a solemn forum, adorned with the figures of saints and heroes, and looking out through stately arches to a quiet sea. Such effects Sandro rarely got so legiti-

mately. In the later pictures the figures begin to lose all stability, becoming so many ciphers for emotion.

Naturally we who know the whole work in its relations see the change more keenly than his contemporaries, but they too seem to have resented the mature Sandro. His vogue waned rapidly. His woe-begone saints could hardly hold their own with the complacent cheerful folk of Ghirlandaio; Piero di Cosimo was soon to compete seriously in both the religious and the fantastic vein. Before 1490 the *bottega* had apparently ceased to produce big altar-pieces, and was kept going by furniture panels, and small devotional pictures, in which the hand of his assistants is predominant. The master meanwhile was chiefly occupied with the great illustrated Dante which he had undertaken for that model patron, Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco.

To study the Dante illustrations in detail would involve much repetition. They display, in concentrated form, qualities which are constant in Botticelli's work after the first years. The line, whether in the silver-point sketches or the drawings carried forward with the quill, has an extraordinary vivacity and vitality. Many passages show the flamelike ardor of workmanship that we hardly look for outside such draughtsmen as Pollaiuolo, Leonardo, and Michelangelo. And this is the more remarkable since the compositions, retaining the freshness of sketches, are in reality most laborious. Each sheet is a true chart of its canto, comprising often many incidents with a fidelity that quite justified Vasari in counting Botticelli as a commentator. Nothing could be more sensitive in the way of a pictorial transcript, and perhaps the insubstantiality of the work, considered as illustration, was inevitable. In any case, the illustrations, highly imaginative as they frequently are, of fairly celestial gracefulness in the last cantos of the Purgatorio, are as a whole singularly un-Dantesque. It is as if the sonorous tercets of the *Divine Comedy* were being recited by a thin and almost a foreign, if an exquisite, voice.

Following a rather vague implication of Vasari, most critics have regarded the Dante drawings and the adherence to Savonarola's cause as phases of one and the same mood. Sandro, we are told, became a malcontent, not to say a religious fanatic. Mr. Horne has done much to set this matter straight. The excessive preoccupation with the Dante drawings was doubtless due to the relative slackness of other work. Before 1481 Botticelli was already occupied with the Inferno; it was natural that the *Divine Comedy* should become his chief personal resource in a middle life becoming ever more introspective. As for Savonarola's ill-omened attempt to found a theocracy in Lorenzo the Magnificent's Florence, much of the illustrated Dante must antedate that agitation. We learn indeed of no active participation by Sandro in the movement until the martyrdom of its leader. His brother Simone, however, was bound over to keep the peace shortly after the Frate's arrest, and fled after the *auto da fé*. Thus Botticelli was brought into daily and intense contact with that whole strange politico-religious revival. That he ever took a militant part in it is very doubtful.

After Fra Girolamo's death, he brooded over his work and fate, let the *piagnoni* gather in the shop to bewail the might of anti-Christ, and painted that mystical Nativity, of the National Gallery, which is a pictorial echo of Savonarola's apocalyptic studies. The date was 1500, "in the troubles of Italy," as the Greek inscription attests. Heaven and earth unite in joy at the mystic birth, only the fiends are discomfited. A pale twilight floods the scene; the line is restless yet restrained and reverent; each human or angelic form, each fold of drapery, is a symbol for ecstasy. No picture in the world gives such an impression of a tenderness, redoubled because alertly self-conscious. All the old Botticelli is in this little canvas.

We hardly need to recall the two panels of Virginia's story, painted a little earlier:

and the three still finer of S. Zenobio's legend, painted a little after 1500. These show the same agitation confined within a beautiful calligraphy, the same muted colors, the same disregard of realistic draughtsmanship. The S. Zenobio panels reveal a morbid tension. In the color there is something hieratic. One thinks of the prescribed schemes of Buddhist painting. In sheer emotional content nothing of Sandro's compares with these pictures, except the Munich Pietà, which Mr. Horne, with others, relegates shortly to the school. But what scholar could create this tremendous composition and then utterly disappear? Surely not Raffaelino del Garbo, who has been suggested. Moreover, the defects of this picture are as characteristic of Botticelli as its merits — the drawing willfully distorted to become a hieroglyph of anguish, the compositional lines abruptly cut, as it were extinguished, by the rigid haloes, the cavern pressing down upon the group as if forbidding to grief all its physical outlets and alleviations. Whether or not much of the actual paint was applied by a scholar is another affair; it remains, for me, one of the greatest and most authentic creations of the master. Its date should obviously be not much before 1500.

As Sandro's favor dwindled, memory must have supplied him certain consolations. His pictures, and those of his imitators, had gone far and wide through Italy, engravings had scattered his compositions beyond the Alps. This great diffusion of Botticelli's manner has somewhat obscured his very personal contribution to the art of the Renaissance. Opinions about him differ widely. One need not be surprised at finding a Ruskin emphasizing Sandro's religious sincerity, while Mr. Maurice Hewlett amends by insisting that to get at the soul of the fact before him was Botticelli's ideal. Both these judgments come to saying that he is a consummate illustrator, a view which seems to us misleading. Everywhere he adds to narration an abstract beauty of handling, which is really the important thing. One cannot say that his manner grows humbly out of his matter, as with great illustrators — Dürer, for example. Nor shall we learn his secret from the critic of yesterday who finds him an amateur of the pathos of phthisical decline, nor yet from Walter Pater's famous description of the Virgin Mother moodily resentful of her arduous election. Such appreciations generally are rooted, not in the study of the master himself, but in vague revery upon the product of the school.

Against all sentimental and pseudo-scientific interpretations, Mr. Horne sets his face firmly. Like Mr. Berenson, with whom he agrees in the main, he believes the problem of Botticelli to be really a technical one. Mr. Berenson has ascribed the charm of this master to his peculiar use of the line. It serves, he says, not merely to bound or indicate form, but rather to symbolize significant motion.

Mr. Horne qualifies this opinion: "Botticelli has been called 'a supreme master of the single line;' but a subtler criticism would, I think, prefer to say that, among the moderns, he is an unique master of contour, — that he invariably uses his line to express a definite contour, not only in the outline of the figure, but of some feature, hand, or fold within its mass, and always with a rhythm and beauty of intention which is unparalleled in Florentine art."

In citing "rhythm," Mr. Horne concedes half the case to those who emphasize the vivacity of Botticelli's line as against its plastic suggestiveness. Motion seems to me after all the main impression one gets from his finest pictures, as the Spring, the Birth of Venus, the Tornabuoni frescoes, the Calumny, indeed from the seemingly static altar-pieces of the middle and later years — a motion cunningly reinforced by a symmetry of the color-masses, and by consummate skill in arranging and rendering diaphanous draperies. In fact, what seems to distinguish him from men like Antonio Pollaiuolo, who share his linear quality, is not merely

a profound difference of sentiment, but a far finer use of the brush in masses — something quite other than its expressive employment in line. Take the Spring, that quintessential masterpiece: there is indeed an amazing arrangement of line, billowing into the frame, with Zephyr and Ver rippling through the limbs and drapery of Flora, arrested but not stopped in the large ease of gravid Venus, shimmering rapidly once more in the swaying forms of the Graces, and taken up finally in the firmly poised contours of Mercury. All this may be said to be a linear quality; but how this movement is reinforced by such contrasts as the shivering drapery of Flora, the heavy folds of Venus's robes, the twinkling fall of the Coan veils caught against the dancing forms of the Graces! To find a passage like this last, one must go to the religious painters of China or old Japan, to those seers to whom cloud wrack and swirling water had yielded up their secrets.

When one studies the quality of these vestments of the Graces, as compared with the linear framework of this great and lovely picture, one seems to glimpse a cascade in a mountainous vale. The form of that gossamer thing is determined by the geology of the whole complex of ravines. It echoes and must echo the gaunt folds of the mountain, merely converting their austerity into its own fluid formulas. Study any of Botticelli's mature works, particularly the Vatican frescoes, and you will not fail to note a magic of the brush that powerfully enhances the value both of the expressive contour and of the dynamic line.

A few years before his death, Sandro Botticelli was visited by Francesco Malatesta, confidential agent of Isabella, Duchess of Mantua. She was anxious to complete the decoration of that famous little room which Mantegna had begun so splendidly. Malatesta made a round in Florence, and found Perugino both too busy and too indolent, and Filippino Lippi, whose fame had overtaken that of his master, much preoccupied. Botticelli, who had been much praised as " an excellent painter, and one who serves willingly," was less deeply involved than the others, and would gladly undertake the work. In spite of this recommendation, Isabella, whose preferences were all for notorieties or mediocrities who followed her " poesies " obediently, would have none of Sandro. Had she taken her agent's hint, we might have found the old Botticelli renewing in the Camerino at Mantua his early triumphs at Castello. A late Botticelli painted upon a poesy of Isabella d'Este — the fancy likes to play with such a theme. We do better perhaps to note how typical this frustrated hope of distinguished patronage was of those later years.

Botticelli, who, with the Roman commission of 1481, seemed to be on the way to Italian fame, had become the taste of a few Florentines. That he worked at Volterra we know, and there is record also of an unsuccessful competition at Pisa. But in the main his story is purely Florentine. I can hardly think of a contemporary of similar repute who was so little besought from outside. He had deliberately withdrawn himself from the popular current, he had invented a baffling and disquieting sort of beauty, all his own, and he paid the penalty in the neglect of those who like their beauty new and fashionable.

When, in the middle of May, 1510, his body was taken round the corner from the house he had occupied from childhood, and laid in the cloister of Ognissanti, Fra Bartolommeo was the acknowledged master of the new manner, Andrea del Sarto was just rising into popularity, and the portentous young Raphael, grown too great for Florence, had already gone on to Rome. A discontented old figure that used to hobble along the sunny side of the Arno on two sticks, disappeared, a shop that had been a centre of mild sedition was closed. That is probably about all that the average Florentine made of the death of Sandro Botticelli.

It is easy to berate a city that had small zeal for lost causes, yet it may be doubted if our enthusiasm for Botticelli is much more intelligent than was the neglect of his immediate followers. We constantly speak and write of his genius, so personal in its quality, so detached from the normality of the greatest painting, in terms that befit a Giotto, a Masaccio, or a Titian.

Artists may roughly be divided into two classes, as their faith in natural appearances is large or small. The first class is in a constant expectancy of finding the needful beautiful forms in nature, as in a kind of great reservoir. In art of this sort the strangeness of individual fancy is constantly tempered, as it were normalized, by reference to daily experience, receiving a kind of objective confirmation. The greatest genius will, I think, always show this hopefulness. It is perhaps the supreme value of Greek art to have proved how the vision of the artist and that of the common man need vary but by hair's breadths, and yet give sufficient play to genius. The heirs-royal of art are at home in their world. But we find also a type of artists whose attitude toward the phenomenal world is one of distrust. It does not afford them precisely, or even approximately, the materials of expression which they crave. They glimpse a remote beauty, a sort of Platonic model, which is never realized in daily experience, indeed seems rather blunted or destroyed in the forms that strike the eye. These lovers of a recondite beauty must set themselves to inventing a world — a whole repertory of visible forms, which may have little relation to those constituting the world of the average man. In fact, as the mystagogue withdraws more privately within the sanctuary of his own emotions and surmises, his concern for the witness of the outer eye necessarily diminishes. His world becomes difficult to verify, and explicable only as the emotions it shadows forth are shared by the beholder.

Botticelli's realm, however, is familiar enough to all persons in all lands who seek a direct expression of highly intellectualized emotion with a minimum of means. All artists who regard the visible world as consisting mostly of superfluities are akin to him. Thus his real artistic affinities, particularly in his mature phase, are not among the painters of Italy, but among those Buddhist painters who invented concise abstract symbols for all stages of spiritual self-perfection; or better, among those Japanese interpreters of sea and sky who dissected the appearance down to its ultimate pattern.

Such artists do nothing to endear our everyday world to us, they lend no glory to common wholesome things. But they enlarge our perceptions, refine our emotions, and increase our imaginative expectancy. If they do little to make our universe seem splendid, and in fact reck too little themselves of its freely offered splendors, they make it more mysterious, more varied, and more inexhaustible. They do good service, somewhat at the sacrifice of wide and durable fame, in kindling the naturally stolid texture of the human spirit.

THE SEA FROM HARBORS

BY LUCY SCARBOROUGH CONANT

Do we most feel the sea from harbors? On the high seas imagination sleeps. We are lulled by motion and the soft rustling hushing sound of wind and wave and cordage. It is as if the watch of our life had stopped for a few days. We neither plan nor arrange, neither shoulder our old worries, which have somehow slipped away, nor suffer anything (barring a too-often unappreciativeness of our fate, which leads us to turn from food and friend!) save over the daily presentation of the same faces, the same figures, reeling around the rising deck.

But from roadsteads whence we can scan the trim sea-line, ruled between island and snug headland, we gasp over magnitude and possibility. When the rocking buoy cries like a child not quite calmed, and a long banshee moan from the lighthouse seems to reach to the Banks themselves, we lie on the bayberry downs with the boys their mothers call idle. All together dreaming of soft airs, pirates, balancing palms, and brown men putting off with cocoanuts, alluring fruits, and parroquets, we are full of the real sea savor and its gifts.

From a busy cosmopolitan harbor before a great city, I have felt the sea-power deeper than that of the land. As into a broad piazza, the ships come freighted, like diligences from diverging roads. Into the harbor they draw — trawlers, merchantmen, navies, and liners. From harbor quiet, once more laden, they pass out to the sea-blurred line and mystery of chance again, and our eyes look after.

Off the changing water-front of varied craft, among great ferry-boats wallowing like armadillos, I watch for the great ocean liner. The city is lit by morning sun. Some child of the new world seems to have built his block-houses along the shore of dingy wharves, docks, and slips. They shoot up into the sky, and catch pale cloud-colors on their windowed faces, brilliant, giving light themselves. Between their luminous heights points the dark spire of a little old church, precise, overshadowed, not overwhelmed, the finger of Christ. Open-work signs cut across the clouds, gigantic, gayly vulgar. Clock-faces loom above sheds and docks, for the harbor has need to be on time. Lackawanna barges paddle along. Tugs, brown and yellow-barred, olive-green of New York Central, deep red, all advance and swim away, creaming at their bows. Some sidle with alarmed comic cries, others pass like an arrow, the gold eagle screaming, poised over a weathered impassive man at the wheel.

Scows of freight cars, the line of four, six, or eight cars curving gently, scuttle westward, eastward. Three-masters, tandem, in tow, press forward. An odd foreign boat, with stained red and orange sails, passes fine steam yachts at anchor. The displeased nostril finds hops of breweries and acrid-odored dump-scows. Under bridges flying in the air from great pier to pier, through cobweb of their girders, I look to the stupendous city towers, each fretted with puffing smoke, gray or gleaming, every streamer blowing eastward to-day, barring the wonderful buildings as with blowing snow.

As my boat passes, I look down streets under webbing of the elevated, clean across the city, as in that dear old windmilled map of Nieue Amsterdam with its beacon, flag-pole, and belching welcoming cannon. Great elevators, water-towers, obtrusive gas-tanks, block the sky. Flames burst from foundries. Alphabetic

shapes of dredgers with dwindling ladders, stout-forked derrick arms, keep placing new designs on the delicate subtle sky, a sky sea-blown, cut by a few white birds.

Man's works are so vast, so high, they overpower him. He is invisible. Everywhere I hear mallets, hear screaming whistles, signals, staccato, tremendously occupied. Yet a white-chested, brawny black-faced fellow, yellow-shirted, stands with folded arms on a coal-barge. He is the type visible.

Suddenly a deep note rises steadily, slowly, out of the harbor mouth. Like booming breakers, it brings the sea's breadth and mystery far inshore. Like a rote it calls. No other sound can give this tremor. The sustained *bourdon* hums above and below harbor sounds, quiet, unperturbed. After her long following the needle, her lookout has made port. She is drenched with a freedom of high seas which means strictest law. She wears a dignity connected with places lying across the chart in another hemisphere: places to which we must take days to go, which we cannot face without being slowly purged of our haste and suspicion toward ample living. The wonder of these harbors from which she has come, stained by no land air meanwhile, troubled by no threatened bartering, hangs about her. Her arrival is like seeing the magician on his carpet drop before us.

Hundreds of little black heads may dot her rail, looking at a great symbol called Liberty, holding out to them, if they will and if we will, the beauty of good and orderly living, knowledge, and a home. Suddenly their roar of cheering strikes above the tug whistles. I remember their deserted homes, — the little gold harbors they had left, filled to the brim by setting sun. How the pomegranate and primrose houses climbed above the busy sociable shipyards, where a man might have time to tell yarns about coral-fishing or catching turtles in the tideway between Sicily and Africa! How laughter must have died for a time when these folk put to sea!

If I could I would put in words the barbaric color about Genoa's docks and mole, or sing the sea-spell Venice weaves while the lagoon wind steals by the Dogana, bearing gay Istrian boats along. I remember velvet limpid blackness when I steamed on a Lloyd freighter under the stars down Dalmatia's islands, or the pale mornings when marsh birds flew over a misty river beyond the Adriatic, past white-robed Herzegovinians striking the guzla as they walked through the corn.

Slav and Morlak, as well as Italian, the great ship brings to us. To-day they are remembering their own harbors while ours welcomes them. I cannot think of the North to-day. I have seen the liner that came from little gold harbors filled with western sun — the west that drew these men until they came. Because she drew to us over the south trade, I cannot think of the dear dim North, too often brown in scud and hurling rain. The South calls.

NIGHT ON THE ROAD

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

Let us go slow, for the horse is worn
And still there are miles to make.
It is an hour from midnight, now,
And only ourselves awake —
We and the stars, and they are pale,
Blinking across the blue,
As if for a little they'd shut their eyes
And fall a-napping too.
We and the stars, and a whip-poor-will
Making some strange complaint
Down in the hidden hold of a wood,
Dolorous, far, and faint.
The road is a ribbon of glimmering gray
Unwound along the dark,
Following far a misty way
Too dim for eye to mark.
Here it stretches a level mile
Belting a dusky field;
Here it narrows, a cloistered lane
That steadfast hedges shield;
Now it dips in an easy slope
Where a velvet gloom is shed
From shouldering branches that touch and clasp
Dark hands high overhead.
Down we follow, and down and down,
Slow on the dimming track,
And the shadow deepens from dun to brown,
From brown to limpid black,
Till we lose the stars and we lose the road,
And we hear on either hand
Only the muffled monotone
Of wheels in the yielding sand:
Then, splash and ripple and tinkling tune
Of water over rock —
Robin's knee-deep in a running stream
With the buggy on the lock!

Loosen the rein and let him drink,
A long, steep pull 's ahead.
Hear how the water slips and croons
Along its fretted bed;
Hear how the current halts and swerves
Around us in its sweep, —
And listen, beyond, to the broken laugh
Where it takes a sudden leap.
The hour is still as a House of Sleep,
And heavy upon our eyes
With shadowy forms and folded wings
And tender mysteries:
The wordless talk of the wakeful brook,
The kiss of the cool-lipped gloom,
Soft on the senses the witchery
Of the wild grape's faint perfume.
What has become of the one-time world
With all its questionings?
Surely we nevermore need know,
Here at the foot of things, —
Here in the deep of the summer dark,
Hidden from hail and sight,
Hovered above by the brooding peace
Of the tranquil-minded night.
Out and onward, and up and up
To the crest of the looming hill,
Back to the ribbon of road again,
The dim trail waiting still;
On through the midst of the gentle fields,
Nodding a bit, at last, —
Lower and lower, with half a dream
For every milestone passed.
The plodding hoofs are a lullaby,
Sure as an old refrain,
Till we halt at last by a white-barred gate
At the end of a curving lane.

And lo, we have drawn to the heart of Home,
Weary and glad and blest; —
Ah, safe and sweet was the way to come,
But the journey's end is best!

THE CLEARER SIGHT

BY ERNEST STARR

NOAKES leaned over a stand in one of the Maxineff laboratories and looked intently into a crucible, while he advanced the lever of a control-switch regulating the furnace beneath it. He held a steady hand on the lever, so that he might push it back instantly if he saw in the crucible too sudden a transformation. As he watched, the dull saffron powder took on a deeper hue about the edge, the body of it remaining unchanged. For several minutes he peered with keen intentness at the evil, inert little mass. No further change appeared. He leaned closer over it, regardless of the thin choking haze that spread about his face. In his attitude there was a rigidity of controlled excitement out of keeping with the seeming harmlessness of the experiment. He was as a man attuned to a tremendous hazard, anticipation and mental endurance taut, all his force focused on one throbbing desire. He bent closer, and the hand on the lever trembled in nervous premonition. The deepened hue touched only the edge, following regularly the contour of the vessel; it made no advance toward the centre of the substance.

"It shall!" Noakes breathed; and as if conning an oft-repeated formula, he said, "The entire mass should deepen in color, regularly and evenly. Heat! Heat!"

His glance shifted to the control-switch under his hand. Its metal knobs, marking the degrees of intensity of the current it controlled, caught the light and blinked like so many small, baleful eyes. Particularly one, that which would be capped next in the orbit of the lever, held him fascinated; the winking potentiality of it thralled him, as the troubled crystal devours the gaze of the Hindu magi.

He jerked back his head decisively; he would increase the current. The thought burned before him like a live thing; and in the light of it he saw many pictures, — heliographs of happenings in and about the laboratories: flame, smoke dense and turgid, splintered wood, metal hurtling through air, bleeding hands, lacerated breasts, sightless eyes.

"That's the trouble with high explosives," he half groaned.

He turned away from the stand and went to the single window that lit the room. Through it he saw shops, storehouses, and small buildings similar to his own, all a part of the plant of Maxineff. He thought of each small laboratory as a potential inferno, each experimenter a bondman to ecstasy, the whole frenzied, gasping scheme a furtherance of the fame and power of Henry Maxineff, already world-known, inventor of the deadliest high explosives. One of the buildings had been turned into a temporary hospital. He thought of the pitiful occupant — his face scarred, one socket eyeless — and shivered.

"It is n't that I want to hedge," he said. "I shall take the chance; but having risked everything, I will go to her able and whole, offering it all without an apology."

His gaze was drawn back to the crucible. In the thin haze above it a face seemed to shine. Avidly he gave himself to the spell his tight-strung imagination had conjured, — a face oval and delicately tinted; lips joyously curved; gray eyes not large, but brimming with enthusiasm, fearlessness, and truth; a white brow beneath simply-arranged light hair.

"Let me bring with an avowal all that you have now, more! — for in your life

there can't be anything bigger than my love. And it's that which makes the deal right. Don't judge me yet! Wait until I've finished, and grant me that it's worth while."

He whispered to the face, and his breath made little swirls and eddies in the haze about it. The filmy curves wafted toward him, bringing it close to his lips. The lids fluttered. Then an acrid odor filled his throat and nostrils. The face vanished. He started back, distraught.

A rushing recollection of Maxineff's tragedies came to him, more vivid even than the face. Halsey, who jarred the nitro, had been annihilated. Ewell was mad from the violent termination of an experiment similar to that now in development.

"A year ago!" Noakes said, "and still Ewell lives and raves!"

How alike the cases were! The difference lay in the crucible. If the mixture there were properly prepared, added heat would metamorphose it calmly from its present harmlessness into something new, wonderful, deadly. It would become imbued with marvelous possibility, a thing for which royal military bureaus, imperial navies, would pay a great price.

A twist of the lever would do it. Yet how alike — And Ewell was mad, injured gruesomely, living dead.

Again the blinking switch caught him, but he shrugged away its evil suggestiveness. He sought to flee the strain of the moment, to make it seem natural and like the smaller risks of his daily occupation. He assumed a tottering bravado, and as he put his hand to the lever, he smiled crookedly.

A light, quick tread sounded on the walk outside, on the double step; as the knob turned, a voice said, "May I come, Mr. Alchemist?"

His hand left the lever as if it pricked him.

"You!"

"Am I a wraith?"

Noakes looked at her silently. In the moment's abstraction her presence seemed a manifestation of some psychic conduction which he tried lamely to understand, — here, now, in a moment of danger of which she unknowingly was the moving force.

"Then exorcise me quickly, but don't sprinkle me with acid; it would be fatal to my clothes."

Noakes warmed to the aura of light and cheer about her.

"There is n't an alkali in the shop; I won't endanger you," he replied easily.

She moved into the room and paused a moment near the stand.

"Mrs. Max says you are confining yourself too closely. I've been with her all morning."

While she spoke she took off her hat and smoothed her hair.

"I'm blown to pieces. I drove Cornish this morning; he got by everything on the way. He acted like a *première danseuse* when I passed the cooper's shop."

His joy at seeing her was discountenanced by his fear for her; and he was afraid of her. Her insinuated trust in him threw into murky relief the affair that occupied him. When she turned to him a flushed, joyful face, and gray eyes clear and unsullied, it flashed into his soul, as formedly as a *Mene Tekel*, that she would unhesitatingly brush out of her life-path the dust of doubt; that equivocation and willingness to balance motives were no part of her. He knew that in her were no dim angles of cross-grained purpose, no shadowy intersections of the lines of good and evil.

"I say I'm blown to wisps; could n't you find me a mirror, please?"

"What would I do with a mirror here? But see —"

He lifted the window sash, pulled in one shutter, and with a gesture of presentation, said, "As others see us!"

She turned her back while she arranged her hair before the makeshift mirror. Relieved from her direct gaze, he stepped quickly to the stand, and looked into the crucible. There was no change. He had

expected none, but he could not be sure. Maxineff himself could not be sure of this new mixture. A run of the same temperature might bring about the change he looked for as readily as an increase. The suspense was unbearable.

"Well, Cagliostro!" she called. "You alchemists are capable of the utterest abstraction, are n't you?"

"Why have you come?" he said quickly, frowning at her.

"To take you driving," with an enticing smile.

"Will you not go? Please, at once?"

Her manner lost something of its verve.

"It is n't safe, you know, really," he added.

"And won't you come?"

"I cannot; not this morning."

"Well," she said, with a little sigh, as she thrust in her hat-pins, "Mrs. Max will be disappointed. On her command I came to break up this seclusion of yours None of us have seen you for —"

"A week, seven days!"

"What are you doing?"

"Oh — I've been working out some ideas."

"But you are so quiet about it! What are the ideas?"

Noakes hesitated, and she laughed merrily as she went toward the door.

"We laity are hopeless, are n't we? You are thinking that I could n't possibly understand?"

"No, I was n't, because I scarcely understand myself."

"Of course, some secret formula Mr. Max has you on."

"Indeed, no," he said. "Mr. Max knows nothing about it — that is," he continued hurriedly, "it 's the sort of thing — At any rate, I'll soon be through."

She stood in the doorway, outlined against the bright incoming mid-daylight, her face turned back to him.

"And then you will come out into the world again? Mrs. Max and Cornish and I shall be honored."

"Then I shall be free." He spoke the words with singular feeling.

"Truly, though, Mr. Noakes," she said in a straightforward manner, "you are too busy. Mrs. Max says you are to break out, break out with the measles if nothing else will interrupt you, and you are to have tea with her this afternoon."

Noakes looked doubtful. She went down the steps and turned again.

"Oh, I almost forgot, — here's a letter for you."

"Where —"

"It came in the Maxineffs' mail this morning. Mrs. Max suggested my bringing it to you."

Noakes took the long, foreign-stamped envelope. The typed superscription was noncommittal, but at the Berlin postmark his eyes narrowed and the knuckles of the hand by his side whitened. He drew a quick breath and looked keenly at the girl.

"Was Mr. Maxineff at home this morning?" he asked quietly.

"No; I believe he is in the city."

"Oh!" he breathed. "Thank you very much."

He slipped the letter into his pocket.

"Well, I can't stay any longer."

Noakes pressed her hand.

"And, Cagliostro, when the puzzle's solved, come to see me. I'll sing away the worries. Good-by."

"Good-by, Miss Becky. Excuse my untractableness, won't you?"

With a pat to her hat and a smile to Noakes, she was gone.

He watched her a moment, then strode rapidly to the stand. Looking through the faint haze, he saw her pass down the straight path which led to the great gate of the Maxineff work-yard. When she was close to it he grasped the switch-lever with cramped fingers. His face was colorless. He moved the lever forward with a jerk, and lifting his eyes, saw her pass out of the gate.

Beyond reach of time he waited. Evenly, insistently, a dull brown suffused the mass. Still he waited, fearfully wondering at the stability of this new thing. It kept

its even coloring. He pushed back the lever, watched again, and waited.

He was afire with joy. He had succeeded; he had created a thing new to the world, an explosive which would be more powerful than the deadliest in existence; he had perfected the work of a week's exquisite danger; he had won.

" I am glad, glad! " he said faintly.

As he straightened up he found himself suddenly weak. The strain had been galling, and the madness of gratification consumed his strength. He moved toward the door, stepping very gently, for he knew not how slight a vibration might shatter the delicate affinity in his discovery.

He remembered the foreign letter, and taking it from his pocket, tore open the envelope.

He looked through the open door, conscious for the first time of the perfectness of the day. It was good to be alive, he thought, free, something accomplished, with leave to tell a girl —

A tall man entered the gate and took the walk toward the laboratory. Noakes looked at him in a moment of amazement, almost of stupefaction. The necessity of instant action startled him to movement. As quickly as he thought, he pushed the door three-quarters shut, replaced the jars from which he had taken his materials, filled a second crucible with a harmless haphazard mixture, and placed it over a dead furnace in a stand in the corner behind the door. He lifted the window-sash. With all his strength he hurled his priceless crucible. By a marvel of speed he had the sash lowered, and was behind the door, when the building was shaken by an explosion.

" What is that, Mr. Noakes? " came in deep, calm tones from the door.

" Good morning, Mr. Maxineff," said Noakes, turning slowly. " The racket? Some half-baked fulminate I put in the ditch out there an hour ago."

" So long since? " said the older man, advancing toward the window.

" Yes, sir. I think the jarring of the wagon you see leaving the chemical house caused it."

A hole several feet in diameter marked the spot where the crucible fell. The stuff had delayed not an instant in working its havoc. Noakes was glad there was too little of it to cause a suspicious deal of damage.

Maxineff looked reflectively about the yard, while Noakes nervously eyed his chief's expressive profile. His eyes wandered to the fine gray head of this tall, straight man. He could not fail to be impressed afresh by the forceful exterior, significant of the inner attitude which had won for Henry Maxineff a name honored among nations.

" What of your work? " he said.

Noakes was glad those seeing eyes were not on him.

" I'm beat," he said. " I've gone at it every way I know, and I have been consistently and finally unsuccessful."

In the ensuing pause Noakes realized that this was the first admission of failure he had ever made to his chief. The surprise it called forth was grateful to him.

" What 's the trouble? But I think the trouble with you is that you have overreached yourself, Noakes."

" Oh, no; the idea is a fine, tremendous one. Sheer stupidity is my trouble, I think."

His humility seemed real, and perhaps the unusualness of it brought a curious expression to Maxineff's face, and into his eyes a contemplative light that Noakes did not care to meet.

" I met Miss Hallam as I entered," Maxineff said carelessly.

The remark may have meant much, or it may have had merely an intentional indication of the intimacy accorded Noakes above the other assistants in the laboratories.

" Yes? She came to tell me that Mrs. Max will permit me to have tea with her this afternoon."

" You are coming, I hope? "

" Indeed, yes. I confess I am tired out.

I gave up the experiment early this morning. I understood the fulminate was running low, and spent my morning blundering over making some. I could n't do that even, familiar as I am with the process."

" Well, leave it all and come with me over the yard. I am inspecting this morning. Be my secretary for a while."

Five o'clock had passed when they emerged upon the New England town's stolid main street. They walked beneath the venerable flanking trees toward the Maxineff villa, which surmounted a wooded continuation of the street.

In a high gray-and-white room they found Mrs. Maxineff. She touched a bell as she said in an odd manner of inflecting, " But you are late! "

Moving to one end of the spindle-legged sofa, she made place at her side for Maxineff, and motioned Noakes to a chair near them.

" Ah, I see it; you will be a second Max — all science, all absence, and a woman waiting at home!

" Immolation, you call it? " she continued, her hands moving quickly among the appurtenances of the tea-table. " That is what you prefer, my young Mr. Noakes."

" I am under orders, you know, Mrs. Max," said Noakes, with a deferential inclination of the head toward Maxineff.

A servant brought in buttered rusks, and served the men with tea.

" Orders! For orders do you permit circles about your eyes as dark as they themselves are? Then you are easily immolate! "

Over his cup Maxineff smiled encouragement to his wife.

" You are practical, my friend. Confess now, there is a reason for your — your application? "

Noakes's attitude was uncompromising. He placed his cup on the table before he spoke.

" The reason you are thinking of, Mrs. Max, is not for a poor man."

Mrs. Maxineff lifted her shoulders and displayed her palms in a manner that marked her nationality.

" So! Science has made your dark skin white; love for this business of killing men has kept you hid a week."

" Of saving men," Maxineff corrected, while his wife smiled as at the recurrence of a customary witticism.

" And you gave the orders, Max! You are to be blamed for this display of energy."

" Don't scold, dear. It will be a wonderful thing! "

" A new explosive? " she interrupted.

" Do you remember the day we motored from Stoneham? I first thought of it then. I have been too busy to work on it, so I turned the idea over to Noakes."

" And I have made application to a home for the feeble-minded, Mrs. Max," Noakes said. " Mr. Max will never commission me again."

" I'll be with you to-morrow, and we shall see wherein is the difficulty."

" But, Max, another? Now I see your scheme of universal peace quite puffed away! "

" This will bring it nearer! " Maxineff said enthusiastically.

Mrs. Maxineff shrugged her shoulders as she walked toward the long windows.

" Stay to dinner, will you? " she said to Noakes.

" Thanks, but I could n't with propriety. I forgot to have luncheon to-day, and your tea has given me a keen anticipation for dinner; my zest would be embarrassing to you, and past my control. Besides, I shall take a half-mile walk to-night."

" Lucky Becky! Then come again soon. Max, dear," she said, turning to her husband, " I cannot hear that again. I shall be on the porch."

When she passed through the window, Noakes seated himself to listen to a new exposition of the subject which chiefly aroused Maxineff's interest and loosed his speech. Frequently he bent his head in acquiescence, and occasionally inter-

jected a pertinent question under the guidance of his secondary mind; but his thoughts moved in a circle of smaller radius.

What to him was a policy of world-peace? He cared not a jot what scheme of universal pacification men dreamed over. Maxineff's argument was not new to him; when he gave it serious attention he doubted its practicability.

The older man's voice seemed far away, as it said, "Each new explosive deals a blow at war, war!"

Noakes had heard the same thing when his chief concluded with the government an agreement which secured to it the exclusive use of his latest product.

"This new thing will make war too dreadful a course for the least humanitarian nation to pursue. That the variance of nations tends toward equilibrium is incontrovertible. Granted then —"

Noakes was practical. He placed before himself a definite goal. He exerted every power to attain it, and used the means at his disposal. If he encompassed it, he put it to the use for which it was intended. He gave no thought to the extraneous influence it exerted on other phases upon which his life touched. He had made a great discovery, — not a fortunate accident like that of the man who discovered nitro. With great danger to himself, he had followed a line of reasoning to its proximate end; the resulting discovery he would use to his individual advantage. He did not accord to himself the godlike privilege of casting discord among the nations, and he did not care what peaceful zoo the lion, the bear, and the various species of eagle, found as common refuge.

"On the other hand, if to each is given coextensive power —" The voice slipped away, as Noakes humorously wondered why Maxineff had never been a delegate to a Peace conference.

The great man's argument was advanced step by step. The light faded. Secure in the dusk, Noakes no longer maintained a semblance of attention. He weighed the chances of the present and actualized his long-time dreams.

A servant clicked soft light from the wall, and removed the tea-table.

Noakes rose, uttered a commonplace, and bade his chief good-by.

Soon he was descending the village street, keeping pace with his rapid thoughts.

From the exchange he despatched a messenger to the house a half-mile away.

He dressed quickly, the while reading repeatedly his foreign letter. When dressed, he sat on the bed, chin in his palms, and looked at the blank bedroom wall. A frown hung between his brows. Later he sat before the shelves in his study, absently scanning the backs of the books.

"When? When?" he said aloud.

In the morning Maxineff would come to search for that which he had found. He might be there for weeks, from morning till night. In that case the work must be delayed and misguided. The proportions were finely calculated; the method could not be bettered. He could duplicate it in an hour. If only he could repeat the experiment before —

"To-night!" he said, and left the room with a firm step.

He dined well, though with few words for the kindly lady in whose home he lived.

He took the path by the side of the road which led in the opposite direction from the Maxineff place. He lit his first pipe since morning. How good life was! The town, the plant, Maxineff, were all behind him. Ahead was a goal toward which he bore with increasing lightness of heart. Clearly defined decisions, unregretted, faded into the brightness of anticipation. His pack of problems dropped from him. One day more and he could speak, — one evening of companionable friendship.

Her yard was a gnomish alternation of unsullied light and alluring shade. The moon utilized impartially natural and artificial features of landscape as detail for the picture of gray, black, and silver.

Noakes traversed less rapidly the curved driveway, pausing where it was cut by a paved way to the door.

Through a window he saw her seated on the piano-bench, her head bent forward, her mellow-tinted hair coiled low. She was singing softly.

She came to the door to meet him.

"Will duty call you back before you have been with me just a little while?" she asked as they entered the room.

"No, duty has lost her voice at present."

She dropped into a big arm-chair. He turned his back to the light, and sat facing her.

"What have you been doing this week?"

"Singing mostly."

"Sing now, please."

"No, let's talk first."

"Well, how did Cornish behave on your way back?"

"Quite as well as if you had been with us, Noakes."

He leaned forward quickly.

"Do you know, that's the first time you've called me 'Noakes'?"

"It slipped. Mrs. Max says it, you know; I am weak about taking on colloquialisms."

"And you are sorry you have been so easily influenced?" Noakes asked in ponderous aggrievement.

"You do not seem to be overjoyed."

"I am," he said gently.

"Don't be hilarious over it."

"I will; I wish —"

"Well, certainly; 'Noakes' it shall be."

"Thanks, Miss Beck."

"Have n't you done anything but work these days?"

"I have thought more or less"

"Strange; what about?"

"You, of course."

"Steady! Spring has passed."

"And to-night I heard a queer thing about you."

"What?" she asked in an engaging manner of invitation to confidence.

"That you are to be married. I have it on the word of my landlady."

"I?"

"So it is rumored in the village."

"I am glad my family is not so anxious to thrust me off as my friends are."

"And you are unwilling to be thrust off, as you put it?"

"Married? No, not unwilling; unprepared. It is so very final, you know. A woman gives up everything."

"Not necessarily."

"Oh, yes she does: freedom, family, associations."

"And in return?"

"From the right man she gets — a sort of compensation."

"Not a high valuation."

"A true one; she knows she cares more than he does."

"No, no!" Noakes spoke from a full heart.

"She does; and knowing it, she need not expect equal return, — only part compensation. But how good he ought to be!"

"Good?" he asked doubtfully.

"Yes, everything she thinks he is."

"No man loved of woman is that."

"Noakes, you are disillusioning, and incorrect, and moreover traitorous to your kind."

"Not a bit of it; you overpraise my kind."

"But — let's be definite — you know he may be all —"

"And may not always have been; in which connection he may not be expected to enlighten the dreaming lady, may he?"

"I think he may."

"But he may possess a certain masculine trait, a kind of secretiveness."

"Secretive," she mused. "Then he is a bit of a coward, I think."

"He would be a cad," Noakes said quickly, "to tell her things that would pain her."

"Understanding will come sooner or later," she said oracularly. "It is better to become accustomed to a thing than have it come as a revelation."

"I see," Noakes said; "like taking a tonic in midwinter to fend off spring fever. You forget," he continued in a different tone, looking at her speculatively, "that understanding may never come."

"Then he has put her on a lower intellectual plane; he has withheld from her, as he might from a child."

"No, he has loved her too well to hurt her."

"Loved her so ill that he has deceived her from the beginning."

"To my mind, there is something active in deception; this would be rather an omission."

"An omission that is an insult to her."

"Not at all!" Noakes spoke somewhat vehemently.

"Don't think I mean," she said, "that there should be a detailed interchange of trivial confidence. That would be tiresome. If, however, there were one big thing in his life that might influence her feeling toward him, he should tell it, and let her judge."

"Not smooth over a disagreeable occurrence?"

"Never! It would be cruel."

Noakes sat very still.

"If I were the girl, —" she began, and checked the speech with a faint laugh. "But we will not be dramatic, nor personal."

Noakes told himself he had always known that this was her thought; she was too clear-hearted to feel anything else. The understanding of which she had half-seriously spoken must never come, and the only means of avoiding it was to-night's silence, the silence of all the days to follow. He foresaw the revelation which might come, and realized that any abnegation was worthless except the sacrifice of his love. Alive, aware of its possible fulfillment, he could not condemn himself to the sacrifice. She had not asked it of him, and he would not face that which she might ask if he obeyed the weak voice which counseled a surrender to her judgment. To the last intoxicating drop he would drink, in reverent loving-thankfulness for the draught vouchsafed him. He would care, not in fearful accumulation of credit against a day of reckoning, but in surrender to the brimming abundance of their store. He would secure to her freedom from that possible pain by following the inevitable trend.

His regard was a compelling force with which he had lived and grown since he had known Becky. He had not spoken of it to her, silenced by the piteous bane of insufficient income; but now almost he was free. When he spoke, the breadth and depth of the thing it was would induce her assent. Of this he was so sure that he did not consider the possibility of refusal. His failure to anticipate such a chance was by no means due to an underestimation of her powers of will, determination, or selection; rather to the feeling which, with the beat of his heart, knocked for freedom to go out, out, about the world, and with its sweeping lines converged again, to enter and permeate a heart attuned to reception and response.

He sat beside her on the piano-bench, and placed before her the songs he liked best.

Her voice was a pure soprano, of an expressive sweetness that affected Noakes as nothing else he had known. It seemed to him that her clarity of soul found expression in her exquisitely pure singing tones.

With hands tight-clasped between his knees, fearing to look at her, Noakes listened while she sang him into a half-visualized dream, obsessing as it was imminent, which he clung to and enjoyed to the full in order that he might ignore the longing then to speak his thought. His dream keyed him to a responsiveness that made his throat throb in sympathy with the vibration of her tones.

Presently he went away.

Alone in the silver-splotched yard, the spell yet held him; but when the white road pointed a way back to what he had left behind, a fog of uncertainty encircled

him, dissipating the glow of his dream, checking his anticipation, crushing his problem close to him in the narrow circle of his vision, so close that, although a thing solved and set aside, it loomed ominous and insistent.

He followed the road back to what he had left behind him.

In the laboratory Noakes bent over a crucible. The room was still. Not even the night-sounds penetrated the shut door and closed window. The light from a single bulb played upon the set lines of his jaw, and upon the still hand which lay on the switch-lever. He drew a deep breath that quivered through the room with startling distinctness. He bent closer to the tiny quantity of powder in the bottom of the vessel.

Suddenly he stood erect and looked about him. His glance slowly circled the room, and fell to the hand on the switch-lever. Then he advanced the lever.

It came as a burst of light taken up and radiated by clouds of fume and gas with which the air was instantly impregnated. Around Noakes was a white-hot brilliance which he could not face, and could not escape. His eyes pained horribly. He heard a crescendo roaring as of a billow breaking on the shore; as suddenly as it had come, the light went out. He was in darkness. He trained his gaze into the void and succeeded only in augmenting the pain back of his eyes. The darkness was impenetrable. He began to realize what had happened. With a low moan he crumpled and sank to the floor.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, behind a livery horse, two men were covering the roadway between town and the Hallam place. To one the way seemed long. He leaned back wearily and pulled a soft hat down over his bandaged eyes.

"Where are we?" he asked.

"At the gate," the driver replied.

Noakes stiffened. The gate closed behind them, and the wheels rumbled on the driveway.

"Is — is any one in front?"

"Miss Hallam is on the porch, sir."

The vehicle came to a stop.

"Afternoon, Miss Beck," Noakes called. He tried to make it sound pleasant and commonplace, and knew that he failed.

Grasping the side of the vehicle, he descended clumsily.

Becky took his hand and pressed it warmly. She turned and took a step toward the house, still holding his hand. He withdrew it.

"I — don't, please; I know the way."

With the shuffling tread of the blind he ascended the walk, stopping uncertainly at the foot of the steps. He heard Becky, at his side, draw a quick breath, as if about to speak. He half-turned to her, and hearing nothing more, mounted the steps heavily.

"Do you know," he said, as he paused at the top, "I've never counted these steps before. I did n't know there were so many. Let's sit inside, if you don't mind."

He went a little way, and Becky put her hand on his arm.

"It's this way, Noakes," she said gently, as she guided him into the room in which they were the night before.

"Thank you. It's a bit hard to be led," Noakes said huskily.

They sat on a deep couch.

"Noakes, was it wise to come? I am glad you are here, but won't it hurt you, retard your recovery?" Becky asked anxiously.

"I had to come."

"Mr. Max told me — both he and the doctor telephoned me early this morning — that in spite of all they said to you, you insisted on coming."

"I am fit, sound except for my eyes; that's the shame of it," he said bitterly. "They could n't persuade me that I should rest now, rest to recover from a shock that will last a lifetime."

"I thought — I was afraid you might add fresh danger by coming out so soon."

" I tell you I had to come! " he said with level forcefulness. " As for my eyes, the harm is done."

" Is it irremediable? "

" I am blind."

" But soon — some day, surely — "

" No. The doctor gives me banalities for answers. I suppose he thinks I would go to pieces if he told me the truth."

" Yes, perhaps he thinks you could not bear the truth," Becky assented very gently.

Her low, feeling tones brought a lump to Noakes's throat. He felt the sympathy that quivered in her voice, and it nearly unmanned him; but he misunderstood her meaning. He thought she felt with him the sting of being deprived of full knowledge of his condition, the hurt of their doubting his strength. That Becky meant something far different, he might have known from her humble acquiescence, and the sudden touch of her hand on his arm.

" I've been trying to think it out," Noakes said, his voice low at first, roughening and increasing in volume as he spoke, " but here I am, unweakened in mind and body, and put aside — Not to see, never to see for myself the beautiful things about me; shut out from everything; with power to do, and ability to appreciate, yet put out in darkness; never to — O Becky, you, I can't ever see you again! "

" Don't! You must n't, please! "

" I did n't intend to speak so to you. I have n't the right. You must pardon me." He was silent a moment. " I came to say something else."

He turned his head about impatiently, calling upon his bandaged eyes to perform their function.

" Is it dark yet? " he asked.

" We are in the gloaming," Becky answered softly.

Noakes shut his lips, taking counsel of his powers of control before he spoke.

" Becky," he began, and gave a tired little sigh. " Let me call you ' Becky ' to-day."

" Yes," she acquiesced quietly.

" Becky," he continued, lingering over the word, thinking of the privilege of its use as an accolade conferred by her, " you need not speak when I have finished; I 'll go away then."

" What is it? " Becky asked. " Tell me."

Noakes leaned forward, pressing his temples; then sat erect and turned his face toward her.

" I love you," he said. " I think it has been through more lifetimes than this; I know I shall always love you. I could no more grow away from it than I could add a cubit to my stature by taking thought. I kept silent because I was poor. Don't think of this as a bit of sordidness creeping in. My love would not ask of you any sacrifice. I could not give you the things you are accustomed to, so I said nothing. I planned and worked for a time when I would be privileged to speak."

He heard an inarticulate sound at his side, and quickly continued: —

" Last night I thought the time was close at hand. I thought in a few days I could come to you, and ask you for your love. Success of a certain kind was about to crown an effort of a despicable kind. Of that I must tell you. To-night I am confessing a wrong I have done you. That's what it is. O, Becky, the explosion last night took away my sight, made me a useless blind man, but it opened my eyes too! It is as if a scroll were outspread before me, on which is a record of all my tendencies and crucial acts. I can see my failures at the crises of my life, and I can trace them back to causes, can see wherein a lightly taken determination has later borne bitter fruit. Last night I thought I had reached the pinnacle of attainment; in reality I had fallen lower than ever before. The success which was to be the beginning of all good things was stolen. I robbed Maxineff of it. He gave me an idea to work out. I followed his instructions to a point where I knew a different treatment might bring about a fine result. I saw

great possibilities in the experiment and determined to keep for myself the benefits of it. From that point I followed my own ideas, and called the thing mine. I opened correspondence with the representatives of a foreign government. They agreed to buy the secret in case of a successful test. It was an excellent bargain I made, — I put a high price on the betrayal of my benefactor! The experiment was successful. I was forced to destroy the result, why it is needless to say. Last night, when I left you, I went back to repeat the experiment, intending to make a small quantity to be used in the test which would have taken place tomorrow. Something went wrong with the unstable stuff, — and you know the rest."

In relief from the tension of his confession, his voice dropped lower as he said, "Now you know me!"

He shifted his position, stretching out his hands toward her. He touched her face, started, and drew back.

"And Becky, do you realize that it was after I left you last night that I went back? After what you told me? O Becky, I am glad I cannot see you now!"

His voice quivered off to a whisper.

"It is poor consolation that I know myself for what you judge me. I know bitterly well; I see much now. I could not come to the weakest agreement with the self I want to be, until I had told you of the wrong I have done you. And let me think my love is not distasteful to you. I know I am past your caring for, and I'll never ask it of you, but let me keep on loving you. Won't you, Becky?"

He paused and listened. He heard Becky's uneven breathing.

"I don't offer any excuse; there is none to offer. I want only the comparative peace of the assurance that those I have wronged understand now. I have talked with Mr. Maxineff. He was with me afterwards, when the pain — He hushed me far too gently, but he will not forget. You will not forget either. Becky, and you will not excuse. If, though, you should ask me 'why,' I would say again, I love you. It is the only reason. I was thinking of you while I was making myself unfit for you to think of me."

"Do you care so much?" Becky asked softly.

"Yes. May I keep on caring?"

"To what good?"

"For the sake of the little good in me, which love of you will keep alive and growing."

"You ask nothing of me. What will you find in caring for me?"

"There will be a constant joy in knowing that you permit me to care."

Becky was silent.

"If you won't let me, I am afraid it will make no difference, because I cannot help it, you know. I don't want to help it; you don't mind my saying so?"

For a moment neither of them spoke.

Noakes rose. "I — Becky, I thank you for hearing me out."

He went a step away from her.

"I'm going."

She did not rise.

"I am glad you have not spoken of my — my mistake; and somehow I am sorry. I know what you — "

"How do you know what I think?"

"I know; that's all."

"Don't go, please," Becky said.

"Had n't I better? I'm tired, and the doctor — A last acknowledgment: I am afraid to hear you."

"But I don't want you to go," she said softly.

Something in her tone made Noakes turn sharply.

"Becky!"

"Yes, Noakes?"

"You don't — "

"Yes!"

"You love me, and blind?"

"You are brave!"

Her hands were in his when he sat by her side.

"I talked with the doctor this morning," she said.

"As I did."

"No. He gave me a message for you."

"A message from the doctor?"

"It was Mr. Max's notion that I should tell you."

"What is it?" Noakes asked quickly.

"Your eyes — they will be well in time, if you are very careful."

As Noakes breathed deep in relief and gratitude, one of his hands engaged two of Becky's, and he found a different use for the other.

"Noakes," Becky said, "I'll take care of the eyes."

AMELIA SIMMONS: AN AMERICAN ORPHAN

BY THEODORA TAYLOR

Dr. Johnson said, or at any rate the saying is attributed to him, that there is no more interesting and instructive reading than that contained in the pages of a dictionary; and only the other day, I read with the liveliest interest wonderful little anecdotes and excellent philosophy culled by Mr. E. V. Lucas from the unpromising pages of a Chinese Biographical Dictionary, — a volume in which one would hardly expect to find the Short Story in perfect form, and wisdom in a nut-shell.

Now I happen to possess an old book, or rather pamphlet, whose contents have served to pass away many an idle moment, and I am minded to see whether others will agree with me in saying and maintaining that there is good reading in a Cook Book. Not an ordinary Cook Book, by any means. Its title, which occupies no less than nineteen neatly spaced lines, printed in various large and ornamental letters, is as follows, —

AMERICAN COOKERY.
or, the Art of Dressing
Viands, Fish, Poultry and Vegetables,
and the best modes of making
Puff-pastes, Pies, Tarts, Puddings,
and all kinds of
CAKES
From the Imperial Plumb to plain Cake
Adapted to this Country
And all grades of life.

by AMELIA SIMMONS
AN AMERICAN ORPHAN.

The Second Edition
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in the White House
Corner of State and Pearl Streets

For the Authoress.

In the Preface the "Authoress" remarks: "As this treatise is calculated for the improvement of the rising generation of *Females* in America, the Lady of Fashion and Fortune will not be displeased if many hints are suggested for the more general and universal knowledge of those females in this country, who, by the loss of their parents, or other unfortunate circumstances, are reduced to the necessity of going into families in the line of domestics, or taking refuge with their friends or relations, and doing those things which are really essential to the perfecting them as good wives, and useful members to society." Now, which of you, O hard-hearted Ladies of Fashion and Fortune, would be cruel enough to object to any poor female perfecting herself in such essential arts? And yet it is evident that poor Amelia Simmons had many difficulties to encounter. Listen to this: "The orphan, tho' left to the care

of virtuous guardians, will find it essentially necessary to have an opinion and determination of her own." There's modernism for you. We seem to recognize the embryo Suffragette; but Amelia modifies this over-bold statement almost immediately. "The world, and the fashion thereof, is so variable, that old people cannot accommodate themselves to the various changes and fashions which daily occur; *they* will adhere to the fashions of *their* day, and will not surrender their attachment to the *good old way* — while the young and gay conform readily to the taste of the times and fancy of the hour. By having an opinion and determination, I would not be understood to mean an obstinate perseverance in trifles, which borders on obstinacy — by no means, but only an adherence to those rules and maxims which have stood the test of ages, and will forever establish the *Female character*, a virtuous character — altho' they conform to the ruling taste of the age in cookery, dress, manners, etc." It is very cheering to know that our Orphan was only going to have an opinion on such settled maxims as those which have stood the test of ages; and that, to her mind, a virtuous female may still conform to the ordinary ways of cooking, dressing, and behaving, customary in the times.

But indeed our Amelia feels that she must be very circumspect. "It must ever remain a check upon the poor solitary Orphan, that while those females that have parents, or brothers, or riches (mark her worldly wisdom) to defend their indiscretions, that the Orphan must depend solely upon *character*. How immensely important, therefore, that every action, every word, every thought, be regulated by the strictest purity, and that every movement meet the approbation of the good and wise." This excellent homily is the preface of a *cook book*, I pray you to remember, gentle reader.

It is gratifying to discover from the preface to the second edition that the Orphan's exertions were not un-appreciated. "The Authoress of the American Cook Book, feels herself under peculiar obligations, publicly to acknowledge the kind patronage of so many reputable characters, in her attempts, to improve the minds of her own sex, and others in a line of business, which is not only necessary; but applies from day to day." Note the individuality of the punctuation — it is all her own. How extremely gratifying it must be to an Authoress to feel that she possesses "the patronage of many reputable characters!" I wonder if there were any of the Ladies of Fortune and Fashion amongst them. Amelia successful is decidedly not so humble and pathetic as Amelia trembling on the brink of Publicity. She hopes that "This second edition will appear, in a great measure, free from those egregious blunders, and inaccuracies, which attended the first; which were occasioned either by the ignorance, or evil intention of the Transcriber for the Press." What a wicked world it was for a poor Orphan to find herself in where such things were possible! Will you believe it? this naughty Transcriber, without her knowledge, filled no less than seventeen pages of the first edition with rules and directions for choosing meats, fowls, fish and vegetables; which vulgar occupation our refined Authoress "does not consider in any way connected with that branch which she has undertaken, which is, simply to point out the most eligible method of preparing these various articles for the table when procured." In this opinion we must own that she falls somewhat short of the dictum of the immortal Mrs. Glass, whose concise instructions were worded thus: "First catch your hare, then cook it." But let us not criticise this great Work too severely; in fact the Authoress, as she is fond of calling herself, finally makes an appeal calculated to melt a heart of stone, and almost worthy of the Admirable Whur himself.

"Undoubtedly objections will be made and exceptions taken to many things in this work. In every instance where this

may be the case, she has only to request, that they would remember, that it is the performance of, and effected under all those disadvantages, which usually attend, an Orphan."

I wish I knew when my treasure was written, but it is undated. It must have been after the reign of Queen Anne (1702–14) I think, for it contains a recipe for "Marlborough Pudding;" the *s* is always the long old-fashioned one; plum is spelled with a final *b;* flour is variously written, sometimes with *ou*, sometimes *flower;* steak becomes *stake*, and cranberries masquerade as *cramberries*, — could this have been the original form? — and in cooking them we are told to "add spices till grateful, sweeten, and roll in Paste No. 9." The sixty-four pages which the pamphlet contains are brown with age, but the paper is still strong and of good texture. My copy was given to me by a friend who found it in her attic, where it had doubtless lain for years, and the whole style of the work forms an amusing contrast to the *Twentieth Century Cook Book*, or Mrs. Rorer's latest compendiums, with their minute lists of the chemical properties of all kinds of foods, and their clear and logical directions for cooking, as well as the absolute precision as regards quantities and heat which we now consider necessary in order to obtain a desired result.

In Amelia's time the American family must have been large, as a rule, for the quantities are heroic. What would a modern housekeeper think of starting a pie with *six* chickens? or of a mince pie that contains four pounds of boiled beef, six pounds of apples, one pound of suet, two pounds of sugar, two pounds of raisins (that makes fifteen pounds in all), and to these are added one quart of wine or rich cyder, *and* — a nutmeg? It is with distinct relief that after this one reads, "as people differ in their tastes, they may alter to their wishes."

Here is the Orphan's recipe for "Plain Cake." "Nine pounds of flour, 3 pounds of sugar, 3 pounds of butter, 1 pint emptins, 3 pints milk, 9 eggs, 1 ounce of spice, 1 gill of rose water, 1 gill of wine."

That is all. Imagine yourself surrounded by these articles, carefully weighed and measured, and there left, without further directions, to evolve a cake from chaos. And what, oh, what, are emptins? I was in despair till I discovered a little foot-note on the very last page which tells us how to make them, or it.

"Take a handful of hops, and about three quarts of water, let it boil about 15 minutes, then make a thickening *as you do for starch* [the italics are mine, I don't make a thickening for starch, and I do not know what the Orphan means], which add when hot. Strain the liquor, when cold put a little emptins to work it [this sounds cabalistic]; it will keep in bottles well corked five or six weeks."

On the whole I do not think that I shall begin by trying that Plain Cake; but here is another, simply fascinating. It is called "Election Cake." If some of my readers will try it and let me know the result, I shall be truly grateful. This cake will need a fairly large cake-tin, and a good oven. It begins with, —

"Thirty quarts flour, 10 pound butter, 14 pound sugar, 12 pound raisins, 3 doz. eggs, 1 pint wine [this seems a small quantity], 1 quart brandy, 4 ounces cinnamon, 4 ounces fine colander seed, 3 ounces ground alspice, one quart yeast. When it has rise [sic] light, work in every ingredient except the plumbs, which work in when going into the oven."

Now, here are directions, but they appear to involve an entry into the oven on the cook's part; she is not however to do this idly, she is to "work in the plumbs when going into the oven." I do wish some one would try it.

Let us turn now to "How to preserve Plumbs." "Take your plumbs before they have stones in them, which you may know by putting a pin through them, then codle them in many waters

till they are as green as grass, peel them and codle them again; you must take two weight of them in sugar, a pint of water, then put them in [in what, or in where? and how many plums?]. Set them on the fire to boil slowly till they are clear, skiming [sic] them often, and they will be very green; put them up in glasses and keep them for use."

This is fascinating. I can imagine no more agreeable pastime than taking my plumbs and codling them in many waters till they are as green as grass, if I but knew what it meant.

Here is another recipe equally appealing to the imagination. "To preserve Plumbs and Cherries six months or a year, retaining all that bloom and agreeable flavor, during the whole of that period, of which they are possessed when taken from the tree.

"Take any quantity of plumbs or cherries a little while before they are ripe, with the stems on; take them directly from the tree, when perfectly dry, and with the greatest care, so that they are not in the least bruised — put them with great care into a large stone jug, which must be dry, fill it full, and immediately make it proof against air and water, then sink it to the bottom of a living spring of water, there let it remain for a year if you like, and when opened they will exhibit every beauty and charm, both as to the appearance and taste, as they did when taken from the tree."

The idea of sinking a large stone jug filled with cherries to the bottom of a "living spring" is poetic and fascinating in the extreme; but the Orphan neglects this time to give any directions for the simple operation she mentions when she says, "immediately make it proof against air and water," and uncertainty on that point might prove fatal to the success of the preserve.

Nothing, however, except the want of physical strength and the present prices of eggs and butter, prevents me from trying to make "Puff Paste No. 2."

"Rub six pound of butter to fourteen pound of flour, eight whites of eggs, add cold water, make a stiff paste." I am sure that sounds quite simple, only there is a great deal of preliminary rubbing necessary — one might however obtain the services of a masseuse. I fear after all that No. 1 must content me: it requires only two pounds of butter, two of flour, and a few eggs, and Amelia says slightingly of it, "This is good for any small things."

None of us need try to preserve damsons, for they must be put up in "snuff bottles;" but any way it does n't sound at all pleasant. The grapes are sour. I will spare you three whole pages of directions as to how to dress a Turtle, and finally present to you, O Gentle Reader, the gem of the collection, a recipe, so far as I know, perfectly unique.

"How to dress a beef-stake, Sufficient for two Gentlemen, with a fire made of two newspapers."

"Let the beef be cut in slices, and laid in a pewter platter, pour on water just sufficient to cover them, salt and pepper well, cover with another platter inverted; then place your dish upon a stool bottom upwards [after careful consideration I am almost sure that the Orphan means the *stool*, not the dish, to be placed bottom upwards], the legs of such length as to raise the platter three inches from the board; cut your newspapers into small strips, light with a candle, and apply them gradually, so as to keep a live fire under the whole dish, till the whole are expended, when the stake will be done; butter may then be applied, so as to render it grateful."

Indeed, dear Amelia, no butter is needed to render me grateful for your admirable Work. It must have been a valuable companion to those Females who were reduced to the necessity of going into families "in the line of domestics," and I fervently hope that the two Gentlemen for whose benefit you evolved this original method of cooking a Beef-Stake appreciated your genius as it deserves.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SPEAKING PIECES

I HAD a sore disappointment the other day: I went to a Grammar School "Commencement." Though it was hot, so hot that my coat clove to the varnished back of my chair; though I could ill spare that particular afternoon; though I had forgotten to provide a graduation present — unheard-of in my own era — for the young friend who had honored me with a card, yet I went joyfully, for — be it frankly confessed — I expected to hear the boys "speak pieces."

> It was many and many a year ago,
> In a kingdom by the sea,

that a certain freckled urchin in a front seat would wait in breathless ecstasy while one big fellow after another strode, sauntered, or shambled to the platform, according to the degree of his courage, and there bowed, bobbed, or ducked, according to the measure of his grace.

Then — oh, then! How the conscious globe in the geography corner would shake with the thunderous reminder: —

> "At midnight, in his guarded tent,
> The Turk was dreaming of the hour
> When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
> Should tr-remble at his power."

Or perhaps the young declaimer, his eye fixed on the upper corner of the blackboard, breaks into blood-curdling apostrophe: —

> "Speak, speak! thou fearful guest!
> Who, with thy hollow breast
> Still in rude armor drest,
> Comest to daunt me!"

Of course, at this modern solemnity, I heard nothing of the kind. The children marched up and down and across the platform in a labyrinthine design, as if they had set out to weave a spider's web. Then they arranged themselves into a front row of hair-plastered boys, who sat, and a back row of white-frocked girls, who stood. Such were not the manners of my generation. Thus disposed, they sang a patriotic song or two, beating time with small flags which were passed around on a tray, like refreshments. One very plump and very flaxen boy, perspiring freely, inadvertently wiped his face on his. Then we had a staid salutatory and several depressing recitations of commonplace, didactic prose. The reciters did not remember their paragraphs over well, — but why should they? And who could? Who can learn "by heart" what does not speak to the heart?

A spiritless youngster obliged us with an extract — apparently from some school history of France — relative to Henry IV and his changes of faith. How the lad would have waked up had he been set to shouting, —

> "Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
> And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!"

I would rather have heard — should I blush to own it? —

> "Woodman! spare that tree,"

than the instructive fragment from a *Popular Science Monthly* article on the gypsy-moth; and as for the description of an up-to-date battleship, I escaped from the monotony of that recital in surging memories of John Maynard, the undaunted helmsman, who was my earliest hero.

Am I the only man alive who, when solitude gives consent, mouths those simple, stirring stanzas through from start to finish?

> 'T was on Lake Erie's broad expanse,
> One bright midsummer day,
> The gallant steamer Ocean Queen
> Swept proudly on her way.

I will spare you the rest, Mr. Editor, though you would love it, too, if you had learned it, as I did, simply from hearing

the big boys declaim it of a Friday afternoon. Perhaps you say it is not poetry. How can I tell? I know that it made poetry in the heart of a child. But if you do not care for my old-fashioned "pieces," are there no present-day poems to set young blood dancing and nerve young hearts to glorious resolves? Has the bethumbed, betattered *Speaker* gone forever out of commission?

THE REAL AND THE IMAGINARY

I HAVE lately become a member of a class in English Composition at a near-by university. Each week, for our edification and criticism, a story or poem, or an essay, the work of one of our members, is read aloud by the professor. At our last meeting, it was a story that he chose. The plot was of the slightest; a few words will tell all. A discontented princess and a pseudo shepherd — the prince of the dénouement — meet and discuss love, or rather the absence of it, as the princess declares that there is no such thing. The period is not specified, though probably somewhat modern, as we say about art, since the young lady refers to the king, her father, as "dad." As for the place, I think it must have been somewhere near the fields of Arcady, as the shepherd and the princess meet with charming informality, chaperoned only by the silly sheep. The end of the story is not hard to guess.

These few words have served for the plot, but they have not served to indicate the charm with which the little tale was told, the lightness of the writer's touch, or the pretty wit of the prince and princess. Altogether, it was quite delightful.

"But," commented the professor, "the writer says that the story has been rejected by many publishers. What do you think is the trouble?"

Many of us thought that the trouble probably lay with the publishers. Not liking to say this, we ventured some vague criticism which, as one says in blind-man's-buff, was not even "warm." At last, thanks to the guiding prods of the professor, we began to see wherein the story's weakness lay.

"Would any of you" — the class is co-educational — "fall in love with the prince? I'm speaking now for the girls; or do any of you men think you would ever fall in love with the princess? I'm sure I should n't."

These were heart-searching questions. A girl gave it as her opinion that she would n't; the men, apparently not caring to go on record, kept silent.

"And why not? Now speak up, somebody. Does he interest you? No! Then why not?"

"He does n't seem exactly real;" again from the feminine portion of the class.

"That's just it, he *is n't* real — he is n't vital. How are you going to fall in love with anybody who is neither real nor vital?"

Real or vital! Into my mind flashed a little newspaper incident, which I had read but the day before.

"Many young friends of Miss Mary Stone, the plaintiff, came into court this morning to hear John Barr, the defendant, answer to the charge of having struck Miss Stone the night before, when calling on her. The defendant frankly admitted the charge, when on the witness-stand, but said, in his own defense, that he did it because every time he called on the plaintiff, she tried to stick hat-pins into him, and it was this that made him strike her the night before.

"'Why then,' demanded the court, 'don't you stay away?'

"'I can't stay away. I — I — I'm in love with her!'

"'He never told me that,' said Miss Stone, very audibly.

"The judge charged the defendant twenty-five dollars and dismissed the case."

Here was a hero real and vital. My mind came back to the class-room and to the imaginary prince of the story. No, I should never fall in love with him, for all his graceful speeches, of this I am quite

sure. Nor should I fall in love with the tepid dukes and exalted personages who have figured so much in recent fiction. But to the incensed lover who strikes but will not confess his love until driven to bay in open court, my heart goes out mightily. Why this is so, I hope some psychologist will answer, for I cannot, though I remember reading a story once of a haughty princess who spurned the addresses of a certain Norman knight, nor would she consent to marry him until her irritated lover had knocked her down, and rolled her in the dust; and the name of the lover, so history tells us, was William the Conqueror.

A PLEA FOR SPECIALISTS

We have read with appreciation and sympathy the protest in the Contributors' Club against bird-fiends, and the plaint of one who is made to feel that she is in outer darkness because she refuses to cultivate a scientific spirit.

The long-suffering person who wrote the protest is evidently frankly bored by the obtrusive ardor of so-called bird-lovers, and the author of "Outer Darkness" enjoys too much in her self-chosen exile to need our sympathy. How we should like to climb with her to that hilltop on a June morning! But there is a tone of veiled pity for the specialist in both of these contributions, an assumption that the desire to know necessarily gets in the way of the eyes and the ears of one's soul, that leads me to suggest that there is something to be said on the other side of the question.

I admit at the start that the specialists are in the wrong. With our notebooks and our specimens and our thirst for information, we have made ourselves a nuisance. We must learn to be more sophisticated, to hide our crude joys. This is not always easy. And remember, if we bore you with our enthusiasm for facts and our zeal for collecting, you can easily put us out of countenance. There is something in your atmosphere — in the gentle, amused tolerance with which you regard us — that is at times disconcerting, and makes us feel young and self-conscious in your presence. After all, our fault is that of the youthful spirit. The desire to share one's good things with others, to take the world into one's confidence, springs from a childlike attitude of mind. Certainly the passion for collecting — which lies at the back of all zeal for knowledge — is a primitive instinct. Whether it be marbles or butterflies, postage-stamps or only bits of broken china, no normal child is without it. Probably this is the reason why specialists are the youngest people in the world; and their eagerness to exchange specimens and experiences is equaled only by their spontaneous joy in their own collections.

I call to mind the youngest person I ever met, — a gray-haired lady whose name is not unknown to fame, — who once spent a never-to-be-forgotten day with me, in early May. More than seventy summers had passed over her head — it is impossible to reckon her age in winters — and she was no longer able to wander far afield; but she sat in a rocking-chair on the edge of a wooded ravine, and we watched birds, talked birds, dreamed birds together from morning till night.

The next youngest person I have known was a botanist, who once took me with childish glee by secret ways, to see his latest find, a bed of linnæa, blossoming far from its native home in northern woods, near a great city. To exchange confidences with these two scientific children of nature was to hazard a guess at the secret of perpetual youth.

"But these are real scientists," I hear you exclaim, "not the people who sit on piazzas of summer hotels and assort mushrooms."

But even these people, I claim, are tasting joys unknown to the generalist — the sophisticated spectator to whom their excitement seems so absurd. It *is* exciting to find that the handsome yellow

mushroom flecked with white, that we have met so often in the woods, is the Fly Amanita that once killed the Emperor Alexis. It says so in the book. No wonder we lose our heads over facts like these.

And is it not too much to assume, that because we pore over microscopes and notebooks, we are quite unconscious that the sky is blue and that birds are singing? The fact that we know that the singer is a thrush, and not a pelican, does not seem to detract from our pleasure in the music.

"Can't you catch the call of the meadow lark back of it all?" a friend once asked me, as we stood together at sunset and listened to the tangle of bird-songs that came up from the marshes. To me it was divine, but a medley. He was like the trained musician at the orchestral concert, who knows the 'cello from the oboe, the violin from the clarionet, whose joy in the symphony is twofold. I speak with conviction, for the time has come when I too can catch the call of the meadow lark back of it all, can even identify the lark by his flight and his markings, and know something of his nesting habits; yet I still worship with the birds at their vesper service.

Perhaps no one ever enjoyed nature more intensely — through the pores, as it were — than Thoreau; and yet he was twelve years on the trail of a bird he called the night warbler. "You seek in vain half your life," he says philosophically, "and one day you come full upon the whole family at dinner." When that event occurs and we, who have despaired of ever identifying our *rara avis*, "come full upon the whole family at dinner," there is joy in the heart of the bird-fiend that the uninitiated will never know.

We would-be scientists have two strings to our bow. We start out to follow the rare bird, or to find the walking fern; every bush by the roadside, every nook and cranny in the woods, may hold a secret for us; voices lure us on, hands are stretched out to detain us. We do not reach that hilltop nearest heaven as quickly as you do, but we arrive in our own good time, and we share your joy in the view from the summit. The boulder by the bridge is beautiful to us as to you, even though we insist upon knowing whether it was deposited there by a glacier or a dump-cart; the gray lichens on its side are no less lovely, for all this geological information. We even confess a desire to know the name of the lichen, and its habits.

There are joys within joys, and we would share them with you if we could. We come back to the inn laden with treasure, — polypody, mushrooms, long lists of birds, — or we bring nothing. We specialize when we may, and we generalize when we must, and either way, we are royally content. The shy fern and the rare bird that elude us to-day still wait our coming. There is always a to-morrow, and a day after, and a day after that. We too have felt "the sun on our faces, the wind in our eyes," and we have not failed of our heart's desire.

The old palmers, when they went on pilgrimage to the Holy Land, set out with a definite quest — an excuse, as it were, for the journey over land and sea. They often came back without reaching the goal, but never with empty hands; and we may be very sure they did not fail of strange adventures by the way.

We crave your tolerance, nay more, your sympathy, O friend, who walk for the joy of the morning, if we still persist in our pursuit of a twofold pleasure. Our quest may be different from yours, but all roads lead to the same country for those who are in love with the world. We both come home content, for we have traveled in Holy Land.

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AMERICAN SHIPS AND THE WAY TO GET THEM

BY WINTHROP L. MARVIN

[The following reply to a paper in the *Atlantic* for July, 1909, by a "British Marine Officer," on the upbuilding of the American Merchant Marine through the agency of free ships, represents so ably the views of those who believe in the stimulus of ship subsidies as an essential remedy, that it is here printed without regard to views upon principles of tariff reform which have been repeatedly expressed in the columns of the *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.]

IN the July *Atlantic*, an officer of the British mercantile marine painted in vivid colors the "amazement" with which "European statesmen, naval and military experts, merchants and shipowners" look at America, because our country has suffered its merchant flag in the past thirty years to be driven from the ocean. This is a new view-point, and though the theme is by no means unfamiliar to the American people, the article has attracted a great deal of attention because of the sailor-like vigor and directness with which this British officer emphasized the weakness and the folly of depending for the delivery of our enormous export commerce upon the ships and the seamen of foreign nations, our rivals in trade and possible enemies in war.

Most striking of all, and, it must be confessed, not materially overdrawn, is the picture which this transatlantic observer presents of the great and imposing battle-fleet of the United States, with no reserve of either ships or men behind it, armorclads and cruisers "undermanned by recruits," raw cowboys and ploughboys, for the most part from the Middle West, who hurry through their first enlistment and then quit the sea and the service never to return, — all this, because the disappearance of our merchant ships has carried with it, as one inevitable penalty, the starving and scattering of the bravest and hardiest sea-loving and sea-faring population in the world, the men who built and sailed the Yankee packets and clippers of years ago, and manned the guns of the Hartford and Kearsarge, as their fathers had manned the guns of the Ranger, Alliance, and Constitution.

It is good sometimes to see ourselves as others see us, and the sharp words of this friendly British officer are certain to intensify the determination so manifestly rising in our country to recreate an American merchant marine worthy of the present wealth and strength and the glorious maritime traditions of the Republic. Yet the author of this really notable article falls into an unfortunate anti-climax when he suggests that the melancholy loss of our ocean-carrying might have been averted by the simple expedient of a "free-ship" policy — that is, a wholesale purchase of American ships from British builders. Such an expedient, if it ever had been tried, would certainly have proved a disappointment, if not an absolute failure.

For the decline of the American merchant marine in ocean trade, as the seafolk of New England well know, is due to a situation which could have been only partially and slightly modified by "free ships." This loss of our shipping is due

to, and yet could have been prevented by, the modern Republican system of protection. When, in 1861 and the years afterward, the statesmen of the new Republican party, not merely to meet the exigencies of the Civil War, but with deliberate, far-seeing purpose, set themselves to force the development through national aid of great national industries, they left out of the protective system what for three-quarters of a century had been one of the greatest of those industries, undeniably the most successful, and in the manner of its growth the most distinctively and characteristically American.

The first Federal government in 1789 had found the American merchant marine almost as shrunken and dead as it is now — a mere skeleton of 123,000 tons, capable of carrying only a fraction of our commerce, which was conveyed as now largely by British shipping. But the statesmen of 1789, in their very first tariff act, "for the protection and encouragement of manufactures," embodied stalwart protection for American ships and sailors through the form of discriminating tonnage and customs taxes, which compelled American merchants to employ the ocean carriers of their own country — and the law required that these ocean carriers should be built in the United States.

This bold protective measure, which Washington and Madison joined in framing and enforcing, proved so successful that by 1800 our registered merchant fleet had expanded to a tonnage of 667,000, carrying 89 per cent of our imports and exports, and by 1810 to a tonnage of 981,000, carrying 91 per cent of our imports and exports. These policies of ship protection, though modified here and there in the years that followed, were not entirely withdrawn against Great Britain, our chief competitor, until 1849, and by that time they were reinforced by a generous system of mail subsidies which rapidly developed steamship-building and engine-building in the United States, and gave to our ocean steam fleet a growth in quantity and quality far superior to that of the United Kingdom. These early American mail subsidies, by the way, — it is worth recalling now, — had been granted by Democratic Congresses, on the recommendation of Southern Democratic presidents. They created several American steam lines to Europe, with which the feebler and slower British subsidized ships could not compete, and other lines to the West Indies and in the Pacific Ocean.

The American merchant marine, as it stood at the height of its strength, in 1855, when 583,000 tons of shipping were launched in the United States, was the result of a system of national protection deliberately initiated in 1789 by the founders of the Federal government. Even through those periods when low-tariff or anti-protection theories had prevailed in Congress and the country, the merchant marine was sedulously fostered by discriminating duties, and later by subsidies to mail lines, while all the time direct bounties were paid to the vessels and men of the deep-sea fisheries, "the nursery of the navy." There was small protection then for pig iron and cotton cloth, but much protection for ships and, therefore, for shipbuilding. This maritime interest up to 1855 was unquestionably the most progressive, efficient, and prosperous interest in America.

Those were the years of the Dreadnought and the Flying Cloud, and of the still swifter steamers of our subsidized mail lines — the years of which this British officer writes, when the Stars and Stripes were streaming proudly at the peaks of the finest ships in the ports of every ocean. A significant decline came in the years immediately before the Civil War — our shipbuilding fell off from 583,000 tons in 1855 to 214,000 tons in 1860. One cause of this shrinkage was that, as a direct result of the fierce sectional jealousy and strife over the slavery issue in Congress, the ocean-mail subsidies were withdrawn, in retaliation on the part of the leaders of the South against

the abolition ports of the North, which built and owned most of these swift and powerful vessels of such unmistakable value in the conflict now seen to be impending.

Not all the pluck and resource of Vanderbilt and Collins, the ablest ship managers of their time, could sustain the American steam lines, unsubsidized, against the treasuries of Europe; and all but a few of the splendid Yankee steamships had vanished with the clipper ships from the great trade routes of the North Atlantic when the first shots of the war were fired at Sumter. The Civil War did not begin the destruction of our ocean shipping, as is often but inexactly stated: the destruction had begun before. American ships, without their mail pay, though larger and faster ships, could not compete with the British Cunard line and its subsidy of $900,000 a year. As one of the greatest of American merchants of that period, A. A. Low, Esq., father of Hon. Seth Low of New York City, said: —

"I only know the English have always, in peace and war, manifested a determination to hold the supremacy of the ocean, and the supremacy which they acquired by arms in war they have in peace acquired by subsidy. . . . They have driven us from the ocean by this policy just as effectively as they ever did drive an enemy from the ocean by their guns."

The American merchant marine had prospered and grown amazingly under national protection, and it had begun to shrink as soon as that protection was withdrawn by the able but vindictive men who soon after left Washington to found the Southern Confederacy. They were frankly jealous and afraid of the mighty sea power developed by the North, which in the end justified their fears by furnishing the men and the ships that enforced the blockade and smothered the Rebellion.

It is not difficult to understand why these Southern men, meditating withdrawal from the Union, should have sought, before they went, to cripple the formidable power of the Northern-built and Northern-owned mercantile marine, with its 2,500,000 tons of shipping registered for deep-sea trade, besides the large coast fleet, and 100,000 seamen. But it is much more difficult to explain why, under the high protection policy of the Republican party in all the years since the Civil War, the merchant marine in overseas trade has remained a neglected and unprotected industry, — the only unprotected industry exposed to foreign competition.

Every Republican president since Grant has earnestly recommended a righting of this manifest inconsistency, through the form either of mail subsidies to regular lines or of subsidies to the whole body of our ocean shipping. McKinley and Roosevelt were especially insistent on a subsidy policy, and under the administration of President Harrison something was actually done — the enactment of an ocean-mail law which has stood to the present time, and has created the one American steamship line to Europe and excellent lines to the West Indies, Mexico, and near ports of South America. But this legislation of 1891 was not liberal enough to sustain steamship lines to the farther and principal South American countries and across the Pacific Ocean. New ocean-mail bills providing for such lines have been defeated by small and decreasing margins in two recent Congresses, and other bills carrying out the same purpose have been introduced in the present Senate and House for consideration next December.

It is the Solid South, aided by a portion of the Middle West, that is directly responsible for the failure of the American government to take some step to include the merchant marine within the fortunate circle of protected industries. New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the nearer Western States, and the Pacific Coast, have voted with increasing emphasis in recent years for

subsidy to American ocean ships; but these great industrial communities, with their aroused ambitions for a broader trade, and their pride in the new American navy, have until now been overborne by the combined opposition in the National House of nearly all of the Southern Democrats and a faction of Middle Western Republicans.

Yet this opposition has significantly become weaker year after year. A powerful organization, the Merchant Marine League of the United States, has grown up in the Middle West, and from its headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio, has been carrying on a patient, systematic campaign in the press and on the platform, and its labors are beginning to bear widespread results. The states which, while accepting protection and demanding it in liberal measure for their own industries, are still reluctant to protect American sea-going ships and American sailors are now Wisconsin, Nebraska, Iowa and (southern) Illinois. On the latest test votes, Minnesota, Indiana, and Kansas showed a surprising gain of strength for the merchant marine. The propaganda of the Merchant Marine League for the American ship is actively combatted in most of the Western States by the resident agents of the European steamship combinations, which now derive an income of about $200,000,000 a year from their control of our ocean carrying.

This is a prize which Europe will not relinquish without a mighty battle, for the earnings on the carriage of American commerce not only are a great source of mercantile profit abroad, but are the fund out of which in large part European governments maintain their powerful naval reserves of fast merchant ships and trained and prepared merchant seamen. Germany especially has an enrolled reserve of more than a hundred thousand sailors, supported largely by American trade, in the service of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American. The present weakness of the United States in this regard admirably suits the European purpose.

There is not the slightest mystery about the decline of our merchant marine. That mortifying spectacle of few or no American ships to convey our trade in peace, or to supply and sustain our battle-line in war, is due directly and solely to the fact that the industry of ship-sailing in the foreign trade has, for nearly fifty years, been left alone outside of the American protective system.

"Ah, but has not the shipbuilder been protected by our exclusive navigation laws — absolutely protected?" may be asked.

Yes, the shipbuilder has been protected, but the shipyard is not the main factor in the problem. It is an important, but after all a subordinate one. The shipyard makes the machinery of the ship-owning industry, which is the ships. If there were a prohibitive duty on the machinery for weaving cotton or woolen cloth, and if there were no duty whatsoever on, but absolutely free trade in, the cloth itself, the industry of textile manufacture could not honestly be called a protected industry — and there would probably be a very small demand for textile machinery in the United States. The prohibitory protection of the shipbuilder is of no avail, because the use of the ship itself is not protected.

Here in a nutshell is the problem of the American merchant marine. We have established a protective system, and we have left out of that system the industry of the ocean-ship-owner. We have thereby killed that industry, exactly as we should have killed the manufacture of cotton goods or woolen goods if we had left that industry alone out of the protective system. The manufacturer could not buy his labor and materials in a protected market, and yet sell his product under terms of free-trade competition with all the world. The shipowner has not been able to buy his labor and materials in a protected market — it is only of recent years that materials have been free — and yet sell his

product, which in this case is the service of his ship, under terms of free-trade competition with all the world; or, worse, under terms of free-trade competition frequently aggravated by the bounties or subsidies of other governments.

Let us take a specific case in point. A few years ago, a group of Boston merchants, alert, courageous, enterprising men, thoroughly versed in the shipping business, raised in Massachusetts a considerable amount of capital and built two large and three smaller American steel steamships especially designed for the economical carrying of heavy cargoes — the two larger ships carried passengers besides. This new Boston fleet, finding the North Atlantic crowded, was put on the route from Puget Sound across the Pacific to Japan, China, and the Philippines. The line was operated with the energy and thrift characteristic of New England. It developed an important export trade from our Northwest to the Orient. It did this without national aid, and received from our government only ten or twelve thousand dollars a year for carrying the United States mails.

But this American line ran in direct competition, from Puget Sound to Asia, with a British line of three steamers, out of a Canadian port, less adapted for economical operation but receiving a mail subsidy of $300,000 a year, and with a Japanese line of three or four steamers receiving a subsidy of $330,000. After three or four years of this hopeless competition, the Boston managers of this steamship company were compelled to abandon the service and pocket a heavy loss, transferring their three smaller steamers to the coastwise trade and selling the two larger to the government.

These five Boston ships were all built in the United States, by American workmen, out of American materials — they could have been built out of foreign materials imported free of duty, but in that case they would not have been eligible for the coastwise trade. Now suppose that under a "free-ship" policy the five ships had been built or bought in England. They would have cost somewhat less money, — perhaps twenty-five to thirty-five per cent less, — simply because English mechanics will work for one half of the wages of American. But would that have equalized conditions and enabled the British-built American ships, earning practically no subsidy, to compete with British ships subsidized for $300,000 a year, or Japanese ships subsidized for $330,000?

Nor is this experience in any way exceptional. On all of the important routes of the world's commerce, the dominating factors in transportation at the present time are the great national mail-subsidized lines of foreign governments. The year before this Boston-owned Puget Sound line was abandoned, another American line, the Oceanic, was driven off the route from San Francisco to Australia. Though this American Oceanic line performed the fastest and most exacting service in the Pacific Ocean, it was paid at a rate about one half of that given to the French or German companies running out from Europe to Australia; much less than that of the British lines, and less than that of the Japanese. These Oceanic steamers were among our few naval-reserve ships; and, as naval auxiliaries under our law, were manned by American seamen at $40 a month, while the European and Japanese ships in the Australian trade were manned chiefly by Asiatics at $8.

It is simply paltering with a great and vital national question to plead that a "free-ship" policy — that is, the purchase of American ships in British yards — would of itself enable American shipowners to meet the conditions with which they are confronted in the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. The British officer who urges this "free-ship" plan as all-sufficient declares, in all sincerity, that it is "pure nonsense" to say that British steamship companies receive "national aid in the way of grants and subsidies." Fortunately, this is a matter of official

record, and our British officer need only turn to the postal and admiralty reports of Great Britain, and the postal reports of her colonies, to discover that, instead of "one or two of the big mail companies," as he says, there are thirty or more great lines of British steamers, to all parts of the world, receiving from $8,000,000 to $9,000,000 in subsidies in the present year. Since 1840, the British expenditure upon subsidies exclusively to British ships has been very nearly $300,000,000. It is the custom to proclaim that none of this protection has been given to slow "tramp" ships, and, directly, this is true; but indirectly the enormous mail-subsidy grants of the British government have quickened and developed the entire mercantile marine of the United Kingdom. For these subsidies in the beginning opened up new trade routes and created commerce in which the slower cargo craft inevitably shared. And in the early days of steamship-building the mail subsidies served as bounties and gratuities for the development of new shipyards and engine works in which mail liners were built at first and cargo-carrying vessels were afterwards constructed.

There are two great conspicuous British steam lines entering the ports of Boston and New York — the Cunard and White Star companies. Both of these have been mail-subsidized by the British government for many years — the Cunard line from its earliest beginnings. It is this latter company which has afforded the most illuminating recent example of the generosity and courage with which Great Britain fosters her mercantile marine. For the British government, with the express sanction of Parliament, has actually loaned to the Cunard line out of the British Treasury a sum approximating $13,000,000, to pay for the construction of the Mauretania and Lusitania, and has also provided a subsidy of $1,100,000 a year for twenty years, sufficient to repay the loan with interest! In other words, the Cunard line is fitted out with great new ships at the direct cost of the British taxpayers — a subsidy proposal which nobody has ever yet had the hardihood to suggest to the protectionist government of the United States.

The White Star line, with other British companies and a few American and Belgian ships, was organized a few years ago into the International Mercantile Marine Company, popularly known as the Morgan combination. This great concern within a year has hauled down the American flag from three of its seven American transatlantic steamships, and has transferred these vessels to Belgian registry, presumably to make them eligible for Belgian subsidies, or to gain a somewhat cheaper cost of operation, through a reduction of the wages of the officers and the food-scale of the crews.

The Congressional Merchant Marine Commission in 1904–05 formally inquired of the International Mercantile Marine Company if it would seek American registry for any of its British or Belgian vessels in case a free-ship law were recommended by the Commission for enactment at Washington. Not only did the Morgan Company reply with an emphatic "no," but the same answer was returned on behalf of every other company in which American capital is invested in foreign-built ships now flying foreign colors. All this correspondence is officially recorded in the report which the Commission presented to Congress, but these significant facts seem to have been forgotten by those persons who are now urging a "free-ship" policy as the proper and the only necessary encouragement to the merchant marine of the United States.

On this point the experience of other nations is certainly eloquent. "Free ships" means now in practice British-built ships, the yards of the United Kingdom, developed in part by the generous mail subsidies and in part by the huge naval construction, standing in point of number and the general cheapness of their pro-

duct ahead of the yards of the continent of Europe.

Germany in the beginning tried the "free-ship" expedient alone, having no shipyards in which either merchant craft or men-of-war of large size could be constructed. The experiment was a complete and acknowledged failure, the German mercantile tonnage increasing only from 1,098,000 in 1873 to 1,243,000 in 1881. Then Bismarck appealed to the Reichstag for a positive and liberal policy of state aid through mail subsidies, preferential railroad rates, and other potent forms of imperial encouragement. Now the real growth of the German merchant marine began, and the tonnage of the Empire rose to 2,650,000 in 1900, and to 4,232,000 in 1908. The subsidies to the imperial mail lines were given on the express, significant condition that the ships receiving them should be built in German shipyards, by German workmen, as far as possible of German materials. Under this direct and vigorous protectionism, Germany, which thirty years ago was forced to buy even her battleships in England, has now developed several of the greatest shipyards in the world. For a long time the North German Lloyd has purchased no important ship abroad, and it was recently announced that hereafter the Hamburg-American line would depend entirely upon native construction.

The experience of France was similar. After a long and patient trial of "free ships," the French people found themselves in 1881 with actually a feebler ocean fleet (914,000 tons) than they had possessed in 1870 (1,072,000 tons), while French shipbuilding was so nearly dead that it was a serious question whether French battleships would not have to be procured from England. In sheer desperation at the utter failure of the "free-ship" experiment, the French government resorted to subsidy and bounty on an extensive scale. The British officer writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* states that "Statistics declare a decrease" in French tonnage under this policy. He is very seriously misinformed. The records of the Bureau Veritas show that the French mercantile marine, which was 914,000 tons in 1881, has actually doubled to 1,952,000 tons in 1908 — the later increase consisting chiefly of steamships of high character. This gain is all the more notable because it places France almost on an equality with the 1,977,000 tons of the merchant marine of Norway, to which France twenty years ago seemed hopelessly inferior. The Norwegian government, grasping the significance of this, has lately begun to offer subsidies of its own to create steamship lines to the West Indies and South America, while a very much more ambitious project has just been broached for a direct Norwegian line to the United States.

Sweden lends public money to her shipowners to establish lines, after the British Cunard example. Austria grants bounties to native shipyards, and subsidies to ocean steamship services. Even Russia, taught by the results of the late war, is offering national aid to arouse the maritime enterprise of her people. Italy has a subsidy and bounty system similar to that of France, and the strong new steam lines which Italian capital has recently established across the North and South Atlantic are due directly to this powerful national protection and encouragement.

But perhaps the most striking recent example of the success of state aid in the creation of an ocean shipping is the experience of Japan. There, too, the first reliance was placed on a "free-ship" policy, and there, as elsewhere, while depended on alone, this ignominiously failed. In the war with China in 1894, Japan found herself with only about 200,000 tons of ocean vessels, and with almost no facilities for repairing, not to say building, them. The Japanese statesmen thereupon launched out upon the most generous and comprehensive system of subsidy and bounty, encouraging both "tramp" ships and regular lines.

and developing native shipyards by the expedient of granting a bonus for every ton of ocean shipping constructed. In ten years the Japanese merchant marine had grown from the 200,000 tons of 1894 to 830,000 tons. The total for 1908 is 1,243,000 tons, and the Japanese payments for subsidy and bounty, exclusively to Japanese ships, are not far from $6,000,000 a year.

China and the United States are the only important governments which have held aloof from the modern policy of direct and liberal national aid to the merchant marine. Subsidy to shipping in some form or degree — in the form of payments either to regular mail lines or to all ocean ships — is now as fixed a practice as is the use of the gold standard among progressive nations.

This does not mean that the policy of "free ships" is totally discredited and abandoned: it is simply condemned as insufficient in itself without some form of direct protection and encouragement to native shipbuilding and to navigation. As a rule, the governments which grant subsidy or bounty also allow their people to purchase foreign-built ships, but such ships are usually excluded from the benefit of a part or all of the subsidies, and especially is it required that the faster steamships, the auxiliary cruisers, of the national mail lines shall be of native construction. This, as has been said, is the policy of Germany, and in British mail contracts like that of the Cunard line it is stipulated that the subsidized ships shall be "built in the United Kingdom." Unless it be China, or perhaps Russia, no nation now adheres to an absolutely unrestricted "free-ship" policy, with no thought of native shipbuilding.

Hitherto, every proposition for a trial even of a limited form of "free ships" has been rejected in the United States, but it is interesting to note that the latest ocean-mail bill to be brought forward in the American Congress — the bill of Representative Humphrey of Washington, a member of the recent Merchant Marine Commission — contains a provision authorizing American registry of foreign-built steel steamships of upwards of 5000 gross tons, owned by American citizens; these ships to be employed exclusively in the foreign, and not in the domestic or coastwise trade, and to be eligible to none of the mail or other subsidies of the United States. This proposal is presented by its author to test the sentiment of Congress and the country. With it is associated in the Humphrey bill a provision which Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, Chairman of the Merchant Marine Commission, has introduced in the Senate, for increased ocean-mail compensation to create swift and regular lines of naval auxiliary steamships to Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Japan, China, the Philippines, and Australasia. This ocean-mail measure has recently received the outspoken approval of President Taft and Speaker Cannon, and the whole question of new and progressive shipping legislation will undoubtedly be taken up with vigor at the regular session of Congress opening in December next.

The article of this British sea officer expressing the astonishment of Europe at the maritime feebleness of the United States comes at a time when public sentiment is unmistakably arousing on the subject in America. In one respect, at least, the United States is more fortunate than this British observer seems to be aware — in the possession already of a large group of thoroughly modern and efficient shipyards. Our good critic is very far astray when he declares that "With the exception of Cramps', America has hardly a private shipbuilding yard of any consequence." Within a few miles of the office of the *Atlantic Monthly*, on the shores of Boston Harbor, at Fore River, stands one of the most active and celebrated shipyards in the world. At Bath, Maine, is another modern shipyard, which has launched a battleship of 15,000 tons. Near the Cramp yard on the Delaware is the splendid great plant

of the New York Shipbuilding Company at Camden, the birthplace of a noble fleet of armorclads and liners. There is another large and efficient modern yard, that of the Maryland Steel Company, at Sparrow's Point, near Baltimore; and farther south, in Virginia, on Hampton Roads, is the Newport News shipyard, founded by the genius of C. P. Huntington, and equipped with a group of dry docks for the heaviest repairing. On the Pacific, there are the Moran Yard at Seattle, and the Union Iron Works at San Francisco, which have wrought powerful battleships, and are fit, of course, to undertake any class of mercantile construction.

These great American shipyards, in their present development, are the result of the naval expansion of the United States, but they cannot be successfully maintained either by the demands of the present naval programme or by the relatively light and fitful work of the coastwise trade. There must be great merchant steamships for these yards to build if their costly machinery is to be saved from rust and ruin, and their skilled mechanics held together against the iron need of their government in time of war. To throw away these mighty shipyards of America, where our steel battle-line has been built, because European shipyards, with their double benefit of subsidy and cheap wages, can do certain work more cheaply, would be an act of unconscionable folly. The development of an American merchant marine and the development of American ocean shipbuilding must proceed together; for history contains no record of any maritime nation permanently great which bought or borrowed its ships from the yards of a rival.

A legislative measure like the Humphrey bill, which provides for the encouragement of native shipbuilding through mail subsidies reserved to home-built ships, and at the same time honestly invokes whatever virtue there may be in a " free-ship " policy by opening our registry to foreign-built ships without subsidy for foreign commerce, has some sanction of experience to commend it. But an unlimited "free-ship" policy, applying to mail ships and even to the coastwise trade, long and vainly advocated in this country as the one expedient to restore our shipping, would simply be free trade run mad.

OLD LADY PRATT'S SPECTACLES

BY ANNA FULLER

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS is perhaps not so reprehensible a vice as many another, yet it is one which few of us can afford to indulge; not only does it warp the judgment and impede that growth in grace for which we are taught to strive, but it estranges one's fellow-creatures to a degree quite out of proportion to the intrinsic evil of it. Of this very obvious truism no one ever had a better understanding than Old Lady Pratt, that wise old moralist who never moralized, that keen philosopher who had never heard of her own contemporaries, Kant and Schlegel, wherein she was by just that much less befogged than the average smatterer of a later generation. She was the first to detect indications of this failing in her grandson Aleck, and scarcely was that admirable little person out of pinafores when she gave utterance to her misgivings. True to her principles, however, Old Lady Pratt — already at fifty-odd in the enjoyment of that honorable title — reserved her criticism for the ears of those most nearly concerned.

One pleasant summer morning her daughter-in-law Emmeline, whom she greatly liked, came running in, hatless and enthusiastic, bearing a fresh-baked loaf of sponge cake. She found Mrs. Pratt and Betsy shelling peas in the dining-room, the sunlight glinting through the blinds and playing pranks with the swiftly moving fingers.

"There, mother!" Emmeline cried, after warmly kissing the two ladies, who had long ago adjusted their minds to the highly spontaneous caresses of Anson's wife. "I believe we've succeeded at last! It's full of eggs as it will hold, — and it has puffed out, and breathed in, and dried up, and moistened down, and done every single thing it ought to do, and so I just thought you and father might enjoy a loaf, — and Betsy too," she added, as she set her basket down on the dining-table and drew up a chair close to her young sister-in-law, who was so "hard-o'-hearin'" that she had long ago given up the effort. Emmeline Pratt, whose household duties were for the moment in abeyance, was capable of forgetting nearly everything that she ought to remember, but she had never yet forgotten to be kind.

"Did Alfred come in yesterday?" she asked, pitching her voice to an ear-splitting key.

"Why, yes!" Betsy was almost as proud of having understood the question as she was of the implication that young Williams's visits particularly concerned her. "He stayed to supper, and we had a game of six-handed euchre afterward."

"Who beat?" Emmeline inquired, with eager interest.

"Yes, it was, — very pleasant indeed!" — And Betsy, happily unconscious, relapsed into a contented silence, smiling softly to herself.

Old Lady Pratt meanwhile had stepped over to the table, where she lingered, "hefting" the cake with the air of a connoisseur. The small, wiry figure stood firm-planted as Justice with the scales, — differing however from its august prototype in that the shrewd black eyes had never yet been blindfolded.

"Yes," she declared, "you've succeeded this time, sure enough. 'T ain't too heavy, and 't ain't too light, 'n' it *crinkles* jest right. I guess you made that cake yourself, Emmeline; you never could have taught that Hannah to do it."

"I'm afraid that's the trouble with

me," Emmeline lamented, as she picked up a handful of peas and began snapping pods over the yellow bowl in Betsy's lap. "I never can make people do as I say, — anybody except little Aleck. He always minds."

"Minds better 'n Robbie; don't he?"

"I should hope so," was the laughing admission. "Robbie does n't mind much of any, — except when he's sorry!"

Old Lady Pratt was shelling peas with great energy; the supply was getting low.

"I suppose Aleck knows what a good boy he is," she remarked casually.

"Why, how can he help knowing? The child has n't had a bad mark in school, not since Christmas. He told me so himself."

"Seems kind o' proud of it; eh?"

Emmeline looked up quickly. She rarely fumbled over a meaning when there was one.

"Now, mother, what are you driving at?" she asked, desisting from her labors, as she had a way of doing when her thoughts were taking a turn.

"Well, Emmeline, if you want the truth I may as well speak out. We all know that Aleck is a good boy, but he's getting to be a little prig."

"Oh, mother! Not really!"

"Yes, really. You ain't so much to blame. It 's his father that's spoiling him. Anson 's so tickled to have a boy that keeps his collar straight and don't slam the doors, that he can't conceal his admiration. Both those boys know just as well as I do that Aleck is their father's favorite, and Aleck knows why, if Robbie don't. And so Aleck is getting to feel so superior that I would give ninepence to box his ears, — only he's such a little deacon that he never gives me a chance!"

"And poor little Robbie always seems to be offering up his ears for boxing!" Emmeline sighed. "Why, only yesterday, when Mr. Fields was taking tea with us, Robbie — the little sinner never listens to him in the pulpit — got so interested in the talk that he flooded his plate with maple syrup, and half the tablecloth into the bargain, before anybody saw what he was doing! I have n't seen Anson so angry, I don't know when!"

"Well, I declare for 't! That *was* a bad mess!" the grandmother admitted, frankly aghast at thought of the trickling disaster. "And yet, — I can't think of anything that would do Aleck more good than to come to grief in jest that way! Mind you, I'm not saying that the child *deserves* a spanking. He's as good a little boy as ever lived. But if he *could* deserve one, jest once, I do believe it would be his salvation."

But, alas, Aleck never did! Unspanked, unchidden, he went his decorous way. He was never late to school, he never fell asleep in church; his sums always came out right, and he rarely tore his clothes, unless he was betrayed into a fight. For Aleck was a good fighter and got into more scrimmages than so proper a little boy should have done. Perhaps he was irritating; I am inclined to think he was. But he was a fair fighter, and it would be difficult to explain why onlookers would have liked to see him whipped.

Robbie, for his part, was rarely among the lookers-on at such bloody encounters. He had an inherent aversion to black eyes, and would have no traffic in them. In fact, Robbie was singularly devoid of the evil passions which find their account in fisticuffs. But there were few other items in the childish decalogue that were not recorded against him. He could be frank to impudence, yet he was an adroit fibber. He had a dandified taste in shoes and collars, yet his pockets had to be sewed up to keep his hands out of them. He never mastered the multiplication table, but "Casabianca" and "A Soldier of the Legion" slipped off his tongue as easily as the Lord's Prayer, which he had repeated every day of his life since long before it dawned upon him that such words as "hallowed" or "trespass" had any meaning whatever. And so Robbie grew up an ingratiating ne'er-do-weel

whom nobody loved the less for that, while Aleck, methodical, long-headed, irreproachable, did his duty in every relation of life, and nobody loved him the better for it.

In due course Aleck made a well-considered, advantageous marriage with a warm-hearted girl, who, taking his handsome face for a cue, idealized him and prepared to spoil him in wifely fashion. But Aleck was not to be spoiled; he was too well-balanced for that. Nor did he prove in the long run altogether stimulating as an ideal. There was never any lapse of morals on his part, never any parleyings with the tempter. As husband and father he was above reproach, and Louisa never lost sight of his many virtues. But after some ten or fifteen years' experience of them, she used sometimes to catch herself wishing that he would once, just once, have the grace to be in the wrong!

Robert, on the other hand, who could so abundantly have gratified a wife in this particular, had, for reasons best known to himself, remained single, and it was with the detached air of a bachelor that he contemplated his brother's achievements in the domestic field, wondering idly at their unflagging excellence.

In the mean time Old Lady Pratt, balked in a pet ambition, found herself obliged to quit the scene of her long and beneficent earthly activity without having once seen her way clear to boxing Aleck's ears. Furthermore, such was the sheer weight of his judgment and integrity, that she felt constrained to appoint him executor under her will, — indemnifying herself, however, by naming his mercurial elder brother co-executor, with equal powers. One may imagine the sly satisfaction with which the old lady inserted this thorn into her impeccable grandson's flesh.

Now Aleck, who credited himself with all the conventional sentiments, was under the impression that he and his brother loved each other, — an illusion, be it observed, which the latter was far from sharing. Yet it is but fair to admit that no brotherly love, real or imagined, could have made Robert — undisciplined free-lance that he was — tolerable as running-mate in any serious business.

"I've half a mind to refuse the job," Aleck declared, in a burst of conjugal confidence. "It's a paltry little property, anyway!"

Louisa's very needle paused in mid-air. Such a word applied to any matter that concerned Old Lady Pratt bordered on sacrilege.

"Why, Aleck!" she protested, "what would grandmother say?"

"I don't care what grandmother would say. It's what she has done that we've got to consider. I really thought she had more sense!" And Aleck stalked out of the room, conscious of that mild exhilaration which the righteous are prone to derive from a strictly innocuous profanity.

As he closed the sitting-room door, with due regard to the latch, Louisa gave a patient little sigh. It would have done him so much good to slam that door! Her very ears craved the sound of it.

As to Robert — if there had been nothing actually discreditable in his business career, beginning in his father's warehouse, of which he had soon wearied, and continuing at irregular intervals in one or another signally profitless commercial venture of his own, there had not been lacking evidence of an instability calculated to make the judicious grieve. His taste for horses, too, for cards, for harmless conviviality, all counted against him; while some there were among his sincere well-wishers who believed him to be seriously handicapped by his native predilection for music, play-acting, and the like, which, as every one knows, are at direct variance with such higher aims as money-making and personal advancement.

Upon the still recent death of his mother, who had survived her husband but a few months, Robert, having thereby fallen heir to a modest patrimony, promptly renounced the pursuit of wealth in fa-

vor of his latest hobby, the collection and earnest study of a great variety of musical instruments. That a man nearing forty should take to such foolishness was a deplorable circumstance, yet one which might have its uses. For it was an open secret that Robert had at one period allowed himself to be drawn into unholy and disastrous dealings on the stock market, and the hope was that this new vagary of his, developing at the critical moment of his finding himself in funds, might serve at least to keep him clear of that pitfall. Better waste his breath on wood-winds than his substance in gambling; if he needs must choose between two evils, better the fiddle than the ticker!

Great was Aleck's relief, then, when it transpired that Robert, far from pressing his authority as executor, seemed rather bored by the honor thrust upon him, and quite ready to leave matters in more competent hands. In fact, he let fall something to that effect as the two brothers walked together to Old Lady Pratt's house in Green Street the morning after the reading of the will, — a function which had been postponed several days, owing to the pathetic passing of Aunt Betsy on the very evening following her mother's funeral. That unlooked-for event, the only striking incident of a faithful soul's career, had pulled sharply at the family heart-strings; but now that the poor lady had been laid to rest, close at her mother's feet as beseemed a devoted slave, she bade fair to be soon forgotten. Even Robert, who was rarely lacking in the finer sensibilities, was already finding himself more open to reminders of the imperative little grandmother than of her meek familiar.

To-day, as the two executors sat before the safe in the dining-room pantry, it was with a curious compunction that Robert watched his brother unconcernedly rifling the miniature stronghold which none till now had ever violated. How often had he seen Old Lady Pratt open the ponderous little door to "get out" the silver for some festive occasion, — jealously securing it again like the good housewife she was. Now and then, when minded to be indulgent, she would draw forth some single object from one or another of the partitions, each of which the children believed to be the abode of priceless treasure; and trifling as the exhibit was, — her grandmother's wedding-ring perchance, or her husband's masonic badge, — it served but to whet the childish curiosity. There was one drawer, having a key of its own, which the most favored child had never seen opened, and in this, as now appeared, were housed the handful of securities which had furnished means of sustenance to the thrifty old lady and her dependents. As it yielded up its contents, Robert could not forbear an only half-humorous protest.

"I say, Aleck," he exclaimed, "can't you almost hear grandma tell us not to meddle?"

"What puzzles me," Aleck remarked, with the fine disregard of other people's mental processes which had always characterized him, "is how those two women managed to make such a good appearance on a pittance like this."

"Well, they did n't live exactly like fighting-cocks, you must admit," Robert threw in, with a glance about the little interior in its Spartan simplicity.

"Here are six governments," Aleck went plodding on, wholly engrossed in his inventory, "and that Smithson mortgage. Twenty-five shares in the Dunbridge horse-railroad, — a gas-certificate, and — I'm blessed if they did n't do the old lady for a Realty Company bond, — and she never let on!"

"What's that?" Robert inquired, with languid interest.

"Oh, a western mortgage swindle the Dunbridge National blundered into. Waste paper! Has n't honored a coupon in ten years!"

At the marked animus with which the offending document was tossed upon the table, Robert became gleefully alert.

"Did n't get scorched yourself?" he

inquired, with a tender solicitude expressly designed to enrage the victim.

"Everybody got scorched."

"*I* did n't." Robert's modest disavowal was worth going far to hear.

"It was n't put on the market as a *gamble!*" Aleck flung back.

The co-executor raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders. He had once taken lessons of a French violinist, from whom he had learned certain foreign tricks not contracted for, and which Aleck especially abominated.

"Shall we mark it 'insecurity' and pigeon-hole it?" he inquired, tucking the bond into one of the open partitions, cheek by jowl with a bundle of family letters.

Aleck, with an impatient grunt that might pass for acquiescence, proceeded to gather up the other papers and restore them to the locked drawer. Having made everything ship-shape, and folded his inventory to fit his wallet, he stood a moment irresolute, fingering the bunch of keys which dangled from a single ring.

"I suppose you'll have to have the duplicate keys," he observed grudgingly.

"It *would* seem a painful necessity, — unless you prefer entrusting them to Eliza!"

Whereupon Aleck, feeling in his heart that Eliza, the "hired girl," who had served Old Lady Pratt from time immemorial, would be quite as available a depositary as Robert, detached one set of keys and reluctantly handed them over to his brother. As he stepped aboard the horse-car a few minutes later, on the way to his counting-house in the city, the thought of that Realty Company bond crossed his mind, and he took himself to task for suffering his irresponsible partner to treat it so cavalierly. Not that the bond itself was worth its ink and paper; but, after all, business was business, and it would never do to encourage Robert in loose views.

That his own judgment had been at fault in this particular instance was brought home to him in a manner not altogether painful, when, only a few weeks later, there appeared in his mail a notification from the Realty people to the effect that a small payment would be made on the bonds of the company upon their presentation at a given office in State Street.

Pending its final distribution, the little property had been left in its accustomed quarters, and thither Aleck repaired in quest of the despised bond. To his extreme annoyance, it was not to be found; and after diligently searching every nook and corner of the safe, he set out for his brother's lodgings in no conciliatory mood. The cheerful warble of a flute which greeted him as he mounted the stairs did not tend to allay his irritation, and with only the pretense of a knock he entered what Robert was pleased to call his "work-shop," and closed the door behind him.

The flute warbled blithely on, and Aleck stood a moment feeding his wrath on the sight of those inflated cheeks and grotesquely arched eyebrows.

"Robert!" he called sharply, when no longer able to contain his disapproval.

The performer merely changed the angle of his right eyebrow in token of intelligence, but not until he had finished the little roulade did he come to speech. Then, removing the instrument from his lips, and gravely drying the mouthpiece upon a silk handkerchief, "A pity you don't like music," he observed pleasantly. "It's a delightful resource."

"I have no lack of resources," was Aleck's curt rejoinder, as he seated himself face to face with the offender, whose countenance was gradually resuming its normal hue. "In fact, I'm rather too much occupied to be called upon to keep my co-executor in order."

"Your co-executor? Why, that's me! Sounds quite important! Well, what's wrong with the co-executor?" And by way of concession to the dignity of the office Robert laid his flute on the table.

"I thought it was understood that the handling of grandmother's estate was to be left to me."

It was Aleck's most aggressive tone, and Robert was prompt to accept the challenge.

"Well, supposing it was," he mocked. "That's nothing to get mad about!"

"Look here, Robert, we're not in the grammar school!"

"Glad to hear it. Thought for a moment that we were! And now, what can I do for you?"

"You can tell me what you have done with that Realty Company bond."

"Done with it? I understood that it was done with us."

"What have you done with the bond?"

"I have n't done anything with it." And here Robert, as a delicate hint that he considered the subject exhausted, fell to fingering the keys of the recumbent flute.

"When did you take it out of the safe?" Aleck persisted.

"Did n't take it out of the safe."

"That's nonsense, Robert. The bond's gone, and you're the only person that has access to the papers."

"Really? How about yourself?"

"I'm a business man, and entirely accountable."

"Well, then; I'm not a business man, and I never assume any accountability that I can keep clear of." And from this point on, the flute was left to its own devices.

"Pity you could n't have kept clear of this, then!"

"Come, Aleck! Better go easy. You're running this thing,—that's agreed between us, — and you'll do as you please with the plunder. But you'll be good enough to let my character alone."

"Your character?"

"Yes, my character. It's a poor thing, but mine own, — that's Shakespeare, by the way, — you ought to feel complimented, — but such as it is, I really must ask you to keep your hands off it."

Perhaps the most exasperating thing about Robert was his entire absence of heat, — quite as if he did n't at bottom care enough about Aleck's aspersions to resent them seriously.

"I've not attacked your character," Aleck protested, yet in the perfunctory tone of one merely desiring to keep within the law.

"Indeed? And what is it that you are attacking? I state that I have n't touched your old bond, and you —"

"Can you state that you have n't opened the safe in my absence?"

"Assuredly not; for I did open it a day or two ago."

"Well, there we have it!"

"I went there to get a bunch of letters that mother wrote grandmother when I was a little shaver and had the scarlet fever. Grandma showed them to me after mother died, and I knew she had always kept them in the safe."

"Did they happen to be in the same pigeon-hole where you put the bond?"

"Might have been, for all I know."

"Hm! That explains it. You took the bond too by mistake."

"Nothing of the kind. I stopped and read the letters then and there, just where I was sitting when grandma showed them to me. There was no bond among them."

"Will you oblige me by examining those letters now?"

"No, I won't!" — And at last Robert did change countenance.

"May I ask why?"

"Because I have n't got them."

"Did you destroy them?"

"That 's my business."

"Ah! Then you did n't." Aleck eyed his brother narrowly, and a conviction of the truth seized him. "So — you lost them on the way home."

"Well, what if I did? I've done what I could about it, for I valued those letters more than forty of your tuppenny bonds!"

"And what have you done about it?" Aleck probed.

"Advertised."

"And got no answer. Naturally!

The man that's got that bond is n't going to show up."

"I tell you there was no bond there, Aleck. I know what I'm talking about. But those letters! Why, man, mother was a genius! I had forgotten how good they were. You see she was in quarantine with me, — I can see her now, moving about the room, her pretty — "

Aleck was on his feet.

"We're not concerned about family letters just now," he broke in. "The bond is lost, and as you won't own to having lost it, I must make it good myself."

Robert's little burst of feeling had gone out like a flame.

"An inexpensive matter," he remarked dryly, "since it's known to be worthless."

"You are mistaken," Aleck retorted, with injured dignity. "There is a payment to be made to-day."

"Indeed? How large a payment, — if the co-executor may be so indiscreet as to inquire."

"Fifty dollars."

"Hope it won't ruin you though if you think it will — "

"It's not this payment," Aleck made haste to declare. "It's the bond itself. That will naturally rise in value, and I shall replace it with one of my own."

"Very right, I am sure," Robert chimed in, with a sententiousness copied after Aleck's own. "I hope it will make you more careful in future. Otherwise I might, as senior executor, find myself constrained to suggest your handing the keys over to Eliza."

And before Aleck was well out of hearing, the dulcet whistle of the flute was again audible in the corridors of the lodging-house.

As Louisa listened that evening to the tale of Robert's dereliction, she was too dutiful a wife not to do justice to her husband's grievance. The attitude of the culprit was in itself trying enough, while the loss of a thousand-dollar bond, whatever its immediate status, was not to be regarded lightly. Old Lady Pratt had certainly blundered. Incredible as it must seem, even she, the ultimate authority, had suffered a lapse of judgment. Only Aleck had been right, — fatally, indisputably right, — as usual!

To this conclusion all were fain to subscribe when, in course of time, the family learned of the way in which Robert had again demonstrated his business incompetency. They took the matter rather seriously, these Pratt relatives. It was really mortifying that one of their number should be so slack as to let a valuable paper slip through his fingers. And perhaps the worst feature of the case was the indifference with which the delinquent himself persisted in regarding the affair. He would not even take the trouble to defend himself, but, quietly, characterizing the matter as a bee in Aleck's bonnet, he went about his business, if business it could be called, as if nothing had happened. There was something so vexatious about this, considering too how ready every one would have been to pity and condone, that for once the family sympathy veered to Aleck's side.

The feeling against Robert reached its height when, after a few days, it came out that his precious letters had been restored to him and that he had let the finder depart without so much as asking his address, — let alone making any inquiry whatever for the missing bond. Why should he insult the man gratuitously, he would like to know? A pretty return that would be for a thumping great favor!

Now, such indifference savored of moral turpitude, or so his cousin Susan Daggett declared, and Susan ought to know, for she had married a professor of Christian Ethics. This sentiment about his mother was all very well. Aunt Emmeline had written a very good letter no doubt, even if her spelling had been a bit, well — old-fashioned, to say the least. But — "Really, Robert," the good lady urged, "you might have put the question, if only out of consideration for the family feeling."

"True, Susan! And while I was about

it I might have inquired whether there did n't happen to be a diamond tiara under the strap. So easy to overlook a little thing like that!" With which arrant flippancy Robert dismissed the subject for the hundredth time.

Meanwhile, a very few weeks had sufficed for the settling of the estate, and to-day Aleck sat at his library desk, agreeably conscious of a task well done. At five o'clock that afternoon he was to preside at a meeting of the heirs, here in his own library, to render an account of his prompt and able stewardship, and to apportion to each his just share in the little property. Before him was his check-book containing checks drawn to the order of the several beneficiaries; here were the receipts awaiting their respective signatures; and there, in the yellow envelope where once had housed the goodly little company of "governments," still lingered that Realty Company bond which he had sacrificed on the altar of brotherly — shall we say exasperation? — and for which no market had offered. The envelope was of the accordion-shaped variety, designed to open out for the accommodation of a number of papers, and having once been taxed nearly to its capacity, it now presented a slipshod, overblown appearance which offended Aleck's sense of fitness. He picked it up and inserted his fingers, with a view to removing the bond, which, however, seemed disinclined to come loose. Impatient of such contumacy in that particular paper, he gave the thing a shake, when lo, with a hitch and a flop, quite in character, there dropped on the desk, — his own broad desk, dedicated for years to conscientious and punctilious labor, — not his sacrificial offering alone, but its shameless double, none other than Old Lady Pratt's own bond!

For one bewildered moment Aleck believed that he was dreaming. He clutched the arms of his chair in the vain hope that they might crumble in his grasp. He lifted his head and glanced across the room, lest perchance the portrait of his father, — steady, incorruptible man of affairs whose mantle had descended upon him, — lest perchance the portrait might have melted away, as even more substantial things have a way of doing in dreamland. But alas, everything was in its accustomed place. The very canary-bird across the hall was singing at the top of its voice; he could hear his tom-boy daughter Sophie whistling as she came in from school, and for the first time in his life he felt no impulse to administer a well-merited reproof. Yes, it was clearly he, Aleck Pratt, who had lost his bearings, — it seemed to him as if the whole fabric of his life were suffering disintegration.

Then, in a lurid flash of memory, he recalled the very act of placing that miserable paper there with his own hands. He remembered returning that same afternoon to verify his inventory, careful man that he was, — and that then and there he had half mechanically rescued the "insecurity," and tucked it in with the other bonds. What imp of darkness had impelled him to put it into just that envelope, the only one having inner folds to form a trap for its detention? And why, oh why, since it had remained in hiding through every previous examination, must it come to light now, when the mischief was done past remedy?

Past remedy? Was it then past remedy? And as the excellent man sat there in deadly consternation, the remedy he pondered was not of the wrong done Robert. It was his own personal straits that held possession of his mind, his own hideous discomfiture. Must he then face exposure, he asked himself, his heart hardening within him, — must he produce the bond? Had he not made good its loss? Had he not more than fulfilled every obligation toward the heirs in that as in every other particular? Why take any step tending to lessen their faith in him? Since he had made good that trifling matter (how much more trifling it seemed to-day than ever before!), why rake it up again, at the expense of his reputation as a trustworthy business man?

And how about Robert's reputation? The thought gave him pause for a moment only. Robert's business reputation! As if he had ever had any to lose! It was not as if Robert's probity had been in doubt. No one had ever questioned that. But neither had any one ever taken Robert's irregularities seriously, least of all Robert himself! In this very matter of the bond, — what had Robert cared? The man was too indifferent to his own reputation to take the most obvious measures for clearing it. Of course, if Robert had cared, — if he had been distressed, mortified, even decently regretful! But he did n't care! And whatever he had lost in family esteem, it was a thing he had not valued, while Aleck! — why, a doubt cast upon his, yes, infallibility (he boldly used the word himself) a doubt cast upon that would be a family misfortune.

Sitting there, motionless, still gripping the arms of his chair, head down-bent, eyes unseeing, thinking, thinking, thinking, Aleck felt himself becoming with every moment more strongly intrenched in his position. The family could not afford to lose confidence in him. They had been too long accustomed to turn to him for counsel in their business dealings. How faithfully he had served them, as executor, as trustee, as general adviser! Had he ever failed them? Never once. Yet did not the very stanchness of their faith in him render it vulnerable? Too strong to bend, might it not break under the shock of an unprecedented blow? It was surely not for him to deal that blow, not for him to imperil his own usefulness. A slight oversight must not be magnified into a damning misdeed. And with this forcible conclusion our hard-pressed sophist rose to his feet and continued his preparations for the impending formalities.

And when the family met in that very room a few hours later, there was naught in Aleck's face to betray the crisis through which he had passed. He sat, erect, authoritative, in his accustomed chair, giving his mind to the matter in hand, as untroubled by doubts of his own position as by misgivings touching the reality of the black-walnut furniture which he had regarded with such suspicion a few hours earlier.

Robert had declined the post of honor beside his co-executor, with the brief disclaimer: "Oh, no, Aleck; this is *your* funeral!" And so sure of himself was Aleck that he could contemplate without a qualm the grewsome truth that might have lurked in Robert's words had not common-sense taken command of the situation.

The ceremony of distribution was an affair of but a few minutes, for, aside from the checks in Aleck's book, there remained only the personal effects to be considered. These, under his practiced and conscientious appraisal, had been collected in numbered parcels, to be assigned by the drawing of lots. Contrary to a well-worn tradition that has furnished grist to many a humorist's mill, the little rite was in this instance performed with a reverential quiet, eloquent of feeling. As one and another took possession of his small allotment, not all eyes were dry, nor was every voice quite steady, though we may be sure that no pains were spared to conceal such weakness.

While the others were comparing notes, or chatting in subdued tones, Robert sat, somewhat apart from the rest, studying a set of pink-lustre teacups which had, inappropriately as might appear, come his way. But he had no fault to find with Fortune's caprice. He had always loved those little shiny cups, whose natural claim to handles had been mysteriously denied them. As he lifted one of them in his hand, his mind was crossed by a curious analogy with himself. Was there not something akin to their ingenuous futility in his own equipment for life? He too had his shiny surfaces, oh, yes! and his ready receptivity. Was it perhaps the handles that he too had lacked? Was that why he had — well, spilled so

much out of life? why the cup had so often slipped, just when the elixir was brimming? Across his fanciful reverie struck his brother's voice, harshly breaking in upon the lower murmur of conversation.

"I have something to say, that you must all hear."

To most of those present the accent was merely a trifle more strenuous than usual. But to Robert's ear, trained to the perception of undertones, there was a difference. Nor did it escape Louisa's notice. She glanced at her husband in quick anxiety. Yes, his face was tense with suppressed emotion, as she had rarely seen it. He stood in rigid isolation over there by the desk, the very picture of stolid self-sufficiency; yet in those square-set shoulders, in that stiffly awkward pose, was something that smote her to the heart.

In his hand Aleck held a pair of gold-bowed spectacles. There was no one in that little company that did not recognize them at a glance, though none attached any special significance to their appearance at just that juncture. They had been included in the little collection of valuables which the Law of Chance — sometimes so curiously relevant — had awarded Aleck. When he had come upon them thus, a moment since, he had suffered a severe shock. It was not the peculiar shape of the heavy gold rims, squared off at the corners, that appealed with such poignant force to his memory, — not the initials cut in the edge, recording a gift from husband to wife. It was nothing less than a startlingly realistic vision of the bright black eyes that had animated them for so many decades, — of those eyes, so shrewd, so humorous, so kindly, and always so unerringly clear, — eyes before whose penetrating glance the boldest child had firmly believed that "his sin would surely find him out." What other articles might have fallen to his share Aleck heeded not. He had seen only those spectacles, and more distinctly still the eyes of her whom he had loved and reverenced all his life. And now, as he stood before his kindred, with the glasses in his hand, he was impelled to speech by a power that he never once thought of resisting.

"I have something to say," he declared, "that you must all hear." — And in face of the censure, the disparagement, the ridicule he was inviting, his bearing only stiffened to a greater tension, while a queer, discordant break shook his voice. "The Realty Company bond which you have all heard about has been found. Robert had nothing to do with the loss of it. I myself had taken it in charge, and then — forgotten."

A slight movement stirred the little company, but no one spoke, although all eyes were fixed upon him, as he went on to the bitter end.

"I apologize to you all," he said, while a dark flush mounted to his very hair. "I apologize to you all, and most of all to Robert."

There was a second's embarrassed silence; then the click of a small tea-cup set in a saucer as Robert remarked, in a tone of easy unconcern, "That's all right, Aleck. I always told you the matter was not worth talking about!"

And at that the murmur of voices was resumed, and each member of the company fell to examining his newly acquired possessions with an exaggerated interest.

When the last guest had departed, Aleck returned from escorting his Aunt Harriet, now the senior member of the family, to her carriage. He walked up the path with dragging step, his head bowed, his hands clasped behind him, prey to a profound nervous reaction. They had all been very kind, oh yes. The Pratts were a good sort; not one of them all had shown the least disposition to exult in his downfall. Uncle Ben, to be sure, who must have his joke, had poked him in the ribs and said something quite inoffensive about humble-pie; but Uncle Ben's jokes never rankled. A cousin or two had gone so far as to give his hand a significant

squeeze under cover of the general leave-taking, which was a long sight worse than Ben's pie. But they meant well. Yes, they had all been very kind, — especially Aunt Harriet, who had leaned from her carriage to say, "I think mother would have been pleased, Aleck," adding, — the better to point her allusion, — "I wondered whether you realized that you were holding her spectacles in your hand all the time."

Realized it! As if he had realized anything else! And he did not, even now, regret what it had driven him to. No, he did not regret it, — except for Louisa. It had hurt at the time, hurt atrociously, but now that it was over, the only person that really seemed to matter was Louisa. Louisa had always respected him so. He had always been aware of her respect; but only now did he perceive how much it had meant to him all these years. He somehow could not bear to step down from the pedestal which he felt assured that he had occupied in her esteem.

As he entered the house, in gloomy self-absorption, and drew near the library, his attention was arrested by a muffled sound. He stayed his step, embarrassed and alarmed. There, in the chair where he himself had sat enthroned an hour ago, in fancied security, was Louisa, her arms resting on the desk, her head upon them, sobbing gently. The lamp shone full upon the pretty hair, striking its decorous brown plaits into bronze. Had they been less severely disciplined, those heavy plaits of hair, they might have got entangled in the gold-bowed spectacles, so close did these lie, there where they had dropped, when their brief mission was accomplished.

A quick compunction seized Aleck. He had not thought that she would take it this way; he had only imagined her thinking less highly of him. But that she should feel it like this, that she too should be mortified and distressed, — on that he had not reckoned. He could not remember that he had ever before seen her cry since their little Emmy died. Why, this would never do, never in the world!

He crossed the room, with a curious hesitancy and self-distrust, and stood beside her, deeply troubled, not on his own account, but for her.

"Don't take it so hard, dear," he begged. When before had he ever called her "dear"? "Nobody's going to think the less of you."

"Of me?" she sobbed. "Of me? Oh, Aleck!"

He began patting her shoulder rather awkwardly.

"Don't cry!" he entreated. "Don't cry, — *dearest!*"

At that reckless, that incredible endearment, Louisa lifted a face, radiant through its tears.

"I'm not taking it hard," she gasped, with a blissful inconsequence. "I never was so happy in my life before!"

"Happy, Louisa? Happy?"

"Yes, happy! Ah, don't you understand? You've been wrong, wrong, outrageously wrong! — and you've owned up like a splendid great hero, and — oh, Aleck, *I adore you!*" And, seizing his faithful hand, she pressed her face against it in an excess of joyful emotion.

Then Aleck, grown old before his time on a diet of respect and esteem and such-like sober fare, took his first draught of adoration like a man. What if it did go to his head a bit? Louisa would have been the last to mind that. For suddenly she felt herself caught up into her husband's arms in a swift embrace which was quite the most delectable thing she had ever known. And as she hid her face against the familiar waistcoat, on which she had that very morning sewed an unconscious button, "Louisa," she heard him declare, with an uncontrollable throb of feeling, "Louisa, I don't care what they say about me, now that I know you are on my side, — and grandmother," he added under his breath.

Whereupon those same gold-bowed spectacles might have been seen to twinkle more knowingly than ever.

THE STANDING OF SCHOLARSHIP IN AMERICA

BY HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

ALL signs seem to point in the same direction. From the primary school to the university, from the kindergarten to the vocational life, there seems to arise in our day a demand for greater thoroughness and effort and serious concentration. A hundred symptoms indicate, and serious educators proclaim, that a turn of the road is near. There may have been a time — perhaps it is only a legend — when education had become ineffective through its formalism and rigidity. The children were forced by severe methods to do work repugnant to them. The prescribed studies of the college boys were dry and tiresome. It must have been a depressing kind of instruction in which the best energies of the youth were insistently subdued. A great reaction had to come. School-time was to be made a period of happiness, the child was to learn only what he liked, the college boy was to study only that which seemed interesting. Only that which appealed to the taste and to the attention was deemed worthy of the classroom. Instead of formal training, at last we had instruction which really opened to the boys and girls a gay-colored world where they might enjoy themselves to their heart's content. It was a period in which the children were no longer ordered, but begged and persuaded; in which the abundance of elective courses made a handsome volume out of the announcements of the smallest college; athletics flourished, and in the school all, with the exception of the teachers, had a good time.

But now in the zigzag movement of educational progress, a new countermovement seems imminent. We have been trying the national experiment long enough to test its results. We have seen the girls who have been educated in the high schools with "current events," and the boys who were no longer molested by the demand for Greek. But the outcome seemed more disappointing than ever. Every one who was not deceived by a showy exterior soon discovered the mental flabbiness and superficiality which resulted from the go-as-you-please methods. We began to feel that those who had never learned to obey never really became their own masters; those who had never trained their attention by forcing their will toward that which is unattractive had to learn by severe disappointments later that a large part of every life's work must be drudgery. The youth left the school with a hundred things in their minds, but without any power of intellectual self-discipline.

Our public life reflects this lack everywhere. The newspapers and magazines, the theatres and the social-reform movements, are more and more made for a public which looks only to be entertained, and which has lost the power of sustained attention to that which is not attractive in itself; and the nation slowly begins to realize that such a mental state of the community is the natural soil for every kind of moral weed. Thoroughness is only another form of conscientiousness. He who early acquires the habit of inaccuracy and carelessness will never have the energy to work against evil where it is easier and more convenient to let things go as they will.

We stand only at the beginning of this new reaction, but we already hear from many sides that more serious discipline and training and effort must be secured. This coincides with the fact that educational psychology, since it has entered into

the stage of careful experimental work, has brushed away the widespread prejudices regarding the training of mental powers. The theorists who advocated the coddling education had made much of the fact that no training can really change the mental powers of the individual. A bad memory never becomes a good one. Experimental psychology has demonstrated the fallacy of such pet ideas. Memory and attention, apperception and reasoning, feeling and emotion, effort and will, can be remoulded by a well-directed education; and this development of the mental powers may easily appear to many as a more important gain than any addition to the stored-up knowledge of facts. But the community on the whole is not eager to consult the experimental psychologist: from the deepest needs of social life the new longing has arisen.

If the nation is not to suffer by a cheap complacency, and the triumph of ostentatious mediocrity, the whole educational life must be filled with a new spirit of devotion to serious tasks. The commencement addresses of the leading men of the country have given fervent expression to this instinctive demand of the nation this year. So far as the colleges are concerned, one imperative change stands in the centre of every platform: scholarship must receive a more dignified standing in the eyes of the undergraduates. The constant appeal to the mere liking of child and boy and adolescent has finally made the side-shows more important than the real arena. The university administrations practically everywhere recognize such a reform as a most urgent need. Means must be found to effect a complete revision in the views of the average students. So long as the best human material in our colleges considers it as more or less below its level to exert effort on its studies; so long as it gladly leaves the high marks to the second-rate grinds, and considers it the part of a real gentleman to spend four college years with work done well enough not to be dismissed, and poorly enough never to excel, there is something vitally wrong in the academic atmosphere.

Some seem inclined to think that the whole blame belongs to athletics. If the interest in intercollegiate sport is allowed to take hysteric character, and if the successful college athlete stands in the limelight of publicity, it appears necessary that the devotee of quiet scholarship should remain unnoticed in the dark, and that his modest career should not attract the energetic fellow. Whatever the reasons may be, many suggestions for reform have been made. Perhaps none may more quickly lead to an improvement than the much-discussed plan of introducing a stronger element of competition into the scholarly sphere, and thus to use for intellectual purposes those levers which have been so effective in the field of sport. The effort to put the highest energy into scholarship has not reached its ideal form so long as it is controlled by the hope of surpassing a rival. That for which we must aim is certainly a more genuine enthusiasm for intellectual efficiency. And yet the present situation would not only excuse, but really demand, the fullest possible play of these secondary motives. If we can foster scholarship by an appeal to the spirit of rivalry, by all means let us use it. We may hope that as soon as better traditions have been formed, and higher opinions have been spread, the interest in the serious work will replace the motives of vanity. As soon as the finest men of the college turn, from whatever motives, with their full strength toward their class-work, the masses may follow, and higher and higher ambitions will be developed.

Of course, no one can overlook some intrinsic difficulties in the way of such plans. No artificial premium can focus on the successful scholar that same amount of flattering interest and notoriety which the athletic victory easily yields. The difference lies simply in the fact that the student's athletic achievement represents, in that little field, a performance which may be compared with the very

best. The scholarly work of the undergraduate, on the other hand, at its highest point necessarily remains nothing but a praiseworthy exercise, incomparable with the achievement of great scholars. The student football-player may win a world's record; the student scholar in the best case may justify noble hopes, but his achievement will be surpassed by professional scholars every day.

But the real difficulties in the transformation of the present state, after all, lie much deeper. Certainly, the faculties of the universities ought not to leave anything undone which may shift the centre of gravity in the little encircled academic world. But however high the hopes may be, we ought not to underestimate the much greater difficulties which have their origin outside of this college world. May it not be an illusion to believe that the deplorable lack of appreciation for scholarship of students can ever be fundamentally changed so long as the corresponding ideas in the great world outside of the college campus are not thoroughly revised? No college faculty can change situations on the campus, if they are simply symptoms and results of the conditions in our whole social organization. The scholarship of the students will never be fully appreciated by the most vital men in college so long as public opinion does not back them; that is, so long as scholarship has no real standing in the American community.

If we are sincere, we ought not to overlook the fact that the scholar, as such, has no position in public opinion which corresponds to the true value of his achievement. The foreigner feels at once this difference between the Americans and the Europeans. The other day we mourned the death of Simon Newcomb. There seems to be a general agreement that astronomy is the one science in which America has been in the first rank of the world, and that Newcomb was the greatest American astronomer. Yet his death did not bring the slightest ripple of excitement. The death of the manager of the professional baseball games interested the country rather more. Public opinion did not show the slightest consciousness of an incomparable loss at the hour when the nation's greatest scholar closed his eyes. And if I compare it with that deep national mourning with which the whole German nation grieved at the loss of men like Helmholtz and Mommsen and Virchow, and many another, the contrast becomes most significant.

When the president of Harvard University gave up his administrative work, the old Harvard students and the whole country enthusiastically brought to him the highest thanks which he so fully deserved. But when, the year before, William James left Harvard, the most famous scholar who has worked in this Harvard generation, the event passed by like a routine matter. At the commencement festivities every speaker spoke of the departing administrative officer, but no one thought of the departing scholar. And that exactly expresses the general feeling.

It was said with emphasis the other day that the strength of the American university lies in its graduates. In Germany, for instance, inside and outside of the academic circles, every one would take it as a matter of course that the strength of a university lies exclusively in the professors; and moreover in the professors as scholars. If I think back to my student days in my fatherland, the greatest events of those happy years were the festivities and torchlight processions which we boys organized for our great professors when they declined a call to another university. Their work and their fame in the world of scholarship was our greatest pride. For their sake we had selected one or the other alma mater. The American students feel this pride and attachment only for the institution as such; the individual scholars there are to them merely the appointed teachers; they may like them as teachers, but consider their scholarly achievement a private affair.

A very characteristic symptom of the situation is the prevalent opinion that as

a matter of course every professor is ready to become a college president. Again and again scholars from most widely different fields are discussed for presidencies, even in places where they would have to give up their scholarly work and be obliged to go over entirely into administrative work. It is evident that such a change lies well in the line of men whose scholarship refers to government or economics or similar subjects. But if a scholar of Greek or mathematics is treated as an equally natural candidate, it clearly indicates that the public does not consider the university professor primarily as a productive scholar, but essentially as an officer of the institution. To change from a professorship to a presidency then appears as a kind of promotion, while in reality it means a change of profession.

In both the United States and Germany the scholars are almost exclusively university professors, in striking contrast to France and England, where many of the greatest scholars have always been outside of the universities. But this personal union has had different effects in the two countries. In Germany, the exultant respect for scholarship raised the career of the mere university professor; in America, by the lack of respect for scholarship, the standing of the individual scholar has on the whole come to be determined by his administrative position in the universities. Those who have a kind of personal reputation, independent of their services to the institutions, owe it as a rule to extraneous features. Perhaps they make a practical discovery, or give eloquent popular lectures, master a picturesque epigrammatic style, or like to write magazine articles in their leisure hours; in a word, they earn a reputation by their by-products, in spite of their scholarship.

Again, it would be shortsighted to isolate this feature of public opinion from the whole social physiognomy. This relatively low standing of the scholar's work very naturally resulted from the whole make-up of public opinion. It is certainly not a necessary part of democracy, but it has been a characteristic element in the development of American public life, that every one feels himself a judge of everything, every one is fit for every place, and every one knows what is worth while in life. There is no one who can appeal so little to such a court of judges as the scholar. He has nothing to show. Even the greatest scholar could not point to a fair success, when the success is to be measured in commercial terms. Any clever lawyer or skillful physician would greatly outshine him — not to speak of the banker and the broker. He cannot show his success in that popularity or notoriety which comes to the politician or the literary man or the administrator or the athlete. His work interests a few score of colleagues. Even the external conditions do not furnish those official labels by which the high opinion of the few who know is made widely visible to the crowd — the English baronetcies for the leading scholars, the governmental decorations and titles. Men whose names may be among the noblest assets of the United States in future centuries, at a time when the names of the wheat kings and railroad kings will be forgotten, thus remain negligible quantities in the public opinion of to-day.

Hence the most direct reflection of this public situation in the college life is not the disrespect for high-grade class-work, but, still more, the unwillingness of the best men to turn toward a scholarly career. It seems to be the unanimous experience of the faculties in all the leading universities that the men who turn to the graduate school represent a less energetic material than the average of the senior class or of the law school. The finest men go into business and industry, law and medicine; and those who turn to the graduate schools of the country to pursue the life of a scholar are, in the majority, men without initiative and ambition, and without promise for the highest kind of work. Of course, there is no lack of exceptions. There will always be a few

men whose genius calls them, who feel the need of solving the problems which are before their souls, and whose vision sees clearly the noble scholarly achievement. But these exceptions are too few. The man with power and ambition usually seeks another path, he cannot feel attracted to a calling which finds so little appreciation in the community, he must instinctively feel as if he were going into a second-rate profession in which no high rewards are awaiting him. And all this constitutes a vicious circle, with the common result that in all layers of society, with young and old alike, scholarship is not acknowledged as a vital force. It has no access to the inner life of men.

The world laughed when Heinrich Heine's disrespectful humor in the *Harzreise* ridiculed the scholarly pedantry of old Göttingen. He says, "Before the gate of the town I heard two little schoolboys, and the one said to the other, 'I no longer want to have any social intercourse with Theodore. He is a disgusting cheap fellow. Yesterday he did not even know the genitive of *mensa*.'" Yes: that sounds absurd; and yet there will never be really great scholarship in a country where there is not sufficient honor for scholarship to attract the very best men to such a career; and the adult men will never possess this high belief, unless the whole atmosphere is so filled with it that even the children instinctively feel it.

Yet the fact that scholarship has no worthy standing in the community at large is again not the ultimate source of the distortion of values. We must go still further to find what is really the last sociological cause. Behind all of it stands a characteristic view of life, a kind of philosophy which is on the whole vaguely felt, but which not seldom even comes to definite expression. Whenever it becomes shaped in such definite form, it is proclaimed, not as a debatable proposition, and not as an argument which is upheld against any possible opposition, but it is always naïvely presented as a matter-of-course principle. This naïve philosophizing crystallizes about the one idea that the end of all social striving is to be the happiness of individuals. Now, this is exactly the well-meaning philosophy of the eighteenth century, the philosophy of the rationalists in the period of enlightenment. It is a philosophy which formed the background of all the social movements of that important period, and was therefore the philosophy out of which the Constitution of the United States naturally arose.

The greatest happiness of the greatest number of individuals is indeed the social ideal which, outspoken or not, controls the best forward movements of the country. It seems to stand above the need of any defense, as it evidently raises itself high above the low selfishness of the masses. He who works for the pleasures of millions must be in the right, because those who think only of their own pleasure are certainly in the wrong. Now, to be sure, a social body organized in order to secure the maximum of happiness for its members will have a high appreciation of knowledge. The period of enlightenment very naturally even overestimated the value of knowledge as an equipment of man. But knowledge then and now was in question only as a tool for practical achievement. Such a society will therefore work with the greatest enthusiasm for good schools and widespread education, and will take care that everybody may have the opportunity to learn as much as possible, because wide information and acquaintance with the world must help the individual in his striving for individual success and satisfaction. The splendid efforts of the American people for the raising and expanding of the school system are thus completely in line with this latent philosophy of enlightenment.

But the history of civilization shows that such philosophy is by no means a matter of course; it is a particular aspect seen from a particular standpoint. Other periods, other nations, have seen the world from other standpoints, and have

emphasized other aspects of reality. In a bird's-eye view we see throughout the history of mankind the fluctuations and alternations between positivism and idealism. The philosophy of enlightenment is positivism. It is true, in the trivial talk of the street, we call a man an idealist if he does not think of his personal profit, but of the pleasure of his neighbors. But, in a higher sense of the word, such unselfish altruism does not constitute an idealistic view of the world. On the contrary, it may have all the earmarks of positivism.

We have positivism wherever the concrete experiences — and that means that which "is" — make up the whole of reality. We have idealism where the view of the world is controlled by a belief in absolute values for which there is no "is," but only an "ought;" which have not the character of concrete experiences, but the meaning of obligations which are to be fulfilled, not in the interest of individuals, but on account of their absolute value. For the positivist, knowledge and truth and beauty and progress and morality have meaning merely in so far as they contribute to the concrete experiences of satisfaction in existing individuals: for the idealist, they represent ideals the realization of which gives meaning to individual life, but is eternally valuable independently of the question whether their fulfillment contributes to the pleasure of individuals. From such an idealistic point of view it seems shallow and meaningless to see the end of striving in a larger amount of individual happiness. The purpose of man is to do his duty, — not to be pleased.

This is not the place to enter into a real discussion of these two types of philosophy, and to develop the system of eternal values as against the relativism and pragmatism and utilitarianism of the positivists. This is not even the place to ask which of the two views of the world, and of human life, is the deeper one and the more fit to give account of the reality in which we live. Here we have to emphasize only the fact that this great antagonism of world-views is going on, in order to insist that scholarship, that is, the devotion to the advancement of knowledge, can find its true appreciation only in a society which instinctively believes in idealism.

To give at once a historical background to this contrast, we have only to look from the philosophy of the United States to the underlying world-view of the German nation. Germany went through the same ideas of enlightenment in the eighteenth century; then came the great philosophical-literary uplifting of the national spirit, the period of Schiller and Goethe, of Kant and Fichte and Hegel. It was a national reorganization, in which the idea of the purpose of man became thoroughly revised. Not experience, but conviction; not the "is," but the "ought," became the pivot. This does not mean that the average man read, or would have understood, Kant and Fichte; but the ideas of the great thinkers reached the entire national life through a thousand channels, and the whole new German education and organization of society was controlled by this idealistic turn. Duty and discipline and submission to an ideal of absolute value became the underlying forces; and, however much millions of selfish individuals may have wandered away from the ideal, the fundamental direction of the national energies had been given.

The aim of life then became the realization of absolute values. The individual and the state alike received, through this conviction, their aim and their meaning; and nothing else can claim real dignity but that which ultimately serves such ideal fulfillment. In such a philosophy the moral deed is not valuable because it adds to the pleasure of the neighbor, but because it is eternally good; the work of art is valuable, not because it pleases the senses, but because it realizes the ideal of beauty; the world of the market is valuable, not because it satisfies individual needs, but because it means a realization

of the ideal of progress; the life of the state is valuable, not because it secures the greatest happiness of its members, but because it is a realization of the ideals of right, and as such of eternal value: and knowledge, too, is valuable, not because it is a serviceable tool for the pleasure of individuals, but because it is a fulfillment of the ideal of truth.

In a society in which that is the instinctive background of public feeling, the incomparable position of scholarship must be secure from the start. The scholar, like the artist or the minister or the statesman, serves his ideal with every fibre of his life. Whether his knowledge will ever be transformed into practical use for anything is not the question. That could not add to the worth and dignity of his achievement. All which gives meaning and absolute value to his creation is that it serves the advancement of truth, that it adds to the world's forward movement toward the ideal. The scholar, as productive scholar, therefore stands on a higher level than he who serves only the happiness of individuals. Where such a thought, clearly expressed or vaguely implied, stands in the centre of national ideas, it must be reflected everywhere; it must give to every effort toward knowledge a new meaning and a new aspiration. To learn for truth's sake then becomes a kind of ideal service; and even if it is indeed only the genitive of *mensa*, it means duty.

Such an idealistic view of the world may seem and must seem to many a logical monstrosity. They have their skeptical and positivistic and pragmatic arguments on the tip of their tongues. And this antagonism has existed at all times. There would have been no need for a Socrates and a Plato and their idealism, if the country had not resounded with the positivism of the old Sophists. The point is only that we must not believe that, in a positivistic, utilitarian society, we can ever give that standing to scholarship which it naturally has in a society controlled by philosophical idealism. Of course, many would say that a change would not be worth while anyhow, or that it would be too dearly bought, if we were to get higher standing for scholarship and government and art by giving up our philosophy of enlightenment. But we must be clear that we cannot have one without the other. And at least we ought to give up the superficial illusion that just such a type of positivistic philosophy is the regulation equipment for a true democracy.

Indeed, there is no lack of indications that American life, too, tries to overcome the narrowness of utilitarian philosophy, and moves toward idealistic ground; and nothing seems to hold back this progress so much as the illusion that the greatest happiness of the individual is the only possible goal for a democracy. On the surface it may appear as if positivism has more consideration for every concrete individual, and is thus more inclined to award an equal share of the world's pleasures to every one. On the other hand, idealism, which believes in the value of the whole as a whole, may appear more inclined to appreciate the symbols which represent the whole, and therefore to endorse the symbolic forms of the monarchy. In this sense it was not by chance that the Americans, under the influence of a positivistic philosophy of the eighteenth century, founded a republic.

Yet history shows that utilitarian motives have erected monarchies too, and that true democracies have been filled with the spirit of idealism. The American attitude there is controlled by nothing but tradition. Their democracy originated historically from a positivistic philosophy which was most suitable for a century of pioneering and developing the resources of the new world. But now, as times have changed, as new aims and historic purposes come into the foreground, the national philosophy too must adjust itself to the new age; and progress ought not to be hampered by an illusory belief in the democratic character of utili-

tarianism. On the contrary, if the purpose of life is understood as the realization of ideals, the democracy comes to its highest meaning. Each man has an ideal share in the national duty, each man equally should contribute his part toward the realization of absolute values, and equally should submit his individual desire for his pleasure and happiness, for his individual fancy and opinion, to the service of the ideal good.

There is an abundance of factors which, even in the midst of our utilitarian life, point to the necessity of this inner change. For instance, it is very curious to see how the technical complexity of our life forces on individuals an increasing submission to the judgment of the expert. At first it was only the expert in engineering and sanitation, slowly it has become the expert in education, finally it will become the expert in government. But whether the positivism of the time will be undermined by such new practical demands, or by new philosophical thoughts, or by a new emotional revival, in any case indications are abundantly visible that a change is to come. This great new educational uprising against the go-as-you-please scheme, and this new cry for more thoroughness and discipline, for more serious respect for scholarship, are after all only symptoms of this great national movement. It is essential to recognize these connections. So long as the reforms are confined to our schools and our colleges, they may improve the situation but can never be fundamentally effective. The real reform can come only if it is supported by a corresponding movement throughout the national life.

As soon as the nation feels that the meaning of life lies, not in the greatest pleasure for the greatest number of individuals, but in the realization of eternal ideals, then, as a matter of course, school and college and vocational life will be reshaped and reorganized. Then, on the university campus, scholarship and athletics will no longer be rivals which stand on the same level: athletics will be the joyful play which gives pleasure and recreation to individuals, and serves its purpose well if it makes happy boys more able to live for their real life-tasks; but scholarship will be a service which does not ask, but which finds, respect everywhere, as it is sacred through its own dignity. Service to scholarship will then appear to every one just as valuable as honesty and morality; it is an eternal reward in itself.

THE PASSING OF THE PROMISED LAND

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

If westbound just beyond the Mississippi on the second or fourth Tuesday of the month, or out in the Middle West the day following, you wonder at the tide of travel. From the newsboys' corner in the smoking-car to the stateroom in the rear Pullman, every seat is taken, every berth engaged. Extra coaches are carried, yet there is an overflow of passengers.

Mostly they are men under forty years old, bronzed with the outdoor life of the farm, sturdy, talkative, eager. Each has a soiled, creased excursion ticket, reading from some little village in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, or other of the older states, to a point away out in the Promised Land.

Each has in the pocket of his ready-made coat advertising literature telling of immense profits in real estate, of crops that grow in startling abundance, of glowing prospects for the future. Each looks forward to a fortune which lies at the Edge of Things.

Eighty-seven carloads of such passengers passed through one Western city on this year's first "Home-seekers' Day" — a new expression added to the West's vocabulary, a date as well known as the public holidays. Trains on some roads ran in eight sections. Were it not a common incident, it would be startling — an exodus of a nation's farm population.

It is estimated by railroad managers that four hundred thousand persons annually go westward through three gateways — Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City. This approximates the number of fighting men who followed Moses to freedom — yet, because it is commonplace, it causes little comment. When half that number of emigrants crossed the plains in canvas-covered prairie schooners they were the talk of the world.

Where do they go?

The Promised Land has no fixed latitude or longitude. Once it was Kansas and Nebraska, with the cry, "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm." Then came years of depression, and a quarter of a million settlers moved out of those states, many of them going to Oklahoma, just opened to the white man. Next it pushed on into farther regions — the high plains with their seemingly endless level reaches, their clear skies, and their tireless winds.

So to-day these argonauts ride far out into the Panhandle of Texas, to a new, a very new station, before the train stops. This section appears in your old geography as "The Staked Plains." Five years ago it was a cattle ranch, not a home within ten miles, not a human being except the weary cowboy. A land syndicate bought it, divided it into farms, and sent agents east with the news. A town with frontier-style stores and half-built-up residence streets, one-story farm-houses dotting the prairies, furrows of brown across gray-grassed plains, — the beginnings of civilization, — greet the home-seekers. A dozen automobiles and as many teams are waiting; in an hour the party is scattered all about within a radius of twenty miles, land agents are extolling the virtues of the soil and climate and urging purchase "before the price advances."

Another portion of the stream flows northwest, spreading out on the prairies of the Dakotas, over into Wyoming, where "dry farming" conquers soil once thought perpetually barren; on to Montana and Idaho with their harnessed rivers transforming wide valleys.

When a bit of Indian reservation is

opened to settlement thousands gather. The soil may be unfruitful and the location remote, but land-hunger draws the throng. Those who fail to secure an abiding-place hurry toward some other bright prospect.

The railroads no longer follow the emigrant — they precede him. Long before he has discovered the "chance" in unsettled areas, hastily built branch lines reach like fingers over the untilled plain. Towns are laid out at intervals as regular as the squares of a chess-board. In a week are open stores, a bank, and a lumber-yard; in a month comes the home-seekers' train with its load of new residents, who will buy and improve the territory for miles around.

Nor is it new land alone that the exodus invades. Into the long-settled portions of the Middle West, where the experiment of agriculture has been tried, where land-prices are high, other thousands of land-buyers go. No pioneering for them. They want a country whose toilet is made. They buy the farms already improved, while the former owners move on — to cheaper lands of the Southwest, to the irrigated sections of the Rocky Mountain foothills, to Canada, sometimes to Mexico. A recent excursion, twelve hundred miles into the semi-tropical republic, took three hundred men, representing twenty states. They bought or contracted for eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of land, and paid more than half the purchase price in cash!

It is the story of emigrant days revived — with this difference: the frontiersman of early years had little but his bare hands and his courage — an ox-team, a homestead, a sod house, a few dollars in cash was all. The home-seeker of to-day has a theory of the limitations and possibilities of agriculture. He is a scientific crop-raiser. He takes with him enough money to buy a farm, and to stock it; then deposits a few thousand dollars in the local bank for emergencies. Greatest difference of all — he has succeeded, and moves because he seeks a larger field, instead of being forced to emigrate on account of his poverty.

This financial ability of the modern emigrant is one of the marvels of the modern movement of the land-seeker. It is the greatest evidence of the progress made by the American farmer in recent years. The men who went west in the seventies and early eighties were poor men. They had either been unsuccessful in their efforts to secure a competence in the East, or were unable to see an opening. Thousands of them had lost good years in the service of the army, and came out to find little chance for a start at home. They heard of the opportunities where land was cheap, where homesteads could be obtained for the asking, and they started on the long journey. When they arrived they had little with which to begin the making of a new home. That they succeeded as they did is a wonder; that they were able to conquer the untamed soil and, without the advantage of all that modern experiment and scientific study of soils and products have accomplished, could bridge over the years and finally attain wealth and standing, was a tribute to their courage and their inventiveness. They worked on a speculation.

The modern emigrant has before him a well-nigh undoubted certainty. He comes with his plans outlined, others having tried the experiments, and with the prospects written down as fixed ends toward which he may strive. He takes few chances — which when one breaks the ties of a lifetime is an important thing. It means a more substantial civilization, a peace of mind and a strength of purpose denied to the earlier army of home-seekers. It means that there are to be expected less volatile politics, less extravagant ideas, and altogether a steadier progress toward complete industrial permanence.

Because he is businesslike, because he has been successful as a farmer, he accomplishes things quickly. Newly settled portions of the West advance farther in

twenty-four months than did the West of the seventies in ten years. Across the high plains of the Texas Panhandle for two hundred miles, one may see a house, a cattle-shed, and a windmill on nearly every quarter-section. Here and there is a steam engine pulling a gang of twenty-four ploughs; barbed-wire fences divide the fields; gardens and flower-pots add home-likeness to the very new settlements — and it is one hundred miles in any direction to a real hill! All the improvement has come from bare plain in twenty months. Land that went begging at one dollar an acre in 1900, is worth $15 to $30, and the settlers believe that they will double their money in five years more. Farther toward the foothills, where the magic of the mountain stream has worked transformation, orchard and vineyard land under irrigation brings $300 to $1500 an acre.

With these facts before him, is it any wonder that the farmer back in Illinois, pondering the probable profits, determines to venture into new fields; that he buys a home-seeker's ticket and joins the excursion to the far West?

The increase in land-values is the real basis of the exodus. The Western farmer has raised a good crop each year for ten years. At the same time, in the older settled portions he has seen the value of his farm rise from $3000 to $10,000, and that is enough to encourage any one. He has raised the price of his acres to a figure based on a crop every year. When he has money to invest, he cannot be interested in stocks; he knows little of bonds — except government two per cents; he buys land, always more land.

It is a curious fact that the men who went to the West with the ox-teams seldom have reaped the harvest from rising land-values. They saw too much of the ups and downs, and became timid; the modern home-seekers, coming with cash in hand, able to buy with little mortgaging, have bought and sold, each time increasing their bank account. They are the real gainers from the land boom. They have told home-folks of profits to be gathered, thus adding to the interest in opportunities presented, and swelling the passenger traffic on Home-seekers' Day.

Financiers have wondered at the swelling of bank clearings in Western cities during recent months. When the East was doing well to hold its own, the West was breaking records week after week, and astonishing business men by its expansion. The inpouring of money, the savings of hundreds of thousands of immigrants, accounts for much of it. Then these newcomers, as well as the earlier settlers, have been receiving prices for grain fifty per cent greater than two years ago. It requires larger checks, more capital, and better facilities, to deal with the Western farmer than ever before. As he hauled his load of wheat to market and received fifty dollars for it instead of twenty dollars as before, as he contemplated the added value of his land, — a fine salary from each year's increase, — little wonder he did not feel the "panic," and good reason why his condition should look inviting to the dweller farther east.

Another phase: the Western farm is perhaps the only place in the country where during the past decade the increase in the expense of living has not kept pace with the advance in income. Of what clerk, of what business man, of what laborer in the town, can this be said?

Take a concrete example: Franklin Mason, living on his farm on Rural Route No. 8, eight miles from a town of the Middle West. Ten years ago he bought one suit of clothing a year, purchasing of the merchant in the county-seat village. He paid $15 for it, a good, wearable suit that could be used for church and visiting several months, and then for everyday wear. Each year he bought about the same sort of suit, and to-day he does not buy one more expensive. It may be that he does not get so good quality now for the same money as he did then, but whether or not that be the case, he pays about the same price. He furnished his house many years ago, and that furniture

is changed little. Perhaps, as the family grew up, he has added a piano or organ; he has a sideboard and a plush-covered lounge — but these things have been bought one by one and they do not change with every new vogue. It may be that he has invested in a furnace and installed a bath-room and its fixtures, but these have added to the value of his property more than their cost to him. His family dresses better than of old, but not expensively. The sewing is not done at a fashionable dressmaker's, and trips to Europe are not common. If he has of late purchased an automobile, he did it for cash, and figured that he could afford it because of the advantages it would give him in travel and in pleasure. His luxuries are of the most practical sort, and neither costly nor perishable. His table is supplied from the poultry-house, the dairy, the garden, the orchard, and the field. The increased cost of meats and groceries touches him least of all. The farm supplies so large a part of his menu that he can laugh at the figures of economists as the man on the fixed salary cannot. If the market does not suit him, he places his products in a granary and waits. You drive into his yard and see cribs holding thousands of bushels of corn, and a look over his fields reveals stacks of alfalfa ready to be turned into cash when he is minded to sell. He has no rent to pay. If he has mortgaged his farm in order to buy more land, or to improve to greater productiveness that which he owns, — about the only reasons for the borrowing of money on realty these days, — he gets it at a rate of interest one fourth less than he formerly paid, a rate that enables him to handle borrowed money at a profit. Instead of seeking a lender, he is sought by investors who are eager for the splendid security he can offer. His position as a property-owner, and his independence, tend toward a peace of mind and a clear view of things that make him contented and able to choose his course.

All this time everything he has to sell has brought higher prices than ever before. From the cans of milk at the creamery to the load of grain at the elevator and the cattle at the stock-yards, he has received prices that ten years ago would have been considered extravagant. So he has won at both ends; and whatever may be thought of his lack of the touch of the higher life, he has prospered in material things.

Because this is understood, because of the freemasonry of the farm which spreads the news of any unusual good fortune, has come the steady influx of buyers for his land, men who have heard of his happy condition and seek to share it with him. The furnaces, the bath-tubs, the automobiles, and the other evidences of his prosperity, are incidents. The basis of the West's attraction for the home-seeker is the combination of circumstances — a series of good crop years, high prices for products, with cheap land upon which to grow them, and concrete evidence of the financial advancement of the Western farmer.

Added to this is the widespread feeling among farmers of the East that the plains have proved a permanency of development, coupled with a growing conviction that soon the chance of securing such locations at bargain prices will be gone. This it is that crowds the westbound trains, that peoples the ranch pastures, that underlies the "land craze" — which is not a "craze" at all, but a natural outcome of a condition.

From it go many influences — changing the value of railway stocks, affecting the bank reserves of the metropolis, modifying the plans of boards of trade, and altering the action of wholesalers.

A few weeks later, after the prospectors have made their hurried trip, freight trains creep toward the sunset, carrying cargoes of household goods, of implements and horses and cattle. Wife and children come; and the impedimenta, the *lares et penates*, being loaded in heavy wagons, the family takes its slow way to the new home. Whether it be to the plains of

the Dakotas, to the well-tilled and well-improved sections of Kansas, to the wide reaches of the Panhandle, or close to the mountains, it means both heartache and hopefulness to transport a family from its accustomed dwelling-place to a new location. The new home-seekers have an easier trip than did their predecessors, but it is doubtful if they mourn its necessary partings less.

This moving of the farmer's wife and family with him to the new home adds much to the picture. A plain, motherly woman, watching the reloading of her household goods at a prairie station, aptly described it: "Yes, we were sorry to leave, for John and I were born there. But the young folks lacked room and prospects. They needed something bigger and broader than that little Indiana village. Besides, we talked it over and decided that if we did n't come now it would soon be too late, and the money we could get for our old farm would n't buy any more land than that anywhere. So we started — and here we are."

That story is the story of thousands of households whose gods have been set up anew beyond the Missouri River.

Not long will the Promised Land beckon the American farmer. When the Nebraska farm costs as much as one in Illinois, why should the Illinois farmer leave relatives and home-ties to travel a thousand miles and establish another dwelling-place; why submit one's family to discomfort, if there be no profit in the transaction?

Always there is before one class of dwellers in new lands the fear that there will be too rapid development, that the towns will be overbuilt, that the farms will undertake too much. The merchant of twenty years ago drew his trade for forty miles. Customers made a two-days' journey for shopping. They took back with them great bundles of goods that filled the boxes of the wagons. The profits were high, because competition was limited. That business opportunity is rare to-day. In the older settled portions of the Middle West the towns are seldom more than ten miles apart. Here and there are creamery stations, with a little general store furnishing the every-day needs of a considerable constituency. The wagon has been succeeded by the buggy, and at times by the motor car; trips to town are easy. So has competition increased, with the result that the farmer gains advantage where the merchant loses. It all works to the betterment of the agricultural community, if not to that of the individual merchant. It is no uncommon thing to find a dozen banks in a county of 20,000 population, two hundred miles west of the Missouri River. Some of these are in hamlets off the railroad, and the growth of their deposits is a constant surprise to students of finance.

Five years ago it was freely predicted that land-values had reached their height, but they are twenty to forty per cent higher now than then. This has led to the division of farms. The families of the first-comers are grown to manhood. The second generation have come to the fore, and are taking part in the business of the communities. They have grown up with the country and know what it can produce, and just how valuable it is for the purpose of production and for a home.

Here and there is one who declares that the expansion of prices and incoming of immigration is beyond the limits of business safety. It is pointed out that land is selling in places for prices in excess of any possibility of paying interest from the products of the fields. But there are other things that make land valuable and desirable besides wheat and corn. Conveniences of life, health, and neighborliness add to the value of the farm. When the buyer comes to even newer lands he finds schools established, rural telephone lines, and free rural delivery. He discovers that churches are many, and social organizations of a pleasant sort numerous. In short, he finds that the communities out on the high plains are not very

different from those in the Ohio valley, except that some vacation delights are impossible unless a five-hundred-mile journey is taken. For the lake and the river he must find compensation in the sunshine and the prairies, with the probability that he will make a larger income, proportionately, on his capital than he could have done farther east.

That he can do this is certain if there be a regular succession of crops. That he is in danger of undertaking farming on lands hopelessly semi-arid, or that he may settle on lands irrigated, but where the water-supply becomes insufficient through the excessive demands made upon it, is always true. Thousands of buyers are going to territory that was once declared unfit for agriculture, but by present-day methods of mixed farming are succeeding. The irrigation problems are being worked out with greater system than of old, and under far stricter regulation by state and federal authorities. Consequently, the chance of the immigrant is improved, and his prosperity can be predicted with far greater confidence than could that of the pioneers who made the first trials and faced an unknown condition.

Already they have reached the desert — the gray plains where mesquite and sagebrush alone relieve the monotony. The government has sixteen thousand men at work redeeming it wherever rivers can be turned upon the surface. It has dug canals that, placed end to end, would reach from Denver to New York — eighteen hundred miles. Not satisfied with this, the mountain stream has been chained to store up energy in a dynamo; this power is carried far out on the level land to drive moisture-lifting pumps, making fruitful orchards, productive fields, and happy homes out of an unpromising expanse of sand. It is the West's alchemy of reclamation, the apotheosis of second-generation pioneering.

Uncle Sam has a few more million acres yet to give away, but most of it is rugged mountain-peaks or irreclaimable, treeless plain. Here and there is a great ranch that may be broken into farms — and doubtless several promoters are endeavoring to secure options on every tract thus remaining. Occasionally is found a valley that yet can be irrigated, but those in which the process is cheap and easy are scarce. The time is nearly at hand when the seeker for a home must find a home-owner who is willing to sell for a price. That price increases every year, and will continue so to do until the measure of value and the measure of crop-income balance.

When it is over — which will be when land is worth on the market all that it can possibly return in profits with a good crop every year — the West will lose its attraction for the speculator in real estate, and it will offer to the home-seeker small opportunity for the financial gain that is the real inspiration of the exodus of to-day.

The West has had two immigrating hosts — one of toilers, with neither wealth nor definite plan; the other of small capitalists, possessing both. The former for a time was a burden; the latter is an asset, both socially and financially. The first sowed wheat or corn, and when there came no harvest, was discouraged and struggled against mortgage foreclosure; the other has little indebtedness, and if the wheat or corn fail, has for dependence alfalfa and fruit and garden, not to mention the herds and dairies with their unending stream of income.

Strange will it seem to have no cheap soil offered as a haven of ease and plenty, to dream of no startling profits in Western realty, to hear of no sudden riches waiting where mountain water is harnessed for the field. When that time comes — and it is not far distant — the American farmer will have no Promised Land.

A PATH TO THE WOODS

BY MADISON CAWEIN

Its friendship and its carelessness
Did lead me many a mile
Through goat's-rue, with its dim caress,
And pink and pearl-white smile;
Through crowfoot, with its golden lure,
And promise of far things,
And sorrel with its glance demure,
And wide-eyed wonderings.

It led me with its innocence,
As childhood leads the wise,
With elbows here of tattered fence,
And blue of wildflower eyes;
With whispers low of leafy speech,
And brook-sweet utterance;
With birdlike words of oak and beech,
And whistlings clear as Pan's.

It led me with its childlike charm,
As candor leads desire,
Now with a clasp of blossomy arm,
A butterfly kiss of fire;
Now with a toss of tousled gold,
A barefoot sound of green;
A breath of musk, of mossy mould,
With vague allurements keen.

It led me with remembered things
Into an oldtime vale,
Peopled with faery glimmerings,
And flower-like fancies pale;
Where fungus forms stood, gold and gray,
Each in a mushroom gown,
And, roofed with red, glimpsed far away,
A little toadstool town.

It led me with an idle ease,
A vagabond look and air,
A sense of ragged arms and knees
In weeds, seen everywhere;
It led me, as a gypsy leads,
To dingles no one knows,
With beauty burred with thorny seeds,
And tangled wild with rose.

It led me as simplicity
Leads age and its demands,
With bee-beat of its ecstasy,
And berry-stained touch of hands;
With round revealments, puff-ball white,
Through rents of weedy brown,
And petaled movements of delight
In rose-leaf limb and gown.

It led me on and on and on,
Beyond the Far Away,
Into a world long dead and gone,
The world of Yesterday:
A faery world of memory,
Faint with its hills and streams,
Wherein the child I used to be
Still wanders with his dreams.

TRADE-UNIONS AND THE INDIVIDUAL WORKER

BY JONATHAN THAYER LINCOLN

As we walk the streets of the City of the Dinner-Pail, enter its factories and visit the homes of its people, — the homes alike of those who buy and those who sell labor, — we may observe in the varied life about us every phase of the labor problem, which, when viewed in the larger field of the nation, appears so complicated to the average citizen that he despairs of understanding it. If we were to study ever so casually the history of the great industry which gives the city its distinction, we should discover the source of many perplexing social questions which, in America, tend to separate class from class in a manner singularly at variance with the ideals of the Republic.

In the early days of the last century, the wives of farmers who tilled the fields now traversed by the city streets sat before the spinning-wheel and hand-loom, after the work upon the farm was done, and wove the cloth from which their gowns were made; they wove linen, too, from flax grown upon their own land; and even the woolen clothes the farmer wore were the product of household industry. It is not difficult to imagine the interest of these farmer-folk in the first factory which was built upon the stream; their refusal to believe that a water-wheel might be made of sufficient power to operate so great a plant as that first factory, which in size would not serve as an engine-room for a modern spinning-mill; their wonder as they watched the imported machinery, producing more yarn in a day than a thousand hands might make on spinning-wheels during a long winter. We can imagine, too, how eagerly the sons and daughters of the farmers sought work in the new factory, and the pride they took in receiving their wages, paid in money and exchangeable at the village store for stylish foreign fabrics such as no farmer's wife could ever weave.

That successful first mill was followed by another and another, each indeed small, but each somewhat larger and better equipped than those that went before, and all operated by native help, with now and then a foreign worker of Irish or English birth. More factories were built, and foreigners came in great numbers to operate the machinery; but the transition from native help was so gradual that the citizens did not realize how social classes were forming in this democratic community. The newly-built Roman Catholic church gave the Protestants something of a shudder, especially when its communicants celebrated Christmas; and the puritanical proprietors, who had not learned to exchange gifts in memory of our Saviour's birth, complained because the Irish refused to work on the 25th of December. Here was the first suggestion of conflicting social ideals.

The immigrants, however, had no part in the event which made evident the growth of class consciousness in the City of the Dinner-Pail; that occurred in a Baptist meeting-house, and among Christian folk of the same denomination. A bill had been introduced in the state legislature limiting the hours of factory labor to ten a day, and agitation in favor of its adoption ran high. On the farm the day began at no particular hour, nor was there any stated time when work was ended; and a man was paid for a day's labor without regard to the length of it. Some, however, saw a distinction between farm and factory labor, and among these was the minister of the Baptist church. One Sunday at the hour of service, the

congregation, in which mill-owners and operatives sat side by side, was thrown into great excitement by the pastor, who preached a sermon advocating the ten-hour bill; and when his hearers filed out of the meeting-house that morning, they were no longer a united body. The man who sold labor continued to listen to the preaching of the ten-hour parson; but the man who bought labor built for himself another meeting-house; and soon afterwards the first labor-union was formed. The same causes which had been silently at work for years to create discord in the Baptist flock, had at the same time been in operation in the factory, gradually separating the employer and employé in their personal relations, until at last it seemed that their interests were no longer common, and the future success of each must be to the disadvantage of the other. So industrial warfare took the place of mutual goodwill, and more than half a century passed before the contending factions began to see the folly of their antagonism.

The development of unionism was as natural as the development of the factory system, which made the association of workers necessary. So long as factory owners and factory operatives worked side by side in the shop; so long as the man who bought and the man who sold labor belonged to the same social class; so long as close personal relations existed between master and man, there was no need for organized labor; but when, in the complicated development of the factory system, the employer, once associated in business with the employé, found in the management of the concern his sole occupation, and became separated from the workman by a hierarchy of foremen and overseers,— the personal relation between the buyer and the seller of labor being lost, — it came about quite naturally that the workman combined his efforts with the efforts of others of his class, in order to command collectively that consideration from the employer which each employé had received individually in the earlier stages of the factory system. First, the men in separate shops talked over their common interests in friendly discussions while at their work; later they continued these discussions in the evening at an appointed meeting-place — and the local trade-union was born. With the growth of class consciousness, local federations of labor followed, recognizing the common interests of all hand-workers in the community; and these federations, in their turn, became united in a national labor movement, in which the welfare of the individual was subordinated to the welfare of the toilers as a class.

In administrative principles the national labor movement has shown two divergent tendencies: the Knights of Labor sought to establish a strong central body, the object being to unite in a single organization all the workingmen of the nation; while the American Federation of Labor, subsequently organized, has endeavored to keep all legislative power in the hands of the several crafts — the Federation being little more than an advisory centre. This plan, recognizing in a larger measure the value of the individual, has been the more successful; for since the year 1886, when the Knights of Labor numbered over seven hundred thousand members, that body has rapidly declined in numbers and power, while the American Federation has steadily increased in influence, and to-day possesses all the machinery necessary to achieve the end for which it was created, — namely, to emphasize the human element which is attached to labor as a commodity.

How well adapted to its purpose this machinery is, those who follow the events in the labor-world are well aware. We see how the demands for higher wages, for shorter hours, for more favorable factory conditions, have been enforced: sometimes by actual strike, more often by the mere threat on the part of the unions to call out their members. When we come to study the history of labor-unions we find that the part which the movement has played in the social progress of the

toiler is greater than at first appears. The reform laws passed by the British Parliament in the last century had their beginning in the class-consciousness which arose in the manufacturing cities, following the establishment of the factory system. The first of these acts legalized combinations of workingmen, and thus liberated a force which was felt in later legislation having for its object the amelioration of the social condition of the toilers. " Mercy by Statute " — Lord Ashley's phrase to describe the British Factory Acts, made law through his devoted struggle for the cause of labor — was due in no small measure to the rise of trade-unionism.

As early as 1833 laws were passed to regulate the labor of children and young persons in the textile factories of the United Kingdom; but it was nearly ten years later before public attention was called to the pitiable condition of a class of juvenile workers which exceeded tenfold in number those engaged in the textile industries; and the reason for this delay is to be found in the fact that bleacheries and print-works, paper-mills, establishments for the manufacture of glass and earthenware, pins and needles, buttons, and a hundred like commodities, were not conducted on the great scale of the textile plants, nor were these industries confined to manufacturing cities populated by men and women with common industrial and social interests. The children thus employed were neglected longer than the others, because there were no agitators to plead their cause, and no vast body of discontented workers clamoring for the amelioration of their social condition. From the year 1824, when Parliament repealed the Combination Laws, to the Trade Disputes Act in 1906, the weapon of the British workingman in obtaining legislative benefits has been agitation through unionism.

The first labor agitators in the City of the Dinner-Pail were English operatives of the same stock as the men who, a generation before, lighted the torch of individual freedom in Lancashire, and, despised by the governing classes, meeting secretly as outlaws, compelled a reluctant Parliament to give heed to the rights of labor, and in the end to grant schools and the franchise to the children of toil. While in America trade-unionism had no such mighty task to accomplish, political equality being already established, the conditions of the factory system made the movement a necessary one, and it would be idle to deny the influence of organized labor in shaping the course of legislative enactment.

Granting, then, that organized labor is possessed of the machinery necessary to obtain its object, and that this object is altogether admirable, being nothing less than winning from the industrial régime a recognition of the dignity of the laborer as a man, unionism should merit the unfaltering loyalty of every toiler. Many workingmen, however, and among them some of the most intelligent, are opposed to organized labor, and on the very ground that it detracts something from the dignity of the individual. There is evidently some phase of the movement which we have overlooked.

So far as organized labor has been successful in emphasizing the distinction between labor and the laborer, the commodity and the man who sells the commodity, and has replaced the personal relation which once existed between the employer and the employé with an equitable régime of collective bargaining, unionism has been an untold blessing to the toiling millions — a blessing alike to skilled and unskilled labor. There is, however, another side to the shield. Unionism came into being to emphasize the dignity of the laborer as a man — it resulted from a highly organized industrial system, in which the individual played an insignificant part. Then unionism, in turn, became highly organized, so that to-day its chief danger is not to the employer, but to the employé, and lies in the direction of the evil which it was established to overcome. The object of unionism is to as-

sert the dignity of the individual worker as a man; and while, by the very act of combination, the laborer surrenders his will to that of the majority, he does it for the sake of demanding from the factory system a recognition of his personality; that, besides being one little wheel in the vast industrial machine, he may be a man as well.

Important as the benefits of unionism have been, we are, nevertheless, apt to over-emphasize them, and to forget that the movement is but one phase of the progress which the mass of mankind is still making toward the full consciousness of freedom. The value of unionism is in the loyalty of its members, not to an organization merely, but to the inclusive cause of labor. " Loyalty," says Josiah Royce, " is the Will to Believe in something eternal, and to express that belief in the practical life of a human being." Now, the cause of labor, uniting in itself the lives of all the workers, is an eternal cause; its object is to advance the consciousness of human freedom among the masses — and unionism is but one means by which loyalty to this cause may be expressed. The moment, therefore, that unionism demands of its members loyalty to an organization which exists only as a means of furthering an eternal cause, this narrow loyalty becomes a menace to every worker whose name is not enrolled upon the union lists; when it entails a disregard of duties which each man owes to every other fellow man, unionism ceases to advance the cause of labor, and becomes instead a hindrance.

That unionism is often unmindful of the inclusive cause of labor is illustrated by the policy of a minimum wage. The intent of this policy is, of course, favorable to the cause of labor, in that it aims to raise the standard of wages; but in the present stage of our industrial development the policy fails to accomplish this result; for a minimum wage is usually determined by the average ability of all the workers in any shop adopting the plan, and the employer, forced to pay the uniform rate to workers incapable of earning it, finds it necessary, in order that his cost of production shall not exceed that of his competitors, to withhold from many superior workmen a rate of wages higher than the minimum, which otherwise they might receive. Thus the minimum wage tends to become a common wage, the unearned increase granted the incapable workers being paid from the earnings of their more efficient shopmates. The policy, therefore, is sharply antagonistic to the development of efficiency in the individual worker; it stunts his growth as a man by setting a limit to his ambition; it assumes equal efficiency among all the members of any craft, and by placing equal value upon an hour's labor without regard to the quality of it, destroys the reward of ambition.

A fact too frequently neglected in considering the relation of trade-unionism to the individual worker is that there are distinct classes even among wage-workers. First, we have the vast army of unskilled labor, constantly recruited from the swarm of immigrants who daily pass the inspectors at Ellis Island; wanderers from the Old World, who have never learned a trade, come to take their places in our industrial order as common laborers. As we review the army, our first thought is one of fear for the permanence of a state which so freely harbors this uncouth and unschooled throng, and we sympathize for the moment with those labor leaders who look askance at the newcomers, seeing in their presence here a degrading influence upon American labor. But if we look more searchingly into the faces of this eager throng passing with high hopes through the gateway of the New World, our fears will be dispelled, for immigration calls for courage and every other personal quality which makes for social progress; they have left their old homes in quest of a more favorable environment for individual growth; in America they find that environment, and thousands of them make the most of it.

The immigrant, on his arrival in Amer-

ica without a trade, in most cases without even a knowledge of the language, frequently the victim of unscrupulous men who seek to exploit his labor, begins work at a disadvantage, and at a wage approximating the meagre income to which he was accustomed in the Old World. Many employers will say that to pay him higher wages is to make him indolent, and there is a foundation for the statement. At home his whole life has been a battle for mere existence, there was no margin of wages to be saved, and quite naturally, when, in the New World, he earns a wage sufficient to provide food, clothes, and shelter, and have a penny beside, he does not save this penny, but spends it to buy immunity from toil. After a time, however, he becomes acquainted with men and women of his own race who are no longer strangers in the New World; he visits them in their homes, and finds that the floors are carpeted, that the children go to school and wear clean frocks, that the table is served with meat and fresh vegetables; then he begins to note a difference between life in the Old World and the New, and he desires the luxuries his friends enjoy. He begins to look beyond to-day and becomes ambitious for the future. Soon his children go well-dressed to school and return to a well-kept home; the immigrant has entered the second class of labor, the characteristic of which is thrift.

There is a higher class of labor, and one of vast importance in the evolution by which the worker of to-day becomes the employer of to-morrow: it consists of those who not only are ambitious for their own success and the success of their children, but who look beyond the pay-envelope even, and find happiness in work well done. A machinist recently died in the City of the Dinner-Pail who for nearly half a century had been in the employ of one corporation: year after year he worked at the same lathe until its very ways of hardened steel were worn beyond further service; and in all that time his interest in the affairs of the shop could have been no greater had he himself been sole proprietor. Sometimes he bought tools with his own money, to facilitate his work, and he refused to charge many an hour of overtime because the labor had not been exacted of him; he looked upon his trade as a fine art, and took the same joy in a perfected mechanism that the painter takes in his finished picture. While this machinist was, no doubt, an exception, there are many workmen who work with the same joy of service; and when, in addition to their love of labor and knowledge of their trade, they have executive ability as well, these men leave behind them the bench and lathe, and become themselves employers of labor.

Because the workers are divided into these and many more classes, the attempt of unionism to create an average craftsman, and then set its machinery at work in his interest, is directly hostile to the development of the individual. It may be quite true, as the socialist contends, that we should take even greater care to improve the social organism, of which we are a part, than to perfect our own individual growth; and that the perfect development of each individual is not the highest development of his own personality, but learning to fill, in the best possible way, his own little place in the social world. This is the old question of the one and the many, which has given philosophers in every field of thought no end of trouble, for the reason that neither ideal is alone sufficient. Like the citizens of a state, the union workers are united by a common interest into an organized community; but just as, in the state, each individual relinquishes only the right to do those things which hamper his own physical and moral growth, — and thus the physical and moral growth of the community, — and relinquishes nothing which makes for a higher individual and consequently a higher social attainment, so the worker, by his act of association with his fellows, does not sacrifice his right to a well-rounded individual development.

Not long ago the King of England touched with his sword the shoulder of a working mason, who knelt before him, and said, "Arise, Sir William Crossman." A man was raised to the honor of knighthood in a country where little more than a generation ago his espousal of the labor cause would have brought him before the law courts on the charge of conspiracy. Surely unionism has served with power the progress of human freedom. It is possible that the movement may still serve, and with increasing power, the progress of mankind; but to-day there may be observed elements of danger to this free service. The average citizen has an interest in this matter, and should study the facts with care. The value of unionism has ever consisted in the emphasis it has placed on the dignity of the individual; to preserve its usefulness in advancing the welfare of the workman, unionism must hold fast to this purpose.

There was once a time when the glory of a state was told in the chronicles of its wars; the soldier was then the hero, and physical prowess the measure of his greatness; the soldier indeed was king, and the king the state. True, there were craftsmen in those days, but few in number compared with the soldiers; and there were husbandmen, who tilled the soil that the women and priests might not starve, and that a great feast should be spread when the lord of the castle rode back victorious from the wars. But with the rise of Democracy the position of the craftsman and the husbandman, the workers of the world, was vastly changed; the worker became the important person, while the soldier was tolerated only to protect him in his industry. And the history of the state since the dawn of the new doctrine has been dominated by the progress of the workingman.

Slowly, throughout the centuries, the consciousness of freedom had been developing in the minds of men. Magna Charta, while containing many benefits for the people, was in no sense a declaration of freedom; the Barons planted the seed merely, seed which for five hundred years slowly matured, until the industrial revolution, which occurred but a century ago, made possible the ripening of the fruit in our own generation. With the industrial revolution came the factory, and about the factory the city sprang up, populated by a people whose interests were identical. Great cities already existed, but they were peopled by men and women occupied with divers activities; in the factory-towns a single occupation gave a livelihood to thousands, leading these thousands to unite their efforts for the advancement of their condition, which in the end made for the progress of human freedom throughout the world.

The advent of the factory in England, however, created, at first, a reign of great misery among the workers. Not even the galley slaves in the ancient world suffered in mind and body the tortures which were the daily life of the early factory operatives. In Manchester, when the ten-hour law was first agitated, one-half the population sought public charity in bringing their children into the world, and of these children less than one-half lived until their fifth year. The survivors, at the age of seven, began to work in the factories, thousands of them slaving under cruel taskmasters, who used the lash without mercy throughout the fourteen hours of daily toil; the factory became the plague-spot of immorality, concerning which we have many a painful contemporary record. "Fathers have sworn to it," says *The Chronicle*, "and wished they had been childless." As we walk the streets of the City of the Dinner-Pail and mingle with the self-respecting throng of quiet-mannered, neatly dressed mill girls; or enter its factories, where no children under fourteen years of age may be allowed to work; as we visit the homes of the operatives, and note in how great a measure happiness or misery depends upon individual thrift, we marvel at the progress wrought by the last century in the social condition of the workingmen.

Just as the women spun cotton, wool, and flax, on the farms where now stand the great factories of the City of the Dinner-Pail, so for centuries before the invention of Arkwright, the British craftsmen made the textile fabrics of a nation upon spinning-wheels and hand-looms in their own homes. When the factories were built, this vast company of workers was thrown upon the world without gainful employment. Some were taught to operate the machinery within the factory walls, but thousands were unable to learn a new trade, and the condition of these was so deplorable that years afterward, when the conscience of the nation would no longer permit half-naked women and children to do the work of beasts of burden in the dark caverns of the coal-mines, these hand-loom weavers hailed the event with joy, and gladly offered themselves for this brutalizing employment. It is small wonder, then, that the labor movement began with violence, and that the craftsmen, dispossessed of their means of livelihood, revenged themselves by breaking machinery and burning factories.

The factory hand produced a hundredfold more yarn and cloth than the craftsman, and the cry of over-production was heard throughout the manufacturing world; wages fell, until a day of toil bought but another day of greater misery, and starvation seemed to be the gift which machinery had brought to the worker. Thus the cause of the dispossessed craftsmen, and that of the operatives who took their places, became one — the cause of labor: the right of men, by virtue of their human birth, to something higher than the lives of beasts, to the creation of a social environment, by legislation if need be, in which the individual might develop his own personality. Then, because it was a crime for workingmen to meet and discuss the evils they endured, unionism was born in secret chambers, from which went forth the agitators who became the pioneers of industrial freedom. What these men accomplished for human progress is recorded in the history of the reform parliaments of the last century; it is recorded, too, in the political history of every civilized nation. In the great movement for the political enfranchisement of the masses, which was the most conspicuous social phenomenon of the last century, organized labor played no insignificant part; and the fundamental ideal which animated this movement was the dignity of the individual, and the right of every man to the fullest possible scope for the development of his own personality.

Those who note the evolution underlying our present civilization are coming to believe with Mr. Benjamin Kidd, who long ago advanced the theory that the people, having been admitted to equal political rights, are next to be admitted to equal social opportunity. It may be that in this next and greater stage of the progress of the masses, trade-unionism is to play no part; that the narrowness of its organization, working in the interest of a select class of workers, may prevent the movement from further advancing the cause of labor. There is much in the present attitude of the organization to give ground for this belief; but those who appreciate the service of unionism in the past still hope that its usefulness is not outworn. The function of unionism has ever been to emphasize the human element which is attached to labor as a commodity, to assist in creating an environment in which the individual toiler may have free scope for the development of his own personality. In the coming social evolution some factor must contribute this function; shall that factor be organized labor?

If the cause of unionism is made identical with the cause of labor, and thus ministers to the social progress of every workingman, we may believe that trade-unionism still has a work to accomplish; but if the movement is to minister to a class of workingmen only, its usefulness is already at an end. For the cause of labor is an eternal cause, in which the lives of all the wage-workers are united; and

its object is to advance the consciousness of human freedom throughout the world. Such a cause, from its very nature, must guarantee to every workingman that full measure of individual growth which is the priceless gift of freedom. And this right to a well-rounded personal development is no part of a narrow individualism; it does not mean that the individual shall cease to make sacrifices for the welfare of his fellow men, but, rather, that the worker, advancing to a richer personal life, shall come to the knowledge that man, as man, is free, and to a full consciousness of that freedom which is perfect service.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

V

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

And now let us make a quick survey of what has been going on within Lee's lines since morning. When day broke, it found Ewell's corps — Johnson in advance, then Rodes, and last Early — arousing along the Pike, from beyond Locust Grove to within a few miles of Griffin. The first North Carolina cavalry, whom Wilson had scattered away from Germanna Ford in the morning, by dusk had re-collected and gone on picket ahead and around Ewell's infantry. Between dawn and sunrise they began feeling their way down the Pike, toward Warren. If they had held back awhile, his pickets would all have been withdrawn to rejoin the moving column, and Ewell could have sprung on Griffin most viciously.

Hill's corps was setting out from Verdierville for Parker's Store. Longstreet, having marched from four o'clock of the previous day and a good share of the night, was now at Brock's Bridge over the North Anna and already under way again. Stuart, Rosser, and Fitz Lee were assembling their cavalry beyond Craig's Meeting House, — at least twenty odd miles from Hamilton's Crossing, where the orders of the night before had placed them. Ramseur of Rodes's division, Ewell's corps, with his own and part of two other brigades, and Mahone of Anderson's division, Hill's corps, were still guarding the river from Rapidan station to Mitchell's Ford.

Major Stiles, in his *Four Years under Marse Robert*, a book of living interest, gives us a glimpse of the early morning up the Pike. He says, "I found him [General Ewell] crouching over a low fire at a cross roads in the forest, no one at the time being nigh except two horses, and a courier who had charge of them, and the two crutches. The old hero, who had lost a leg in battle, could not mount his horse alone. The general was usually very thin and pale, unusually so that morning, but bright-eyed and alert. He was accustomed to ride a flea-bitten grey named Rifle, who was singularly like him, if a horse can be like a man. He asked me to dismount and take a cup of coffee with him." Ewell told the major while they were drinking their coffee that his orders were to go right down the road and "strike the enemy wherever I could find him."

Lee himself, with a blithe heart, was breakfasting at his camp near Verdier-

ville on the Plank Road. At eight o'clock the night before, he had sent this despatch to Ewell through his Adjutant-General, Taylor: "He wishes you to be ready to move early in the morning. If the enemy moves down the river (that is, toward Fredericksburg) he wishes to push on after him. If he comes this way, we will take our old line [that is, the one of the autumn before at Mine Run]. The general's desire is to bring him to battle as soon now as possible." The reason for bringing Grant to battle at once may have been strengthened by a despatch that he had received from Longstreet during the afternoon, in response to one he had sent him as to Grant's movements. "I fear," says Longstreet, "that the enemy is trying to draw us down to Fredericksburg. Can't we threaten his rear so as to stop his move? We should keep away from there unless we can put a force to hold every force at West Point in check." Longstreet doubtless had in mind the possibility of Butler's command, then organized at Fort Munroe, being carried to the mouth of the Pamunkey.

About eight A.M., after his corps was moving, Ewell sent Major Campbell Brown of his staff to report his position to General Lee. Lee sent word back for him to regulate his march down the Pike by that of Hill on the Plank Road, whose progress he could tell by the firing at the head of his column; and that he preferred not to bring on a general engagement before Longstreet came up. Either Colonel Taylor had misunderstood Lee, or Lee for some reason had changed his mind. Had he not done so and tried to put his plans of the night before in execution, another story would certainly have been written of the campaign. Hancock would have been stopped long before he had made Todd's Tavern, and his corps would have been swung over into the Brock Road; which would have effectually stalled off Hill. And although Ewell might at first have staggered Warren and Sedgwick, he never could have driven them from the ridge east of Wilderness Run where they would have been rallied; for Hunt would have had it lined with artillery, and it would have been another Cemetery Ridge for the Confederate infantry.

It is a notable fact that whoever took the offensive in the Wilderness was invariably repulsed. That the chances of war are fickle I own, but I sincerely believe that if Lee had struck at us early that morning he would have suffered a terrible defeat before sundown, and, instead of the blithe heart at sunrise, when twilight came on he would have carried a heavy one. For Mahone, Anderson, Ramseur, and Longstreet would have been beyond reach to give a helping hand to Ewell and Hill. So I am inclined to think that Colonel Taylor misunderstood Lee: which in a measure is confirmed by his moves on the 5th, all pointing to a manifest desire not to precipitate a general engagement. For does any one suppose that Hammond's five hundred men could have held Hill's veterans back had they known that Lee wanted them to go ahead? Strangely and interestingly enough, Lee's chances, owing to changing his mind, were growing better and better the farther and farther away Hancock and Wilson were moving from the strategic key of the field. But the truth is that Lee that forenoon knew but little more about Grant's movements than Grant knew about his.

However that may be, Ewell, after hearing from Lee, regulated his march accordingly, slowing up Jones, who was in the lead, and who had felt Griffin's and Crawford's videttes south of the Pike, having pushed the latter nearly to the western branch of Wilderness Run. When he got to the Flat Run Road, Ewell sent the Stonewall brigade (James A. Walker, who must not be confounded with Henry H. Walker of Hill's corps) down it to the left. Soon, through his field-glasses, from one of the ridges that straggle across the Pike just this side of its intersection by the Flat Run Road, he

caught sight of Getty threading his way diagonally up and across the leaning field east of Wilderness Run. Thereupon he halted Jones and sent Colonel Pendleton of his staff to report his position to Lee and ask instructions; and no doubt Pendleton told Lee about the column of troops seen moving toward the junction of the Brock and Plank roads. While Pendleton was away, and our people showing more and more activity and earnestness, Johnson, commanding Ewell's leading division, began to arrange his brigades in line as they came up. Jones was drawn back and formed with his left resting on the Pike, his line of battle stretching off into the woods. He posted Steuart's brigade on the other side of the road, then Walker's and then Stafford's: their fronts reached across from the Pike to the Flat Run Road, and thence on northward almost, if not quite, to Flat Run itself.

Kirkland's brigade of Heth's division, Hill's corps, followed by Cooke, was driving Hammond down the Plank Road beyond Parker's Store. Scales of Wilcox's division of the same corps was standing off Crawford, while Lane and Thomas were getting into position in front of McCandless, who was facing west.

Lee repeated to Pendleton the same instructions as before, not to bring on an engagement until Longstreet was up. Pendleton got back to Ewell about 11.30, and shortly thereafter Griffin's division and Wadsworth's were discovered advancing.

In front of the left of Jones and right of Steuart was an old narrow, deserted field, occupying a depression between two flat irregular ridges, and crossed a little diagonally by the Pike. In the middle of it, its sides sloping down to it, was a deep gully, the scored-out bed of a once lithe, trembling wood stream. The Pike crossed it on a wooden bridge. The field was known as the Saunders or Palmer field, and was about eight hundred yards long and four hundred yards wide. It was the only open, sunshiny spot along the four and a half to seven or eight miles of our battle-line, if we include Hancock's entrenchments down the Brock Road. The woods were thick all around it, but the ground east and north of it in the angle between the Pike and the Flat Run Road was very broken, its low humpy ridges cradling a network of marshy, tangled places, the birthplace of mute lonely branches of Caton's Run, and everywhere crowded with cedars and stunted pines. Griffin's and the right of Wadsworth's division formed about three-quarters of a mile east of the old field.

While their troops were forming, Griffin, Ayres, and Bartlett went to the skirmish line, so says Colonel Swan in his admirable account of the battle. They discovered that the enemy were in force, and so deeply were they impressed by what they saw that Griffin notified Warren. Warren, harried every little while by inquiries from headquarters why he did not move, sent word back to Griffin not to delay, although he had remonstrated at the choice of the point of attack, in view of the enemy being in force, he thinking it should be made towards Chewning's. Griffin sent Swan back to say that he was averse to attacking. By this time Warren had almost lost control of himself, and in sneering manner (I can see his face, and hear his tones) he raised the question of courage. There was nothing left for Griffin to do.

In the formation for the advance, Sweitzer's brigade of Griffin's division had given place on the left of Bartlett to Cutler, of Wadsworth's division, and had formed in reserve behind Bartlett. On Cutler's left was Stone, then Rice of Robinson's division, then McCandless of Crawford's. The Maryland brigade of Robinson's division was in reserve behind Stone and Rice. From the Pike to the left of McCandless it must have been fully a mile and three-quarters, and all through thick woods.

Wadsworth's brigades and their supports were ordered by Warren to move

by the compass due west. Now a compass is a right trusty friend and has guided many a ship steadfastly and truly through darkness and storm on the open sea, but it is out of its element and worse than nothing for an army fighting in woods like those of the Wilderness. It was natural for Warren, the skillful engineer, to rely upon it, but under the circumstances, and with the woods as they were, it was utterly impracticable. The first one hundred yards of underbrush, and then one of those briar-tangled ravines, and all reliance on the compass was gone. Self-protection, if nothing else, called on the regiments and brigades to try to keep in touch with each other, whatever the compass might say. As a matter of fact, only one of the commands was guided by it, — McCandless, who had the opening of the Chewning fields on his left to help him. But it ended in taking him away from everybody, and in coming mighty near to causing him to lose his entire brigade. For our people next to him naturally swung toward its streak of light, — thus leaving a wide gap between him and Rice.

Well, as already stated, when they began to move it was almost noon. The troops tried at first to advance in line of battle from the temporary works which had been thrown up while the reconnaissances and preparations had been going on; but owing to the character of the woods, they soon found that was out of the question, and had to break by battalions and wings into columns of fours. So by the time they neared the enemy, all semblance of line of battle was gone and there were gaps everywhere between regiments and brigades. Regiments that had started in the second line facing west found themselves facing north, deploying ahead of the first line. As an example of the confusion, the Sixth Wisconsin had been formed behind the Seventh Indiana, with orders to follow it at a distance of one hundred yards. By running ahead of his regiment, the colonel of the Sixth managed to keep the Seventh in sight till they were close to the front; but when the firing began, the Seventh set out at double-quick for the enemy and disappeared in a moment; and the next thing was an outburst of musketry and the enemy were coming in front and marching by both flanks.

But there was almost the same state of affairs on the other side, except that the Confederates, being more used to the woods, observed the general direction better and handled themselves with much more confidence and initiative than ours, when detached from their fellows. For instance, the Forty-fifth North Carolina, of Daniels's brigade, having lost all connection with the rest of its brigade, stumbled right on to Stone or Rice, and before they knew it were within a few rods, only a thickety depression between them. Ours were the first to fire, but the aim was too high and scarcely any one hurt; the return volley, however, so says the regiment's historian who was present, was very fatal, and our men broke, leaving a row of dead. Cases of this kind could be repeated and re-repeated of what took place in the Wilderness; and I am free to say that, as I walked through the woods last May, looking for the old lines, more than once I halted with a feeling that some spectral figure, one of those thousands who fell there, would appear suddenly and ask me where he might find his regiment. As a proof of the savage and unexpected encounterings, a line of skeletons was found just after the war, half-covered in the drifting leaves, where some command, Northern or Southern, met with a volley like that of the Forty-fifth North Carolina, from an unseen foe. It is the holding of the secrets of butchering happenings like these, and its air of surprised and wild curiosity in whosoever penetrates the solitude and breaks its grim, immeasurable silence, that gives the Wilderness, I think, its deep and evoking interest.

The woods being somewhat easier for Bartlett's troops to move through than for those in front of Ayres, he gained the

eastern edge of the old field quite a little ahead. His first line no sooner came out into the light than Jones, from the woods on the other side of the field, opened on it. Our men dashed down to the gully and then up the sloping side at them, and at once became hotly engaged. As the second line cleared the woods, Bartlett rode galloping from the Pike, flourishing his sword and shouting, "Come on, boys, let us go in and help them." Meanwhile Cutler, on Bartlett's left, with his Iron Brigade, made up of western regiments, whose members were more at home in the woods than their brothers of the East, had gotten considerably ahead of Bartlett's men, and swinging more and more toward the Pike at every step, struck Jones's and the left of Dole's brigade, and, going at them with a cheer, smashed through, capturing three battle flags and several hundred prisoners. Battle's brigade directly behind Jones was so severely handled, also by Cutler and Bartlett, that it fell back in great confusion with Jones's broken regiments for a mile or more. Dole's right held on, and Daniels, moving up and going in on his left, met Stone's and Rice's bewildered commands, some of whom were really firing into each other, and soon stopped all their headway.

When Ewell witnessed Jones's and Battle's overthrow he hastened back to Gordon, who was just arriving from his bivouac beyond Locust Grove, and implored him to save the day. Gordon moved his strong brigade well to the south of the road; they formed quickly, and at his stirring command dashed at what was left of Cutler's and Bartlett's men, who, by this time, were in greater or less disorder, besides having met with severe losses.

The Seventh Indiana, that started on Cutler's extreme left, had fought its way clear round to the Pike, while the Sixth Wisconsin, that tried to follow it, found itself deep in the woods beyond one of the wandering branches of Wilderness Run, at least a quarter of a mile away from the Seventh. A company of the Twentieth Maine, that had started in Bartlett's second line, came out on the Pike a half-mile west of the field; and behold, on their return, they were beyond a Confederate line of battle advancing toward their first position. Such was the state of our lines when Dole's, and those of Battle's and Jones's brigades that had rallied, went in with Gordon, all giving their wildest "rebel yell." And, reader, let me tell you I heard that rebel yell several times; and if you had been there, with the lost feeling one is apt to have in strange, deep woods, the chances are about even, I think, that your legs would have volunteered to carry you to the Lacy Farm, or for that matter to the other side of the Rapidan. I mean only that that would have been your first feeling as you heard them coming on; but I dare say you would have faced the enemy right well.

Well, as I have said, what was left of Rice, Stone, and the Maryland brigade, — all somewhat shaky, if not already falling back under the advance of Daniels, — Gordon, Dole, and Battle struck just at the right time, and practically sent everything flying, but the dead, before them. Bartlett's troops fell back, in great disorder, to the east of the old field and the works they had made in the morning; most of Cutler's and those on the left did not stop till they reached the Lacy Farm. There, after great exertion, Wadsworth, who was deeply mortified and in high temper, rallied them. I recall very distinctly their condition, for I was right among them.

And here, reader, let me bring in a word from my friend Dr. Winne of the Army, to whom you have already been introduced; and were you to meet him, you would wish that there were more in the world like him. "When Wadsworth's demoralized division was reforming at the Lacy House," says the doctor in his letter to me, "I saw a wonderful example of the triumph of mind over mat-

ter which I have never forgotten; and I can almost see the boy's face yet. The shattered division was just moving back to the line when I noticed the youngster in his place going to what may have been his death, with pallid face and trembling lips, yet with his head erect and eyes to the front, going to meet Fate like a gentleman and soldier." I hope, and so do you, reader, that the boy lived through it and on into a good old age, his brave heart ever his cheerful companion, and beating proudly on every 5th of May.

As soon as Wadsworth's men were brought into some kind of order, — and it only took a moment, for once out of the woods and where they could see their colors, all rallied save now and then a man whose heart was not made for war, — I went to the front. And as I reached there Bartlett was reforming, Sweitzer and Robinson having relieved him and stayed the enemy from advancing. He had been wounded in the cheek, and the blood was trickling down on his breast. His complexion was fair and his hair very black, his hat was off, and I can see his bleeding face, as well as Griffin's deeply glum one, across all the years.

So much for the engagement south of the Pike. Ayres, commanding Griffin's right wing on the north side of the road, after overcoming annoying and delaying hindrances, brought his regiments into some sort of line just before they reached the old field, resting his left, the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, on the road. By this time Bartlett with Cutler had gotten across the south end of the field and had disappeared pursuing Jones; but Steuart's men in the woods on the other side of the road, the continuation of Jones's line, had stood fast, and with their fingers on the triggers were poising among the cedars, scrub-oaks, and young pines, watching Ayres; and as soon as the One Hundred and Fortieth, with their colors flying, came into the field, opened on them with premeditated, withering fire. The regiment, under its gallant, yellow-haired leader, "Paddy" Ryan, charged down to the gully and up to the woods, losing heavily at every step. Receiving also a bitter cross fire from their right, they swerved to the left, the color company astride the Pike, and then at close range grappled with the enemy. The Regulars to their right, under a murderous fire, crossed the upper end of the field in perfect alignment, entered the woods, and began an almost hand-to-hand struggle. But Walker's and Stafford's Confederate brigades, with nothing in the world to hinder, — for the Sixth Corps was not nearly up, — poured deadly vollies into them. The One Hundred and Fifty-fifth and Ninety-first Pennsylvania Volunteers went valiantly to their support. And as the Second, Eleventh, Twelfth, Fourteenth, and Seventeenth Regulars are advancing in the open field under heavy fire, let me say that a steady orderly march like that is what calls for fine courage.

It is easy, my friends, to break into a wild cheer, and at the top of your speed be carried along by excitement's perilous contagion even up to the enemy's works. But to march on and on in the face of withering musketry and canister, as the Regulars are doing now and as Pickett's men did at Gettysburg; or as the Seventh Maine, with uncapped guns, resolutely and silently went up to the works at Mary's Heights, and, by the way, carried them; or as I saw the colored division marching on heroically at the explosion of the mine at Petersburg, their colors falling at almost every step, but lifted again at once, — I say, that is a kind of courage which sets your heart a-beating as your eye follows their waving colors.

But it was only a short time till Regulars and Volunteers were driven back with heavy loss to the east side of the field, where with the reserve they at once reformed. Meanwhile Griffin, to help the One Hundred and Fortieth to break the enemy's line, sent forward a section of the Sixth New York Battery, a move of great danger, — and

the guns never marched with the Army of the Potomac again. The section trotted down the Pike and over the bridge and went into action briskly; the air around them and over the whole field was hissing with minie balls. In the edge of the woods, and on both sides of the Pike, at less than two hundred yards away, the One Hundred and Fortieth was fighting almost muzzle to muzzle with the First and Third North Carolina. The first and only round from the section crashed through the woods, ploughing its way among friends and foes, and instead of helping, made it much harder for the brave men. And just then, too, — the One Hundred and Fortieth dreading another round every moment, — on came Battle's and Dole's rallied brigades against their left. Pat O'Rourke's brave men — who helped to save Round Top, the gallant Pat losing his life there — stood the unequal contest for a moment and then broke.

The guns now tried to retire from a position to which many thought they should not have been ordered. But it was too late. Ayres's second line, which had followed the One Hundred and Fortieth and the Regulars with strong hearts, had been suffering at every step by the bitter and continuous cross fire from their front and unprotected flank; and by the time they had reached the farther side of the field were so mowed down that they could save neither the day nor the guns. The One Hundred and Forty-sixth of this second line reached the gully as the guns tried to withdraw, but was completely repulsed, and many of them made prisoners. Their horses being killed and officers wounded or captured, and the enemy on top of them, the sun-sparkling guns fell into the hands of the enemy.

It was at this juncture that, pursued by Gordon's, Dole's, and Battle's brigades, back came Bartlett's men, almost in a panic. They rushed into the field and actually ran over the North Carolinians about the guns, many of whom took refuge in the gully. The Sixth Alabama, of Battle's brigade, was so close behind our people that they hoisted their colors on the pieces and claimed their capture, till the North Carolinians emerged from the gully and said *No!*

The victorious Confederates could pursue no farther, or stand there, for Sweitzer's, of Griffin's, and the First brigade of Robinson's division, under my friend Charles L. Pierson, a gentleman and soldier, together with our rallied men, now poured such a fire into them from the east side of the field that they fled back to their lines on the edge of the woods. Meanwhile the gully was full of their men and ours, most of whom were wounded, and who did not dare to show themselves.

The guns stood there that night and all through the next day, for the fire was so close and deadly from their lines and ours that no one could approach them. When Gordon broke Sedgwick's line at dusk the following night, to the right of the Sixth Corps, the enemy availed themselves of our confusion to draw them off.

On the repulse of Griffin and Wadsworth, Crawford was drawn well down on the Parker's Store road and began to intrench. Thus by half-past one Warren's corps had been thrown back with heavy loss; and all because the Sixth Corps had not been able to connect with it. Upton's troops did not get abreast of Ayres's bleeding brigade till three o'clock, and the ground where they had fought had burned over. He drove the enemy from an advanced position — for no one in the Army of the Potomac had greater courage or more soldierly abilities than Upton — and then intrenched. In front and behind his lines were many scorched and burned bodies of our men and of the Second, Tenth, Fourteenth, and Sixteenth regiments of Stafford's Confederate brigade, who, with James A. Walker's, enveloped the right flank of the Regulars.

Brown's and Russell's brigades of the Sixth Corps, on Upton's right, greatly impeded as he had been in their advance

through the scrub-oaks, saplings of all kinds, and intermingling underbrush, came in conflict with Early's division, which, after the repulse of Griffin, had been pushed well out on Johnson's left, and, under Hays, Stafford, and Pegram, was advancing between Flat Run and the road of that name. Russell, on the right, gave them a sudden and severe check, capturing almost entire the Twenty-fifth Virginia of Jones's brigade, which after regaining its hope and courage had been moved to the left. In this engagement, or subsequent ones, for fighting was kept up on and off till dark, Stafford was killed and Pegram severely wounded.

Jones and his aide, Captain Early, a nephew of the distinguished Confederate General Early, were killed trying to rally their brigade. I happened to be at Grant's headquarters that afternoon or the next morning, just after the news of his death was received, and overheard some one ask, "What Jones is that?" Ingalls, our chief quartermaster, exclaimed with manifest regret, "Why, that is Jones, J. M.; we called him 'Rum' Jones at West Point." There is a stone on the south side of the Pike, about a mile and a quarter west of the old field, marking the spot where he fell.

The woods thereabout got on fire and burned widely. "Suddenly, to the horror of the living," wrote a member of the Seventh Indiana who was lying along the safe side of the Pike, wounded, "fire was seen creeping over the ground, fed by dead leaves which were thick. All who could move tried to get beyond the Pike, which the fire could not cross. Some were overtaken by the flames when they had crawled but a few feet, and some when they had almost reached the road. The ground, which had been strewn with dead and wounded, was in a few hours blackened, with no distinguishable figure upon it."

As soon as they had driven us back, the enemy began to strengthen their intrenchments and brought guns down to their line. Our men did likewise; so besides musketry, the field was swept with canister, for they were only four hundred yards apart; off on the right, in Sedgwick's front, the lines in some places were within pistol-shot of each other. Up and down the gully, around the guns and all over the middle of the old field, lay the dead and mortally wounded of both armies, whom no one could reach, the poor fellows crying for help and water. O! violets, innocent little houstonias, flaming azaleas, broom-grass, struggling pines, cedars, oaks, gums, and sassafras, now dotting the field, when the south wind blows and the stars call out, "This is the 5th of May," do you break into your mellow speech and commemorate the boys I saw lying there beyond the reach of friendly hands! Yes, I know right well you do: and Heaven bless every one of you; and so says every Northern oak and elm, and so says every poplar and Southern pine that borders the old home cotton-fields.

Shortly after his repulse, Griffin in miserable humor rode back to Meade's headquarters, and in the course of his interview allowed his feelings to get away with him, exclaiming in the hearing of every one around that he had driven Ewell three-quarters of a mile, but had had no support on his flanks. Then, boiling still higher, he censured Wright of the Sixth Corps for not coming to his aid, and even blurted out something so mutinous about Warren, that Grant asked Meade, "Who is this General Gregg? You ought to arrest him." Meade, however, kept his temper and said soothingly, "It's Griffin, not Gregg, and it's only his way of talking." This flurry of Griffin's was a part of the aftermath of the delusion that Lee would not take the offensive. In view of all the near and remote consequences of that delusion, the most of which are obvious, it is but a wisp, and may be compared to the loose tags of new-mown hay which fall from the load on its way to the barn. There is nothing in the campaign which

approaches the warm and beckoning interest which that delusion has for me. Sometimes as I ponder over it, I think I hear voices from it as from a mountain; they are near and yet far away, and something within tells me that they are chanting one of Fate's old and weird melodies, — and then all is still.

It seems probable with what we know now of the situation, that, if Griffin had not been sent forward till Upton had joined him, Ewell would have been driven far away from where Major Stiles found him boiling his coffee. And I wonder where he would have boiled it the next morning: possibly far back on the banks of Mine Run, or, more likely, on the head-waters of one of the streams bearing off to the North Anna, for Lee would have had to fall back in that direction till he met Longstreet. Wherever he may have breakfasted, for me Ewell has always been an interesting character. Major Stiles tells us that he was a great cook. "I remember on one occasion later in the war," says the major, "I met him in the outer defenses of Richmond, and he told me some one had sent him a turkey leg which he was going to 'devil;' that he was strong in that particular dish; that his staff would be away, and I must come around that evening and share it with him." The major had a part of the deviled turkey leg and a happy evening with the general. It was this same grim, kind-hearted, old Ewell who reported that Stonewall Jackson once told him that he could not eat black pepper because it gave him rheumatism in one of his legs. It would have been well for soldiers in Banks's army if Stonewall had "unbeknownst" eaten some black pepper before he got after them in '62; it might have saved them, a part at least, of that awfully hot chase he gave them back to the Potomac.

And now let us turn from the right of the line, from Warren, Griffin, and Sedgwick, to Getty, who is on the extreme left. It will be remembered that Ewell, just before the battle began, on looking down the vista of the dreaming old Pike, caught sight of a column of troops crossing the road and moving southeastward up the ridge beyond Wilderness Run. It was Getty, the hour about eleven, and his destination the intersection of the Brock and Plank roads, which, from Grant's headquarters on the edge of the Lacy Farm, lies two and a half miles due southeast as the crow flies, and owing to its strategic value became the vital point of our line on the left. That historic point might, not only for the sake of the services they rendered that day, but for services on many other fields, be called Getty's or Hammond's Crossing. Perhaps a descriptive word or two as to its adjacent natural features will aid the reader to see — and I wish he might hear, also — the stirring events that took place there; for I believe that no crossing of country roads on this continent ever heard, or perhaps ever will hear, such volleys.

The roads cross each other at a right angle in the midst of dense, silent woods which are chiefly oaks, medium-sized, shaggy and surly, the ground beneath them heavily set with underbrush. The Brock Road then bears on south some four miles, through whip-poor-will-haunted woods, to Todd's Tavern, a ragged opening where the Catharpin Road heading for Fredericksburg comes in, and thence on through woods again to Spottsylvania. About half-way between Getty's or Hammond's Crossing and Todd's Tavern, the Brock Road is intersected by a narrow-gauge railroad which runs from Orange Court House to Fredericksburg, keeping south of the Plank that is bound for the same place. Having reached Parker's Store on its way east, the railway swings off from the Plank with a long curve, till it comes to the Brock, and then darts across it. When the war came on, its narrow location had just been cleared through the woods, and the roadbed graded. It will be seen in due time what use Longstreet made of this road-

bed; how his flanking column, under the handsome and gallant Sorrell, formed there and swept everything before it to the Plank Road as he charged due northward through the woods, gray with the smoke of battle and burning leaves. The Plank runs from the crossing to Parker's Store about two and a half miles west, and then on to Orange Court House. From this junction it is not far, less than a half-hour's rapid walk, before we reach the battlefield of Chancellorsville and the spot where Stonewall fell.

The spring-head of the most easterly branch of Wilderness Run crosses the Brock a third or a half mile before the road reaches the Plank. Over dead leaves and dead limbs and around low tussocks, crowned when I saw them last with blooming cowslips, the darkish water comes stealing out of the gloomy woods on the east side of the road, glints at the sun, and then disappears in those to the west. This branch soon spreads into a zigzagging morass, keeping company with others like it that head near the Plank Road and creep northward, separated by low, tortuous, broken ridges, the dying-away of the main ridge that sweeps around from Chewning's. The waters of all of them unite at last in Wilderness Run. In these shallow depressions bamboo-like vines abound, tangling all the bushes, but here and there is an azalea amongst them, and, when the battle was going on, dogwoods were in bloom along their banks and on the ridges between them. These alternating ridges and swampy interlaced thickets twill the country, that lies inclined like a canted trough in the angle between the Brock Road and the Plank. It was the scene of very, very bitter fighting, and there many men of both armies were lost.

The ground on the south side of the Plank is gently wavy, and about its junction with the Brock may be called dry, level, and firm; but in less than a mile to the west of it low ridges are met with, between which are thickety morasses again; but they drain off southward into affluents of Jackson's Run, one of whose branches is a companion of the Brock Road for a while. These waters saunter their way into the Po and Ny and then on at last into the Pamunkey, while those in the morasses on the north side of the Plank flow into the Rapidan and then into the Rappahannock. The land generally, however, on the south side is higher than on the north, and not nearly so broken; but on either side one can barely see a man thirty yards away.

About a mile and three-quarters west of the junction the Plank emerges from the glooming woods into a clearing of twenty or thirty acres; it is a very quiet spot, and over the most of it the broom-grass is waving. The northern edge of this humble little estate follows the abrupt, bulging descents of the Chewning circular ridge which encloses the basin of Wilderness Run. It is the Widow Tapp's place, her small house, with companion corn-crib and log stable, standing several hundred yards from the road and partly masked by meagre plum and cherry trees. In this old dun clearing Lee made his headquarters during a part of the struggle, and by the roadside just at the border of the woods is the stone with, "Lee to the rear, say the Texans," inscribed upon it.

And now let us return to the junction. Wheaton's, Getty's leading brigade, reached the Plank Road by noon, and with all haste — for Getty himself was there, having ridden at the head of his command — deployed astride it, the Ninety-third Pennsylvania on the left, the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Pennsylvania on the right; and succeeded, after losing quite a number of men, in checking Heth's advance. Dead and wounded Confederates were lying within a hundred feet of the crossing where Hammond had made his last stand. As fast as the other brigades of the division came up, they were formed in two lines, Eustis on the right of Wheaton, and the ever-gallant Vermont brigade under Lewis A. Grant on the left. Learning from prisoners that

he was confronted by two of Hill's divisions, Heth's and Wilcox's, Getty immediately began to throw up breastworks along the Brock Road, to the right and left of the junction. While thus engaged, his troops skirmishing briskly along their entire front, Hancock, preceding his corps at a fast gallop, reined up before him, looking the soldier through and through; and I can see his high-headed and high-withered sorrel, with nostrils expanded and pride in his mien that he had brought his gallant rider to the scene of action.

It took but a moment for Getty to make the situation clear to Hancock, whose face that morning, and every morning, was handsomely stern with a natural nobility of manner and an atmosphere of magnanimity about him. It was then after one o'clock, and by this time, although unknown to Getty, Warren's repulse was almost complete. Hancock at once sent his staff-officers back, directing division and brigade commanders to hurry the troops forward with all possible speed. His martial and intense spirit so imbued his corps, and his relations with it were of such a personal character, that his fervor in the face of the threatening situation was communicated like a bugle-call to the entire column. But on account of the narrowness of the road, and the trains and artillery of the division being unable to turn out to clear the way, the men were greatly impeded in their now animated march. About half-past two, Birney's, Hancock's leading division, bore in sight, and under orders formed hurriedly on Getty's left, continuing the latter's line of intrenchments so as to be ready if Hill should come on, which was momentarily expected by Getty.

And so, as one after another of his aroused, perspiring divisions closed up, each formed on the other's left and intrenched: Birney, Mott, then Gibbon, and last Barlow, whose division was thrown forward of the road on some high, clear ground which commanded an immediate sweep of country; and there, save two batteries, Dow's and Rickett's, all the artillery of the corps was massed. His line then bowed eastward across the Brock Road, not far from where the railway crosses it. The old works, now sunk to low, flattened ridges, and covered with bushes and saplings, some of which are quite large, seem almost endless as you travel the lonely road to Todd's Tavern.

Meanwhile Warren's repulse had made headquarters very anxious, and as early as half-past one, orders suggesting an advance had been sent to Getty. But, believing that Heth and Wilcox were both in front of him, and evidently in no mood to yield, and Hancock's men almost at hand, he used his discretion and waited for their coming, his understanding with Hancock being that, as soon as Birney and Mott were up, they should go forward. In harmony with this understanding, on Birney's arrival, Getty withdrew Eustis into reserve, moved Wheaton to the north side of the Plank Road, and Lewis H. Grant by flank till his right rested on it. Both brigades, save their heavy skirmish lines, were on the Brock Road behind their temporary works, and Birney's and Mott's divisions were forming, somewhat confusedly after their tiresome march, in two lines of battle on Getty's left. The news from Griffin's front growing more and more disturbing, Humphreys, Meade's chief of staff, at a quarter after two reported the serious results to Hancock, who in reply said that two of his divisions, Birney's and Mott's, in conjunction with Getty, would make an attack as soon as they could get ready. This was not the response headquarters hoped for; what they wanted to hear were Hancock's and Getty's guns. An hour passed, and, hearing nothing, Meade, in ill-humor at the surprising turn of affairs up the Pike, sent Colonel Lyman of his staff with a peremptory order to Getty to attack at once, with or without Hancock. It was the same kind of an order in terms and spirit which had sent Griffin ahead without knowing whether Upton was ready to help him.

Humphreys, in repeating Meade's orders, directed Hancock to support Getty with a division on his right and another on his left. Accordingly Hancock ordered Birney to send one of his brigades, Hays's, to Getty's right. Hays, that very gallant man, moved as fast as he could up the Brock Road past the junction, but Getty, having caught the spirit of his orders and knowing that he could not wait for any shifting of Hancock's troops, had given the command forward; and before Hays reached his position his men had cleared their works and were desperately engaged.

And now let us see what had been going on up the Plank Road since dawn. and follow the train of events which, as the day progressed, had put Heth ready to plunge at Getty; for, as a matter of fact, he was just ready to take the offensive when Getty struck at him. The sun rose that morning at 4.48, — I saw it come up, a deep poppy red, — and by the time it started to clear the tree-tops, Lee was breakfasting and his trusty, heavily-built, iron-gray horse, Traveler, stood saddled, ready for him to mount. The general, as has been said before, was very cheerful, his kindly hazel eye beaming while he breakfasted with his staff. It may be interesting to know that it was his habit in the field not to loiter at the table, but to leave it early, so that his young and light-hearted friends might enjoy its freedom. He conveyed the impression to all of them that morning that at heart he was looking forward to a victory over Grant. I have often gazed, as it were, in admiring wonder at the gentleness, the ever-dewy hope and mountainous resolution in Lee's nature.

The troops of his small, punctilious, courageous, and mysteriously impressive Third Corps commander, A. P. Hill, who had been with him on so many fields, were camped, some in front and some behind him, along the Plank Road. "Jeb" Stuart, his buoyant and reliable cavalry leader, had bivouacked that night just in rear of the picket reserve and some distance beyond the infantry, and, according to his biographer, Major McClellan of his staff, conducted the advance of Hill's corps.

There are no two of the Confederate generals who are more vitally interesting to me than Stuart and Hill, although I never saw either of them that I know of; they may, however, have visited West Point and passed unnoticed in the stream of young and old officers who were coming and going to their Alma Mater when I was there. But, however it may have been, everything I hear or read of Stuart is accompanied with a sense of nearness: I catch sight of his fine features, his manly figure, his dazzling, boyish blue eyes, his flowing, brownly auburn beard, and hear his voice ringing with either command or glee. It is said that rarely was his campfire lit that he did not make it joyous, his voice leading in chorus and song. And now the mystic bugles of his troopers are sounding taps from the Rapidan to the James in his old camps, and, hark! as they die away, "Jeb" is still singing on, for woods and fields and running streams all love the memory of a happy heart. Nature made him a cavalry leader by instinct, and a very sweet character. All of his old army and West Point friends never wearied in testifying to their affection for him. He met his mortal wound just a week after the morning we are dealing with. When told that death was very near he asked that the "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," might be sung, and with his failing breath joined as they sang around his bed. When in the field he always wore a yellow cavalry sash, and a felt hat with a black plume.

Why Hill has been so interesting is perhaps because there is always something very keen to me in the courteous dignity, care of personal appearance, and a certain guarded self-control, of officers who are small, naturally "military," and whose lives and movements are in harmony with all forms of military etiquette. They say he was quiet in manner, but when aroused and angered, was hard

to appease. He wore his coal-black hair rather long, and his face was bearded, his eyes rather sunken, and his voice sharp and stern. But what kindles an enduring, historic light about him is that, when both Stonewall Jackson and Lee were dying, he, this little, punctilious, courteous soldier, was in their misting vision. Stonewall said, as he was fading away, "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action." Lee, like Stonewall, was back on the field and murmured, "Tell A. P. Hill he must come up." Well, well, flowers of Virginia! go on blooming and blooming sweetly, too, by the graves of each of them as this narrative wends its way.

Kirkland's brigade of North Carolinians of Heth's division was in front that morning, and moved leisurely; for Hill had had the same instructions as Ewell, to develop our lines but not to bring on a general battle till Longstreet should overtake them. "Never did a regiment march more proudly and determinedly than the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina as it headed the column for the battle of the Wilderness. We passed General Lee and his staff." So says its historian.

It was the same regiment that charged at Gettysburg and lost so heavily on the first day, led by those two fine young West Point men, Burgwyn and "Rip" McCreery, both of whom lost their lives. I wonder if, for the sake of boyhood's memories which I shared with McCreery at West Point, the reader will consent to allow the current of events to eddy for a moment around him and Burgwyn. At Gettysburg their regiment, the Twenty-sixth, was lying down in the edge of the wheat-field that waved up to McPherson's woods, waiting for the command, "Forward." After a while Burgwyn, who was refinedly and delicately handsome, and who had graduated only a few years before our time, gave the long waited-for command, "Attention!" The lines sprang to their feet, the color-bearer stepped out four paces to the front, and at the command, "Forward!" the regiment, eight hundred strong, moved resolutely across the field toward our men, who were standing partially protected by a stone wall. The engagement soon became desperate, and after the colors of the Twenty-sixth had been cut down ten times, McCreery seized them and, waving them aloft, led on; but within a few paces he was shot through the heart, and his Virginia blood gushed out, drenching the colors. Burgwyn took them from McCreery's paling hand,—and I can see that thin, nervous hand sweeping the holy air of the chapel in impassioned gesture as he delivers his Fourth of July oration. A moment later a shot goes tearing through Burgwyn's lungs, and, as he falls, swirling, the flag wraps about him. The lieutenant-colonel of the regiment kneels by his side and asks, "Are you severely hurt, dear colonel?" He could not speak, but pressed his friend's hand softly and soon passed away.

The Twenty-sixth, with its gallantly commanded Confederate brigade, finally carried the position; and it adds interest and, I am sure, stirs a feeling of pride in every Northern breast, that the Twenty-sixth's worthy opponent that day at Gettysburg was the Twenty-fourth Michigan, now present in the Wilderness, whose exploit of capturing the colors of the Forty-eighth Virginia has already been given. Nine officers and men carried the flag of that Michigan regiment during the action at Gettysburg; four of them and all the color guard were killed. The same old flags, those of the Twenty-sixth and the Twenty-fourth, were present in the Wilderness, and I am glad I served on the same fields with them. The Twenty-fourth Michigan was from the shores of Erie and Huron, the Twenty-sixth from the slopes of the mountains of western North Carolina. In one of the North Carolina companies there were three sets of twins, and, when the battle was over, five of the six were lying dead with Burgwyn and "Rip" McCreery.

(To be continued.)

THE LAWYER'S FUNCTION

BY DONALD R. RICHBERG

In the Congressional Library at Washington, above the statue of Law, appear the words, "Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her voice is the harmony of the world." In many recent publications have appeared casual references to lawyers as a class of parasites feeding upon the labor, the disagreements, and the unhappiness of others.

The conflict between these two sentiments, of which perhaps the latter has the more general acceptation, would seem to make it worth while for a lawyer to examine into his conduct, and the conduct of his professional brethren, to see whether he and his kind are harmonizers of society, spreading peace and fostering unity, or parasites, welcoming discord, and living from the sores and afflictions of their fellow men.

At the outset, it may well be admitted that what is here written down may contain neither new ideas nor even old thoughts in modern tailoring; but now and then it need not involve a waste of time to go down into the cellar of the past and look upon the foundation stones, or even perhaps to strip away the interior decorations of our establishment, and see of what sort of material our house of labor is built.

The first query which naturally presents itself is whether the present vast and complex administration of the law is a necessity. Incidental to this query there is, of course, the consideration as to whether or not rules of conduct for society as a whole, and the individuals therein, are essential. But for the purposes of this article, perhaps we may assume, without argument, that society as a whole recognizes and always will recognize that there must be fundamental and accepted guides for conduct in business and social relations, and that there must be a machinery for enforcing the individual compliance with such principles for the common benefit.

In an elementary social state but few laws would be necessary; but it must be obvious that, as population increases and the occupations of men show augmenting variance, the applications of fundamental laws will increase in complexity and refinement until the time inevitably comes when it is necessary, not only to have judges of conduct and tribunals for the settlement of disputes, but also to have in the community certain members devoting themselves wholly to the study of the growth, development, and application of legal principles, in order that the judge, to whom new and complicated situations are presented for decision with such frequency as to allow scant time for consideration, may be enlightened as to all the elements of the problem on behalf of each litigant. Furthermore, in the search for truth, as distinguished from that which appears to be true, or which may be true, it is inevitable that the rules for making such distinguishment will become as important as the rules for the ultimate decision of the controversy. Professional advocates would therefore appear indispensable, granting acceptance of present social conditions.

Perhaps, then, the assumption may be fairly made that the function of the lawyer as a harmonizer is plain and valuable; and we may enter with this premise upon the intended consideration of this article.

When is a lawyer a harmonizer and when a parasite? The suggestion that a lawyer is ever a parasite will probably meet with such ready acceptation from

all grades of society that no argument will be necessary thereon. It is the present intention to show that there are certain plain lines of distinction between the function of harmonizer and that of parasite, which can be borne in mind by every practicing lawyer to the advancement of his own self-respect and for the promotion of society's esteem for the profession.

A lawyer's activities may be divided into three classes: Advice, Litigation, and Law-making.

In the realm of advice a lawyer may choose between counseling his client how to uphold the rights secured to him by the justice of his cause, and how to obtain benefits from the application of technicalities and the use of the weaknesses of the particular statute or precedents under consideration, whereby he may attain advantages inconsistent with fair play between man and man. Every time a lawyer encourages such an application of the law as, resulting in injustice, casts disrepute upon the law, or its administration, he is plainly promoting discord either in the present or in the future. Every time a lawyer counsels controversy for the establishment of a right as recognized by existing law, or for the promulgation of new law beneficial to the majority of society, he is exercising his true function, and the charge which he lays upon his individual client and, through him, upon industry and progress in the mass, if reasonable in amount, is well earned and should be cheerfully paid. When, however, a lawyer gives the other kind of advice, the expense, perhaps cheerfully borne by the client who profits personally therefrom, must be finally laid upon society as a whole, which is thereby paying for its own injury, and naturally resents the charge.

Let it be understood that there is no assumption in this article that men are unwilling to be known as parasites, or to reap the rewards thereof. It should, however, be noted that in the long run humanity manages to exterminate the parasite, and the survival of the legal profession, and the perpetuation of honest pride in this occupation, must be entirely dependent on what lawyers give to society in excess of that which they take away.

The activities of a lawyer in litigation even more characteristically exhibit these two functions. The lawyer who endeavors by every means to present fully and completely all the elements of his client's cause, and to point out, with all the directness consistent with courtesy and calm, the defects in his opponent's presentation, is fully meeting his responsibility to give a conscientious judge all the information obtainable bearing upon the question at issue. He is therefore promoting speedy as well as just settlement. On the other hand, the lawyer who, by every artifice at his command, endeavors to cloud the strength of his opponent's cause, not striving to show the real weaknesses of testimony, but, by befuddling witnesses, attempting to create false weaknesses; who endeavors, in his own case, not so much to bring out all of the strength of his actual position, as to build up a situation mixed of truth and supposition which may give his client an advantage — this lawyer is not only breeding distrust of the law in the minds of every one within the court-room, but is making for ultimate injustice for both his client and his adversary.

In the third division of a lawyer's activities perhaps there is more of the parasite and less of the harmonizer than in either of the other two. A mass of law-making, in fact, one might almost say the mass of law-making to-day, is devoted to the promotion of special interests, regardless of whether the common good is served or not. The lawyers who devise such schemes, and the lawyers in the legislature who allow such bills to become laws, are remarkably plain examples of the parasitical class. Yet in the province of law-making is one of the broadest and most splendid opportunities for the true harmonizer. Here, lawyers, finding through the practice of their profession

the defects in the present law, may serve the community in a most effective manner through drafting and agitating for laws which their experience has shown to be desirable.

Allied to the possibilities of law-making is the opportunity constantly before a lawyer for the unmaking of laws, largely through the application of so-called constitutional principles. Here, again, is a plain line of demarcation, depending not so much upon whether or not a lawyer believes a law to be for the good of the majority, but rather upon whether he approaches the problem presented to him, of the possibility of overthrowing a statutory enactment, with the attitude of determining his course of action from a consideration of the essential merit of the law, as shown by a fair construction of the Constitution, or takes up his problem with the simple desire to find out if, by any possible construction of Constitution or statute, he may be enabled to overthrow the law, entirely regardless of its value to the community.

Among many objections to the foregoing reasoning, two may appeal to most lawyers. First: that it is exceedingly difficult to classify every activity as either harmonizing or parasitical. Second: that, were it possible to make such a classification with fair accuracy, the results attained would be hardly worth while, and distinctly impracticable in a business epoch. The conclusion from these objections would seem to be that the only proper standard for a lawyer to take is to work with all honorable means for the attainment of his client's purposes, and rest the ethics of the situation upon the shoulders of his employer. The word "employer" is used because such an attitude necessarily results in making a lawyer a mere hireling. If, however, the law is to be esteemed a profession, there must remain with a lawyer the right and duty, not only to determine what shall be honorable means to an end, but whether that end itself is advantageous to, or subversive of the interests of, well-ordered society. If a lawyer is to be a counselor, an officer of court, and hence a quasi-public official, he has a public trust to lend his efforts to the advancement of the common good and the promotion of social harmony. If a lawyer is a mere business man, employed to do a certain task for a certain wage, then he should, for the sake of honest manhood, strip away the cant, the deceitful pomp and circumstance which attend upon professional pride, and take the inevitably resultant position of a parasite, not necessarily harmful in all his activities, perhaps often feeding from malignant growths and hence benefiting his fellow men, but on the whole reaping or gleaning from what others have sown.

It does, however, appear from the trend of the times that future decades will show an increasing ethical communal responsibility among all classes of society, and among all reputable occupations. In this advance it would seem reasonable to expect that lawyers, as those who face daily the problems of the fulfillment and breach of obligation, and hence are keenly observant of the moral growth of a community, will strive to better their works in even greater degree than their fellows. The position of counselor is indeed difficult to fulfill for one who does not feel that he possesses a keener, deeper insight into the complex questions of right and wrong than is within the comprehension of the one who comes to him for advice.

There are certain branches of the profession which to-day have fallen into some disrepute from the well-recognized impracticability of obtaining an income therefrom without the sacrifice of considerable self-respect and the regard of one's friends and neighbors. Perhaps therefore, gradually, the lawyers who are harmonizers and who refuse to become parasites may be differentiated from those who wish to be harmonizers but allow themselves to become parasites, even as these are to-day differentiated from those who wish to be para-

sites and now and then incidentally are surprised to find themselves harmonizers. If such a distinction should ever obtain general acceptation, the eventual disappearance of the parasitical lawyer will be inevitable. Let it once be known that the majority of the profession refuse to promote discord and only lend effort to aid in peace and security, and the success of a plainly unjust cause will be well-nigh impossible, since the appearance of the parasitical lawyer in court will condemn the case *ab initio*, and the judge who will rule in favor of such a one will be required to satisfy a suspicious public of the purity of his motives before expecting further confidence to be bestowed upon him by the voter or the appointive power.

It may be that this writing has begun too far in the " shadowy past," and gone too far into the " misty future," to permit of its being of any avail in the " living present; " but when one realizes that the past holds all our guides to conduct, and the future all our reason for being, the demands of the present diminish considerably in importance. At least, it may be said that those members of the Bar who realize that there is an ethical problem constantly confronting them and adopt some standard for its daily solution, are storing up comfort against a future day of doubts. When they, warmly clad, well fed, and comfortably housed, see the bread line forming in the city square, when they pass the careworn, anxious crowds waiting outside the newspaper offices for the first edition of " want-ads," when they observe from house to office twenty shapes of wretchedness to one appearance of happiness, they may examine into their conduct of life with calm scrutiny, knowing that, whatever be the wrongs responsible for these miseries, that which they have taken from the world has been in exchange for full value received, and their bread and cake have not been bought at the expense of such as these.

THOUGHT-DRIFT

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

Dim hour by hour through autumn's wane
The silkweed lets her plumes adrift:
They rove — they sink — and yet again
Upon the wavering breeze they lift.

No count is made of where they roam;
They are not found, they are not lost, —
Soft wanderers without a home,
Yet scathless to the sworded frost.

Not otherwise dim hour by hour
I shed white thoughts into the wind, —
Sole drift of my life's vanished flower:
They are not lost — yet none may find.

MARCO POLO AND THE EUROPEAN EXPANSION OF THE MIDDLE AGES

BY C. RAYMOND BEAZLEY

THE history of the growth of Christian civilization into a practically universal predominance does not begin with the discovery of America, or of the Cape Route, or of the way round the globe. It does not open with that revival of classical study which we call the Renaissance. Its most brilliant chapters precede the Reformation. It is bound up with the whole history of the Middle Ages, with the time of the making of the modern nations.

In the evolution of these modern nations, there are few things more remarkable than the influence of the Scandinavians, which lies behind the whole of the great revival of Mediæval Europe, from the Dark Ages of the seventh, eighth, and tenth centuries, to the vigorous and even brilliant civilization of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth. The gradual association, incorporation, or alliance of the Norseman, the Dane, and the Swede, with the Christian nations he came to plunder or destroy, is certainly the most decisive fact in history between the rise of Islam and the Crusades, and has a peculiar connection with the Columbian or American chapter of human development.

First of all, the Northern invaders scattered themselves over the whole shoreline, and often penetrated far within the continent, or the older Christendom, from the Elbe to Gibraltar — in less degree, from Gibraltar to the Bosphorus, or even to the Caucasus. Gradually they breathed their spirit — barbarously, but effectively, they infused their energy — into every Christian nation. Thus they accomplish what is essentially a regeneration of European life and energy; they impart to nearly all the great European peoples something of their own fire; and they start afresh that forward movement which Greece and Rome had once led, and in which Mediæval Christendom persists, from the eleventh century, until its own civilization has grown into the larger, stronger, and more complicated organism of the modern world. The Crusades themselves; the territorial, commercial, and missionary expansion that follows the Crusades; the new spirit of external enterprise and far-reaching ambition, which marks the Latin world from the days of Hildebrand; the extension of European influence in the later Middle Ages toward ultimate domination in the extra-European world — cannot rightly be dissociated from the impulse given by the Scandinavian migrations, piracies, conquests, and settlements. The creative, stimulative, and invigorative effects of the Northern invasions have perhaps never yet been generally understood, or fully appreciated.

In particular, the Scandinavians play a remarkable part in anticipation of Columbus. For their pioneers — pirates, conquerors, or colonists — not merely overrun and appropriate one Normandy in France, and another in Italy; settle one-half of England, and finally subdue the rest; plant themselves on the Scottish and Irish, the German and Spanish coasts, and even for a moment on the shore of Northwest Africa; create the Russian nation of pre-Mongol time; penetrate, as leaders of Russian expansion, to Siberia on one side and to Caucasia on another; become the Old Guard

of the Byzantine emperors, powerful agents of the great Byzantine revival; and explore the seas of Northern Europe, from Archangel to Iceland. They also discover and settle in Greenland, properly belonging to the American world; and they sight and examine various regions of Northeastern America, which may fairly be identified with Labrador, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and perhaps certain districts of New England. In one part of the country, which they call Vineland from its wild vines, they vainly attempt to settle.

It is not impossible that Columbus may have gained some knowledge of these Far-Western explorations. Yet it is elsewhere, in other fields, along other lines, and through the work of other races, — however much these races owe their vital quickening to Scandinavian blood and spirit and example, — that we find the immediate historical preparation for the great oceanic discoveries which introduce us to the modern world.

The achievement of the man who, seeking Asia by a Western Ocean route from Spain, found across his path that *New World called America*, is directly the result of centuries of continuous European expansion Asia-ward, first by overland, then by maritime, routes.

The European expansion I speak of, the definite anticipation of Columbus, as well as of Vasco da Gama, begins in the middle of the thirteenth century, when direct and friendly intercourse is opened between Latin Christendom and the Mongol Empire (from 1245). It is now that the lands of Higher, Upper, or Inner Asia, the earlier dominion of the new Tartar conquerors of the East, are visited, explored, and described by the first of the great overland travelers of Europe, the Franciscan Friars, John de Plano Carpini, the Italian, and William of Rubrouck, the French Fleming (1245–55). From these pioneers Christendom also learns something of the richer countries — China and the Indies — which lie just beyond their own explorations, and is thus prepared for the revelations of the Polos in the next generation, from 1260 to 1295.

The Polos, and especially Marco, the historian of their journeys, to whose book [1] we owe our first real picture of Asia as a whole, are among the most important of the predecessors of Christopher Columbus, — not even the Scandinavians have so direct and unquestionable a right to this name. The great Genoese adventurer sailed in 1492 in search of Japan, China, and the Indies — the very regions Messer Marco and his relatives may be said to have discovered for the Western World; in the Antilles Columbus thought he had found various lands of East Asia; Cuba, to his mind, is obviously the Polos' Zipangu or Japan.

These Italian traders then are the first to disclose to Europe, with something like accuracy and completeness, the treasure-houses of the Far East. They are the earliest representatives of Western Christendom — of Columbus's world — to make their way across the whole length of Asia by land, and round most of its southern coasts by sea. From the Crimea to the Volga and Bokhara in one journey, from Cilicia to North Persia and over the Pamir in another, they cross the Gobi desert and the Mongolian steppes to Peking and the Yangtse Kiang, to the Imperial Canal and the ports of Fokien. From Amoy Harbor they return to Persia, by the Indian Archipelago, Malabar, and Ormuz, finally reaching Venice by Trebizond and the Bosphorus.

They are the first Europeans really to discover, and adequately to describe, that China which was then more civilized, populous, and wealthy than any other land, — Christian, Muslim, or heathen; whose cities and manufactures, roads and posts, canals and river-ports, ocean harbors and inland trade, put even Italy to shame. They are the earliest to tell us, with any fullness and knowledge, of the

[1] *The Book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian, concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East.*

countries and peoples of Indo-China — Burma, Siam, Annam, Laos. They are the only Westerns of the Middle Ages to perceive, and absolutely the earliest to disclose to Christendom, the existence and the half-fabled riches of Japan. From them comes the best account yet given to Catholic nations of the spice-lands of the East Indies, source of those aromatics already so prized, but whose origin was till now so obscure. They first describe to us, in the tongue of the Franks, the "very noble" Java, the multiform Sumatra, Zanzibar, and Madagascar. They give a better picture than had yet been drawn, by any Latin pen, of Ceylon, of the Malabar and Coromandel coasts, and in general of Southern, Southeastern, and Western India — as well as of Russia and the Far Northern Land of Darkness, where it was "as with us in the twilight."

To Messer Marco himself, and to many of his readers, China, the most valuable part of the Grand Khan's immediate dominion and of the Mongol Empire as a whole, was also the most interesting of countries; and in the Polo narrative we certainly have the best mediæval picture, both of Chinese localities and of Chinese civilization, from the European side.

Beginning with a description of the person, character, court, and administrative system of Kublai himself, Marco guides us through Peking with remarkable thoroughness and vivacity, details various peculiarities of Chinese manners and customs, and concludes by tracing two lines of travel through the Celestial Empire, — southwest and southeast from Peking, — which together give him the opportunity to depict most of the great cities and markets of the Far East.

But perhaps in no part of his work did Marco make a deeper impression upon European thought, and more effectively stimulate European interest and cupidity, than in his sketch of the Mongol-Chinese court and capital.

It was Kublai, he tells us, who first gave to Peking, or *Canbaluc*, — the "City of the Khan," — that dual aspect which has continued to our own day. The Khan was told by his astrologers that the older city, celebrated under various names for more than a thousand years before his time, would prove insurgent; he therefore built a new town immediately to the north, and forced most of the people of the ancient metropolis to move into his *Taidu* or "Great Court." This mighty creation of Tartar prudence formed a square, six miles each way, and was encompassed by a lofty wall, fifty feet in height, pierced by twelve great gates which were also forts and arsenals on a vast scale.

Inside, the town was divided like a chess-board into squares by wide, straight streets cutting each other at right angles — "so wide and straight that you can see along them from end to end, from one gate to the other."

"Up and down the city" were beautiful palaces and fine hostelries and houses. All the house-lots were four-square, laid out in straight lines, and occupied by great and spacious buildings, furnished with courts and gardens of corresponding size. Each square plot was encompassed by handsome streets for traffic, and thus the whole city was "disposed in a manner so masterly that it was impossible to describe it justly."

In the midst of Canbaluc, moreover, was a great curfew-bell which was sounded every night as a stop to business. For after it had struck three times no one could go out in the town, unless for the needs of a woman in labor or for the sick. And any who went upon such errands were bound to carry lanterns with them. Guards patrolled the city after the Great Bell had struck, and if they found any person abroad he was taken immediately to prison, and examined next morning by the proper officers.

The situation was a little like that of Constantinople during the recent revolution, where "any theological students met with in the streets are forthwith conducted to the nearest police-station."

Nor was all, or half, Peking to be found inside the walls, — for outside stretched suburbs so vast that they contained more people than the city proper.

"And here lodge the foreign merchants and travelers," proceeds Marco, "of whom there are always great numbers come to bring presents to the Emperor, or to sell articles at court, or because the city affords so good a market to attract traders. Here therefore are many fine hostelries for the lodgment of merchants from all parts, a special hostelry being assigned to each description of people, as if we should say, there is one for the Lombards, another for the Germans and a third for the Frenchmen. And thus there are as many good houses outside the city as inside."

For the Peking of those days was one of the world's great markets. Polo indeed declares that its import commerce was without a rival — "to this city are brought articles of greater cost and rarity, and in greater abundance, than to any other." But the explorer's worst fault is an overresponsiveness to the enthusiasm of the moment: any marvel of his experience, as he recalls it in these Recollections, tends to outdo all that has gone before.

Yet, even if Peking's trade were not comparable to that of Quinsai, or Hangchau (as we certainly should judge from the description of the latter by the Venetian himself), it was, as we know from other sources, of enormous quantity and value.

"From every region they bring goods, including all the costly wares of India, as well as the fine and precious goods of Cathay itself, with its provinces — some for the sovereign and the court, some for the city which is so great, some for the barons and knights, some for the imperial hosts which are quartered round about. And thus between court and city the quantity is endless. And as an example of this trade I tell you that no day passes in the year in the which there do not enter the city one thousand cartloads of silk alone. Nor is this to be wondered at: for in all the countries round about there is no flax, so that everything has to be made of silk. In certain parts, it is true, there are cotton and hemp, but not sufficient for their wants. This however is not of much consequence, as silk is so abundant and so cheap."

From the City of the Khan, Marco passes to the magnificence of the Khan himself.

In the chief of his Peking palaces, the "greatest that ever was," walls and ceiling were covered with gold and silver, and emblazoned with scenes and figures of all kinds — dragons, idols, warriors, beasts, and birds; six thousand guests could feast with comfort in the dining-hall; while the roof, colored with green, blue, yellow, and vermilion, and varnished so that it shone like crystal, was "built as if to last forever."

Nor was the imperial luxury satisfied with palaces. For a sight even more marvelous to the Frank visitors was the hill which the Khan had reared in his Peking park with earth dug out to make a lake — a hill a mile in circuit and a hundred paces high, covered with trees that never lost their leaves. "And I assure you that wherever a beautiful tree is found and the Emperor gets news of it, he has it transported with all its roots and earth and planted on that hill of his. No matter how big the tree may be, he has it carried thither by his elephants. And he has also covered the whole hill with the ore of azure [*i. e.*, with carbonate of copper] which is very green, and on the summit of the hill is a fine palace all green inside and out. So not only are the trees green, but the hill itself is all green likewise, and there is nothing to be seen on it that is not green; and hence it is called the 'Green Mount,' and in good sooth it is well-named."

Finally, to complete his picture of an unequaled power, wealth, and splendor, Marco describes the ceremonial of the Great Khan's table, especially at the festivals of the Imperial Birthday and the New Year, and tells us of the imperial

bodyguard, so resplendent in their golden girdles and gem-bedizened robes, that "every man of them" (and they were 12,000 strong) "looked like a king."

Was not the lord who could maintain such state, whose capital was such a city, and to whom the whole Tartar world paid such homage, from the Eastern Ocean to the Black Sea, truly the most potent man that was or ever had been in the world, "from the time of our first father Adam until this day"?

After this portrait of Peking and its ruler, followed by an invaluable sketch of the system of administration, finance, and intelligence in the Tartar-Chinese world (his description of the roads and post is exceptionally interesting), Marco Polo returns, in the more normal style of his *Book*, to his *Account of Regions*, unfolding a Far-Eastern panorama which long held the attention of Christian Europe, and helped to inspire the explorations of succeeding centuries.

And in this panorama there are two or three points of supreme importance, for upon these the Polo narrative focuses the attention of the Catholic world, and upon these above all are fixed the hopes and expectations of Catholic leaders, when at last rediscovering, as they imagine, the treasuries of Eastern Asia.

The first of these that I will notice is the fertile region, the heart of the tea and silk country of the Great Plain of China, just south of the estuary of the Yangtse Kiang, which contained the famous cities of Hangchau and Suchau, unsurpassed, as the Chinese proverb declared, in Heaven itself.

> There 's Paradise above 't is true —
> But here below we 've Hang and Su.

Upon Hang, in particular, Su's greater rival, Marco lavishes all his powers of administration and delineation. For beyond dispute, declares the traveler (and here his verdict is that of every observer of the central and later Middle Age), this was "the noblest city and the best in all the world." Lying close to the sea, a little southwest of modern Shanghai, it was also close to the southern terminus of the Grand Canal, and to an ancient but now disused branch of the Yangtse. For more than a century it had been the capital of the Sung emperors, who ruled South China between 1127 and 1276. Its conquest by the Mongol arms had been the crowning mercy of Kublai's reign. Here perhaps the early Arab merchants traded and prospered in the ninth century, and Muslim writers of the fourteenth have as exalted a conception of this Quinsai, "stretching like Paradise through the breadth of Heaven," as Marco Polo himself.

According to the official statement furnished by the native rulers on their submission to the Mongols, Hangchau, about the time young Marco first arrived in China, was still more than twenty miles in circuit; it possessed twelve thousand bridges of stone, crossing the innumerable canals and water courses that intersected the town; and it boasted of a dozen craft-guilds, each of which owned twelve thousand houses, while each house contained several, and some as many as forty, workmen. The total number of houses or "hearth-fires" within the city area was one million six hundred thousand.

The goods imported yearly were beyond value; as an example by which to judge the rest, Marco quotes the single article of pepper, of which nearly ten thousand pounds entered the walls every day.

Under the immediate jurisdiction of Hangchau were one hundred and forty large and wealthy towns, and from salt alone this province paid a yearly customs revenue of nearly six millions of gold ducats; from sugar, spice, wine, silk, and coal, the return was more than equal to twice that sum.

The beauty, comfort, and attractions of Quinsai were worthy of its wealth and people. The charming and ample lake on its western side, where the citizens took their pleasure, even the busiest, when the day's work was done (this famous pleasance was also known to Polo's younger

contemporary, the Arab Abulfeda); the markets, where everything one needed could be bought so cheaply (and such luxury was here "that one often ate fish and flesh at the same meal"); the places and persons of public entertainment —all combined to delight and bewitch the stranger, so that when at home he could only think and talk of Heaven's City, and long to return as speedily as might be.

One thing only was wanting — and to this the greedy and warlike peoples of the West listened intently. Of arms and their handling these sybarites knew little, and cared less; manly courage and skill in fighting were equally lacking. For while philosophers and physicians, traders and craftsmen, were welcomed and honored, soldiers were hated and despised, and unkindly ranked with butchers in the lowest social class. Well was it for the world that this was so. "For if the men of China had but the spirit of soldiers, they would conquer the world."

Again, before he quits the China seas, Marco Polo adds a chapter of especial interest to his readers upon the islands of the Eastern Ocean, among which the first and most important was Zipangu. The picture here attempted, the earliest revelation of Japan to the Christian world, exercised a peculiar fascination on posterity, and among the objects of the enterprise of 1492 there was none more treasured by the admiral than the discovery of this land, the realization of the glittering vision he had caught from the old Venetian.

This Zipangu, then, appears to Marco as a very great island, lying out some fifteen hundred miles in the ocean on the east or Levant side of China. The idolatrous inhabitants, white, courteous, and of handsome aspect, were exceedingly rich in gold — so rich that the king's palace, as men said, had golden windows, and was wholly paved and roofed with the precious metal (just as Christian churches with stone or lead) in the form of plates, two fingers thick. Nor were these the only riches of Zipangu. For it also possessed rose-tinted pearls of great value, and abundance of other gems — treasures which had already excited the cupidity of Kublai Khan, and were destined to rouse the greed of Catholic *conquistadores* two centuries later.

But Japan was not the only interest of the Sea of China. "For I tell you, with regard to that Eastern Sea, according to what is said by the experienced pilots and mariners of those parts, there are seven thousand four hundred and forty-eight islands in the waters frequented by the said mariners. And there is not one of those islands but produces valuable and odorous woods, and gold, and gems, and all manner of spices — pepper as white as snow, and also the black kind in great quantity." Immense profit could be made when a man had once made the long and difficult journey to these Spice Islands, and thus, despite all obstacles, and the fact that for this journey a full year's navigation was necessary from the Chinese mainland, they were regularly visited by the merchant ships of the great South China ports. When the Latin West had read this passage in Messer Marco's *Book*, it resolved that the merchant ships of Europe should also have their share in this traffic; the resolve was realized; and the realization involved the discovery of the ocean route to the Indies.

Lastly, by his treatment of these Indies, stretching (in his view) from Annam and Cochin China to Abyssinia, Zanzibar, and even Madagascar, Marco Polo stimulates the greed and ambition of the West as forcibly as by his rhapsody on Hangchau, or by his tales of Japan and the Isles of Spices. The gold of Java (mainly fabulous as it was), the rubies of Ceylon, the pearls, sapphires, and emeralds of Coromandel, the Valley of Diamonds in the Northern Deccan, the pepper, cotton, indigo, ginger, and dyewood of Malabar, the ambergris of Socotra, the ivory of Zanzibar, the incense of Hadramaut — were not these enough to attract the desires and inspire the resolution of the Catholic merchant, the

Catholic crusader, and the Catholic sovereign?

The experiences of the Polos, therefore, are not merely a delightful or romantic tale: they afford a basis and starting-point for all the subsequent expansion of Latin Europe. The new knowledge is bound up with material gain; the Venetian pioneers effectively open to Christian enterprise, or at least to Christian intelligence and study, those markets which every ambitious and wealth-loving people had long considered to be the prizes of the world. From this time "Frankish" civilization directs itself, first by overland, then by oversea, routes toward that Cathay, those Indies, where it looks to find the riches, if not the empire, which at last rewarded its unconquerable energy and persistence.

In the Columbian or Columbus Library at Seville, there is a printed copy of the Polo record — the *Liber Diversorum* or *Livre des Diversités* of Messer Marco Milioni — which belonged to Colon, and in this there are manuscript notes, by Christopher himself, on seventy-six of the one hundred and fifty pages, showing how well he knew and how much he valued the book which perhaps more than any other was his guide.

And even if Polo's name does not occur in the admiral's *Journal* of the voyage of 1492 (or rather in the Abstract of that *Journal* which is all that we possess), yet Polo's Cathay and Zipangu are constantly in evidence herein.

A week before he lands at Guanahani, Columbus opines that the Pinzon suggestion to steer southwest is "not made with respect to Cipango." Two days after the discovery, he feels he must go on to try and find Cipango; and when he reaches Cuba, he believes it, from the signs the Indians make, to be this very land. At the same time he is equally anxious to reach the mainland of China; he is determined to deliver the letters of the Catholic kings to the *Gran Can*, now so hopeless an anachronism. With the said *Gran Can*, he gathers from the natives, a Cuban monarch was now at war; the *Can's* great ships, he understood, came to Cuba, ten days' journey from the Chinese mainland; the cotton of the West Indies would be sure of a good market in his cities; his Majesty was perhaps in the "grand city of Cathay." "It is certain," he writes, while still off the Cuban coast, "that I am in front of Zayto and Guinsay" — of Amoy Harbor and Hangchau.

And again, in the Cariba or Caniba, which was described to him as the "main land behind Española," — in our language, the north coast of South America, — Columbus believes he has at last located the name and kingdom of the *Can*.

The *Book* of Marco Polo is the fullest and most remarkable record of the great age of mediæval overland intercourse, of the earlier Asiatic expansion of Catholic Europe, which began with Carpini and with Rubrouck. But the Polo journeys do not exhaust this movement, mainly commercial and missionary, of Western Christendom upon the Mongol world. Under the Tartar emperors there is little hindrance from religious bigotry or mercantile exclusiveness, and the extent of the Tartar dominion, unchallenged by any serious rival to the north of the Himalayas, the Hindu Kush, and the Arabian deserts, enables the Europeans favored by the Khans to explore, observe, traffic, and proselytize from the Black Sea and the Polish frontiers to the Pacific, the Indian Ocean, and the South Siberian plains. In many directions the knowledge won by the Polos is amplified; Catholic preachers and traders collect an abundance of fresh material, and thus, for instance, enable the men of the fourteenth century to form a clearer and fuller conception of Asia, in some respects, than the Milioni himself.

Monte Corvino, the Apostle of both China and the Deccan; Jordanus, the first Roman Bishop of Malabar, most delightful of companions, most praiseworthy of zoölogists, most simple-minded

of missionaries; the Franciscans and Dominicans who suffer near Bombay, near Lake Balkhash, near Trebizond, or near Astrakhan; Friar Odoric (perhaps the first European visitor to Lhassa), who travels so widely, and observes so well, in the Celestial Empire and in the Eastern Archipelago; John of Florence, who heads the last great embassy from Western Christendom to the Mongol court in Peking, and who testifies to the activity of Italian merchants and Christian missionaries in Chinese and Indian ports, as well as on the northern edge of the Gobi desert; the statesmen who weave a network of Roman bishoprics over fourteenth-century Asia; the men who fill those bishoprics, or serve in their territories; the merchants who explore so steadily, and exploit so brilliantly, the trade-routes from the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, or the Azov, to the Indian Ocean or the Pacific — all help to form that conception of the East which we find among the immediate precursors of Columbus.

The *Catalan Atlas*, executed in Catalonia or the Balearics for Charles V of France only some eighty years before Colon's birth, shows us the position, extent, chief divisions, towns, and rivers of China with an accuracy and completeness which can hardly be paralleled till long after the discovery of America. For the first time in human history, the Indian peninsula, ignored by so many geographers even of the sixteenth century, is exhibited correctly enough in general outline; and a knowledge is displayed of the interior of Asia, which in certain points is perhaps not surpassed until the nineteenth century. A work of Wycliffe's age, which portrays so many of the lakes, rivers, and towns, of regions which have become well known to Europeans only within the memory of men yet living, is indeed one which materially concerns the progress of our race. Whether Columbus saw it or no, whether he received information of its contents or not, we cannot say. But we know that here we have the last word of his predecessors upon the remoter Orient which he set out to find.

Yet at the very time when this splendid *quarte de mer en tableaux* was compiled (1375), the experiment of winning foothold in Asia by Mongol friendship, of establishing regular communication — political, ecclesiastical, and above all commercial — between Western Europe and the heathen lands beyond the Islamic world, finally breaks down. The diplomacy, the trade, the religion of the Catholic nations are defeated in their *overland* penetration of the East.

Into an Orient so anarchic and so perilous as the Upper Asia of the fifteenth century it is futile to attempt entrance. Neither for commerce, nor for conversion, do the vast regions lately subject directly or indirectly to the *Gran Can* of whom Columbus dreams, now offer sufficient inducement for European enterprise. The last pretense of a universal power in Tartary or Turkistan, of a ruler able to ensure order and safe transit over any great part of the continent, has disappeared with the death of Timur (1405). And nearly a generation before that event the infusion of Muslim prejudice into the Turco-Tartar mind has been successfully accomplished in most of Western Asia.

In the Far East a revolution not less momentous is signified by the expulsion of the Mongol dynasty from China (1368-70). The Celestial Kingdom, free from the internationalism of the *Yuen*, is able once more to revolve securely in its own orbit, to keep at a safe distance all " profane and foreign novelties," to " restore the purity of the institutes of the Central Flowery Land." The imperial race of Chingiz and Kublai Khan, thrown back upon its own Mongolia, is condemned to permanent obscurity beyond the Pamir and the Thian Shan, just as in Persia, in Russia, and in Trans-Oxiana, its nobler qualities are ruined by fanatical spirit and civil strife, and its unity is broken into a hundred warring fragments, owning no suzerain but Allah, welcoming no culture but a theological, dreading

any breath of infidel life, and jealous even of the profit-bringing merchant of the West.

Thus, before the close of the fourteenth century, Latin Christendom has been finally defeated in its overland attacks (whether by trade, diplomacy, or missionary enterprise) upon the great centres of Asiatic civilization, wealth, and military power; but in failure lay the elements of success. Accurate knowledge of the goal aimed at; a realization of the value of unrestricted access to the distant sources of Oriental wealth; some understanding of the weakness of that Orient; a better conception of the all-encircling and connecting ocean, and of its function as an aid of human intercourse; an exaggerated but stimulating vision of the Christian communities lying beyond the Islamic zone — in the Indies, in East Africa, and in the heart of Asia; and a policy of founding, with the aid of these allies, new and greater Christian empires than had perished in the Levant, — these are among the results of that ubiquitous and sustained energy which had explored the Asiatic world from the days of Carpini. And yet one more thing had been gained. A beginning had been made in the right direction. For, at the very time of the most zealous prosecution of overland expansion, the first attempts are made toward the realization of the maritime alternative. The earliest definite movements of the Catholic nations along those waterways which brought them as conquerors to the Indies of the East and West precede the final return of the Polos from the court of Kublai Khan.

THE DESTROYER OF HOMES

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

Into the velvet blackness of the night I heard a voice call, —

" 'Manuel! 'Manuel! "

It was a rich, throaty voice, a fat voice. It could have come only from a comfortable round throat. Then we heard it say in a lower key to some one near by, —

" You seen you' broth, Ma'gratta? "

A voice came in answer, that, for all its American pronunciation of the individual words, chimed like a bell: —

" 'Manuel 's out in Silva's boat, I guess."

Then again called the fat voice: —

" 'Manuel! 'Manuel! You come off da watta now. You hear me, 'Manuel? "

Far off a little boy squeaked obedient, " Yes, Ma."

Then no further sound. The night was so still that the incoming tide made no lapping on the beach. Silence. Then the girl chimed again: —

" You, 'Manuel, come right in this minute when you're called."

In answer to this came the far-off sound of oars dipping hastily into the water, with the rhythmic accompaniment of oars thumping against thole-pins.

Next us on the " bulkhead " sat a little gray shadow whom I knew to be my fellow lodger, with whom I had already exchanged greetings. She turned to me and said, —

" It needs faith to call out into blackness like that."

And so it did. There was such an impenetrable quality to the darkness of the night, it seemed so immeasurable in its blackness, that it did need faith to lift up one's puny, human voice and call out aloud into this mystery. I know exactly

how my unknown companion felt, though I would not have had the courage to "voice my thought," as she would have said. From near the side of me came a deep, booming, —

"Guess when you've been here a time you'll find more faith 'n work in the Portogees."

This I knew to come from Captain Sanderson. It was in his house that my fellow lodger, the gray shadow, and I were staying. It was on his "bulkhead" we were sitting. I fancied by the sound that my companion turned towards Captain Sanderson as she said, —

"Don't you like the Portuguese?"

"I don't mind 'em," he boomed. "Kind o' lighten things up, they do — the girls I mean, though they get fat. Kind o' give us somethin' to talk about."

He lapsed into silence, and I could see the red dottle brighten and pale as he puffed at his pipe leisurely.

In the darkness instinctively we two women moved closer. Our shadowy outlines became faintly visible to each other. The night closed round about us and gave us three strangers a curious sense of intimacy, as though the impenetrable blackness had in some way cut us off from the rest of humankind.

My companion made the most of this moment. I guessed then, and afterwards learned I was right, that she had a quivering interest in everything connected with the little fishing village in which we found ourselves. She confessed that it was the first time she had ever had a chance to become "acquainted with the sea." She came, it seemed, from the Middle West, and she was astonishingly well up on sea literature. Stevenson she had read, of course, and Dana and Clark Russell; and, further, the moderns, like Conrad. She had followed every writer who had made his characters go down to the sea in ships, and it had been the dream of her life to be in just such a place as she now was in, and talking to just such an individual as she was talking to.

I do not mean that I found out about her all at once, but I gathered how much it meant to her to be in Long Haven, and how wonderful it seemed to listen to Captain Sanderson's stories of his life. As a lad he had been a whaler. He had been on one or two trips with the sealers. That, he said, was too bloody work for him. He had been a banker in the great days of salt-fishing, and then, as refrigerating plants came in order, he had become a "fresh fisherman." And now, in his old age, he owned a couple of traps and occasionally got up to go mackereling, and for the rest sat around and told his picturesque experiences with great simplicity.

He was a great powerful beef of a man, such as the sea breeds. He had fists like hams, and a beard like Father Neptune's, and twinkling blue eyes — quite the ideal old sea captain, as I remarked the next day to my fellow lodger, who let me see, more by her stillness and a certain little excited quality that I noticed in her, how much an ideal old sea captain she thought him.

I had seen ideal old sea captains before. I had listened to tales of shipwreck and hardship, and great catches and narrow escapes, in my time, and so, while I liked our host, as any one must needs have liked such a fine, upstanding old fellow, he was no novelty to me. My fellow lodger captivated me much more.

She was a still, unobtrusive woman, already middle-aged, but distinguished from the crowd by a quality that I can describe by no other term than *luminous*. It was as if a light shone through her pale features. I do not know if she was always like this, and if other people in other places felt this dim, shining quality as I did. It may be that it was there only because I saw her at her great moment, as she was finding the ideal of her lifetime fulfilled. It was a humble little yearning enough, this yearning of hers to become "intimate with the sea," as she called it, and to know the people who had sailed on it, and grown old amid the clamor of it, and

gained their livings from it, and almost died on it. But it was what she had wanted, and I happened to be there when this desire of her lifetime was fulfilled.

This was why Captain Sanderson, who to my everyday eyes was in no way different from a dozen other fine old fellows I had known, and who told the same yarns in the same language that they all used, seemed to her the incarnation of high romance.

To me his sister Liza was a more interesting character. She was a spare, angular woman, of quite as fine heroical build as her brother. She had a keener wit and more caustic tongue, while he rattled on in an even flow of dry humor all day long.

I thought Captain Sanderson talked too much. I am frank to confess that even before "the book" he sometimes bored me — just as he bored Liza. I liked everything about Liza: her looks, and her talk, and her pleasant relations with Captain Sanderson's pretty little daughter-in-law, who, with young Bill Sanderson, Captain Sanderson's son, formed the rest of the household. He was a handsome young fellow, of the same heroic mould as his father, and he and his aunt and the Captain all joined in spoiling his gay, pretty little wife, who nevertheless refused resolutely to be spoiled. She insisted on helping Liza with the work, with a gay graciousness that was charming to see. Altogether, it was a happy household to be in, and an interesting one, too.

But for Sophie Warner, which was my fellow lodger's name, the interest all centred in the old man. She had almost what amounted to scorn for young Sanderson, who made a good deal of money summers by taking out fishing parties instead of being about the real business of the sea.

Liza from the first had no patience with Miss Warner's point of view.

"One 'ud think," said she dryly, "to hear her talk, that she *wanted* men to resk their lives; and ef she'd seen as many lives resked — an' lost too — as me, she would n't talk so much. But there," Liza continued, with the large tolerance that made her relations so pleasant with her niece-in-law, "I s'pose writer folks always talks a lot."

For a writer was what Miss Warner was. I had known her stories before I met her, and had always liked them. They were plain, unpretentious tales of the life she knew, and she told them with a certain ringing enthusiasm that idealized the plain people whom she portrayed with touching accuracy.

"I s'pose it 's the poetry in writer people that makes 'em so fond of the sea and storms and such; though what poetry they can see in a whale is more than I know. Listen to her goin' on now! She 's talkin' with Henry 'bout his whalin' days. Now, what do you s'pose she finds interestin' in Henry's whalin' days? But there, she ain't had to set next to Henry at supper nights fer twenty years, an' hear him tell, 'There she blows!' an' 'There she beaches!' an' about how generous the whale cut up. It may be ungrateful in me, for my folks got their livin' from fishes ever sence I was born and before, but I never could abear the sight of a fish, small or big; an' a fish bigger 'n a cow, like a whale, always seemed repellant to me. But Mis' Warner, she 's special cracked on whales. She 'd look at an old fishin' net like 't was a lan'scape!"

It was, you see, as though Liza had scented trouble, from the first, in Miss Warner's intimacy with her brother, although she saw no harm in the book — for Miss Warner confessed early in the summer that she intended, if she might, to make a book out of Captain Sanderson's sea stories.

"Though," said Liza to me, "what she sees in 'em to write about, I don't see!" And she refused to supply any details of the Captain's early life. "He ain't changed much from what he was when he was young," she would tell Miss Warner. "He was about like what he

is now. He always could talk for two. Poor Mary never had a chance in her lifetime to get a word in edgewise; but she liked listenin' to Henry same as you do. She was awful nervous when he was off on the banks, Mary was. Her folks came up from down Sandwich way, and she wa n't used to see the men go off fishin' like we."

Miss Warner's kind eyes clouded with tears. She confided to me afterwards that Liza's few words gave her a swift vision of the life-tragedy of this silent New England woman, who could n't bear to see her handsome husband go into danger, but who yet bore it so heroically.

" I suppose," said Miss Warner, " that is why he has always been faithful to her memory. I think constancy in a man is a wonderful thing."

She spoke with her usual simplicity, quite without gush.

" You see, Captain Sanderson has everything that would make him enviable here, — good looks, and a competence, — and yet all these years he has remained faithful to the memory of his poor wife! " And the kind creature went to her room, I have no doubt, to write another chapter of her book. It may be that it was that afternoon that she wrote the touching words about Captain Sanderson's constancy, which later brought tears to so many eyes.

I am sure you will remember that book. It was one of those spectacular successes from the point of view of being a " best seller," and yet it was such a humble little book, and a book, too, of so few pages, that no one could possibly have foretold its popularity; and after you had read it you were at a loss to account for its place. It was as unpretentious as its little writer, but it had in it certain heart-compelling human qualities: a little humor, some quite real pathos, and above all it was a-quiver with the enthusiasm of its author. It was not, properly speaking, a book with a plot; it was just Captain Sanderson, one of those one-character books. The humor was the Captain's dry humor of the sea; the wise saws that people found so quotable were the Captain's, — edited, to be sure, and sharpened up by Captain Sanderson's biographer. One could hardly recognize in this apotheosis of an old seaman the mellow, garrulous old fellow that one loved; and yet, for all her idealization, wonderfully enough, Sophie Warner had not dehumanized her hero. In the book he became one of those unconscious heroes who perform great deeds without knowing it; in the book he was conspicuously faithful to his dear wife's memory, although no prolonged grief had been allowed to darken the lives of those dear to him. He had borne his solitude with a smile, as he had shown his heroism on the sea, — without ostentation.

It was another one of those books demonstrating how the world loves a lovable person, and that any one who can draw such a one from the heart can throw out of the window all the rest of the basket of tricks, including consecutive plot. Miss Warner's sincerity carried the thing. She wrote about the Captain as she had seen him, unconscious to what a degree she had magnified him; and others saw him as she did. There was nothing in the book of the show-man who presents a new-found curiosity. There were those critics who called the whole thing twaddle, people sophisticated enough to realize what very strong magnifying glasses the author was asking her public to wear; but the sentimental caught the contagion of the writer's enthusiasm.

For myself, I don't pretend to judge the book. Not even the harshest critic denied it a kindly spirit; and how kind this was, and how sincere, I, who had been present at the book's making, knew. All through the winter, while the book was going from one edition to another, I was filled with curiosity to know how my Long Haven friends had taken it.

I wrote early to Liza, engaging my room, and in her reply I caught an inkling of the state of things. I had spoken of the book in my letter, to which Liza

had answered tartly that "a man was never too old to be made a fool of."

When I arrived Liza greeted me with more effusion than I had ever suspected her of: —

"Well, ef I ain't glad to see ye," she cried, looking down on me. "I tell you, I most had to turn the hose on 'em to keep 'em off. Why, if I was the Bayshore House I could have filled all my rooms! But I tell *you*, none of 'em ain't goin' to live here. I says to Henry, 'Let 'em bring hammocks and put 'em up on the bulkheads if they want to,' says I. 'They might 's well, seein 's they 're here the fust thing in the mornin' and the last thing at night; but there ain't no one of 'em goin' to clap a foot over my doorsill, Henry Sanderson, while I'm keepin' house fer ye!' Jest take a peek out of the winder and see what ye see!"

I "peeked" out of the little window. There on the bulkhead, resplendent in new clothes, sat my Captain. Around him, encamped in various attitudes of adoration, were ten or a dozen admiring females. That was all there were, for I counted; but on the little bulkhead they gave the impression of an invading horde.

The Captain talked; they listened, exchanged looks, from time to time, of admiration; hung on his words. You could almost hear them saying, "Is n't he exactly like the book!"

Liza faced me, her mouth drawn to a grim line.

"Don't it beat all? Ain't they got him goin'?" she demanded, with suppressed fierceness. "There ain't no fool like an old fool, is they? an' when you think it 's only the beginnin' of the season! *She* let out that Henry was the original and sot to her for his picture, — picture!" snorted Liza. "Ef Henry 'd ben one half sech a no 'count idjit as the captain in that book was, I would n't a-kept house for him all these years, sister or no sister. Oh, Mis' Norton, you dunno what I ben through. First there was Henry pleased as Punch about the book. I did n't mind that. Later says I to him, 'Henry you jest better get a halo and wings right off to-morrow, and put 'em right on and wear 'em,' says I. He read that book and he read it, and pretty soon you could jest see he was gettin' to think himself about too good to live. Bill, he joked his pa about it. 'Say, Cap'n, she's got you carryin' about all the canvas you'll stand, ain't she?' he says. 'My land!' says Bill, 'hope it won't hurt your upper works none.' And Emily she says, 'Say, Pop, I never knew you was such a hero, — have you got all the life-savin' medals as that book says you deserve? I could have had 'em made into a belt for me.' So we jokes him about bein' a hero and about his halo, and he took it all smilin', and then I realized what he was up to. Says I, 'Bill, there's trouble brewin'. You watch your pa. He ain't actin' natural. You know 's well as I do your pa never was one to stand much chaffin' without gettin' a little hot under the collar, — you watch him, Bill. The matter with him is, and what he keeps his temper so good for is, he 's tryin' to act like that old chromo of a sea-captain in that book!'

"Well, Bill he laughed till I thought he 'd blow off his head.

"'Aunt Liza, you're right,' says he. Pritty soon, I begun gettin' letters askin' for rooms, and Henry begun gettin' letters. He went an' bought some new store clothes, and pritty soon them wimmen began to come. Before long, of course, the town near talked its tongue off, and it made me near about sick. So they 'd come and say, 'Well, Henry, did n't know ye was a hero! Well, Henry, they 've got your photograph pressed into the book, ain't they?' And to see Henry take it with a grin and not know they was makin' fun of him! 'Course we knew 't want no more like Henry than a smelt's like a sculpin! And if that was all! The worst was to see all them" — Liza jerked her thumb toward the bulkhead — "make a fool of him. 'T won't be long now,' said Bill, when they began soft-soapin' him, 'before he'll have the fool-

ishness knocked out of him,' but he swallerd it all down! When they come fust I was perlite to 'em, — thought I had to be. Em'ly kept up bein' perlite longer 'n me, but Em'ly's quit it too, and it's the Lord's own mussy that I had sense enough not to take none of 'em in the house."

This was Liza's account of the situation.

Supper that evening was not the merry meal that it had formerly been. The Captain was a curious mixture of himself and the glorified being whom Sophie Warner had depicted; or rather, not that person, but the person who was posing for him, for, alas! that was what my poor old friend Captain Sanderson was doing, — he was posing, posing for my benefit, and he did it pretty well, too. One can understand the rapt expressions of his adorers. But as he posed at me, I felt my backbone stiffen in sympathy with Liza's, and I had difficulty not to let my eyes seek my plate shame-stricken, as did Emily's. Trying to hold up my side of it, and the Captain's pose, and the growing self-consciousness of the two women, made the scene a trying one.

Hardly were we through supper when some one tapped at the door. Liza went to it; I heard her voice saying grimly, "Yes, he 's home. Henry, there's ladies wants you!"

At this the Captain wiped his mouth, disappeared hurriedly, and led his guests out to the bulkhead.

Here Emily, who had a most un-New England trick of showing her emotions, sniffed, while tears flooded her pretty eyes.

"Oh, ain't it awful?" she wept; "he's gettin' worse every day, Mis' Norton."

"Where 's Captain Bill?" I asked.

Emily lifted tearful eyes to mine. "Bill did n't come to supper; he's awful 'shamed. Bill said he knew jest how you'd take it, and he did n't want to see you. And when I think *She's* cumin'! We can't turn her away, 'cause 't ain't her fault, and She engaged her room last year; seems to me I can't stand it!"

Here a shadow sidled into the room.

"It's Bill," said Emily, and departed.

After our exchange of greetings, "You seen how 't is, ain't you?" the young man gloomed.

"Are n't you taking it a little too seriously?" said I; "he'll get over it, won't he, after a little?"

"Well, 't ain't much comfort to anybody who's got any of his folks sick with the smallpox to reflect that they may get over it, — they may, and they may not," replied Bill. "Here we are the laffin'-stock of the hull town. Here's our house bein' visited like 't was a Roman shrine. There's him, — there ain't nobody had a better father nor me, — there's *him*, settin' there listenin' to the palaver of all them fool women. How'm I goin' to get him away from 'em? How 'm I goin' to stop folks in town from laffin' at 'm! He 's jest lost to shame!"

"Think how he enjoys it," I comforted, tactlessly.

"I do." In the gloom of the little sitting-room Bill shifted before me, huge and wavering. "You bet I think!" There was a fund of bitterness in his words. "Well, good-night, there ain't nuthin' to do but let it run its course."

And as Fate had decreed that I should see every side of the little drama, I chanced to have a few words alone with the Captain that night.

"You read the book, ain't ye?" He beamed at me with simple geniality. His pleasure in it was touching.

Yes, I had read the book, I said.

"I never expected to be the hero of any book," he gave out. There was a little quaver of a question in his voice as touching as his pleasure. He was trying to see just how the land lay with me.

I gave the book cordial praise. He was radiant.

"I'm glad you feel that way," he went on. "You won't believe it, but Em'ly and Liza, they don't like the book; they won't hear anything about it; don't like folks should come and talk to me about it, —

sorter jealous, I guess they are, that's how I figger it; and Bill, he's with 'em." Then he broke out: "They don't understand me, you know; you can jest see from the book they ain't never understood me; and now some folks comes along that does, and they don't like it."

Vanity spoke in his tone, the querulous vanity of the matinée hero. It was hard to bear.

"You would n't believe how queer they be," he continued. "I can see they don't even like it when I go to speak about poor Mary, they're so jealous."

That plumbed the matter for me. The year before I had never heard him refer to poor Mary except in answer to Miss Warner's questions. So poor Mary had not escaped, even; she, together with the rest of the family, was being piled upon the altar to his vanity.

This was the beginning of the Captain's fame. The rest came just as the book's popularity had, with a landslide beginning with an illustrated account in a Sunday paper of the Captain and his homestead. Liza's comments upon the visitors, whose numbers grew daily, went as follows: —

"Land's sake, I did n't know there was so many women with nuthin' to do, in the world. Ain't they got no homes! What ails a woman to make her come traipsin' clear down to Long Haven to look at an old man? Some days, Mis' Norton, seems to me like I was livin' in the asylum, when I come out and see them women, and some of 'em young and pretty, hangin' on Henry's words. Talk about your theatres! I don't wonder the neighbors crane their necks out so that they've all got two inches longer ones than last year; I don't wonder they laff, as Bill says, till their lanyards most part. Who'd a-dreamed that Henry had it in him! 'T was her who begun it; she started him off last year. Listen to him talkin' about fishin' 's ef he was readin' the Gospel! My Lord, now listen to that! He 's tellin' about the whale agin; he'd oughter charge admission. Mis' Norton, Henry Sanderson 's told the story about how that whale chawed the dory up under him hundreds of times this summer ef he 's told it once; it 's ben in the newspapers. I 've give up walkin' on the streets with him, — I don't go to church no more."

Of course it sounds grotesque as I tell it, but there was nothing grotesque about it to poor Liza. It was deep and bitter humiliation, and one which Captain Bill and his wife felt even more than the older woman.

I happened to be down in the kitchen talking with Liza when the crisis came. It was one of those quiet affairs without fireworks, such as occur in decent New England families. Bill and Emily came in together. Feeling something in the air, I started to leave.

"Don't go," said Bill, gently. "Don't get up, Mis' Norton; you've got to know about it some time." I think it was a relief for him to have me there.

"I jest come to tell you, Aunt Liza, Em'ly and me we made up our minds to have a little vacation — a — little — vacation."

His aunt looked from one to the other. "I don't blame you," she said slowly. "Why don't you come out with the truth, Bill? What makes you talk about vacations to me!"

"We — we ain't goin' for good," Bill answered.

"No," echoed Emily tearfully, throwing her arms around Liza's neck, "we ain't goin' for good, Aunt Liza, though when it comes to him tellin' me that he wanted me to make over some of Bill's mother's old clothes so I could remind him of his blessed Mary settin' around, and I knew how he'd told all them wimmen outside there what I was goin' to do, it was more 'n I could stand! Oh, do you suppose he's right in his head? Think of his askin' me to make over Bill's mother's old clothes!"

Liza patted her niece gently. "There, there, don't take on like that," she comforted. "You two can't do no good here.

Some days I wish he was plumb crazy and I'd clap him up somewheres where they could n't get at him; and there's other days when I wish some 'n 'd shet me up."

From outside the bulkhead came a chorus: "Good-by, Captain, it's been a great treat to meet you." "Good-by, Captain — " " Can I have *just* one little rose, one *little* rose from this rambler? " " To-morrow, Captain, — you won't forget! " And the Captain boomed out a bass accompaniment to their shrill soprano chorus.

As they went away I could hear them saying, —

" No, his own people don't understand him one bit. You know how these New England women are! "

He joined us in the kitchen, aglow with enthusiasm, still acting his part.

" Well, Bill! — Well, Emily! " he exclaimed jovially. Then seeing something was amiss, " What's up? " he asked.

Bill shuffled uneasily; Liza turned her back on her brother. It was left for Emily to say, —

" Bill and me we're going to take a little vacation."

"It 'll be a long one, I can tell you," came from Liza.

Captain Sanderson sat down heavily in a chair. He looked at them dazed.

" You ain't goin' away," he muttered. " What in land's sake fur? " He blinked unsteadily at first one and then another of them.

" What fur! " echoed Liza, in bitterness.

But Bill took up the word hastily: —

" Jest fur a little while, Pa, 'cause seems to me Em'ly's lookin' peaked."

" Ain't you goin' to wait to see *Her* ? " he faltered. " She's comin' day after to-morrer."

Bill did not meet his father's eye.

" No, I thought I'd take Em'ly right off before she got reel run down."

The Captain got up and walked around the room, his shoulders bowed. He simply could n't grasp it that his children were going to leave him. But that is what it amounted to, for he could see through the " little vacation " bluff as well as any one, even if he did n't see what they were leaving for.

As can be imagined, I had been uncomfortable enough during this scene, and now made my escape. As I went out I heard Liza's voice saying, with a certain grim tenderness, —

" Never mind, Henry, I won't leave you, no matter what happens ! " Which, being interpreted, meant, " No matter what kind of a fool you make of yourself."

The next day arrived the Destroyer of Homes. Her little subdued radiance burned brighter. Success had been good for her, she had grown young under it. That she did not understand why it should have come to her, and was the same unassuming little creature that she had always been, I was glad to see.

" It was he who did everything for me, — all of them, — altogether, that is," she told me eagerly. " I wish there was some way that I could give them half of it."

" You shared your success," I remarked significantly.

She followed my eyes out of the window. She had arrived a little earlier than she had expected, so they had not met her at the station.

On the bulkhead sat Captain Sanderson with his cortége, but all Miss Warner saw was the Captain himself. She fluttered out to him, and that was how it happened that they met publicly, with the admiring chorus around, and that was how it happened that a young journalist wrote the little article on " Hero and Author Meet." Some one snapped a kodak on them.

I watched to see the situation dawn on her, — it never had occurred to me that it would not, for Miss Warner had a good fund of shrewdness under her enthusiasm. I had been glad to have her come: quite logically I wanted her to see the havoc she had wrought. Of course it

was not Sophie Warner's fault, but when one sees a home broken up the way she had broken up Captain Sanderson's, one likes to blame some one; it seemed to me only fair that she should be made uncomfortable too, since Bill and Emily had been driven out, and Liza's life was a misery. And now, behold the blindness of the creator! Miss Warner saw absolutely nothing but the Captain. She had made him, or rather I should say she had made him up — and she saw him only through the lens of her poetic vision. He was not to her a nice, elderly man whose head has been turned by seeing himself in a book and by the silly talk of a parcel of silly women, any more than last year he had been Captain Sanderson, a genial old man, a pleasant example of an ordinary type. Then, as now, he was the embodiment of the romance and heroism of the sea, with a fine touch of personal romance that his much-praised constancy had added. So now, both at home and abroad, the poor Captain was soaked in the enervating atmosphere of admiration. His visitor's presence softened for him the loss of his son and daughter. Liza watched them narrowly, and the result of her watching she gave to me.

"I'll be buttered," said she, "if Henry ain't makin' up to Miss Warner."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"What I say!" responded Liza; "he's makin' up to her!"

"Where 's his constancy?" I asked.

Liza chuckled.

"That 's what I 've been askin' myself. But she won't have him, — he need n't worry! Land sakes, I wish she would, sometimes, then I could go out and leave 'em to their foolishness. I ain't got a word against her; she did n't mean nuthin."

Which, considering all things, showed rather a wide tolerance on Liza's part.

But now see what a pose can do for a person when carried to its logical conclusion.

To Liza and myself came in one day Miss Warner. In her hand she held a newspaper. Distress was written over her gentle little face.

"Oh, see what has happened!" she cried. "Oh, I do hope the Captain won't see the paper to-day. They have hinted, actually dared to hint, that we — he and I —" she could not bring it out.

Liza's New England training stood her in good stead.

"He 'd be awful distressed," she said seriously.

"Oh, poor man! I should never have told — never have let any one know who he was. When I think how awfully kind he has been to all those women that come around him, how patient! and now to have his sacred memories trifled with!"

"Don't take it too hard, Miss Warner," Liza remarked. "Henry 's awful generous about things!"

I saw the Captain on the beach; in his hand he also held a paper.

"Oh, he 's got it," cried Miss Warner; "I must go to him!"

They stood silhouetted against the water, each holding a newspaper. I could see the little woman explaining in her still eager way. I saw the Captain take a noble attitude; he was living up to his part: he was being noble, noble as anything, — noble just in time. Liza was right. For had Miss Warner's attitude toward the linking of their names together not shown him what was expected of him, he would have played another and less graceful part.

After a few moments Miss Warner fluttered back to us, leaving the Captain alone on the bulkhead, sunk in revery. Liza and I looked at each other. We knew he was mourning the blessed memory of his dear Mary, as per schedule!

"I am going right back," she told us. "Of course I won't stay here a moment after that meddling notice, — I should be a constant affront to him. I hate to go before the summer 's over, but I shall always have your dear brother, Miss Liza, just the same, even though I shall not see him again!" Which was entirely true. Miss Warner would have him, the thing

she had made out of him, at least; but poor Liza would not have him, nor would Bill nor Emily.

So you see Sophie Warner went away, having innocently wrecked the home of the innocent people who had befriended her; went away without a fly having been cast in her pot of ointment; went away with the last poetic memory of the Captain's kindness, under what she deemed extreme provocation. Say what you please, the guilty do not suffer in this world as they ought to.

She, the cause of all this mischief, was the only one who escaped scot-free. Captain Sanderson paid in more ways than in having his household broken up. His fate followed the fortunes of that of the book, which, like all the "best sellers," ceased after a time to sell, and he therefore ceased to be a public personage. But when a person has tasted that sort of adulation late in life, and taken it in such good faith and such simplicity, it is hard to go without it. If you go to Long Haven Captain Sanderson will probably stop you, as a newcomer; he will tell you how his dory was chawed out under him, and let you know that he is the hero of Miss Warner's book, for, as Liza says bitterly, "They got tired of him, but he ain't got tired of them."

THE EDGE OF NIGHT

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

Beyond the meadow, nearly half a mile away, yet in sight from my window, stands an apple tree, the last of an ancient line that once marked the boundary between the upper and lower pastures. For an apple tree it is unspeakably woeful, bent, and hoary, and grizzled with suckers from feet to crown. Unkempt and unesteemed, it attracts only the cattle for its shade, and gives to them alone its gnarly, bitter fruit.

But that old tree is hollow, trunk and limb; and if its apples are of Sodom, there is still no tree in the Garden of the Hesperides, none even in my own private Eden, carefully kept as they are, that is half as interesting — I had almost said, as useful. Among the trees of the Lord, an apple tree that bears good Baldwins or greenings or rambos comes first for usefulness; but when one has thirty-five of such trees, which the town has compelled him to trim and scrape and plaster-up and petticoat against the grewsome gypsy moth, then those thirty-five are dull indeed, compared to the untrimmed, unscraped, unplastered, undressed old tramp yonder on the knoll whose heart is still wide open to birds and beasts and to every small traveler passing by who needs, perforce, a hiding or a harbor.

When I was a small boy everybody used to put up overnight at grandfather's — for grandmother's wit and buckwheat cakes, I think, which were known away down into Cape May County. It was so, too, with grandfather's wisdom and brooms. The old house sat in behind a grove of pin-oak and pine, a sheltered, sheltering spot, with a peddler's stall in the barn, a peddler's place at the table, a peddler's bed in the herby garret, a boundless, fathomless feather-bed, of a piece with the house and the hospitality. There were larger houses and newer, in the neighborhood; but no other house in all the region, not even the tavern, two miles farther down the Pike, was half as central, or as homelike, or as full of good sweet gossip.

The old apple tree yonder between the woods and the meadow is as central, as hospitable, and, if animals communicate with one another, just as full of neighborhood news as was grandfather's roof-tree. Did I say none but the cattle seek its shade? Go over and watch. That old tree is no decrepit, deserted shack of a house. There is no door-plate, there is no christened letter-box outside the front gate, because the birds and beasts do not advertise their houses that way. But go over, say, toward the evening, and sit quietly down outside. You will not wait long, for the doors will open that you may enter — enter a home of the fields, and, a little way at least, into a life of the fields, for this old tree has a small dweller of some sort the year round.

If it is February or March you will be admitted by my owls. They take possession late in winter and occupy the tree, with some curious fellow tenants, until early summer. I can count upon these small screech-owls by February, — the forlorn month, the seasonless, hopeless, lifeless stretch of the year, but for its owls, its thaws, its lengthening days, its cackling pullets, its possibility of swallows, and its being the year's end. At least the ancients called February the year's end, maintaining, with fine poetic sense, that the world was begun in March; and they were nearer the beginnings of things than we are. But the owls come in February, and if they are not swallows with the spring, they, nevertheless, help winter with most seemly haste into an early grave. Yet across the faded February meadow the old apple tree stands empty and drear enough — until the shadows of the night begin to fall.

As the dusk comes down, I go to my window and watch. I cannot see him, the grim-beaked baron with his hooked talons, his ghostly wings, his staring eyes; but I know that he has come to his window in the turret yonder on the darkening sky, and that he watches with me. I cannot see him swoop downward over the ditches, nor see him quarter the meadow, beating, dangling, dropping between the flattened tussocks; nor hear him, back on the silent shadows, slant upward again to his turret. Mine are human eyes, human ears. Even the quick-eared meadow-mouse did not hear.

But I have been belated and forced to cross this wild night-land of his; and I have *felt* him pass — so near at times that he has stirred my hair, by the wind, dare I say, of his mysterious wings? At other times I have heard him. Often on the edge of night I have listened to his quavering, querulous cry from the elm-tops below me by the meadow. But oftener I have watched at the casement here in my castle wall: away yonder on the borders of night, dim and gloomy, looms his ancient keep. I wait. Soon on the deepened dusk spread his soft wings, out over the meadow he sails, up over my wooded height, over my moat, to my turret tall, as silent and unseen as the soul of a shadow, except he drift across the face of the full round moon, or with his weird cry cause the dreaming quiet to stir in its sleep and moan.

Yes, yes, but one must be pretty much of a child, with most of his childish things not yet put away, to get any such romance out of a rotten apple tree, plus a bunch of feathers no bigger than one's two fists. One must be pretty far removed from the real world, the live world that swings, no longer through the heavens, but at the distributing end of a news wire. And so one is, indeed, — sixteen miles removed by space, one whole day by post, one whole hour by engine and horse, one whole half-minute by the telephone in the back hall. Lost! cut off completely! hopelessly marooned!

I fear so. Perhaps I must admit that watching owls is for babes and sucklings, not for men with great work to do, that is, with money to make, news to get, office to hold, and clubs to address. It may be for those with a soul to save, yet I hasten to avow that watching owls is not religion; for I entirely agree with our Shelburne essayist that, " in all this worship

of nature," — by Traherne, Rousseau, Wordsworth, Thoreau, and those who seek the transfigured world of the woods, — " there is a strain of illusion which melts away at the touch of the greater realities . . . and there are evils against which its seduction is of no avail."

Let the illusion melt. Other worships have shown a strain of illusion at times, and against certain evils been of small avail. And let it be admitted that calling regularly at an old apple tree is far short of a full man's work in the world, even when such calling falls outside of his shop or office-hours. For there are no such hours. The business of life allows no spare time any more. One cannot get rich nowadays in office-hours, nor become great, nor keep telegraphically informed, nor do his share of talking and listening. Everybody but the plumber and paper-hanger works overtime. How the earth keeps up a necessary amount of whirling in the old twenty-four-hour limit is more than we can understand. But she can't keep up the pace much longer. She must have an extra hour. And how to snatch it from the tail-end of eternity is the burning cosmological question.

And this is the burning question with regard to our individual whirling — How to add time, or, what amounts to exactly the same, How to increase the whirling.

There have been many hopeful answers; the whirl has been vastly accelerated; the fly-wheel of the old horse treadmill is now geared to an electric dynamo. But it is not enough; it is not the answer. And I despair of the answer — of the perfect whirl, the perpetual, invisible, untimable.

Hence the apple tree, the owls, the illusions, the lost hours — the neglect of fortune and of soul! But then you may worship nature and still find your way to church; you may be intensely interested in the life of an old apple tree and still cultivate your next-door neighbor, still earn all the fresh air and bread and books that your children need. The knoll yonder may be a kind of High Place, and its old apple tree a kind of altar, for you when you had better not go to church, when your neighbor needs to be let alone, when your children are in danger of too much bread and too many books — for the time when you are in need of that something which comes only out of the quiet of the fields at the close of day. " But what is it? " you ask. " Give me its formula." I cannot. Yet you need it and will get it — something that cannot be had of the day, something that Matthew Arnold comes very near suggesting in his lines: —

> The evening comes, the fields are still.
> The tinkle of the thirsty rill,
> Unheard all day, ascends again;
> Deserted is the half-mown plain,
> Silent the swaths! the ringing wain,
> The mower's cry, the dog's alarms
> All housed within the sleeping farms!
> The business of the day is done,
> The last-left haymaker is gone.
> And from the thyme upon the height
> And from the elder-blossom white
> And pale dog-roses in the hedge,
> And from the mint-plant in the sedge,
> In puffs of balm the night-air blows
> The perfume which the day forgoes.

I would call it poetry, if it were poetry. And it is poetry, yet it is a great deal more. Poetry and owls and sour apples are not all that is to be had from this old tree; for in this particular tree dwells also a toad.

It is curious enough, as the summer dusk comes on, to see the round face of the owl in one hole, and out of another in the broken limb above, the flat weazened face of the tree-toad. Philosophic countenances they are, masked with wisdom, both of them; shrewd and penetrating in the slit-eyed owl, contemplative and soaring in the serene composure of the transcendental toad. Both creatures love the dusk; both have come forth to their open doors in order to watch the darkening; both will make off under the cover — one for mice and frogs over the meadow, the other for slugs and insects over the crooked, tangled limbs of the tree.

It is strange enough to see them together, but it is stranger still to think of them together, for it is just such prey as this little toad that the owl has gone over the meadow to catch.

Why does he not take the supper ready here on the shelf? There may be reasons that we, who do not eat tree-toad, know nothing of; but I am inclined to believe that the owl has never seen his fellow lodger in the doorway above, though he must often have heard him piping his gentle melancholy in the gloaming, when his skin cries for rain!

Small wonder if they have never met! for this gray, squat, disc-toad little monster in the hole, or flattened on the bark of the tree like a patch of lichen, may well be one of those things which are hidden from the sharp-eyed owl. Whatever purpose you attribute to his peculiar shape and color, — protective, obliterative, mimicking, — it is always a source of fresh amazement, the way this largest of our hylas, on the moss-marked rind of an old tree, can utterly blot himself out before your staring eyes.

The common toads and all the frogs have enemies enough, and it would seem from the comparative scarcity of the tree-toads that they must have enemies, too, but I do not know who they are. This scarcity of the tree-toads is something of a puzzle, and all the more to me, that, to my certain knowledge, this toad has lived in the old Baldwin tree, now, for five years. Perhaps he has been several, and not one; for who can tell one tree-toad from another? Nobody; and for that reason we made, some time ago, a simple experiment, in order to see how long a tree-toad might live, unprotected, in his own natural environment. Upon moving into this house, about seven years ago, we found a tree-toad living in the big hickory by the porch. For the next three springs he reappeared, and all summer long we would find him, now on the tree, now on the porch, often on the railing and backed tight up against a post. Was he one or many? we asked. Then we marked him; and for the next four years we knew that he was himself alone. How many more years he might have lived in the hickory for us all to pet, I should like to know; but last summer, to our great sorrow, the gypsy-moth killers, poking in the hole, did our little friend to death.

He was worth many worms.

It is interesting, it is very wonderful to me, the instinct for home — the love for home I should like to call it — that this humble little creature shows. A toad is an amphibian to the zoölogist, an ugly gnome with a jeweled eye to the poet; but to the naturalist, the lover of life for its own sake, who lives next door to his toad, who feeds him a fly or a fat grub now and then, who tickles him to sleep with a rose leaf, who waits as thirstily as the hilltop for him to call the summer rain, who knows his going to sleep for the winter, his waking up for the spring — to such an one the jeweled eye and the amphibious habits are but the forewords of a long, marvelous life-history. This small tree-toad has a home, has it in his soul, precisely where John Howard Payne had it, and where many another of us has it. He has it in a tree, too, — in a hickory tree, this one that dwelt by my house; in an apple tree, that one yonder across the meadow.

"East, west,
Hame 's best,"

croaks the tree-toad in a tremulous, plaintive minor that wakens memories in the vague twilight of more old, forgotten, far-off things than any other voice I know.

These tree-toads could not be induced to trade houses, the hickory for the apple, because a house to a toad means home, and a home is never in the market. There are many more houses in the land than homes. Most of us are only real-estate dealers. Many of us have never had a home; and none of us has ever had more than one. There can be but one — mine — and that has always been, must always be, as imperishable as memory,

and as far beyond all barter as the gates of the sunset are beyond my horizon's picket fence of pines.

The toad seems to feel it all, but feels it whole, not analyzed and itemized as a memory. Here in the hickory for four years (for seven, I am quite sure) he lived, single and alone. He would go down to the meadow when the females gathered there to lay their eggs, but back he would come, without wife or companion, to his tree. Stronger than love of kind, than love of mate, constant and dominant in his slow cold heart is his instinct for home.

If I go down to the orchard and bring up from his apple tree another toad to dwell in the hole of the hickory, I shall fail. He might remain for the day, but not throughout the night, for with the gathering twilight there steals upon him an irresistible longing, the *Heimweh* that he shares with me; and guided by it, as the bee and the pigeon and the dog are guided, he makes his sure way back to the orchard home.

Would he go back beyond the orchard, over the road, over the wide meadow, over to the Baldwin tree, half a mile away, if I brought him from there? We shall see. During the coming summer I shall mark him in some manner, and bringing him here to the hickory, I shall then watch the old apple tree yonder. It will be a hard perilous journey. But his longing will not let him rest; and guided by his mysterious sense of direction — for this *one* place — he will arrive, I am sure, or he will die on the way.

Yet I could wish there were another tree here, besides the apple, and another toad. Suppose he never gets back? Only one toad less? A great deal more than that. Here in the old Baldwin he has made his home for I don't know how long, hunting over its world of branches in the summer, sleeping down in its deep holes during the winter — down under the chips and punk and castings, beneath the nest of the owls, it may be; for my toad in the hickory always buried himself so, down in the débris at the bottom of the hole, where, in a kind of cold storage, he preserved himself until thawed out by the spring. I never pass the old apple in the summer but that I stop to pay my respects to the toad; nor in the winter that I do not pause and think of him asleep in there. He is no mere toad any more. He has passed into a *genius loci*, the Guardian Spirit of the tree, warring in the green leaf against worm and grub and slug, and in the dry leaf hiding himself, a heart of life, within the thin ribs, as if to save the old shell to another summer.

A toad is a toad, and if he never got back to the tree there would be one toad less, nothing more. If anything more, then it is on paper, and it is cant, not toad at all. And so, I suppose, stones are stones, trees trees, brooks brooks — not books and tongues and sermons at all — except on paper and as cant. Surely there are many things in writing that never had any other, any real existence; especially in writing that deals with the out-of-doors. One should write carefully about one's toad; fearfully, indeed, when that toad becomes one's teacher; for teacher my toad in the old Baldwin has many a time been.

Often in the summer dusk I have gone over to sit at his feet and learn some of the things my college professors could not teach me. I have not yet taken my higher degrees. I was graduated A. B. from college. It is A. B. C. that I am working toward here at the old apple tree with the toad.

Seating myself comfortably at the foot of the tree, I wait; the toad comes forth to the edge of his hole above me, settles himself comfortably, and waits. And the lesson begins. The quiet of the summer evening steals out with the wood-shadows and softly covers the fields. We do not stir. An hour passes. We do not stir. Not to stir is the lesson — one of the majors in this graduate course with the toad.

The dusk thickens. The grasshoppers begin to strum; the owl slips out and drifts away; a whippoorwill drops on the

bare knoll near me, clucks and shouts and shouts again, his rapid repetition a thousand times repeated by the voices that call to one another down the long empty aisles of the swamp; a big moth whirs about my head and is gone; a bat flits squeaking past; a fire-fly blazes, but is blotted out by the darkness, only to blaze again, and again be blotted, and so passes, his tiny lantern flashing into a night that seems the darker for the quick, unsteady glow.

We do not stir. It is a hard lesson. By all my other teachers I had been taught every manner of stirring, and this unwonted exercise of being still takes me where my body is weakest, and it puts me painfully out of breath in my soul. "Wisdom is the principal thing," my other teachers would repeat, " therefore get wisdom, but keep exceedingly busy all the time. Step lively. Life is short. There are *only* twenty-four hours to the day. The Devil finds mischief for idle hands to do. Let us then be up and doing " — all of this at random from one of their lectures on " The Simple Life, or the Pace that Kills."

Of course there is more or less of truth in this teaching of theirs. A little leisure has no doubt become a dangerous thing — unless one spend it talking or golfing or automobiling, or aëroplaning or elephant-killing, or in some other diverting manner; otherwise one's nerves, like pulled candy, might set and cease to quiver; or one might even have time to think.

" Keep going," — I quote from another of their lectures, — " keep going; it is the only certainty you have against knowing whither you are going." I learned that lesson well. See me go — with half a breakfast and the whole morning paper; with less of lunch and the 4.30 edition. But I balance my books, snatch the evening edition, catch my car, get into my clothes, rush out to dinner, and spend the evening lecturing or being lectured to. I do everything but think.

But suppose I did think? It could only disturb me — my politics, or ethics, or religion. I had better let the editors and professors and preachers think for me. The editorial office is such a quiet thought-inducing place; as quiet as a boiler factory; and the thinkers there, from editor-in-chief to the printer's devil, are so thoughtful for the size of the circulation! And the college professors, they have the time and the cloistered quiet needed. But they have pitiful salaries, and enormous needs, and their social status to worry over, and themes to correct, and a fragmentary year to contend with, and Europe to see every summer, and — Is it right to ask them, with all this, to think? We will ask the preachers instead. They are set apart among the divine and eternal things; they are dedicated to thought; they have covenanted with their creeds to think; it is their busness to study, but, " to study to be careful and harmless."

It may be, after all, that my politics and ethics and religion need disturbing, as the soil about my fruit trees needs it. Is it the tree? or is it the soil that I am trying to grow? Is it I, or my politics, my ethics, my religion? I will go over to the toad, no matter the cost. I will sit at his feet, where time is nothing, and the worry of work even less. He has all time and no task; he is not obliged to labor for a living, much less to think. My other teachers all are; they are all professional thinkers; their living thoughts are words: editorials, lectures, sermons, — livings. I read them or listen to them. The toad sits out the hour silent, thinking, but I know not what, nor need to know. To think God's thoughts after Him is not so high as to think my own after myself. Why then ask his of the toad, and so interrupt these of mine? Instead we will sit in silence and watch Altair burn along the shore of the sky, and overhead Arcturus, and the rival fire-flies flickering through the leaves of the apple tree.

The darkness has come. The toad is scarcely a blur between me and the stars.

It is a long look from him, ten feet above me, on past the fire-flies to Arcturus and the regal splendors of the Northern Crown — as deep and as far a look as the night can give, and as only the night can give. Against the distant stars, these ten feet between me and the toad shrink quite away; and against the light far off yonder near the pole, the fire-fly's little lamp becomes a brave but a very lesser beacon.

There are only twenty-four hours to the day — to the day and the night! And how few are left to that quiet time between the light and the dark! Ours is a hurried twilight. We quit work to sleep; we wake up to work again. We measure the day by a clock; we measure the night by an alarm clock. Life is all ticked off. We are murdered by the second. What we need is a day and a night with wider margins — a dawn that comes more slowly, and a longer lingering twilight. Life has too little selvage; it is too often raw and raveled. Room and quiet and verge are what we want, not more dials for time, nor more figures for the dials. We have things enough, too, more than enough; it is space for the things, perspective, and the right measure for the things that we lack — a measure not one foot short of the distance between us and the stars.

If we get anything out of the fields worth while, it will be this measure, this largeness, and quiet. It may be only an owl or a tree-toad that we go forth to see, but how much more we find in things we cannot hear by day, things long, long forgotten, things we never thought or dreamed before.

The day is none too short, the night none too long; but all too narrow is the edge between.

SEVEN SANDWICHMEN ON BROADWAY

BY JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

Shuffling and shambling, woebegone, they pass,
Seven in single file, and seven as one, —
As if a spectrum of all woe the sun
Here cast through some bewitched prismatic glass.
From their stooped shoulders, back and fore, hang crass
High-colored chromos of a stage *mignonne*
In tights, astride a grinning simpleton
Squat on all fours, and long-eared like an ass.

"*Success!*" "*Success!*" we read — yea, *thy* success
We read, O wanton among cities: vice
Saddled on folly, woe beneath sevenfold:
Woe of the lust of life, and the shameful price
Of life, — woe of the want, the weariness, —
Of fear, of hate, — of the thrice false weights of gold!

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES[1]

IX

THE END OF THE WAR

Thursday, September 22, 1864.

Blair tells me that he [Seward] is manœuvring for a change of Cabinet, and Morgan so writes me. He has for that reason, B[lair] says, set his curs and hounds barking at my heels, and is trying to prejudice the President against me. Not unlikely; but I can go into no counter-intrigues. If the President were to surrender himself into such hands, which I do not believe, he would be unworthy of his position.

Friday, September 23, 1864.

No business of importance brought before the Cabinet to-day. Some newspaper rumors of peace, and of letters from Jeff Davis and others, all wholly groundless. Seward and Fessenden left early. Mr. Bates and myself came out of the Executive Mansion together, and were holding a moment's conversation when Blair joined us, remarking as he did so, "I suppose you are both aware that my head is decapitated — that I am no longer a member of the Cabinet." It was necessary that he should repeat before I could comprehend what I had heard.

[Blair's withdrawal from the Cabinet was the result of a political agreement made by Lincoln, whereby Frémont, radical candidate for the Presidency, was to withdraw, while Blair, the Cabinet member most antipathetic to radicals, was to resign. Blair accepted the situation with patriotism and good sense.]

Blair has just left me. I was writing and just closing the preceding page as he called. He says he has written his resignation and sent it in or rather handed it to the President. The letter from the President which he received this morning was to him entirely unexpected. But though a surprise, he thinks it right and will eventuate well. That Seward has advised it he does not doubt, though the President does not intimate it. But the President tells him that Washburne[1] recommended it. Strange if the President is influenced by so untruthful, unreliable and mean a man as Washburne. But Washburne thinks it will help the President among the Germans. The President thinks it is necessary to conciliate Weed (he might have said Chase also), who, with his friends, defeated Wadsworth for Governor two years ago. Such are Blair's conclusions and, I may add, my own.

[In the election held on November 8, Lincoln and Johnson received 212 electoral votes against 21 for their opponents, backed by a popular majority of close upon half a million.]

Friday, November 25, 1864.

For some weeks I have been unable to note down occurrences daily. On the evening of the election, the 8th, I went to the War Department about nine o'clock by invitation of the President, — took Fox with me, who was a little reluctant to go lest he should meet Stanton, who had for some days been ill. The Department was locked, but we were guided to the

[1] E. B. Washburne, a member of Congress from Illinois.

[1] Copyright, 1909, by Edgar T. Welles.

south door. The President was already there, and some returns from different quarters had been received. He detailed particulars of each telegram which had been received. Hay soon joined us, and after a little time General Eaton. Mr. Eckert, the operator, had a fine supper prepared, of which we partook soon after ten. It was evident shortly after that the election had gone pretty much one way. Some doubts about New Jersey and Delaware.[1] We remained until past one in the morning and left. All was well.

LINCOLN'S LAST MESSAGE

The President on two or three occasions in Cabinet meeting alluded to his message. It seemed to dwell heavy on his mind, more than I have witnessed on any former occasion. On Friday, the 25th, he read to us what he had prepared. There was nothing very striking, and he evidently labors in getting it up. The subject of reconstruction and how it should be effected is the most important theme. He says he cannot treat with Jeff Davis and the Jeff Davis government, which is all very well, but whom will he treat with, or how commence the work? All expressed themselves very much gratified with the document and his views.

Saturday, December 3, 1864.

The President read his message at a special Cabinet meeting to-day, and general criticism took place. His own portion has been much improved. The briefs submitted by the several members were incorporated pretty much in their own words. One paragraph proposing an amendment to the Constitution, recognizing the Deity in that instrument, met with no favorable response from any one member of the Cabinet. The President before reading it expressed his own doubts in regard to it, but [said] it had been urged by certain religionists.

I should have been glad, and so stated, had there been a more earnest appeal to the Southern people, and to the states respectively, to return to duty. I would have said to the people that their states are part of the Union, that they were not to be considered, not to be treated, as outlaws; that by returning to their allegiance, their persons and property should be respected, and I would have invited state action.

[On December 6, Lincoln with complete magnanimity sent in the nomination of Chase to succeed to the office left vacant by the death of Chief Justice Taney.]

Thursday, December 15, 1864.

Sumner declares to me that Chase will retire from the field of politics and not be a candidate for the Presidency. I questioned it, but S[umner] said with emphasis it was so. He had assured the President that Chase would retire from party politics. I have no doubt Sumner believes it. What foundation he has for the belief I know not, though he speaks positively, and as if he had assurance. My own convictions are that, if he lives, Chase will be a candidate, and his restless and ambitious mind is already at work. It is his nature.

In his interview with me to-day, it being the first time we have met since he reached Washington, Sumner commenced by praising my report, which he complimented as a model paper, the best report he had read from a department, etc. As he is a scholar and critic, a statesman and politician capable of forming an opinion, has culture, discrimination and good judgment, I could not but feel gratified with his praise. He says he read every word of it. Very many members have given me similar complimentary assurances, but no one has gratified me so much as Sumner.

Saturday, December 24, 1864.

Called on the President to commute the punishment of a person condemned to be hung. He at once assented. Is always disposed to mitigate punishment,

[1] New Jersey, Delaware, and Kentucky were the only states carried by the Democrats.

and to grant favors. Sometimes this is a weakness. As a matter of duty and friendship I mentioned to him the case of Laura Jones, a young lady who was residing in Richmond, and there engaged to be married, but [who] came up three years ago to attend her sick mother, and had been unable to pass through the lines and return.

I briefly stated her case and handed a letter from her to Mrs. Welles that he might read. It was a touching appeal from the poor girl, who says truly the years of her youth are passing away. I knew if the President read the letter, Laura would get the pass. I therefore only mentioned some of the general facts. He at once said he would give her a pass. I told him her sympathies were with the secessionists, and it would be better he should read her own statement. But he declined and said he would let her go, the war had depopulated the country and prevented marriages enough, and if he could do a kindness of this sort he was disposed to, unless I advised otherwise. He wrote a pass and handed it to me.

The numerous frauds at the Philadelphia Navy Yard are surprising. But it is well to have an exposure, hit where and whom it may.

Sunday, January 1, 1865.

The date admonishes me of passing time and accumulating years. Our country is still in the great struggle for national unity and national life; but progress has been made during the year that has just terminated, and it seems to me the rebellion is not far from its close. The years that I have been here have been oppressive, wearisome, and exhaustive, but I have labored willingly if sometimes sadly in the cause of my country, and of mankind.

[The fall of Fort Fisher closed Wilmington, the last open door of the Confederacy.]

Tuesday, January 17, 1865.

The glorious news of the capture of Fort Fisher came this morning. We had two or three telegrams from Porter and officers of the navy, and General Terry and Comstock of the army. Fort Fisher was taken Sunday evening by assault, after five hours' hard fighting. The sailors and marines participated in the assault. We lose Preston and Porter, two of the very best young officers of our navy. Have not yet particulars. This will be severe for Butler, who insisted that the place could not be taken but by a siege, since his powder boat failed.

Wrote Admiral Porter a hasty private note, while the messenger was waiting, congratulating him. It is a great triumph for Porter, greater since the first failure and the difference with Butler.

At the Cabinet meeting there was a very pleasant feeling. Seward thought there was little now for the navy to do. Dennison thought he would like a few fast steamers for mail service. The President was happy. Says he is amused with the manners and views of some who address him, who tell him that he is now reelected and can do just as he has a mind to, which means that he can do some unworthy thing that the person who addresses him has a mind to. There is very much of this.

Monday, February 6, 1865.

There was a Cabinet meeting last evening. The President had matured a scheme which he hoped would be successful in promoting peace. It was a proposition for paying the expenses of the war for two hundred days, or four hundred millions, to the rebel states to be for the extinguishment of slavery, or for such purpose as the states were disposed. This, in few words, was the scheme. It did not meet with favor, but was dropped. The earnest desire of the President to conciliate and effect peace was manifest, but there may be such a thing as so overdoing as to cause a distrust or adverse feeling. In the present temper of Congress the proposed measure, if a wise one, could not be carried through successfully.

I do not think the scheme could accomplish any good results. The rebels would misconstrue it if the offer was made. If attempted and defeated, it would do harm.

Tuesday, February 7, 1865.

Very little before the Cabinet. The President, when I entered the room, was reading with much enjoyment certain portions of Petroleum V. Nasby to Dennison and Speed. The book is a broad burlesque on modern Democratic party men. Fessenden, who came in just after me, evidently thought it hardly a proper subject for the occasion, and the President hastily dropped it.

Tuesday, February 21, 1865.

We have made great progress in the rebel war within a brief period. Charleston and Columbia have come into our possession without any hard fighting. The brag and bluster, the threats and defiance, which have been for thirty years the mental aliment of South Carolina, prove impotent and ridiculous. They have displayed a talking courage, a manufactured bravery, but no more, and I think not so much inherent heroism as others. Their fulminations that their cities would be Saragossas were mere gasconade, — their Pinckneys, and McGrawths, and others, were blatant political partisans.

General Sherman is proving himself a great general, and his movements from Chattanooga to the present demonstrate his ability as an officer. He has undoubtedly greater resources — a more prolific mind — than Grant, and perhaps as much tenacity, if less cunning and selfishness.

In Congress there is a wild radical element in regard to the rebellious states and people. They are to be treated by a radical Congress as no longer states, but territories without rights, and must have a new birth or creation by permission of Congress. These are the mistaken theories and schemes of Chase, perhaps in conjunction with others.

I found the President and Attorney-General Speed in consultation over an apprehended decision of Chief Justice Chase whenever he could reach the question of the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus. Some intimation comes through Stanton that his honor the Chief Justice intends to make himself felt by the administration when he can reach them. I shall not be surprised, for he is ambitious and able.

A few days since the President sent into the Senate the nomination of Senator E. D. Morgan [1] for the Treasury. It was without consultation with M[organ], who immediately called on the President and declined the position.

Seward, whom I saw on that evening, stated facts to me which gave me some uneasiness. He called, he says, on the President at twelve to read to him a despatch, and a gentleman was present, whom he would not name, — but S[eward] told the gentleman if he would wait a few moments he would be brief, but the despatch must be got off for Europe. The gentleman declined waiting, but as he left the President said, " I will not send the paper in to-day but will hold on until to-morrow." Seward says he has no doubt the conversation related to M[organ]'s nomination, but that the paper being made out, his private secretary took it up with the other nominations, and the President when aware of the fact sent an express to recall it, in order to keep faith with the gentleman mentioned. This gentleman was no doubt Fessenden.

I called on Governor Morgan on Sunday evening and had over an hour's conversation with him, expressing my wish and earnest desire that he should accept the place, more on the country's account than his own. He gave me no favorable response. Said that Thurlow Weed had spent several hours with him that morning to the same effect as myself trying to persuade him to change his mind, but that he would give Weed no assurance;

[1] Former Governor of New York, and then U. S. Senator.

on the contrary had persisted in his refusal. He (Morgan) was frank and communicative, as he has generally been with me on important questions, and reviewed the ground, state-wise and national-wise. What, he inquired, is Seward's object? He never in such matters acts without a motive, and Weed would not have been called here except to gain an end. Seward, he says, wants to be President. What does he intend to do? Will he remain in the Cabinet, or will he leave it? Will he go abroad, remain at home? These, and a multitude of questions which he put me, showed that Morgan had given the subject much thought, and especially as it affected himself and Seward. Morgan has his own aspirations, and is not prepared to be used by Weed or Seward in their own.

My own impressions are that Morgan has committed a great mistake as regards himself. Seward may be jealous of him as M[organ] is suspicious he is, but I doubt if that was the controlling motive with S[eward]. I think he preferred Morgan, as I do, for the Treasury, to any tool of Chase.

[Sherman's successful advance and his occupation of Columbia, S. C., obliged the Confederates to evacuate Charleston on February 18.]

February 22, 1865.

The late news combines with the anniversary to make this an interesting day. While the heavy salutes at Meridian were firing, young Cushing came in with the intelligence of the capture of Fort Anderson. I went with him to the President,—while there General Joe Hooker came in; and Seward, for whom the President had sent, brought a despatch from Bigelow at Paris of a favorable character. General H[ooker] thinks it the brightest day in five years.

The President was cheerful and laughed heartily over Cushing's account of the dumb monitor which he sent past Fort Anderson, causing the rebels to evacuate without stopping even to spike their guns.

The belief seems general that McCulloch will receive the appointment of Secretary of the Treasury. If I do not mistake, the rival opponents of the President desire this and have been active in getting up an opinion for the case. So far as I know, the President has not consulted the Cabinet. Some of them, I know, are as unenlightened as myself.

THE GENERAL DISTRUST OF CHASE

Governor Morgan called upon me and expresses a pretty decided conviction that McCulloch is not the candidate of Chase, and [that] Fessenden does not endorse Chase's schemes and will put himself on the true basis. This gives me some confidence.

Met [Attorney-General] Speed at the President's a day or two since. He is apprehensive Chase will fail the administration on the question of habeas corpus and state arrests. The President expresses and feels astonishment. Calls up the committals of Chase on these measures. Yet I think an adroit intriguer can, if he chooses, escape these committals. I remember that on one occasion when I was with him, Chase made a fling which he meant should hit Seward on these matters, and as Seward is, he imagines, a rival for high position, the ambition of Chase will not permit the opportunity to pass, when it occurs, of striking his competitor. There is no man with more fine aspirations than Chase, and the bench will be used to promote his personal ends.

Speed and myself called on Seward on Monday, after the foregoing interview with the President. Seward thinks Chase, if badly disposed, cannot carry the court; but this is a mere random conjecture. He has, so far as I can ascertain, no facts.

In the course of his remarks, Seward, who was very much disturbed, broke out strongly against Chase, who had, he said, been a disturber from the beginning and ought never to have gone into the Cabinet. [He said] that he had objected to it,

and that but from a conviction that he (Seward) could better serve the country than any other man in the State Department, he would not have taken office with Chase for an associate, [and] that the Cabinet, with the single exception of Chase, had been harmonious and united. He spoke of the early trouble of the blockade, which, he said, Chase opposed, and then tried to make difficulty [for]. It is not the first time when I have detected an infirmity of [his] memory and of statement on this point. I at once corrected Seward and told him I was the man who made the strong stand against him on the question of blockade, and that Chase failed to sustain me. I have no doubt that Seward in those early days imputed my course on that question to Chase's influence, whereas nothing was farther from the truth. I had not even the assistance I expected and was promised from Chase. Mr. Blair and Mr. Bates stood by me, — Chase promised to, but did not.

Thursday, March 2, 1865.

Had a house full of visitors to witness the inauguration. Speaker Colfax is grouty because Mrs. Welles has not called on his mother — a piece of etiquette which Seward says is proper. I doubt it, but Seward jumps to strange conclusions.

Saturday, March 4, 1865.

Was at the Capitol last night until twelve. All the Cabinet were present with the President. As usual, the time passed very pleasantly. Chief Justice Chase came in and spent half an hour. Later in the night I saw him in the Senate.

Speed says Chase leaves the court daily to visit the Senate, and is full of aspirations. I rode from the Capitol home at midnight with Seward. He expressed himself more unreservedly and warmly against Chase than I have ever heard him before.

The inauguration took place to-day. There was great want of arrangement and completeness in the ceremonies. All was confusion, and without order. A jumble.

THE STRANGE BEHAVIOR OF JOHNSON

The Vice-President-elect made a rambling and strange harangue, which was listened to with pain and mortification by all his friends. My impressions were that he was under the influence of stimulants, yet I know not that he drinks. He has been sick and is feeble, perhaps he may have taken medicine, or stimulants, or his brain from sickness may have been over-active in these new responsibilities. Whatever the cause, it was all in bad taste.

The delivery of the inaugural address, the administering of the oath, and the whole deportment of the President were well done, and the retiring Vice-President appeared to advantage, when contrasted with his successor who has humiliated his friends. Speed, who sat at my left, whispered me that "all this is in wretched bad taste;" and very soon he said, "The man is certainly deranged." I said to Stanton, who was on my right, " Johnson is either drunk or crazy." Stanton replied, " There is evidently something wrong." Seward says it was emotional on returning and revisiting the Senate — that he can appreciate Johnson's feelings, who was much overcome. I hope Seward is right, but don't entirely concur with him. There is, as Stanton says, something wrong. I hope it is sickness.

Tuesday, March 7, 1865.

The meeting at the Cabinet was interesting — the topics miscellaneous. Vice-President Johnson's infirmity was mentioned. Seward's tone and opinions were much changed since Saturday. He seems to have given up Johnson now, but no one appears to have been aware of his failing. I trust and am inclined to believe it a temporary ailment, which may, if rightly treated, be overcome.

Monday, March 13, 1865.

Rear-Admiral Porter spent the evening at my house. Among other things he

detailed what he saw and knew of Jeff Davis and others in the early days of the rebellion. He was, he admits, and as I was aware, on intimate terms with Davis and Mrs. Davis, and had been so for some years. On the evening after reception of the news that South Carolina passed the secession ordinance, he called at Davis's house. A number of secession leaders, he says, were there. It was a rainy, disagreeable evening, but Mrs. Davis came down stairs bonneted and prepared to go out. She caught him and congratulated him on the glorious news. South Carolina had declared herself out of the Union, which was to be broken up. She was going to see President Buchanan and congratulate him. Wanted to be the first to communicate the intelligence to him.

Porter told her the weather and roads were such she could not walk, and one of the members of Congress having come in a hack, he, Porter, took it and accompanied her. On the way he inquired why she should feel so much elated. She said she wanted to get rid of the old government, that they would have a monarchy [in the] South, and gentlemen to fill official positions. This he found was the most earnest sentiment, not only of herself but others. Returning in the carriage to Davis's house, he found that the crowd of gentlemen was just preparing to follow Mrs. D[avis] to call on the President and interchange congratulations. They all spoke of Buchanan, he says, as being with them in sentiment; and Porter believes him to have been one of the most guilty in that nefarious business, — that he encouraged the active conspirators in his intercourse with them, if he did not openly approve them before the world.

Tuesday, March 14, 1865.

The President was indisposed and in bed, but not seriously ill. The members met in his bedroom. Seward had a paper for excluding blockade-runners and persons in complicity with the rebels, from the country.

John P. Hale's [1] appointment to Spain was brought up. Seward tried to gloss it over. Wanted Hale to call and see me, and make friends with Fox. Hale promised he would, and Seward thought he might get a passage out in a government vessel.

Tuesday, March 28, 1865.

The President being absent on a visit to the army near Richmond, there was to-day no Cabinet meeting.

Wednesday, March 29, 1865.

The President still remains with the army. Seward yesterday left to join him. It was after I saw him, for he was then expecting the President would return last evening or this morning. Stanton, who was present, remarked that it was quite as pleasant to have the President away, that he (Stanton) was much less annoyed. Neither Seward nor myself responded. As Seward left within less than three hours after this interview, I think the President must have telegraphed for him, and if so I come to the conclusion that efforts are again being made for peace.

I am by no means certain that this irregular proceeding and importunity by the Executive is the wisest course. Yet the President has much shrewdness and sagacity. He has been apprehensive that the military men are not very solicitous to close hostilities, fears our generals will exact severe terms.

Saturday, April 1, 1865.

The President yet remains with the army, and the indications are that a great and perhaps final battle is near. Tom [2] writes me, dating his letter "Headquarters Army of the James, near Hatches's Run," — saying he had scarcely slept for forty-eight hours, the army having commenced moving on the evening of the 27th, and his letter was dated the evening of the 29th. General Ord must therefore

[1] Formerly Chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, and very unfriendly to the Navy Department.

[2] Thomas S. Welles, son of the Secretary.

have moved his army from before Richmond across the James, and got below Petersburg. I infer, therefore, that the demonstration will be on that plan, and I trust [will result in] defeat and capture of Lee and his army.

Greeley's letter of last summer to the President urging peace for our "bleeding, bankrupt, ruined country" has been published in England. This was the letter which led to the Niagara conference. I advised its publication and the whole correspondence at the time, but the President was unwilling just then, unless Greeley would consent to omit the passage concerning our ruined country, but to this Greeley would not consent, and in that exhibited weakness, for it was the most offensive and objectionable part of his letter.

How it comes now to be published in England I do not understand. I should have preferred its appearance at home in the first instance. Poor Greeley is nearly played out. He has a morbid appetite for notoriety. Four years ago [he] was zealous or willing to let the states secede if they wished, six months later [he] was vociferating, "On to Richmond." Has been scolding and urging forward hostile operations. Suddenly is for peace, and ready to pay the rebels four hundred millions or more to get it, he being allowed to figure in it. He craves public attention. Does not exhibit a high regard for principle. I doubt his honesty about as much as his consistency. It is put on for effect. He is a greedy office-hunter.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Sunday, April 2, 1865.

A telegram from the President to the War Department this morning states that a furious fight is going on. Sheridan has got west of Petersburg on the South Side Railroad creeping from the west, at the same time Grant has ordered an advance of our lines. Wright and Parke are said to have broken through the rebel lines. General Ord is fighting, but the results are unknown. General Halleck states that Lee has undoubtedly sent out his force to protect the railroad and preserve his communications, that this has left Richmond weak, and Ord is pressing on the city. I enquired if Ord was not below Petersburg at Hatches's Run. He said no, that was newspaper talk. Told him I had supposed otherwise.

On going to the War Department a few hours later to make further inquiries, I carried with me Tom's letter. Stanton, however, maintained the same ground until I read Tom's letter, when he yielded.

Monday, April 3, 1865.

Intelligence of the evacuation of Petersburg and the capture of Richmond was received this A. M., and the city has been in an uproar through the day. Most of the clerks and others left the Departments, and there were immense gatherings in the streets. Joy and gladness lightened every countenance. Secessionists and their sympathizers must have retired, and yet it seemed as if the entire population, the male portion of it, was abroad in the streets. Flags were flying from every house and store that had them. Many of the stores were closed, and Washington appeared patriotic beyond anything ever before witnessed. The absence of the Assistant, Chief Clerk and Solicitor compelled my attendance until after 3 P. M. close of mail.

Attorney-General Speed and myself met by agreement at Stanton's room last night at nine, to learn the condition of affairs with the armies. We had previously been two or three times there during the day. It was about eleven before a despatch was received and deciphered. The conversation between us three was free, and turning on events connected with the rebellion, our thoughts and talk naturally travelled back to the early days of the insurrection and the incipient treason in Buchanan's Cabinet. Stanton became quite communicative. He was invited, as I have previously understood,

through the influence of Black.[1] He says Buchanan was a miserable coward, so alarmed and enfeebled by the gathering storm as to be mentally and physically prostrated; and [that] he [himself] was apprehensive the President would not survive until the 4th of March. The discussion in regard to the course to be pursued towards Anderson and the little garrison at Sumter became excited and violent in December, 1860. On the 27th or 29th of that month there were three sessions of the Cabinet in council. Sitting late at night, wrapped in an old dressing gown, or cloak, Buchanan crouched in a corner near the fire, trembling like an aspen leaf. He asked what he should do. Declared that Stanton said he ought to be hung, and that others of the Cabinet concurred with him. This, Stanton said, grew out of his remarks that if they yielded up Sumter to the conspirators it was treason, and no more to be defended than Arnold's. In the discussion, Holt was very emphatic and decided in his loyalty; Toucey[2] the most abject of all. When called upon by the President for his opinion, Toucey said he was for ordering Anderson to return immediately to Fort Moultrie. He was asked if he was aware that Moultrie was dismantled, and replied that would make no difference — Anderson had gone to Sumter without orders and against orders of Floyd, and he would order him back forthwith. Stanton says he inquired of Toucey if he expected to go back to Connecticut after taking that position, and Toucey said he did, but asked Stanton why he put the question. Stanton replied that he had inquired in good faith that he might know the character of the people in Connecticut or Toucey's estimate of them, for were he, S[tanton], to take that position, and it were known to the people of Pennsylvania, he should expect they would stone him the moment he set foot in the state, stone him through the state, and tie a stone around his neck and throw him in the river when he reached Pittsburg. Stanton gives Toucey the most despicable character in the Buchanan Cabinet, not excepting Floyd or Thompson.

[1] Jeremiah S. Black, Attorney-General, and subsequently Secretary of State in Buchanan's Cabinet.

[2] Isaac Toucey of Connecticut was Secretary of the Navy in Buchanan's Cabinet. John B. Floyd was Secretary of War, but resigned, and subsequently became a general in the Confederate service.

Tuesday, April 4, 1865.

Very little intelligence received from the armies to-day. The President still at City Point.

Wednesday, April 5, 1865.

Mr. Seward read to Mr. McCulloch and myself a proclamation which he had prepared for the President to sign, closing the ports to foreign powers in the rebel states.

Within half an hour of our parting from Mr. Seward, his horses ran away with the carriage in which he was taking a ride. He jumped from the vehicle, was taken up badly injured, with his arm and jaw broken, and his head and face badly bruised.

THE CHIVALRY OF CAROLINA

Friday, April 7, 1865.

We have word that Sheridan has had a battle with a part of Lee's army, has captured six rebel generals and several thousand prisoners. His despatch intimates the almost certain capture of Lee.

This rebellion, which has convulsed the nation for four years, threatened the Union, and caused such sacrifice of blood and treasure, may be traced in a great degree to the diseased imagination of certain South Carolina gentlemen, who some thirty or forty years since studied Scott's novels, and fancied themselves cavaliers, imbued with chivalry, a superior class, not born to labor but to command, brave beyond mankind generally, more intellectual, more generous, more hospitable, more liberal than others. Such of their countrymen as did not own slaves, and who labored with their own hands, who depended on their exertions

for a livelihood, who were mechanics, traders, and tillers of the soil, were, in their estimate, inferiors, who would not fight, were religious and would not gamble, moral and would not countenance dueling — were serious, and minded their own business, economical and thrifty, which was denounced as mean and miserly. Hence the chivalrous Carolinian affected to, and actually did finally hold the Yankee in contempt. The women caught the infection. They were to be patriotic, revolutionary matrons and maidens. They admired the bold, dashing, swaggering, licentious, boasting, chivalrous slave-master, who told them he wanted to fight the Yankee but could not kick and insult him into a quarrel. And they disdained and despised the pious, peddling, plodding, persevering Yankee who would not drink, and swear, and fight duels.

The speeches and letters of James Hamilton[1] and his associates from 1825 forward will be found impregnated with the romance and poetry of Scott, and they came ultimately to believe themselves a superior and better race, knights of blood and spirit.

Only a war could wipe out this arrogance and folly, which had by party and sectional instrumentalities been disseminated through a large portion of the South. Face to face in battle and in field with these slandered Yankees, they learned their own weakness and [their] misconception of the Yankee character. Without self-assumption of superiority, the Yankee was proved to be as brave, as generous, as humane, as chivalric, as the vaunting and supercilious Carolinians, to say the least. Their ideal, however, in Scott's pages of *Marmion*, *Ivanhoe*, etc., no more belonged to the sunny South, than to other sections less arrogant and presuming, but more industrious and frugal.

On the other hand, the Yankees and the North generally underestimated the energy and enduring qualities of the Southern people who were slave-owners. It was believed they were effeminate idlers, living on the toil and labors of others, who themselves could endure no hardships such as [are] indispensable to soldiers in the field. It was also believed that a civil war would, inevitably, lead to servile insurrection, and that the slave-owners would have their hands full to keep the slaves in subjection after hostilities commenced. Experience has corrected these misconceptions in each section.

[1] A South Carolina politician, ardently Southern in his sympathies, who did much to promote the secession of his state.

THE CAPTURE OF LEE

Monday, April 10, 1865.

At day dawn a salute of several guns was fired. The first discharge proclaimed, as well as words could have done, the capture of Lee and his army. The morning papers detailed the particulars. The event took place yesterday, and the circumstances will be narrated in full elsewhere.

The tidings were spread over the country during the night, and the nation seems delirious with joy. Guns are firing — bells ringing — flags flying — men laughing — children cheering — all, all are jubilant. This surrender of the great rebel captain and the most formidable and reliable army of the secessionists virtually terminates the rebellion.

Called on the President, who returned last evening looking well and feeling well. Signed the proclamation closing the Southern ports. Seemed gratified that Seward and myself were united in the measure, remembering, I think, without mentioning, the old differences.

Wednesday, April 12, 1865.

The President asked me what views I took of Weitzel's calling the Virginia legislature together. Said Stanton and others were dissatisfied. Told him I doubted the policy of convening a rebel legislature. It was a recognition of

them, and once convened they would, with their hostile feelings, be inclined perhaps to conspire against us. He said he had no fear of that. They were too badly beaten, too much exhausted. His idea was that the members of the legislature comprising the prominent and influential men of their respective counties, had better come together and undo their own work. He felt assured they would do this, and the movement he believed a good one. Civil government must be re-established, he said, as soon as possible; there must be courts, and law, and order, or society would be broken up, and the disbanded armies would turn into robber bands and guerrillas, which we must strive to prevent. These were the reasons why he wished prominent Virginians who had the confidence of the people to come together and turn themselves and neighbors into good Union men. But as we all had taken a different view [he said] he had perhaps made a mistake, and was ready to correct it if he had.

I remarked in the course of conversation that if the so-called legislature came together they would be likely to propose terms which might seem reasonable but which we could not accept, that I had not great faith in negotiations with large bodies of men — each would encourage the other in asking and doing what no one of them would do alone.

(*To be continued.*)

SINCERITY IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY ANNA ROBESON BURR

THE attitude of the critic toward the autobiography has been at all times curiously contradictory. While he constantly urges us to the reading of these documents, — while Emerson, for instance, names them as "among the best books," and J. A. Symonds's feeling for them "amounts to a passion," — yet this interest is frequently coupled with open doubt as to their sincerity. In the case of the English *littérateur* this doubt has become axiomatic. Mr. Lang speaks with contempt of "anecdotes which people tell about their own subjective experiences;" and Mr. Birrell shows the same cautious attitude, where he says that "Rousseau's *Confessions* ought never to have been written; but written they were, and read they will always be."

To some minds the fact that a book will always be read constitutes a proof of its value; and there are those of us more inclined to respond to the accent of conviction in which M. Anatole France mentions the survival of the *Confessions*. "On n'ouvre plus guère *Emile*," he says, "on lira toujours les *Confessions*." And later he declares that the love of memoirs persists because they escape all literary fashions: "on ne doit rien à la mode — on ne cherche que la vérité humaine." *La vérité humaine*. It does not need M. Alfred Fouillée, and other psychologists, to point out that the French critics have always taken more seriously the conscious aspect of "la vérité humaine" than the English have seemed able to do. There are reasons for this, historical and psychological, with which we may not deal here. Truth about people — if one may so translate M. France — has appeared to them of the first importance, and it is for this truth one seeks in any document purporting to be a self-portrayal.

A reasonable instinct causes the reader to feel that truth about people may best be learned from the people themselves. At the same time, this instinct is met by that in which he seeks to compare these self-delineators with himself; to measure their degree of sincerity by what he may honestly feel to be his own degree of sincerity. The moment he does this, he is conscious of resentment at the autobiographer's clearer insight and higher courage; and here the reader's state of mind rouses him to protest his self-distrust.

Thus we come to find the great self-student perpetually shrouded in veils of comment and contradiction, and followed by a crowd of acquaintances, correspondents, and distant relatives, clamoring to give him the lie. Rousseau is a notable case in point. It has taken one hundred years to discover that the pink-and-silver ribbon he stole from a fellow servant was not a diamond, or a silver dish, but just a ribbon of pink and silver. Pages have been written about the error he made in the date of his christening, which error has been forced to serve as a text to show his general unreliability. Any chance witness of genius in one of its passing moods is sure to take such a mood for a permanent characteristic, and, triumphant, to point out that it has not been fully displayed in the autobiography. "Not to be relied upon!" the book is waved aside; "A man's estimate of himself, you know!" and so on.

To the serious student of the personal narrative, it would seem that there lay an injustice in this point of view. What, on the whole, do we require from the autobiographer as an excuse for his existence? That he should give us the facts others might give, or that he should flash on the canvas some aspect of the figure which he only knows? Accuracy in date is needful in writing anybody's life, but more needful still is a vital picture of the creature as he lived. Contemplating human nature in an introspective mood, one must be prepared to find in the self-study a certain looseness as to exterior matters. The eye cannot look both in and out at the same time. St. Augustine is by no means clear as to the passage of time, but the value of his self-revelation is not thereby lessened. The corrective of supplementary study is readily applied to amend the autobiographer in his — one might almost say essential — errors of memory, to balance and counteract his emphasis on certain stages of his intellectual and emotional development. These mistakes become unimportant only in proportion as the main work is important. The object of the autobiographer must be to concentrate on that which he alone knows — the real man. If Jean-Jacques in the *Confessions* be Jean-Jacques as he lived, what matters the date of his christening?

Should the attitude toward the self-study be governed by the prevalent attitude of science toward literature, then it may be of interest to note how this literary material stands the scientific method. The facts about people which autobiography claims to contain are as susceptible of classification and scientific treatment as any other facts. Systematic study of these records will display, not only the comment made by this literary material upon some particular branches of science, but the scientific method as applied to literature, which is one of the functions of the new criticism.

Obviously, a classification of this heterogeneous mass of documents should be the first step: it may only be suggested here. All literary records are of unequal value, and while being sifted they must also be judged. Here, certain questions may be asked, certain motives compared, questions and motives which alike have an interest for those who seek "la vérité humaine."

What causes a man to write a study of himself which shall truly reveal him? When we ask this question we plunge at once into obscure deeps. Rousseau imagined that, "Je forme une entreprise qui n'eut jamais d'exemple, et dont l'exécution n'aura point d'imitateur." Both

statements we now know to be rhetorical rather than true, for Rousseau had notable examples and has had notable imitators. Two hundred years earlier, Cardan, the Italian scientist, began his book with the following sentence: "Since among all things which mankind has been given to follow, there is nothing more worthy or pleasing than a knowledge of the truth — we have been led to write this book of our own life."

Benvenuto Cellini, a notable example of the same date, expresses his conviction that "All men, of whatsoever quality they be, who have done anything of excellence, ought, if they are persons of truth and honesty, to describe their life with their own hands."

Here are two reasons as cogent as Rousseau's "Si je ne vaux pas mieux, au moins je suis *autre*," which has usurped attention on this subject; and they must be emphasized because Rousseau has stood for so long as the one type of the subjective autobiographer that he positively hinders us from taking a broad view. His *Confessions* were written during a period of great individualism and self-affirmation, and they gave a crystallizing touch to the many tentative ideas of an age of theory. They were, moreover, permeated with emotion, an emotion expressed with the voice and accent of genius; and so entirely did they fill the skies at the time, that men forgot that the idea was by no means original, — a revived literary mood, rather than a fresh literary impulse. The whole subjective idea has thus, because of Rousseau, been connected in our minds with the eighteenth century, and received consideration as an expression of eighteenth-century moods and tendencies. The first step in any right understanding of the subjective trend must be to carry the reader back of Rousseau, so that the *Confessions* may be accorded their proper relative position toward other great self-studies.

There are quoted above certain given reasons for writing, by three marked and definite characters. Such quotations become exceedingly suggestive, when we believe the impulse toward autobiography to spring from any recognizable psychological condition. The whole subject of self-observation is exceedingly obscure, and has been studied only in its abnormal manifestations. In a recent German treatise,[1] there is the following paragraph:

"It will now be seen (if neither vanity, desire for gossip, nor imitation drives them to it) that only the better men write down recollections of their lives; and how I perceive in this a strong evidence of the connection between memory and giftedness. It is not as if every man of genius wished to write an autobiography: the incitement to autobiography comes from special, very deep-seated psychological conditions."

Examination of the reasons for writing, then, would seem to furnish a means of understanding these conditions. They are seen to form part of Fichte's recommendation to the student, in his Introduction to *The Science of Knowledge*: "Attend to thyself; turn thy glances away from all that surrounds thee, and upon thine own innermost self. Such is the first demand which philosophy makes of its disciples."

Since this is philosophy's first demand of its disciples, we comprehend more clearly why an autobiography is so apt both to *precede* the mental changes in an intellect of the first order, and to *follow* them. The whole philosophical trend of such a mind moves in the direction of better self-understanding; the "attend to thyself" becomes an imperious command, acting upon a new and sensitive humility. A man says to himself something like this: "Behold, I understand nothing, not even myself. With what shall I begin now that my desire for study is aroused? With myself." And thus the conditions governing the incitement to autobiography are formed: serious conditions, as Fichte perceived, and indicative of the position of the self-student's mind toward philosophy at that time.

[1] Otto Weiniger: *Sex and Character.*

The reader, moreover, by acknowledging and defining a special, deep-seated, psychological condition, is thus enabled to separate the record written by " the desire for gossip or imitation " from that which is the outcome of a governed impulse, which we have ventured to call the *autobiographical intention.* The weight and value of a case will be found to be in direct proportion to the exactness and seriousness of its autobiographical intention. Vanity as an element in nullifying the value of a record is by no means established. Crudely vain cases will remain unimportant, but to dissever the obscure vanity of the genuine self-student from his austere autobiographical intention is well-nigh impossible. The whole problem of subjectivity, with its mingled threads of egotism, vanity, and humility, remains a tangled skein for us. In its effect on the sincerity of a case, vanity cannot be accurately determined, for there are exceedingly vain autobiographers, like James Hogg, like Robert Burns, who have been minutely, exquisitely sincere.

At the moment it were well to define the limits of the autobiographical intention, since conformation to them is so largely our standard of value. The best definition is to be found in a case otherwise unimportant, the *Journal d'une jeune Artiste*, of Marie Bashkirtsev. Contrary to general opinion, it is not necessarily the neurotic person who becomes the noteworthy self-student; and the curious thing about Marie Bashkirtsev was her perception of the value of self-study, which gives dignity to the sentences of her preface. " If I should not live long enough to become famous," she writes, " this journal will be interesting to psychologists. The record of a woman's life, written down day by day, without any attempt at concealment, *as if no one in the world were to read it, yet with the purpose of being read,* is always interesting. If this book is not the exact, the absolute, the strict truth, it has no *raison d'être.*" These emphasized sentences give a definition of the autobiographical intention, which should be remembered in making an estimate of every such document. Its two parts become the first and second canons for the classic self-student. Written " as if no one in the world were to read it," *i. e.*, with the utmost candor, is the first requisite; but it would apply to the diary as well, if it were not for the second canon, " yet with the purpose of being read." This purpose adds to the impulse dignity and measure, and tends to establish and confirm its sincerity. This " purpose of being read " raises a merely evanescent mood of introspection to the point where it may generate power. The greater pieces of self-study not only wholly fulfill these canons, but are raised above the mediocre efforts of the same kind because they do so. We find St. Augustine, Cellini, Cardan, Rousseau, Mill, Franklin, Alfieri, Fox, St. Teresa, Harriet Martineau, Herbert Spencer, writing " as if no one in the world were to read it, yet with the purpose of being read."

Since this is the intention lying back of the self-study, it is surely not too much to insist at the outset upon its seriousness. And when an examination is made of the early causes and their influence, the very existence of that influence has point for us. Imitation plays its part; one man writes of himself because another writes; personal impressions are repeated in a practically unbroken chain. Few, if any, important autobiographies have been lost; and this is, in itself, an illuminating circumstance. With the exception of Sulla's *Commentaries* (whose effect upon Cæsar was noted by his contemporaries), the capital autobiography has survived, and preserved its fresh effect on later minds, more than any other type of literary work. To what vital quality do we owe this tenacious survival? We reply: sincerity.

Sincerity, indeed, is promised by the large number of autobiographies seriously conceived, and executed in the interest of self-study and scientific truth; and it

may not be amiss to note how deep an impression the need for candor has made upon the mind of the writer. His style here, his tone and accent, the weight of the initial motive with him, are all of value; and the comparative study of reasons for writing is one of the most suggestive in literature.

"Truth, naked, unblushing Truth," says Gibbon, "the first virtue of serious history, must be the sole recommendation of this personal narrative."

"To speak, and therefore even more to write, of one's self, springs doubtless from self-love," declares Alfieri, "and the scope of a work like this is the study of mankind. Of what man can he better or more wisely speak than himself, — what other has he studied so well?"

"Private history," in the estimate of Sir Egerton Brydges, "enables us to ascertain our author's sincerity; and that is essential to the authority of his opinions, I labor therefore to estimate with rigid and stern enquiry what faculties of the mind ought most to prevail."

The lively Bussy-Rabutin owns a reason for sincerity which is that of a man of the world: "Je ne serai ni assez vain ni assez ridicule pour me louer sans raison; mais aussi n'aurai-je pas une assez sotte honte pour ne pas dire de moi des choses avantageuses, quand ce seront des vérités." And this remark has point when we find how very few "choses avantageuses" to himself he finds to tell!

Charles Darwin, who writes because "I have thought the attempt might amuse me or might possibly interest my children," goes on to say, "I have attempted to write the following account of myself as if I were a dead man in another world, looking back at my own life." Haydon, the painter, has left one of the most interesting autobiographies that was ever placed side by side with the journals which furnished its material. It were well to cite one sentence, in its original typographical form: "— a biography derives its sole interest and utility from its *Exact Truth*."

"Pour certains esprits," says George Sand, "se connaître est une étude fastidieuse et toujours incomplète." The *Histoire de ma Vie*, she declared further to be "une étude sincère de ma propre nature, et un examen attentif de ma propre existence."

These are examples gathered at random, and one might cite many more if space permitted. They show, at least, that the psychologist who takes the memoir seriously has warrant for so doing. Surely, if a purpose and an ideal of sincerity are found in self-delineations of character and temperament so unlike as these, one may infer that it forms a part of the autobiographical intention, when that is strong and definite.

But here we are interrupted by our cynical *littérateur*. "Ah," he cries, "what avails protest? Mere assertion that one wishes to tell the truth is nothing at all!"

"According to your own lights, *cher monsieur*," we may fitly reply, "lights shed from scattered and often trivial reading, you have cause to think so. Single cases of such protest would have little significance, and less value. The assertion from John Stuart Mill, for instance, that he intends to be truthful, would simply add to your own feeling of self-distrust. Would you tell how you cheated at school, and won the prize? Certainly not; you would die first! *Ergo*, neither would Mill. But then, *cher monsieur*, you have not the autobiographical intention. You are not, be it said with all due respect, an important person. You are neither Alfieri, Darwin, Franklin, nor Rousseau. The imperious lash of Truth upon the neck of the great, that fretful urging to candor, is one of the many differences between them and ourselves. And when we observe it acting as an influence, not upon one able person, but (to mention a single group) upon sixty-four able persons, we may believe that it forms a component part of some quality to which we are forced, as the mediocre, regretfully to renounce all claim,

but which we must, nevertheless, recognize in action and respect in result."

It is time that we acknowledged the different standards of greater men. Their superior sincerity, their more penetrative candor, is a token of their greatness and a reason for their survival. Yet the reader must not here jump to the conclusion that we do not differentiate between accuracy in detail and accuracy in portraiture. It is not for an instant asserted that Rousseau gave the correct date of his christening; that George Sand felt for Chopin only " une passion maternelle, très vive, très vraie," as the *Histoire de ma Vie* asserts; that Guibert de Nogent's mother struggled all night with a demon who upset the furniture; or that Jerome Cardan learned Greek in a dream. But it is claimed, and would seem capable of proof, that the personalities of those autobiographers whose work is inspired by a serious intention, and executed by an able hand, are, in their main aspects, truthfully portrayed; that they are more accurate, more complete, than the same figures drawn by an outside pencil. And is not this logical? What makes Boswell so great a biographer but the ability to let his hero reveal himself in every event and mood?

Ere leaving this aspect of the subject, it is needful to note whether biography, on the whole, supports or contradicts the autobiographer. Let us then ask the *cher monsieur*, so skeptical about the whole business, to name a life of Rousseau in which his personality differs, as a personality, from that drawn in the *Confessions*. Standard lives of St. Augustine, Goldoni, St. Teresa, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, — great autobiographers all, — rely completely and naïvely for any intimate view of the subject on their own works. Watson's life of Fox avowedly draws its matter from the *Journal*. Morrison's life of Gibbon does the same. M. Courteault's recent volume on Monluc depicts no stranger to the reader of *Les Commentaires*. Cardan's bitter enemies refer to the *De Vita propria liber* as an exact picture of his extraordinary personality. Even in the case of George Sand's *Histoire*, — a book wherein we know the central figure is drawn only in parts, — there has recently been the conclusive testimony of her biographer Wladimir Karénine.

The reader can augment this testimony to almost any extent that he wishes, or that his library allows. And while he does so, he will come upon another approach to an estimate of the conscious self-revelation, and one which must not be forgotten. George Sand herself will remind him that " l'étude du cœur humain est de telle nature, que plus on s'y absorbe moins on y voit clair." Self-distrust, appreciation of the dangers and deceits of self-contemplation, has inspired certain generalizations, which pass about easily from lip to lip until mere repetition seems about to make truths of them. It is in the letter and the diary, rather than in the deliberate autobiography, that we are told to look for the valuable self-revelation. Every one has heard the phrases into which this idea has been cast: " Not written for the public eye, but in the privacy of the closet — a man lets himself go," and the like.

It seems almost inconsiderate to deprive conversation of its conveniences by introducing the element of thought. The stupid and the banal are cut off from their part in it when the question is asked, " Is this true? " But one has entered here a field where the dull and the trite have rioted for years without contradiction. Should any one doubt this, let him drop a remark about the use of self-study in any mixed assemblage, not too young. He is sure to hear the words just quoted, to catch the name of Rousseau, — fondly believed to be the parent of this iniquity, — and to see much head-wagging over the deceitfulness of the human heart. It were perhaps cruel to remind these respectable persons that their own self-analysis might have less sincerity and less value than that of St. Augustine or Herbert Spencer; or that the desire to see one's

self clearly is part of an intellectual initiative from which they are free. The factor which gives value to personal evidence is the relative importance of the subject; and it is the sense of his own inadequacy, without taking this factor into consideration, which has caused " l'homme sensuel moyen," to cry out so loudly against the whole business. " L'homme sensuel moyen," in a word, having no reason to suppose that posterity has any concern with him, can imagine himself jotting his introspections upon a diary, in a corner of the billiard-room, over a glass of brandy-and-soda, when the idea of self-study in writing his life would seem factitious. Does this same attitude prevail with those individuals whose gifts make the judgment of posterity inevitable? We are here to decide.

The partisan of the diary and the letter claim that their very ephemeral character causes them to be the more trustworthy media of the writer's individuality. Yet examination in sequence of a series of important journals does not, by any means, corroborate this view. Had Saint-Simon published only those journals which he later revised and bound into a coherent narrative, how much personality might not have been lost! Such diaries as Evelyn's and Greville's aimed chiefly to present the daily historical and political events of their time. Neither contains self-revelation of any real importance. As for the inimitable Pepys, whom a grateful reader would not undervalue, his glance goes not beyond the day. The man is shown us in pieces, fragments thrown into the occurrences which he describes; his eye is on the event; and although we delight in the picture, we know that much has been lost. The first volume of Fanny Burney's *Journal* conveys most of its total effect, and is weighted with distinct autobiographical intention, which is not, however, sustained. And in proportion as this idea was abandoned, and the mere daily jottings kept, the work lost in vigor and in vividness. The constructive touch is needed here, as in other literary work, to carry conviction. Scott's *Journal* contains the noble record of his adversity, but it was taken up too late in life to serve us as a picture of his character, had we not been able to supplement it by the unfinished *Autobiography*, as well as the pages of Lockhart. In Moore's *Journal*, our view is perpetually troubled by the trifles which cloud between us and the figure of the kindly little man. And so we come to feel that the main difference between diary and autobiography lies in the increased sense of proportion in the latter, whose first object is to clear away everything which may come between you and the subject.

When we examine correspondence, we find no cause to change this impression, which accounts, indeed, for the usual attitude of the more scrupulous commentator. Readers of the great letter-writers — of Goethe, of Petrarch, of Voltaire, of Cicero, of Madame de Sévigné, and Madame du Deffand — do not need to be reminded of the warnings they have received not to allow themselves to be hurried away too quickly by their sympathy with the writer. Words are an effervescence of mood thrown hastily upon paper, often the result of a desire to experiment with one's self, to create a non-existent feeling, to rouse a dormant emotion, or to prick some mere vexation into active anger. Here is matter for exaggeration, and with no corrective. For in the page of the diary or the letter a man may indulge himself — may, in the ordinary phrase, " let himself go." And if the reader is tempted to think that the truth is more apt to come to the surface when a man lets himself go, we can only beg him to apply the same standard to himself in a similar case. The predominance of mood, the lack of self-restraint, which mean the letting one's self go, form, in themselves, a onesidedness, an abnormality, which is a kind of insincerity. Lavater's Journal, which he called *The Secret History of a Self-observer*, is a pertinent example of such disproportion. When his servant-maid is sullen on being sum-

moned, and his comment is, "Her answer did not provoke me, and it made me quite proud I was not angry," the reader is convinced neither that the introspection is true, nor that it is valuable; nor even that Lavater was not provoked, or proud that he was not.

But when the letter-writer or journalist sits down to explain himself to the audience of posterity, or to plead his cause before the jury of the coming generations, has he not a powerful incentive to ask, "Is this true? Was this vexation wholly real; was the true inwardness of my wounded feeling made plain to me when I wrote under its sting?" In other words, is not the autobiographical intention a weighty corrective to bring hasty moods into measure?

The whole question of imagination in the letter-writer, and the exaggeration through it of the fleeting mood, is discussed with fullness and finish by M. Gaston Boissier, in his fascinating volume on *Ciceron et ses Amis*. He shows successfully how these fugitive thoughts are "only flashes . . . Fixed and accentuated by writing, they acquire a clearness, a relief and importance which they had not in reality." If this be true of all written self-revelation, then, surely, the existence of a powerful motive to act as corrective comes to have deeper significance.

However, the citation of single examples of diarist or letter-writer can hardly be conclusive. The best method of estimating comparative sincerity would be to take those cases in which we have both the autobiography and the journal from which its material was drawn, so that we may contrast our impressions. No one can forget the quarrel between Rousseau and Madame d'Épinay, nor could anything be more suggestive as an illustration of this point than a comparison of the *Confessions*, the *Mémoires de Madame d'Epinay*, and their letters on the subject. The entire correspondence has been preserved, and letters passed between the two insulted dignities with the fullness and frequency to which annoyance spurs the literary habit. In these letters we find Jean-Jacques breathing outraged sensibility and wounded affection. To hear him, one would believe that the difference arose from the righteous wrath of a finally roused patience, and had its root in complicated spiritual misunderstandings, such as cloud the pages of Mr. Henry James.

In *both* the correspondents, those large words, sensitiveness, friendship, loyalty, obligation, appear in every other paragraph. Hear the *châtelaine de l'Ermitage* in her own defense, prefacing that her memoirs, written under the form of fiction, have no serious intention, but are a mere setting for her own idea of her romantic situation. She does not fail to suggest, however, that Rousseau's lack of business sense made any satisfactory arrangement with him impossible; and she speaks as a patroness whose good-humor has been taken for granted once too often. There is not a hint of sentiment. Knowing Jean-Jacques, we expect the *Confessions* to give fully his own side of the quarrel. Surely, he will not abate the majestic attitude! On the contrary, he describes the dispute exactly as it was: the contest of two greedy vanities, having its origin in a discussion as to which should pay the gardener's wages! Is it necessary to say that the gardener, *in se*, is practically suppressed in the letters? He has become symbolized — he is servitude, he is obligation. By the pen of Madame, whose intention is not serious, the vague, general reference to a financial origin of their difference is yet made, notwithstanding that it detracts from her romantic position. And in the *Confessions*, result of a powerful autobiographical intention, powerfully executed, the whole truth is written out, no matter what light it casts upon the large terms in the letters. To those of us who know Jean-Jacques, which aspect of the quarrel is the more convincing?

One example more. The autobiography of B. R. Haydon is bound with the *Journals* which were its source. Now,

with Haydon mood is everything: his intensity of thought wraps him in it, and his lack of measure is an inherent quality. He is a man with a grievance; he lived in terrible financial straits; he ended in delusions, in madness, in suicide. His case will either make or break us, for he has little self-control. While he was finishing a cartoon, he speaks, in the *Autobiography*, of his " gasping anxiety " at the time, and writes: " My mind wanted the discipline of early training." As the work grows, he prays: " Never have I had such irresistible and perpetual urgings of future greatness; while I was painting, writing, or thinking, beaming flashes of energy followed and impressed me. O God, grant they may be the fiery anticipations of a great soul born to realize them! "

This is painfully intense, in truth, yet compare it with the *Journal* of the same period. " How delightfully time flies when one paints! " he jots on one page. The succeeding entry is: " Painted in delicious and exquisite misery." Then, " Thank God with all my soul the very name of high art — the very thought of a picture — gives my children a hideous and disgusting taste in the mouth." And, the next day, " Huzza! huzza! huzza! my cartoon is up! "

If self-control counts as an element in a writer's sincerity, if there is any value in the study of our past moods and feelings, it is not lightly indicated in this comparison. The horrible alternations of poor Haydon's mood, intensified and exaggerated by the self-indulgence of his diary, are brought into some degree of measure and understanding when he comes to put them before the public eye. The mere fact of an audience causes him to examine them more nearly, to remember and bring forward that lack of discipline from early training which accounted for the lack of balance. The desire of candor and of completeness has laid hold of him. So we have found the autobiographer revealing weaknesses and errors which he had sedulously concealed in his intercourse with friends, in his diary or letters, and which need never have been known at all but for the prick of this influence. Sometimes these are frank sins, sometimes merely such ungraciousnesses as do a man no credit for avowing. Why was Gibbon at such pains to tell us, on the occasion of his father's death, " The tears of a son are seldom lasting. Few, perhaps, are the children who, after the expiration of many months, would sincerely rejoice in the restoration of their parents," except that he believed it to be the truth?

In her *Mémoire*, Catherine II, of Russia, plainly states that the father of her son and heir, Peter, was Soltykov, a fact about which there was much discussion, and which had great political importance. Yet she commits it to paper, although it is the last thing one can imagine her admitting. The Cardinal de Retz says, " Je pris, après six jours de reflexion, le parti de faire le mal par dessein — ce qui est sans comparaison le plus criminel devant Dieu, mais sans doute le plus sage devant le monde." The mention by Franklin of certain offenses which he calls *errata*, is not only perfectly gratuitous, but distinctly calculated to lower that public esteem for which he had striven. Acts like Cellini's stab of a man in the back, the gambling of Cardan, and minor meannesses of Rousseau, would never have been known at all had their authors wished to keep silence. Nor does morbidity, or lack of sense of humor, account for their record. One could hardly call Franklin, Cellini, or Catherine II, morbid; and if Gibbon lacked humor, it is abundantly present in Cellini, Cardan, and de Retz.

No: the endeavor to stand for what we are springs from a deeper source, a more serious initiative, psychologically, than the *littérateur* has been willing to allow. Stevenson, for instance, writing on Pepys, comments on his subject's frankness with amazement. He cannot understand why Pepys recorded actions avowedly best left unrecorded; and speaks of him as an isolated phenomenon. This is only

another case to prove how much the critic has need of the psychologist. Otherwise, he would take note of an influence present as a motive-power in natures ethically deficient, such as de Retz, Cellini, or Psalmanazar, the impostor. It acts as corrective to the religious fanatic who wishes to show a miserable sinner transformed into a saint, yet who feels obliged to tell you, like Fox, that even before his conversion he was loved for his "innocency and honesty." Such "majestic expressions of the universal conscience" as Emerson mentions, owe their power to this courageous sincerity. Trembling, as she believes, upon the brink of hell, St. Teresa yet gives us the brilliant portrait of her girlish self, "whom every one always saw with pleasure."

This power, in the naïve memoirs of Mary Robinson ("Perdita"), causes her to break off at the moment of her capitulation to George IV, although she has gone on swimmingly up to that point. One sees her inability to lie, and her failure to find an excuse, in every broken line.

Perdita's case, just cited, brings to our attention the partially sincere examples. Until now, we have quoted only those master-minds over whom the autobiographical intention has had full sway, and whom it has influenced to a full sincerity. But there are, of course, many would-be self-students in whom this influence is defective, weakened, or counteracted. There are intellectual causes and emotional causes working against the autobiographical intention: there is the objective cast of mind, and there is the sentimental point of view. The first will make a writer very careful about dates, events, and other persons, while he himself remains mistaken and obscure. He may write a useful work for history which is useless for psychology, although it must not be supposed that this is, necessarily, the case. The sentimental attitude affects almost all of the Teutonic examples of personal narrative, injuring the evidence contained even in the great Autobiography of Goethe. The *Dichtung und Wahrheit* holds pages of such magnificent and penetrating criticism as to make us regret the more its confusion of sentiment with fact. It is hard to pardon George Sand for telling us that she felt for Chopin "une passion maternelle, très vive, très vraie;" and how can one receive seriously Goethe's statement that "the first propensities to love in uncorrupted youth take altogether a spiritual direction"? At least George Sand atones by a minute and thorough study of her intellectual and imaginative development.

The exception in the case of *Dichtung und Wahrheit* — the fact that it is practically the only psychologically-valueless autobiography left by a great man — serves to make salient, by contrast, the value of other similar documents. Examination and comparison of even a few intentions and reasons for writing define the presence of an underlying motive in all serious records of this kind. And what is simply interesting in two or three instances becomes highly significant, we repeat, when found in a group of instances. Thus it seems undeniable that the majority of capital autobiographies have been undertaken in the weighty interests of truth, and are the outcome of a deep-seated, psychological impulse, which, as a whole, makes for the truth. The figures which are drawn under these conditions, therefore, we believe to be, in the main, the figures of the persons as they lived.

OUT OF THE CHRYSALIS

BY ELVA LEE

"MIRY BELL will hev' considerable, wun't she?"

"I should say so! Silas Hitchcock must hev' hed ten thousand dollars — or more!"

The speakers formed one of the little groups of men waiting before the low old farmhouse. A dry stubble crackled under their feet; over-ripe timothy and scattered Canterbury bells fringed the open space. The great maples at the gate swayed languorously in the soft wind. The hush of midsummer — of the fullness of life — lay on the fields, and in the house was the hush of death.

In the darkened parlor the assembled relatives were seating themselves, carefully leaving vacant the central chair. Just as they were beginning to ask one another, in subdued whispers, where Mirabella could be, she came in, alone, the ruffled silk of her gown rustling with her movement. She held her head high and bit her lip, and her veil did not conceal the feverish red of her cheeks and the brightness of her eyes. She seated herself in the Morris chair that she had bought after teaching one winter in a district school. The whole room spoke of the hampered striving of her tastes. She had painted the floor and woodwork, and sewed the rags for the rug; she had made the white curtains. The walnut whatnot still held a few ornaments dear from her childhood — a shell-covered box, a china vase, her mother's sandal-wood fan. On the wall hung some crayon sketches that she had done in school.

Flowers were piled on the melodeon, the table, and the long casket: asters and dahlias, sweet-williams and late white lilies. Mirabella smiled faintly at their profusion. She knew the look of satirical amusement her father would have given them, the look that had always accompanied comment on the few flowers she had tried to raise, on all her attempts to have things "nice." The simple ceremony went on, but it was only now and then that she heard the minister's words, and her mind made startled efforts to catch their bearing. She seemed to have no real sense of the moment. She was absorbed in an intense wordless contest with the cynical, grimly-humorous, dominant spirit that she had known as her father's. The sound of the hymn touched her as the sight of the flowers had done, with an impulse to laughter. To her vivid consciousness of what her father's mocking indifference would have been, this honoring of his memory with conventional observances seemed incongruous and trivial.

When the undertaker touched her she rose hastily and stood by the head of the casket; but she did not look down. Why should she look at the changed semblance of a face that she had not been able to shut out of her vision for three days — a large, clean-shaven, impassive face that signified to her the thwarting of all that she had ever wanted to do! In the conflict that her spirit was carrying on, that opposing face was still keen and confident of dominance. She felt that she would be giving herself an unfair advantage were she to look down upon the real face as it lay, broken in its defiance, conquered at last. A few hot tears forced themselves from under her lashes. Then her uncle came and led her out to the carriage.

By her own wish she came back alone from the long drive. She went at once to her room and took off the ruffled silk, the long gloves and veil. She was conscious

of the physical relief in putting off all this warm enshrouding black, yet it was as if she had laid aside her armor. This was the first silk dress she had ever had, except some old ones of her mother's. At length she went down to the kitchen where a neighbor had been getting supper, and stood in the doorway looking up into the orchard that covered the hill behind the house. The hired men were crossing the yard with pails of foaming milk. She caught herself thinking that she would never have to wash those pails again. Then she repeated the thought defiantly, with a little catch in her breath. Presently she went in and seated herself at the table. The neighbor, Susan Potwine, poured some tea for her, and she tried to sip a little of it. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Mercy!" cried Susan, "I did n't suppose you felt as bad as that."

"Oh, Susan," she moaned, "I'm crying because I don't feel bad."

She rose and made a movement toward clearing the table. She had suddenly felt restless for her usual work, but she stopped as abruptly as she had begun; this yielding to a desire for work was a concession to her opponent in the strange struggle going on within her soul. She went out of doors and round to the front of the house. Far below lay the green valley — a smooth lake islanded by orchards and woodlands, and the village hidden in trees. Rising vapor traced the course of the unseen river, and the mountains were dark against the sunset sky. She looked wearily at it all, thinking how her mother had liked to sit out here to watch the sunset, and how seldom she had been able to finish the evening's work before dark.

Her mother had been a village girl, unaccustomed to the work of a farm; she had spent her life in a passionate service of cleanliness, the one form of æsthetic gratification possible to her. Hard work and privations (not of the body so much as of the spirit) had had their share in her early death, and the realization of this had awakened a bitter resentment in her daughter. The girl herself had had to work often beyond her strength; and she had had almost none of the simple pleasures that her cousins in the village enjoyed. She had had two or three terms in the Elm Valley Academy, and had earned a little money by teaching; but these opportunities had been granted so reluctantly, with such ironical mockery of her ambitions, that she could feel no gratitude. Her father had never been positively unkind, but he had worked hard himself and he expected his wife and daughter to work as his mother had done. From his point of view his house and way of living were needlessly finer than the log house and pioneer ways of his youth. He felt contempt for the femininity that preferred fresh paint, new carpets, and flowers, to a growing balance in the bank or a new meadow.

In his last illness he had fought grimly, and his daughter had fought with him, revealing an inheritance of his stubborn spirit, though it had always been thought that she was wholly like her mother, timid and yielding. For a few hours after his death she lay in a stupor of physical exhaustion and baffled effort, of pity that seemed grief. Then slowly repressed nature asserted itself, and with increasing firmness, before that clear image of her father's face, sarcastic and derisive, refusing assent to her dawning intention, refusing even belief that she knew what she wanted.

It is indeed true that she did not know in any wide or deep sense. Her sharpest need was to be herself; but this she felt only in terms of her thwarted desires. The full definition of the good toward which her spirit blindly yearned has taxed philosophical systems and the vocabularies of poets. She wanted the ideal; she wanted beauty in her life. But, with all, the reaching out toward this vision must satisfy itself with symbols, and Mirabella knew precisely the symbols that would satisfy her aspirations. She wanted to live in the village, in a neat house with a

wide porch, sheer frilled curtains at the windows, a smooth lawn and scarlet geraniums in front. She would like to belong to a woman's club, to paint china, to entertain her friends, seating them at little tables spread with fine linen that she would embroider on winter evenings by a pink-shaded lamp. She believed that her father could have given her some of these things, but she was not sure now that he had left his property to her. Perhaps he had been unwilling to trust her with the farm. But she would be free; she could at least earn her own living. It was to this point in her meditations that she had come when she rose in the vibrant darkness of the August night and went into the house.

In her first consultation with Squire Thurston, her father's lawyer, she learned that she would have all of her father's property, which comprised the farm, money in the bank, a few mortgages, and some outlying pieces of land. The total seemed to her fabulous and unlimited; but she was bewildered, and her thought could not go beyond her long-cherished wishes. She was looking for a house in the village when her cousin Nettie French made a startling suggestion. Nettie taught school in Hartsville, the nearest large town. She was secretary of the Hartsville Travel Club; she had a portfolio of photogravures of the world's twelve greatest paintings, and on her walls were framed prints of the Angelus, Beatrice Cenci, and some modern German madonnas. One day in the fall she proposed to Mirabella that they should take a trip abroad the next summer. Mirabella looked at her in astonishment. No one in Elm Valley had ever gone to Europe, and she was not even sure that she would like to go. Gradually, however, her imagination kindled. What if she should go! Life seemed to be opening out so rapidly that she caught her breath; courage almost failed her. But as she grew accustomed to the idea, her hesitation passed into eager anticipation. She decided not to buy a house for the present, and came into the village to stay at her uncle's.

The winter passed quickly in preparations. She and Nettie studied diligently directions for foreign travel in newspapers and women's journals. They made long lists, and planned to do their shopping in New York. Then came evenings over circulars from steamship companies. Mirabella selected lines and boats with what seemed to Nettie a reckless disregard of expense.

"We ought to go right," Mirabella protested. The furthest possible departure from her father's habits of expenditure alone seemed to satisfy her. And then there was always her wish to do as people did who lived "nicely." "I'll tell you," she cried: "I will pay part of your expenses."

"Well, you will not," Nettie answered promptly.

"Yes, I will." And she prevailed.

She drew some money from the bank, sold a piece of land, and in April they set forth. They spent a week in Jersey City with a former Elm Valley girl. Every morning they crossed the river, and Mirabella would stand by the rail looking down the sparkling path of waves into the sunlit mists of the bay, exhilarated by the salt air and the sight of the moving craft. Once or twice she saw an ocean liner moving slowly out: in a week, a day, she too would be gliding out to sea toward the unknown wonders of a new world.

One morning they went to the park, then in its first green. Through Mirabella's admiration of the great lawns, the lakes and swans, there flashed a recollection of the valley and the mountains before her own door. There the meadows and the nearer hills were turning green, and the new-ploughed fields would have lilac lights in their deep-brown furrows. At night white fogs crept up from the river till the valley was a shining lake in the moonlight; by day the woods wore the changing colors of flower tassels and opening leaves, and the

old orchard was flecked with gray-green. Her memory was tenacious of these details, but she felt no beauty in them, and the sameness of the recurring season wearied her even in thought. Yet she had a curious feeling of knowing herself only as a part of that scene, — of not being at home in these places that she liked better.

Their hostess led them first to Fifth Avenue, expecting, however, that the actual purchases would be made on the parallel avenues. But Mirabella willed otherwise. She had always had to take the poorer things; now, whatever she bought should be of the best. Once Nettie protested against some purchase of ivory brushes or pig-skin cases.

"We must have things that are suitable," Mirabella answered.

"But we can go without such expensive things."

Mirabella could only be firm without reply. Her motive lay too deep for explanation. Her action was a sort of justification of herself against all that had seemed mean and coarse in her environment. There was another feeling than mere pride of life in the subtle delight with which she touched the delicate well-made articles of her equipment; but deeper still lay the sense that only by completeness of revolt could she make her protest effectual. That vivid image of her father's opposing, mocking face seldom came to her now, but she still felt that at the slightest yielding on her part she would slip back into the old submission.

They sailed the last of April, left the boat at Boulogne, and went directly to Paris, for Nettie's great desire was to put in practice a few French lessons she had taken. They arrived in Paris after dark, and went with some of their fellow travelers to a small hotel near the Madeleine.

The next morning, in the soft May sunshine, they came out upon the rue de Rivoli, opposite the Tuileries and the great spaces of the Place de la Concorde. The fountains were playing, and clumps of rhododendrons glowed in the cool depths of the Champs-Elysées. The dome of the Invalides and the Eiffel Tower rose out of the distant mist. The young women swayed towards each other, clinging together, two slim black figures. They both had natural good taste in dress, but a too diligent study of fashion-plates, a too hurried survey of New York shops and women, had misled them, and slight exaggerations of the prevailing modes betrayed their provinciality. Their hats were a little too wide, their veils too floating, their skirts too long, and all was too new. With it all, a little stiffness of neatness and precision prevailed.

Carriages and automobiles rolled noiselessly by, checking each start they made to cross the street. "How shall we ever get there!" despaired Mirabella.

"Well, this lady is an American, I know, and I am going to ask her."

Nettie advanced resolutely toward a middle-aged woman, well dressed in gray.

"Will you please tell us how to get to the Bon Marché?" she asked breathlessly.

The lady stopped and smiled. She had a square fresh face and keen dark eyes.

"You must cross by the Pont Royal and go up by the rue du Bac — do you know where the rue du Bac is?"

"We don't know where anything is!"

"Ah, you are frank!" this with just the right degree of friendly intonation. "Have n't you your Baedekers?"

The cousins looked at each other blankly. Baedeker was scarcely even a name to them.

Mrs. Upton Rawles was quick both in observation and inference. "You must have a cab," she said decisively. She hesitated; then, "I am going to the Bon Marché." This was one of the ways of presenting a truth that Mrs. Rawles permitted herself. Her intention was a birth of the moment. "If you are not afraid to trust yourselves to me we can go together," she continued.

They were not afraid, they instantly and sincerely affirmed. There was in-

deed everything in her appearance to inspire confidence, even to the caution of their inexperience; and even far more discerning eyes than theirs would have recognized in her a lady.

Mrs. Rawles called a fiacre and told the driver to go to the Place du Carrousel and descend the quay to the Pont St. Michel. " Their first hour in Paris, so to speak, and they were going straight to the Bon Marché! " was her inward comment. She could not scrutinize them openly, — they were at least as conscious of her as of the objects to which she was calling their attention, — but her swift glances confirmed her first impression. They were so fresh and dainty, so stiffly overdressed! They must be of New England stock, but not from New England; presumably from some small town nearer the Middle West. The taller one had a certain prettiness of form in spite of her angularity, and a distinction in the lines of neck and shoulders. Nettie French, talking primly of Notre Dame and the Boulevard St. Michel, interested her less. Both seemed to be at once eager and disappointed, and the taller girl was evidently too sincere to deceive herself into an admiration she did not feel. Good-nature prompted her to help them find something of what they had come to see.

To Mirabella, Nettie's understanding of these strange names and places indicated an unsuspected fund of knowledge. She herself was pleased with the arcades of the rue de Rivoli and the Tuileries gardens; but she could not admire, as their new acquaintance seemed to think they should, the low dull walls of the Louvre or the façade of Notre Dame, and she thought the streets across the river dirty and uninteresting.

The cousins had selected the Bon Marché for their morning's expedition chiefly because it was the place of which they had the least vague idea. But once within the great bazaar, Mirabella again found delight in unstinted buying. She bought generously for her cousin, and could hardly keep her gratitude from overflowing into gifts for Mrs. Rawles. For herself she chose without regard to utility. She knew that she might never wear these pieces of rose point, but she felt that she would be a different woman in them — that the narrow ways she had hated could never wholly claim her if she could see, even if she never wore, these webs fine as the stuff of dreams. She lingered long over the laces; her soul expanded over them as the soul of another over poetry or music. It was the poetry that appealed to her habit of mind, and her emotion was genuine and pure. She won the approval of Mrs. Rawles by her choice, and perhaps misled that lady a little by her disregard of prices. The morning past, their kindly guide put them into a fiacre and promised to look them up very soon.

First and last they did most of their Paris sight-seeing under her guidance. If she was not with them, they followed her directions. Her kindness was a perpetual point of comment with them.

" It must be just kindness," said Nettie. " I can't see that she makes anything out of us; she's awfully particular about paying her part of expenses."

" She is n't the kind of a woman who would want to make anything out of us," Mirabella indignantly replied.

" Well, she probably likes to manage," decided Nettie.

It was indeed true of Mrs. Rawles that her executive ability, denied exercise in a large field, sought satisfaction in the protection of her friends. She lived abroad because she liked it, and it was — or had been — cheaper. She liked Paris best, but she was beginning to fear that she could no longer afford to live there. Since meeting Mirabella Hitchcock she had sometimes wondered if they could not be useful to each other. The cousins' confidence in her was not misplaced; she was a woman to whom you could safely trust your purse, your honor, your open letters even. She had no intention of exploiting Mirabella. She would, she

thought, give more than she would receive.

Always afterwards it was a satisfaction to Mirabella to remember that she, and not Mrs. Rawles, had proposed the trip to Touraine. She never realized how delicately the attractiveness of this tour was brought out in comparison with others suggested by Nettie. Mrs. Rawles had never been in Touraine, — a fact so unemphasized that it escaped the notice of her protégées — but her preparation in the literature of the region was more than adequate. And just when the younger women were yielding to the charm of her descriptions of the châteaux, she sent them off alone on a melancholy two-days' expedition to Rouen. The lingering impression of that journey gave Mirabella the courage to express her regret that their friend was not going with them to Tours.

"Oh, my dear," was the reply, "I can't afford it."

Mirabella never knew how she brought herself to propose to pay Mrs. Rawles's expenses. It came about, however, naturally enough. Mrs. Rawles received the offer, or rather request, with evident pleasure; but she must think it over, she said, adding, "Of course, I want to go." The next day she said that she would go for a month or six weeks. Perhaps they could venture as far as Carcassonne. "I hope we shall meet my cousin Philip," was her next remark. "He is in the south of France or in Spain, painting impossible pictures. He would be an ideal guide."

Mirabella, for her part, hoped that chance would keep Mr. Philip Armitage out of their path; she was having quite enough to do to assimilate a little of the information she was now receiving. She was alarmed even by the thought of meeting so learned and fastidious a person as this Mr. Armitage would seem to be.

In the retrospect of any experience all impressions will radiate from the luminous point of the one most vivid. In Mirabella's memory the valley of the Loire wore the aspect of a lovely formal garden, touched with a faint silvery light of romance, mystery, and splendor — her interpretation of the historical references she constantly heard from her companions, all concretely associated for her with the charming name of a certain beautiful lady, Diane de Poitiers, at whose word the graceful arches of Chenonceaux had sprung so lightly across the clear-flowing Cher. Nettie learned a great deal of history, filled her trunk with postcard pictures of royal personages, and enlarged her stock of French phrases.

At the end of a month Mirabella cabled to Squire Thurston to sell a certain valuable piece of woodland and send her the money. When the order came, she timidly discussed her new plan — that they should all go to Italy at her expense. She overruled Nettie's objections. "Miss Brown can teach in your place another month. Write to her," she said, with the imperious directness of one who has learned the commanding power of money.

It was at Lake Como that the question of Mirabella's staying over for the winter was first seriously discussed. It seemed to her that she could not go back now: she was just beginning to understand, — to know how to see. But she could not propose herself to Mrs. Rawles as a companion for so long a time. The suggestion came finally from the latter. "But," she added regretfully, "you could not live in my bandbox of an apartment." The rooms so designated had seemed luxurious to Mirabella, but she merely thought that Mrs. Rawles considered them too small for two; it did not occur to her that there was a false impression to be corrected.

The next morning Mrs. Rawles was at breakfast on the terrace when the two young women joined her. "Some friends of mine," she said, referring to an open letter beside her plate, "are going to Egypt and want to rent their apartment. That would be an oppor-

tunity for you, Mirabella, if you could induce Miss Nettie to stay."

"I can't stay; that's settled," Nettie laughed. "I can't lose my place."

"I admire your independence," said Mrs. Rawles.

Nettie stared, but Mrs. Rawles's attention was fixed on Mirabella, who seemed both eager to speak and hesitating.

"If you could only stay with me, Mrs. Rawles," she said at last, hastily.

"You ought to take an apartment if you stay," was the reply; "you would like it much better than a hotel or a *pension*. But I must finish some letters for the morning post." And she rose and went in.

Mirabella returned to the subject later; and when she found that her friend was willing to be her guest for the winter, she urged her to telegraph to the Rittenhams to secure the apartment. Mrs. Rawles suggested that it would be well to wait — Mirabella might find something that she would like better. But before night they had telegraphed for the rooms.

October found them established in Paris, near the Arc de l'Étoile. At last it seemed to Mirabella that her vague vision had defined itself — scarcely yet had it become reality. As in a dream she moved over shining floors and soft-hued rugs, through lofty rooms where everything seemed beautiful to her — always waited upon by low-voiced attentive servants. At times her natural activity disliked this constant service; but the physical weariness of years yielded to the luxury of rest.

Every morning she wakened to lie warm under the crimson satin *duvet*, looking at the tinted clouds and flowers on the ceiling, till the maid brought in her chocolate in a Sèvres cup on a silver tray. While Célie lighted the wood fire and poured out the water for the bath, Mirabella would think of winter mornings at home — when she could see her breath, and her fingers were blue as she dressed, and her father and the hired man would come in to breakfast with muddy boots and coats smelling of the barn. The usual result of recalling these past discomforts was concern for the servants in their cold rooms, and she astonished and perplexed them by presents of warm bathrobes and American oil-stoves.

Mrs. Rawles arranged for Mirabella's attendance at several courses of lectures, and engaged a French teacher. They visited the museums faithfully, and went often to the theatre. The hospitality of Mrs. Rawles (few seemed to remember the slender diffident woman somewhat in the background) became one of the winter's attractions for many of their compatriots. Mirabella usually poured the tea; she liked this combined activity and partial effacement. She watched the people from the shelter of the samovar, and pondered over scraps of conversation that floated to her.

One day her attention was particularly held by a man talking to some one near her table. He had gray hair, parted in the middle and falling over his ears, a gray moustache and pointed beard. He wore a baggy coat and wide trousers of corduroy, and a big black tie with floating ends. She heard him say, "The atmosphere of France did not make Corot. It is the artists — *nous autres artistes* — that make the country people see and love." Then they drifted away, but presently she started in dismay. Mrs. Rawles was bringing the man back toward the tea-table, to present him to her, she knew. She was afraid he would talk to her and she would not know how to reply. She felt reassured when he gave her a kindly clasp of the hand and she found herself looking up into a pair of honest boyish blue eyes.

She was quite unprepared for the name Mrs. Rawles gave. This, then, was Philip Armitage. He asked what kind of tea she used, and if she thought the cup she was filling was old Meissen.

"Please don't destroy her faith in everything in the room," interposed Mrs. Rawles. "He is my cousin, you know,"

to Mirabella. "You have n't seen him before because he will not visit such a barbarian as I more than once a year."

He waved her away, and seating himself asked Mirabella if she did not find the Bois beautiful.

"Now, in winter!" she exclaimed.

"In winter, if ever."

She wondered what sort of man this was who went south in the heat of summer and liked the leafless trees and fogs of winter. "I'll take you over to Longchamps some white frosty morning and you will see what it is," he said. He stayed a few minutes longer, making droll comments on the people and things in the room. Suddenly he rose, put his heels together and made a low bow. "I am delighted to have met you, mademoiselle," and he was gone.

His cousin talked of him at dinner. He had just come back from Algiers, it seemed. "He is always painting, though he never sells any pictures."

"Won't he sell them?"

"Oh, he would sell, but no one will buy. Poor fellow, I suppose he will become famous after he dies."

"Are his pictures good, then?"

Mrs. Rawles hesitated: but her hesitation was not prolonged enough to affect the frankness of her reply. "No," she said, "I am afraid they are rather bad."

"Oh, I'm sorry," was the response, and Mrs. Rawles felt that she had said the right thing.

"He loves his art," she went on, "but I am afraid that his technique is n't equal to his imagination and appreciation. He is a landscape painter, and he is always hunting for unusual effects of light and color. Perhaps it is because his effects are so unusual that he does n't sell his pictures. He is very faithful to his convictions." After a moment she added, "He poses, but at heart he is just a single-minded, honest American gentleman."

The next week Armitage came to dinner, and after that often — dropping in unexpectedly for lunch or a cup of tea. He made Mirabella walk in the Bois with him, and fulfilled his promise of making her see a beauty in mists and gray skies, soft tones and feathering tree-tops. She began also to look more tolerantly on his costume. In answer to questions that he asked, at first in kindness, she found herself describing her home to him — the old orchard, the river winding through the meadows, the wooded mountain. It became a picture for her.

One morning in March they walked to the *grande cascade*. There had been rain, and the air was soft and moist. Vapor floated like incense among the straight-stemmed pines, over the fresh green lawns, and gathered onyx-toned in the distant sunlight. On her return Mirabella went directly to her room, her eyes shining, a heightened pink in her cheeks. Mrs. Rawles saw her and turned away to hide a little smile.

There was a letter lying on Mirabella's dressing-table. She opened it, read it through once with increasing haste, then again slowly as if she had not understood it. Suddenly, crumpling the letter in her hand, she hurried to find Mrs. Rawles, who sat at her desk in the salon.

Mirabella stood beside her, stiff and straight. "Mrs. Rawles," she said, "I must go home."

The older woman put down her pen and half rose. "My dear! what is wrong? Have you had bad news?"

"Yes — no." Mirabella's mind was working rapidly to strange conclusions. "Only — my money is all gone."

"Only!" Mrs. Rawles was surprised into a bewilderment most unusual for her. "What has happened? A failure; depreciated securities? One does n't lose everything in an hour, like that, at once! Surely something must be left."

"Oh, yes," the answer was given with painstaking exactness, "the house, the twenty-acre meadow, and one hundred and fifty dollars a year interest money."

"What do you mean? What has become of your property?"

"I have spent it all." The color crept

high in Mirabella's cheeks; her eyes began to look worried.

"You have spent all of what?" Mrs. Rawles asked sternly.

The troubled look in Mirabella's eyes intensified. "I have spent all that I had," she said firmly. "I suppose that it does not seem very much to you. I had not realized that it would go so soon. It seemed a great deal to me. But I'm not sorry that I spent it. I'm glad."

Mrs. Rawles gave her a strange upward glance and repressed an exclamation. At that moment she did not know whether to accuse the girl of unfathomable craft or of incredible simplicity. Later she acknowledged that either judgment would have been unjust, but she never divined what Mirabella had meant by saying that she was glad. Nor could Mirabella have explained why she was glad that the money had been poured out unstintingly. She would not have spent it just as she had if she had known more. She seemed to herself to have learned a great deal — certainly her sense of values had changed greatly; but though she might wish that its uses had been other, she could never regret that the money was gone.

She never entirely forgot her feeling of this moment, — that Mrs. Rawles was angry with her — that she had always been nice to her only because of her money. This suspicion had crossed her mind before, but at every point, when she had been tempted to think her friend selfish, she had been overwhelmed by the remembrance of some delicate attention, some little act of thoughtfulness, that put her own clumsy generosities to shame. And now at this critical moment Mrs. Rawles rose, took the younger woman's hands in hers and held them firmly.

"It is only on your account that I am sorry," said Mirabella, her eyes dimming. Instantly she felt that this was a mistake, and bit her lip, but the warm clasp of the other's hands did not relax.

"You must not think of me," was the answer given gently; "now tell me about it, and we can decide what is best to do."

Mrs. Rawles's determination to maintain the philosophic mind was so far successful that she was even ready to laugh at herself the next morning, in her talk with her cousin, whom she had sent for. She had given Mirabella a commission in town.

"Of course you see," she said, "that she has — to be very vulgar — taken me in completely. I knew she was country-bred, that she had absolutely no knowledge of the world, but I guilelessly supposed there was a large fortune. I think I attributed it to lumber. She did not talk of her affairs. I never," she spread out her hands, deprecating surprise, "I never saw any one spend money with such an ease, such a delicate detachment. I thought she had been accustomed at least to the idea of having plenty of money all her life. But I do assure you that she never dreamed of deceiving me."

"I did n't suppose that she had," Armitage replied dryly. He had been walking about the room while his cousin was talking. Now he paused before her, and looked down at her with a quizzical gleam in his eyes. She turned her head away for an instant. His way of looking at her sometimes disconcerted her; but she turned back and faced him with a smile. She vindicated herself by frankly implicating him in the design he tacitly imputed to her.

"You have escaped," she said. "I thought yesterday when she came in that you had spoken."

He had taken up a piece of carved ivory and was examining it closely. "What is she going to do?" he asked.

"She wants to go home at once. I am to stay here till the Rittenhams come. You know I intend to go home this summer."

"You are not going to let her go home alone?"

"Why not? I seem to have no voice in the matter."

He exchanged the ivory for a bit of

jade. "Can't you induce her to wait and go with you?"

"Why should I?" wonderingly.

"For one reason, to give me a chance to ask her to marry me."

"Philip, are you mad! I have always called you quixotic, but this is going too far. She is nothing but an ignorant country girl. She is practically penniless, and you *are* penniless."

"Not quite." He put down the jade and faced her. "I think I could make shift to take care of her, at least a little better than it would seem her father did — that is, if she will have me."

"Have you!"

"Oh, it is by no means such a certainty," he insisted. "We need not discuss her. But you have recognized some of the qualities of her attractiveness — "

"Oh, thank you," his cousin murmured.

"She is much younger than I, and I look older than I am. Moreover, I think she does not like my clothes."

Mrs. Rawles dismissed this impatiently. "Tell me, pray," she questioned, "where will you live? You could not afford to live in Paris, and you would be desperately unhappy anywhere else."

"I think you said she still had the farmhouse and the orchard? I imagine the view goes with the front windows. You see I seem to have learned more about her life than you. I think I should like to paint her in the orchard when it is in bloom. And I should like to paint the elms that look like palms rising out of the fog in the green meadows. Oh, yes, I should like it."

For a moment there was silence, Mrs. Rawles looking at him thoughtfully and somewhat wonderingly. Then she said slowly, in a tone of deepening conviction, "Yes, I really believe you would like it; I believe you would."

"And now" — he rose — "when are you going to let me see her?"

"What nonsense! You can see her when you like, as you always have."

He came back the next morning. At first he tried to urge Mirabella to stay and go home with Mrs. Rawles in June.

"I cannot," she said earnestly, "my return ticket expires in April; and there is just enough money here to — to carry on the house for Mrs. Rawles. I did n't realize what I was doing, and I'm afraid I was thoughtless, too. I have put her in a difficult position, and she has been so kind. I could n't have stood it if she had n't consented to let things go on just as they are. But I can't stay; it *would* be shamming, now."

He looked at her intently. "When do you sail?" he asked. "Sunday — from Boulogne? I should like to see Picardy now. I may as well go on and see you on the boat."

As he was leaving he turned back. "Oh, you know I am going over to America this summer? Will you show me the orchard and the river if I come out to Elm Valley?"

He left her looking at him in startled wonder. He did not speak of this intention again until he was saying good-by to her on the lighter. "And I am coming to Elm Valley, you know. May I?" he insisted.

The crowd pushed them apart, but she had a glimpse of his laughing, kindly eyes. She did not know what he meant, but at least she had not told him not to come.

It was bleak and cold in Elm Valley. Mirabella went valiantly to work, not caring to ask herself why she wanted the house put in such good order. Neighbors far and near, seeing her return to the old house, noting her big trunks and hearing many strange reports of her travels, commented freely upon the swift scattering of Silas Hitchcock's savings. Often, as she worked, the memory of her father's face came to her, but it came as a memory only, not as a distinct vision. She knew how grimly he would smile, how he would say that the pass to which she had brought herself was only what might have been expected. But she had nothing of the old sense of contest. She knew that

she had conquered and that she could not have bought her freedom at a smaller price. And whatever might happen to her in the future, some answer had been given to her old insistent, unanalyzed wonder whether life had any other meaning than dreariness. Of her future she would not think. She had persuaded herself that Armitage had meant nothing, but it was a pleasure to her to think of his kindness and her faith in his sincerity. And her store of recollections of people, places, pictures, seemed to her an exhaustless resource against any possible monotony.

In May, while the hill behind the house was still swept with the light and color and fragrance of the great flowering apple trees, Armitage came. When he appeared it took a few seconds for Mirabella to assure herself of his identity, so great was the change effected by well-fitting serge and a ruthless sacrifice of hair and beard. He stayed for a month, and came back later in the summer. In September he and Mirabella were married.

When his boxes came, he turned the whole house into a studio, spreading faded rugs and tapestries, old brasses and armor, in every room. Mirabella does her own work, with occasional help from Susan Potwine, and is very contented. Her happiest hours are when her husband, once more in corduroys and an old blue *béret*, smoking a briar-wood pipe, carries his easel out of doors, and she can sit near him and embroider while he paints.

Once every year they go out into the world, and now and then he carries with him a picture that finds a purchaser.

THE COLLEGE AND THE FRESHMAN

BY WILLIAM R. CASTLE, JR.

We read often in novels that this crisis or that, some sudden responsibility, a chance word or glance, transformed the hero in a moment from boy to man. In real life there is seldom this magic "presto, change." The transformation consists in gradual development, covering months or even years, the plastic traits of boyhood solidifying insensibly into the rigid lines of manly character. There may well be, however, a particular moment when this process of change accelerates, when significant influences are brought to bear in rapid succession, each leaving its indelible mark.

In the case of thousands of American youth this critical period comes when the boy leaves school and enters college. It is of extreme importance, therefore, that during the Freshman year the youth should be given every opportunity to develop along ennobling lines. Until then, he has lived at home under the continuous supervision of his parents; in school he has trudged, more or less industriously, through the prescribed curriculum. At boarding-school, if he has had a few years of this life, conditions under which he has developed have been similar. The responsibility of parents has been transferred to masters, the refining influence of the mother, with its obvious advantages, exchanged for the spirit of self-reliance and power of self-adjustment resulting from closer contact with other boys. Seldom, in either case, has the boy been expected to exercise any power of initiative. Broadly speaking, this preliminary training is as it should be. I say nothing of the failure of

certain parents, and of certain schools, to make the best of their opportunities, because I am depicting conditions as they exist, and the boy who may be expected to result. This at least is granted by all: that, until he is seventeen, the boy must be ruled, must follow the course laid down by his elders; that he is not competent to make important decisions for himself, and that his character should be moulded in such a way as to make him best able to meet intelligently the problems which maturer years must bring.

The average age of admission to college is nineteen. For several reasons, it should not be over seventeen. Obviously, it would be better for a professional man to begin his work at twenty-four than at twenty-six. Looking in the other direction, the average boy should be able, without undue effort, to finish his preparatory-school work at seventeen. This, indeed, is often the case, and the year or two given by so many parents avowedly to "character development," really because a boy who enters college so young is supposed to be socially handicapped, is usually a year wasted; in many instances worse than wasted, because a year or more of comparative idleness does away with the habit of vigorous application so necessary in college. During his final school year the boy studies hard because success in his college entrance examinations is a prize worth striving for. Unless he is in poor physical condition, a summer should give rest enough. A third reason for early matriculation, in many ways the most important and certainly that least generally appreciated, is two-fold. The younger boy is more amenable to discipline; he is correspondingly less liable to temptation. It is this phase of the situation which I propose to discuss: to inquire whether the college gives adequate protection to its first-year students; what measures may be taken to broaden and intensify the scope of this protection; and whether a younger Freshman class would be likely to make these measures more effective.

In speaking of the American college, I have in mind, not the very small college where the boarding-school system is continued and the course prescribed, but the university with a more or less complete elective system, with Freshman classes of two hundred or more, which, through their very numbers, preclude any close association between the members of the Faculty and the students. Illustrations I shall draw largely from Harvard, since conditions there are duplicated to greater or less extent in other institutions, and since, especially by graduates of other colleges, Harvard is considered a place where little is done in individual care of students. I shall take up, moreover, neither the abnormally good, nor the abnormally bad student, but the average straightforward youth, who is as typical of America as is the college itself.

On the opening day of his Freshman year, a boy is for the first time given a latch-key. His time is his own. Like a business man or a college professor, he must meet his engagements, but beyond this he is free. He may use the intervening hours properly or improperly, as he thinks fit. There are no specified hours when he must be in his room at work over his books, no law which sends him to bed at eleven o'clock. He is not compelled to sign a pledge that he will use no intoxicating liquors. He may choose his friends where and how he will. In all probability a city with its blatant allurements, or, still worse, a small country town with its vileness cleverly hidden from all but the inquisitive, is near at hand. It is characteristic of a Freshman to be inquisitive, and there are sure to be guides, more gentlemanly perhaps, but no less iniquitous, than the guides of Paris, who are ready to show him the sights. These guides may even be among the student body, for colleges seldom print in their catalogues what I once saw in that of a small Southern institution: "No ruffians, idle loafers, nor cigarette-smokers need apply." In spite of the splendid climax, most American colleges are filled with

cigarette-smokers, and contain — for a time, at least — many idle loafers and a few ruffians.

To some parents this freedom appears a frightful thing, because to them it means drunkenness, gambling, association with loose women. An anxious mother, not long since, asked me whether she should risk sending her boy, twenty-one years old, to college next year, or whether it would be wiser to keep him at home two or three years longer. She recognized the black side of the picture, but I could only answer that, unless the boy were strangely immature, he would become each year that she tucked him into bed less able to meet the inevitable temptations of manhood. She was wrong in associating temptations of this sort exclusively with the college. They are actually those which meet every man, in every walk of life, and are talked of as college vices only because the transition from school to college is usually coincident with the transition from boyhood to manhood. This very fact, however, may well make neglectful parents hesitate, those who have allowed their sons to grow up as best they might without moral tutelage, without insistence on the sacredness of the best in life. To those, on the other hand, who have trained their boys, who have given them high ideals, who have been frank, who know them, in short, the step appears an opportunity.

But granted this freedom, the value of this trying-out process, has the college itself no responsibilities? Shall it blink the dangers and, standing aside, allow these young men to weather the storms, or to break, as their previous training or chance may dictate? Most assuredly not. The college so doing is guilty of gross neglect toward the parents who have done their part, and toward the sons of parents who have not. Such a college fails to do its duty. Still more, it misses its opportunities. Let us see, then, what is done now, and what further might be accomplished.

The first problem that confronts the Freshman is the selection of his courses. For the solution of this, each boy entering Harvard College is assigned to some member of the Faculty who acts officially as his adviser. He has already answered in writing various questions, among which is one as to his intended profession or occupation. In accordance with the answer to this inquiry, advisers are usually chosen. The advantages are obvious. The boy is enabled to map out a combination of courses which have practical bearing on his life-work; he believes in the selection because it is made on the advice of a man already eminent in the profession to which he aspires; he has, moreover, a scheme which will do away with meaningless scattering, which is introductory to a complete college course, and which really leads somewhere. Unfortunately, the disadvantages, to one who has studied the system in all its aspects, appear equally clear, though less obvious to the layman. For one thing, too much stress is laid on the practical aspect of college work, too little on the cultural, the result being a deplorable narrowing of intellectual activity; excellent training for the specific object, perhaps, but certainly not excellent education.

The adviser, by reason of praiseworthy absorption in his own profession, unconsciously adds to this mistaken attitude by suggesting courses not bearing directly on that profession as necessary merely to fill the schedule. From the outset the boy feels that his duty lies in grasping thoroughly those subjects — chemistry, if he is to be a doctor; mathematics, if an engineer — which will be of direct, practical service later; and quite loses sight of the fact that college should teach him to think intelligently on many subjects, as well as to know accurately one subject. What is more, the boy of eighteen seldom knows what his profession is to be, into what new and vital channels of thought his study may lead him. He has, to be sure, outgrown childish enthusiasms, no longer holds as high-

est ambition the wish to be a circus-rider or a chauffeur; but his decisions may yet be little indicative of the future. That he enjoys sketching is no sign that he will be an architect; that he is able to watch an operation without fainting does not prove that he will be a surgeon. Under the advice of an architect or a doctor, therefore, he may plan a college course which will be narrow, without even the advantage of narrowness along the lines of his career. Many boys, finally, admit frankly that they have no professions in view. Each of these is assigned to an adviser selected for quite different reasons, — because he is a friend, or because he seems by nature fitted to deal with that particular boy. But of the boy's early environment and antecedents little is known; of his character, as little. An adviser so chosen can thus only suggest courses which seem to him most suitable for the average boy, a theoretical individual of whose actual existence I am gravely in doubt.

The Freshman is very likely to neglect his work. When disaster comes, the irate father often visits the dean's office to complain that his son was wrongly advised, that he should not have taken mathematics because he "never could work with figures." Usually the diagnosis is wrong. In the instances where it is correct, where the boy is really incapable of certain mental work, the father should himself have discussed matters with his son, and should not have trusted to omniscience in a human and therefore fallible adviser. Generally, a boy can do his work if he will, but the play theory, originating in the kindergarten, appeals to the pleasure-loving boy emotionally, as, translated into the more dignified but still specious terms of "interest" and "special aptitude," it appeals intellectually to the father. It is extraordinary how many men there are, themselves successful through years of unremitting application to duty, who would shield their sons from the necessity of real mental effort, under the delusion that boys should study only what it is a pleasure to study. They forget that the positive joy of success is greater than the negative pleasure of idleness, that success comes through power, and power through training of the mind. They fail to see, moreover, that the mind, like the body, can be brought to high efficiency only through hard work.

But even so, we hark back to the responsibility of the college. We cannot have school study-hours, but we can make the Freshman ashamed not to study. At present, when the boy has made out his schedule of courses, his relations with his adviser often cease abruptly: save for the acceptance of an occasional invitation to luncheon, which the adviser deems it irksome but necessary to send, and which is accepted in the same spirit, or a call to request permission to substitute for a course that has proved difficult another which has the reputation of being easy, the Freshman usually ignores the Faculty. In Princeton the preceptorial system makes this state of affairs impossible, since each student is under the continuous supervision of the preceptor responsible for him. So long as preceptorial duties are principally advisory, — so long, I mean, as the student looks upon his preceptor as a guide, not as a policeman, — this system would seem to be an ideal one. In immediate, practical application, difficulties arise in the securing, and still more in the keeping, of good men.

The qualifications of a good preceptor are many; and any one, no matter how highly developed, is inadequate without some admixture of others. A preceptor should be a good teacher, never allowing his zeal in the acquisition of knowledge to quench his zeal for imparting what he knows to others. He should be able to inspire others with his own enthusiasm, to guide that of his charges into proper channels. President Lowell said a short time ago, in another connection, that "the disease of enthusiasm is dangerous only when *not* contagious." The preceptor then should have contagious enthusiasm, not that useless kind that

rages in solitude and is exhausted in communication. He should be young, not necessarily in years, but in spirit: able to sympathize with the care-free exuberance of youth, able to understand that as a baby develops his lungs through crying, so the Freshman expands his soul through noisy demonstration.

Of prime importance is it also that the preceptor should be a gentleman, broad-minded, sensitive to potential good qualities in others, refined but not effeminate, tactful, a man able to accommodate himself to the standards of others, and at the same time raising higher standards of his own for them to emulate. Such men are not rare. Our colleges graduate them every year. But it is hard to make them realize, what the world does not yet admit, that the position of preceptor is an honorable one, not a rung in the ladder of success, but a station, dignified, full of opportunities; that it may be made the highest of all offices, that of moulder of men.

Another deterrent, and a proper one, is the present lack of adequate compensation. Until the position, as a permanent position, promises salary sufficient to support a family, it cannot, all other considerations aside, be keenly attractive to the right kind of man. From the college point of view, such salaries would mean an increase in the annual expense budget that would make the system, in its entirety, prohibitive until the public recognizes its value to the extent of tangible support.

I have dwelt at some length on this preceptorial system because it is already in existence in Princeton, where its value is recognized by leading schoolmasters of the country, and because in the English universities it has long been considered an essential part of college training. Before the system can be thoroughly tested in America, however, public opinion must be revolutionized, and a class of young men created, the equals, socially as well as intellectually, of those who deem it a privilege to serve as tutors in Oxford and Cambridge. No great educational reform has ever been accomplished without such a revolution. The elective system was greeted with jeers and abuse. It fought its way to public approbation through its immense value to the individual; and its gradual development into recognition of communal as well as of individual needs is followed with respect. No such sudden imposition of the preceptorial system is advisable, even were it practicable. If we had the men to do it, we could ignore the belief held by so many that it is a police device, contrary to principles of individual freedom, a subversion of established educational theories that accord to each boy the right to make unrestricted choice in all matters — strange how quickly these theories become " established " — and prove its truth through its triumph. But we have not the men, and inferior substitutes would kill the movement at the start. Let the Freshman once discover that his preceptor is dull, or ill-mannered, or morally flabby, and his influence is gone; better indeed the old system and " the devil take the hindmost." In this particular reform it is wiser to go gradually, establishing the correctness and positive value of each step taken, and thereby creating a public demand for which there will be individual response.

The danger, therefore, lies in inertia. Since the colleges have neither means nor men to introduce complete reform at once, they waver between various possible, but seemingly unimportant, innovations, or else dismiss the whole matter as not, for the moment, worth bothering about. They should, on the contrary, be explorers, seizing on whatever seem reasonable hypotheses, and thus blazing the trail that may lead, eventually, to an even more satisfactory system than the preceptorial. Some reforms, involving neither enormous sums of money nor radical changes in collegiate discipline and teaching, might well be made at once. A very short time would prove their worth, and place them beyond the realm of experiment.

Certain races have the custom of throwing very young children into water beyond their depth, allowing them to struggle until they are exhausted, and repeating the lesson daily until the children learn to swim. This was once quoted to me as the method which should be applied to Freshmen. So it is, but not in the sense in which the speaker understood it. He ignored the two vital aspects of the method — the realization on the part of parents that the water *is* beyond the child's depth, and the constant presence of an older person to rescue him when need arises. For some there is little danger. A child who has learned to swim in the bath-tub will swim in the ocean — unless he loses his head. So a youth who, at home, has been taught to recognize and conquer temptations will meet wisely the larger temptations of college — unless he, too, loses his head. The child, on the other hand, who has had sponge-baths, or no baths at all, will sink, as the Freshman who has lived through a blindly sheltered boyhood sometimes sinks under the present lack of shelter in college. The problem is how to let the youth take his plunge under guard, not alone.

Most of us remember well the sweetness of those surreptitious expeditions to secluded pools when we sported, happy in our naked freedom, doubly happy because no parental or tutorial eye watched jealously our tentative essays into water a little too deep, or currents a little too strong, for our tender years. Innocent those expeditions were, guileless attempts to reach into the unknown, of no consequence it seems, now, except as brighter hours to remember among the many bright hours of childhood. But some of us remember, perhaps, the sudden tragedy, the companion caught in an unexpected eddy, bruised cruelly on the rocks, or sinking forever from our sight. And then came the weary homeward march, the mother, broken-hearted, and the gradual readjustment of our lives.

Boys of ten and boys of eighteen — their instincts are curiously alike. You cannot police the pools of a great city any more than you can those of a mountain stream. What is more, you should not want to, because the boy's instinct will lead him as surely to the one as to the other, and the presence of police will make him deceitful as well as overventuresome. But there is another way. There was a master in your school who was all you aspired to be. He went with you on voyages of discovery, fished, hunted, swam with you, and all the time unconsciously taught you self-reliance, so that you might yourself recognize and avoid dangers. Such are the masters who can help the boy who has grown up: the boy who has never looked beyond the shutters of his mother's sitting-room and cannot swim at all; the boy who, with those he loved and respected, has learned somewhat of the world, a strong but cautious swimmer; him, who, alas, has got on as best he may, who thinks he knows all, but has really seen only one side, who thinks it brave, when in reality it is only foolhardy, to swim down the rapids.

It is the first class, and the last, of these boys, who cause the trouble in college: who go under themselves, and sometimes drag others with them. The parents of the first lay all blame on the college. Those of the last curse the boy for being a fool or a knave when, as a matter of fact, he has never really had a chance to be anything else. The dean hears the stories of both, and finds them equally bitter. It is not surprising, therefore, that he, more than other college officers, insists that something must be done to save these "hindmost" from the devil. His ideal, hopeless always of realization, has been to know personally and to help each member of the class. When one falls, he feels himself to blame. Seldom is this true, but a good dean considers that his office invests him with responsibility for the moral well-being of all the students; and the magnitude of the obligation, making its fulfillment physically impossible, but little mitigates his sense of failure.

It does make him, however, eager to share the responsibility with others.

The first step toward adequate care of the Freshman class must be to assemble the members, either as a whole or in separate but integral divisions. This includes, as Freshman problems are distinct, segregation from the upper classes. Sections of dormitories, certain buildings, or better a group of buildings if one large enough for the whole class is not available, should be reserved exclusively for Freshmen. This is already done to some extent at Yale, where, however, as the buildings reserved do not accommodate the entire class, it serves little purpose as a test. In many colleges the more popular buildings, for those who can afford comparatively luxurious quarters, are conducted as private enterprises. As the owners of these buildings, however, are always responsible to the college, it is to their advantage to keep on good terms with the college officers, and they would naturally subscribe to any new regulations.

When adequate accommodations had been provided, — rooms covering the widest possible range of price, — a rule would have to be made that no Freshman could room elsewhere than in the designated building or group of buildings. Some parents would probably at first feel aggrieved, wanting their sons to room with upper-class friends, or considering the quarters provided not sufficiently fashionable. Certain exceptions would of course have to be made in the case of boys who, for one reason or another, found it necessary to live at home. Aside from these, intelligent parents would admit that, since their boys are confided to the care of the college, the college has the right to make whatever reasonable provisions it sees fit for the proper safeguarding of its students. Should it prove necessary to place the Freshmen in separate divisions, possibly at some distance from each other, much of the value to be gained from this grouping would be lost, since there would not be the advantage of intercourse between all the different kinds, — boys from private and public schools, from city and country, from East and West. I am convinced, however, that even so it would be an improvement on the present method of mixing at random members of the various classes.

This segregation would not in itself have any material influence in making the first year in college less dangerous. Indeed, offhand, it would appear to some to increase the dangers. The question would surely be asked, " What could be more pernicious than the herding together of a lot of irresponsible Freshmen? " It cannot be denied that Freshmen are irresponsible; they are also noisy, sometimes naughty, but seldom bad. The Freshman who goes wrong usually does so under the perverting influence of an older man. This grouping is not a cure. It is merely preparing the patient for the operation, or, to put it less lugubriously, is setting aside seats from which the children may watch the circus. The class is assembled, now " on with the play," which must not end, like the song in Pagliacci, in tears.

The next step is to procure suitable protectors. The elective system has brought with it popular lecture courses, largely resorted to by Freshmen. As instruction becomes more efficient, these courses are conducted more and more on the " laboratory method," as President Eliot calls it. One hour of each week is devoted to " section meetings," — divisions of the class presided over by younger instructors, who discuss with the students different phases of the lectures and the prescribed reading. As a result, every well-ordered college has on its teaching-staff a large number of young men, not necessarily members of the Faculty, who, in their section meetings, come to know fairly well the students under them. These, then, are the men, young enough not to be forbidding, yet old enough to be respected, who might well be drawn into service as general advisers. In certain courses, such for ex-

ample as Freshman English in Harvard, where the instructor meets his students, not only in the classroom, but in private conferences, he can, if he will, know intimately all the men under him. In courses where there are no individual conferences, this does not usually occur, unless the instructor creates opportunities to meet his students outside. In some way, therefore, this more intimate contact between instructor and students must be made the rule rather than the exception.

Fortunately the solution exists, even under established conditions. Most unmarried instructors serve also as proctors in college buildings: officers appointed to keep order, each in his own particular building or division of a building. It would thus be a simple matter to appoint as proctors in Freshman dormitories the instructors in Freshman courses. It would be equally simple in these courses to depart from the rigid, alphabetical assignment to sections, giving Jones, the instructor, not the men from E to K, but those who live in his own building. In addition, Jones should also hold official appointment, if possible with additional salary, as general adviser to these same men. It might also be wise to appoint in each case an adviser chosen from the Faculty, since it would bring the student into contact with another older man, and since he might feel more confidence in the wisdom of his choice of studies if that choice were made with the sanction of a professor. Jones, in the mean time, would meet his charges in three distinct ways, — as instructor, as proctor, and as adviser; so that, unless he were a surprisingly inhuman individual, he could hardly fail to know them well, and to gain their respect and confidence.

But just here, strangely enough, is where the chief difficulty arises, and where the most definite reform would have to be made. The young instructor to-day is too often not a human individual, in the sense that he must be to attract the Freshman. Too often he is selected, not primarily, but exclusively, for his learning. A young man, after three or four years of devotion to his books, graduates from college *summa cum laude*. He knows few of his classmates because he has never had time to meet them. The book of " college life " he has never opened. After graduation he applies himself with even greater assiduity, deciphers obscure manuscripts, writes a thesis on " Boileau's Influence on Rousseau," — which the world had thought negative, if it thought about it at all, — or on some rare genus of prehistoric mosquito, and then suddenly finds himself blinking in the face of an applauding world, a Doctor of Philosophy.

He is conscientious and therefore gives his instruction with meticulous accuracy, but without enthusiasm. How can he be enthusiastic in the teaching of something which does not interest him, and before students whom he believes determined to gain as little as possible from his stores of wisdom? As proctor he does the work of a policeman, an irritating stickler for the letter of the rules and regulations; but even as a policeman often ineffective, because he does not see, and is not interested to probe, beneath the surface of undergraduate life. It would be useless to appoint him a general adviser, because his advice would never pass beyond books; because when conscience drove him to the rooms of a student it would destroy spontaneity; he could give no advice concerning life, because the Freshman would know more of life than he.

Will the college consent to give him up? It is bound to him through loyalty, the wish to reward years of faithful work. It believes, perhaps, that he will write distinguished books, and would like those books to issue from its doors. These reasons are excellent, but are not sufficient if the students are to suffer. The truism is often overlooked that a college exists for its students, not for its Faculty. The mistake made is in putting such men in charge of Freshman courses, where even

a suggestion of pedantry is disastrous, and where the ability to arouse enthusiasm for study is infinitely more important than the inculcation of fact.

I have no wish to ignore the value of the Ph. D. degree. The solid learning it represents is necessary to minute research, to the proper guidance of graduate students. What is deplorable is that its possession should be held to entitle a man to a position as instructor in elementary courses. The ideal certainly would be a scholar, but one fired with the enthusiasm to teach, to kindle enthusiasm for learning in dormant minds. There are many such, men as different as possible from the exaggerated type described above; but there are not enough to go round. The second choice should be from among the ranks of young, eager, intelligent graduates; men not as learned, perhaps, but often better able to teach; men whose ideals are high, whose enthusiasm is infectious; who would be glad of two or three years of experience, both in teaching and in leading younger men. Such men would imbue the Freshman with respect for his work in general, and interest in the particular subject; a result of incalculable value, not only intellectually, but morally as well, since there is no better moral safeguard than disinterested ambition to excel.

Intentionally, I have suggested that this supervision be dependent for its value more on the personality of the supervisor than on any stated regulations, because influence exerted through personality sinks more deeply into the mental and moral fibre than does habit gained through obedience to arbitrary laws. If rules are imposed, the modern young man demands their reason. If he does not understand them, he obeys only because disobedience means punishment; and the formative purpose of the rules is lost. Given advisers with whom he is in sympathy, the student will intelligently submit to regulations which experience has proved necessary for the mass, whereas he will rebel against the same regulations when they appear personally irksome, if he has not been brought to appreciate their general utility.

Certain rules there must eventually be, as there are written laws of the state and unwritten laws of society. Exactly what they must be in detail, time will suggest. They must be flexible, not rigid; hortatory, not penal; standards devised to aid adviser as well as student. It would be unwise, for example, to insist that lights be out at eleven o'clock, or to make it a misdemeanor to come home after that hour. It might well be wise to insist that every Freshman entering his building after eleven o'clock should hand in his name to the doorkeeper. Frequent repetition would suggest to the adviser that the boy was frittering away his time, or was falling into bad habits, and he could act accordingly. It would probably be unwise to rule that all Freshmen should study in their rooms from eight to ten, or that cards should never be played in the building. The adviser would soon discover whether men were seriously neglecting their work, or were gambling. He would not be expected to report single instances of dereliction from duty to the dean; he would be obliged to report persistent neglect of his advice, and the students would know him to be under this obligation. Thus, gradually, a complete system of protection could be built up. It would not be irritating to the students, because it would be founded on mutual understanding. It would aid students who aimed to do right. It would aid the college more quickly, and with less danger of error, to get rid of the few students determined to do wrong.

In still another, and quite different way, much might be done toward guarding the Freshman from the dangers of his natural inquisitiveness. In every college there are numbers of good upperclassmen who are eager to coöperate with the Faculty in starting Freshmen along the right path, and it is amazing that thus far so little advantage has been taken of their services. Each of these upper-class-

men should be given a list of from five to ten Freshmen whom he would make it his duty to know. He would talk over with them their work and their play: their study, their amusements, their athletics. He would make sure that each, outside of his lessons, was given a sane interest, something to do for the college, whether participation in football, or in debating, or in writing for the college papers. He would see to it far more effectively than the Dean, or even than the advisers, that each was getting his fair chance socially. He would report cases where financial aid was needed, or admonition, or encouragement. As it is at present, many fellows are lonely; many, especially those from a distance, miss the recognition they deserve merely because they ignorantly room outside the sphere of undergraduate life, or, knowing no one at first, fall in with uncongenial classmates, and, becoming discouraged, withdraw into themselves. To such lonely men the dangerous pleasures existing outside of college appeal as substitutes for what they have missed in college. These tragedies would be far less likely to occur if all members of the class were thrown together, and natural associations were facilitated through the provision of upper-classmen and advisers.

One of the chief difficulties in dealing with the student body to-day is lack of frankness on the part of some toward the dean. They regard him traditionally as a penal officer. If he questions them about themselves, they fear he is trying to implicate them in offenses against discipline. Under the new system this evil would at least be mitigated. Freshmen would talk more freely with their student and official advisers, because nearer to them, and because no traditional reticence would have to be overcome. This would finally also break down the barrier between them and the dean, because they would find, in the course of time, that their self-revelation, when reported to him, was so reported only that he might add his help and encouragement. Even at present, the most useful constructive work a dean does is made possible by what other students tell him of their fellows — students who know that information thus given is never used in discipline cases, but simply to make advice and encouragement more pertinent. Discipline which depended in the slightest degree on what one student told of another would be as intolerable in college as in school. Under a more systematized plan of coöperation with students, the possibilities of extension in this work of strengthening and upbuilding loom large and inspiring.

Let us suppose, then, that the Freshmen are grouped together, that professors at the head of large courses have been made to see that instructors who imbue the students with a love of work are more valuable than those who discuss minutiæ with soul-deadening accuracy; that these instructors serve as proctors and advisers to the men in their sections; that they have working with them a number of responsible upper-classmen. The position of the incoming Freshman is very different. He soon knows an instructor whom he can respect for his humanity as well as for his learning. This same instructor, moreover, friendly, accessible, will talk to him as man to man, about his work, his friends, the latest play. The upper-classman whom he runs into pretty regularly will introduce him to others of his own kind, will make him feel his responsibility to the college and the obligation of doing something for the college. He wants the respect of these men, and soon learns that he cannot have it if he is selfish, or a loafer, or a sport. To get drunk does not appear, after all, such a praiseworthy achievement. Even to be seen on the street-corner talking to a chorus-girl does not have quite the manly charm he supposed it would have. Instead, he feels a little ashamed and foolish. He discovers that vice is ungentlemanly and mean, to be hidden for shame, not because it is a secret gloriously bad. After all, he finds the college itself offering innumerable opportunities for amuse-

ment. Days of work faithfully done, athletics or debating that bring approbation from his fellows, occasional evenings at the theatre with pleasant companions, all those things, applauded or appreciated by his classmates and his older friends, all are more satisfying, more really fun, than are the hours of neglect of work that must be suffered for at examination time, the evil pleasures which cannot be lived over again in talk, no matter how confidential. He finds his ambition aroused, his interests broadening wisely, his love for the honor of his college expressing itself in a struggle for self-improvement.

From the point of view of the college, finally, all this could be more satisfactorily brought about if the average age of admission were lower. Boys of seventeen have, to be sure, less settled characters than boys of nineteen or twenty. It is character more open to both good and bad influences. Yet undeniably, by the time a boy is seventeen he has reached the age when he needs association with men to bring him out. Undeniably, also, he is more sensitive to the ugliness of vice in all its forms, is less likely to be tempted by it, than he would be a couple of years later. He has still shining about him the white light of his mother's purity, and in it he sees shudderingly, not covetously. Under present conditions the younger Freshman has, to counterbalance this instinct for moral cleanliness, the fancied obligation to be a man, and being a man often means to him following in the lead of the worst among his older mates, learning how to misbehave like a street-loafer. A tentative reaching out toward this "cursing" manhood was once amusingly illustrated by a Freshman, who, eating in commons, blushingly asked that some one would "please pass the damn milk." Among boys of his own age, however, this supposed obligation would no longer exist, and, through the protection of older friends, he would be developed from a boy, good by reason of his innocence, to a man, good by reason of his strength. Less susceptible to the attractions of dissolute living, more amenable to good advice — this would seem to be the situation as touching a younger Freshman class.

Under any system, in any college, there would always be a few to fall by the wayside, a few who would remain solitary and unapproachable. There would always be a few with inherited bad instincts, boys confirmed in vicious habits before admission; but these would be sent away before they had a chance to pollute others. There would always be some who repelled friendship, introspective youths wrapped up in the study of their own personalities. As undergraduates, they are to be pitied, but do no harm. They never expand until later, perhaps, love, revealing one other soul, reveals the world. But for the normal boy, the healthy-minded, noisy Freshman, to whom life presents few problems, few responsibilities, there would be comparative safety, the impulse to develop along uplifting, self-reliant lines. Parents might then surrender their sons to the college with a feeling of safety, sure that the college would make every effort to fulfill its duty, — not only the duty of education, but the supreme duty of creating good citizens.

ON THE PLANTING OF CABBAGES

BY HOLBROOK WHITE

Il faut cultiver notre jardin. — *Candide.*

Dr. Johnson, once on a time, remarked, "I think one could say a great deal of cabbage." He did not go on to say it. As on another occasion reported by Boswell, when he was questioned by a friend concerning the nature of the spiritual body, "he left the subject in obscurity."

The planting of cabbages is "no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing." Perhaps the fields of Eden first brought sweetly forth plants of choice crispness. The patriarchs may have culled leaves for a noontime salad. Perchance they looked greenly in the paradise of Alcinous, and prospered magically in Circe's garden.

Their cultivation has not been unattended with rich recompense. A sultan of good old times — the story goes — noticed the peculiar skill which a gardener displayed in planting his cabbages, and thereupon promoted him to the position of Viceroy of the Isle of Cyprus, — a piece of business, by the way, that almost equals the feats of latterday "promoters." Whether or no the viceroy made also to flourish the cabbages' kindred, "distant in humanity," on his isle, we are not told.

In later days, the man who had the pleasure of introducing the vegetable into England was honored, by a grateful posterity, with a monument whereon the benefactor appears with a cabbage curled up at his feet.

Cabbage-planting is usually, however, its own exceeding great reward. There was a Roman emperor, you remember, who turned from the tumults and splendors of courts, and went away to a quiet spot by the Adriatic, built him a pleasant dwelling, and thereafter devoted his days to the training of rose trees and the planting of cabbages. Happy man! it pleases me to fancy that soldier-emperor sauntering, with a heart at ease, in the cool of the day, among his gardens by the sea. Instead of the clamor of camps, a bird's song in the hedge; in the place of a crowded palace, where treason lurked in every whisper, the sweet serenity of fields; instead of the tossing hordes of Asia ready to fling themselves upon him, those ordered rows of cabbages, "looking tranquillity." If some of the predecessors of Diocletian had been likewise blessed with the solace of a lodge in a garden of cabbages, Roman history would be pleasanter reading.

No less than half-crazed rulers of Rome, do we who are living in days like these stand in grievous need of the lulling charities of the cabbage plantation. Our abiding-place, like the city of which the prophet complained, is "full of stirs." Motors, promoters, sky-scrapers, the "over-man," progressive whist, — all our commonly used words have to do with pushing ahead. The wired air over us hums with business, the tunneled earth beneath rumbles with traffic. Journeys are not journeys, but "motor-flights," and the guide-books have all to be made over to meet the requirements of auto-viewers, who take their landscape, not by townships, but by counties. Our telegraph poles march with the giraffes through African jungles. Our dynamos whirr an accompaniment to the "merry dancers" of the North Pole. The toys of a three-year-old must wind up to *go*, and his brother of seven is enamoured, like his elders, of "moving pictures." In truth, as the White Queen said to Alice,

" Here, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place."

O shade of Galileo, wherever you stray and speculate, you were right! We *do* move! But the poet who spoke of " the soft journey which a planet goes " must be relegated to the ranks of nature-fablers. He wrote not with his ear to the object. We do not go softly. If ever our orb did join in the quiring of young-eyed cherubim, it has long since abandoned such primitive music. Now, we shriek like a Sinfonia Domestica rehearsed by an unruly band of five thousand amateur musicians. Rasping dissonances from murder and divorce trials; shrill outbursts from hydra-headed unionism, from socialists, and woman-suffragists; a deafening racket from stock-exchanges and political conclaves; commands and cheers from Captains and Rough Riders of Industry; vociferous harangues on " Peace; " deep-mouthed expression of horror provoked by countless calamities; all this, going up incessantly with the roar of a tremendous traffic, must, ere this, have reached the ears of those airy dwellers in Mars to whom we have given a local habitation.

There is always a " new movement " on foot, coming as an army with banners. Before the fife and drums of one column are out of hearing, we are assailed by the music of another column. One can never be sure which movement he is trying to keep step with, while, if he attempts to join in all of them, he is ever doubling on his track like a bewildered rabbit, and never gets anywhere in particular.

The dance of circumstance is kept up without a stay. One may be minded like Sancho Panza when he sighed, " How pleasant it is to go about in expectation of accidents; " but it is not amusing to be hunted down by a whole pack of accidents, — to be constantly " at home " to crowds of happenings, when " every minute is expectancy of more arrivance." To move in the still-vexed air of dizzy tarentelles is to invite disaster upon more substantial dwellings than Dolls' Houses.

Everybody is strained up to the highest point of possible activity, a-tiptoe to snatch not only the day, but the night, too. Mrs. B., a neighbor of mine, is apparently a woman of leisure, but she is engaged in the most arduous of occupations, — climbing, at a lavish outlay of spirit, mind, and guineas, an invisible ladder by which she mounts to social distinction. " Higher, still, and higher! " But one cannot, in all honesty, add

True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

Some deflection in the poise of that ladder is possible. I met her, this morning, and " We are going to launch Rose into society this winter," she said. They talk as if Rose were some mighty Cunarder equipped to outride the tempests of the deep. What is a jaunty little pinnace like her to do in a maelstrom?

I was a good deal bewildered, myself, in a recent conversation with a young woman of my acquaintance, who, after a year or two spent as one of a personally-conducted party traveling in the direction of Culture, is said to have reached that Mecca of the expedition.

We used to start out on that journey, pilgrimwise, on foot, with staff and scrip. Some of the up-hill roads were pretty steep, but the view from the mountain-tops was inspiring. If the plain was, at times, sandy and unrewarding, how pleasantly the springs bubbled in the shade! Now, we travel in quite another fashion, — in a 60-horse-power touring car. The machine (an Assurance, preferably) mounts those hills like a chamois, it skims over the plains like a swallow. The milestones appear only to vanish; and, trailing clouds of inglorious gasoline, we " arrive."

Directly motor-balloons are perfected, we can survey mankind from China to Peru, as the philosopher would have us do, but in a manner that he wot not of, — in a morning, at one " ascension." The traveler of whom I was speaking, if she had evaded some of the discomforts of a pilgrimage, had missed not a few of its pleasures. Having no need to rest at the

top of the hills, she had not watched the landscape unfold new beauties in new lights. Of the sparkling water of some of the wells in the plain she had not tasted, because she had nothing to draw with, and the wells were deep. The "snapshots" that she took in her passage were blurred by the dust raised in the going. Some of the views appeared to be of the nature of "composites," owing to the speed of the car. The photographed groups of the fellow travelers, posed in various attitudes, however, came out clear and strong. I recall one in particular, taken when they stopped a moment to look at Maeterlinck's "Buried Temple." The temple, of course, was not to be seen in the picture, but "you felt that it was there," my friend said. They had not considered it worth their while to visit Milton or Wordsworth, but of Verlaine and Omar Khayyám she discoursed affably, and over the domain of Yeats, where —

> Time and the world and all things dwindle out,

she waxed rhapsodical.

I soothed my momentary irritation by poking the log-fire, murmuring to myself, "Doubtless Milton and Wordsworth *are* poets, if Symbolists be ignorant of them, and Decadents acknowledge them not." Aloud, I only ventured to wish that some of our present-day versifiers would give over climbing trees in the Hesperides, and return to plough and plant undragoned home-pastures. The heraldic device recommended by the old essayist as ancient and honorable, "a plough in a field arable," always seemed to me a fitting coat-of-arms for a writer.

"Cabbages do not grow on Parnassus," my friend said. Not on the upper slopes. But if a man discover, or his friends discover for him, that he cannot breathe on the heights, he is not bound to stay there until he expire. The lower-lying fields know also the sun and the stars and the winds; "all sweet things, brother!"

Ever since a wise man said, in his haste, "Hitch your wagon to a star," the stars have been cruelly overworked. Astronomers may yet see their calculations set at naught by some celestial rebellion that will result in the wreck of wagons, if not the crash of worlds. Meantime, the dazed eyes and stumbling feet of these ill-advised who are ever looking aloft, must cause us disquietude. The Interpreter, we believe, did not intend that the Pilgrim should be always gazing crown-ward. When he walks in a valley where the path is exceeding narrow, between the deep ditch on his right hand and the dangerous quagmire on his left, he must needs look well to his going. The engineer of a train that is rounding curves and crossing high trestles is not expected to study the constellations.

There are always some who choose to defy the elements, and make hazard of aërial voyages in boundless light and space. So there will ever be with us those who elect to dwell in windless, remote, twilighted retreats. Both classes, "lookers-down," and "lookers-out," are apt to regard with some disdain the multitude who walk the common paths, in the common sunshine. Present-day contributors to literature and art practice so much of this aloofness that we seem to be ministered unto by invisible attendants. Voices come to us from crypts or from "ivory towers," but we are sorely puzzled oftentimes to distinguish what the voices are saying.

To be obvious — in sight — is to be uninteresting. To be tangible is "*un crime de lèse-mystère.*"

Our intellectual hunger is to be appeased by symbols, essences, overtones, gleams, phantoms, — about as satisfying a reflection as "a dream of the shadow of smoke." If Lamb's theory concerning grace before meat hold good, — that the slenderer the meal, the longer is likely to be the grace, since "what is least stimulative to appetite leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations," — then, in truth, we are called upon for a devotional prologue of awesome length.

These frequent, useless word-skirmishes on Realism, Romanticism, Symbolism, Impressionism, and the like, resemble the staircase-encounters in French romances. The dashing swordsmen of France seem to have been enamoured of fighting up and down stairways, — dark, narrow, stony passages where there was no room to give a good swing to a weapon, where friends as well as foes were apt to be slashed, where one made his way painfully up two steps, only to be pushed back three, and where, if one succeeded in getting safely to the upper chamber, the damsel whose rescue was intended was no longer " so beautifully there." She had escaped down another stairway.

There is a comfortable character in one of Anatole France's books, who, when the conversation has turned into a somewhat erudite discussion of imagination, its power and its limitations, stands up boldly with, " Je suis un homme qui ne sait que planter des choux." He preferred to fight, like Ajax, in the light; not on the staircase.

The crowds at the gates of sanitariums, Christian Science churches, and other health resorts, would be lessened if women were willing to " sit still in the soft showers of Providence," and spin the light and the air and the dews into whatever it is given them to become, — even into a cabbage, if so be that it is one's nature to be a cabbage, and not an orchid, or a sycamore in the vale. The list of suicides and fugitives from justice would be shorter, if some men could be induced to give up the attempt to scale the Himalayas in a racing-car, and till a small garden in a corner of their minds, — where the owners could sun themselves, and vegetate in the goodly company of cabbages.

Perturbed spirits! for whom there is no voluntary resting! It may well be that the " balmy power " of a cabbage-plot would medicine your fever to a " lengthened drowsiness; " and the hitherto discredited tale of an old traveler, who said that he had seen a cabbage under whose leaves a regiment of soldiers were sheltered from a tempest, would be proved metaphorically true.

To " vegetate " has become a term of reproach, — quite unjustly, it seems to me. To grow robust, and resolute, and clean-hearted, like a cabbage, is far and away removed from gleaming balefully like the slime on a stagnant pool, shot though it be with " streaks of purple that are straight from Tyre." Most of us still prefer the daisies that Burns turned over with his plough on his bleak, upland farm, to the " *Fleurs du Mal* " — " sweet-smelling, pale with poison, sanguine-hearted " — that Baudelaire gathered in Paris gardens. If electing to loiter by still waters, instead of dashing our oars in swifter than Alpine torrents, be vegetating, then we need to vegetate. Even that impetuous youth, Candide, acknowledged the felicity that attended the planting of vegetables. When, after a somewhat lengthy trial of tranquillity in this very occupation, he flung away into the world again only to fall into the usual disasters and dismay, " O Candide," cries Dr. Pangloss, " why were you tired of cultivating your garden? " And his pupil wonders why.

In the deepening tumult of the carnival, a voice that pipes for serenity is but a wren in a cyclone. Yet in cool, sequestered spots, and homely, quiet places, it is possible to live in a gracious calm, storing up riches of contentment and charity.

" Let who will, talk high about happiness and sovereign good. I say that whoever planteth cabbages hath attained happiness." And Panurge, who said so, could say it in thirteen languages.

THE PAYNE TARIFF LAW

BY SAMUEL W. McCALL

A GENERAL revision of our tariff laws long ago came to be the most expensive of the processes of legislation. Revenue is often a secondary consideration, and the regulation of foreign competition in our domestic market the first. So long as there is doubt as to the extent to which the law will intervene in the ordinary processes of trade, there will be hesitancy in enterprise, a hand-to-mouth production, and a slackening from normal business activity. The revision which has just been accomplished has undoubtedly checked business, but it has been attended with much less than the usual amount of disturbance. The agitation which preceded it was less prolonged, and was only slightly partisan.

Ever since the repeal of the Wilson Act, the attitude of the Democratic party upon the tariff has been very mildly academic. As a party, it has shown very little of its old-time passion concerning the issue on which it has waged so many aggressive campaigns. Groups of its members have continued to advocate free raw materials, and the raising of revenue at the custom houses upon such articles only as were not produced in this country; but they have not represented a united party, or, indeed, its general attitude. In the session which has just closed, free iron ore and free lumber found their strongest opponents among the Democrats, and many of them in both houses favored high revenue duties which should have the incidental effect of giving protection. Whether revenue or protection was the incident, the result was the same. To the general Republican policy of protection there was little genuine opposition in the opposite party.

The tariff to be revised was a Republican tariff, and Republican also were the agitation which led to the revision and the auspices under which it was accomplished. The revision of a tariff by a party which made it, and which professed in the revision the same principles which animated it in the original work, would naturally be accompanied by the minimum of disturbance. Was it also accompanied by the minimum of accomplishment? Was the revision a mere make-believe affair, which left the Dingley tariff substantially unchanged? Has there been revision enough to justify the agitation, and to pay what it has cost us? I do not mean to stir up the ancient inquiry into the effect of the tariff upon the prices which the "ultimate consumer" pays, but I mean only to ask whether we secured a substantial amount of what we thought was wanted and was promised. It would seem that it would not be difficult to decide whether the revision was up or down, but that very question has been foremost in public discussion during the month which has elapsed since the passage of the bill.

The obvious method of making a comparison is, of course, to compare: to take the corresponding Payne and Dingley duties opposite one another in parallel columns, and see just what duties have been increased, and what have been decreased. The difficulty with such an unambitious method is that it does away with the necessity of argument, and easily leads to a conclusion from which there is no escape. Hence we have had more abstract methods which, in proportion as they are fallacious, give a better foundation for denunciation, and for fine accusations of bad faith. The method commonly applied by the critics of the

Payne Act is to compare its average ad valorem with that of the Dingley Act; and since there is little difference between the two laws in this respect, it is argued that there has been no downward revision.

A reverend American gentleman now abroad, having seen a statement of relative ad valorems in the London *Times*, makes haste to declare that the American people have been tricked, and proceeds to charge President Taft and his party with bad faith. I am not taking this outbreak because it is exceptional, but rather because it is based upon a method of going through the form of reasoning quite commonly employed. But it requires only the most superficial knowledge of the subject to know that the average ad valorem furnishes no test at all for a comparison of the character of the tariff bills. It takes no account, in the first place, of goods put on the free list. The Payne Act might have put everything upon the free list except sheep-dip, — some other equally inconsequential article would serve as well, — and have put a duty upon that of one hundred per cent. We should then, of course, have had absolute free trade in everything except sheep-dip, but the average ad valorem of the act would be more than twice that of the Dingley Act. Mr. Payne might therefore have just as reasonably been charged by somebody, talking simply out of the fullness of language, with revising the tariff upward in the most wicked fashion, although he put practically everything on the free list.

Take, for instance, the sugar schedule, and you run into this funny little paradox. The sugar duties were unchanged, except that the Payne Act made two reductions; and yet, although it had made nothing but reductions, the average ad valorem of its sugar schedule is higher than that of the previous law. One who is at all curious to know the reason for this will find it in the duties on Philippine sugars. These were formerly admitted at a reduced rate, and they, therefore, brought down the average duties somewhat below the general rate; but the Payne Act put them absolutely on the free list, and they ceased to be a factor in fixing the average duty upon dutiable sugar. If any advocate of revision downward still imagines that the average ad valorem of the Payne Act indicates that it increases, rather than diminishes, the amount of protection, he has only to look at the free-trade tariff of Great Britain, which has an average ad valorem very much higher.

Perhaps the most comprehensive test that can be applied to the character of the revision is seen in the nature of the articles upon which it has made decreases in duties, compared with those where increases are found. Mr. Payne applied his schedules to our domestic consumption, as shown by the latest census returns; and it appeared that duties had been decreased upon necessary articles consumed by the American people to the amount of five billion dollars' worth annually, while they had been increased upon necessary articles consumed to the amount of only two hundred and seventy-three million dollars each year.

It is the time-honored claim of the opponents of protection that it increases the price, not only of imported articles, but also of similar articles produced in this country; and that, in order to measure the cost of the system to the people, it is necessary to add to the taxes collected at the custom houses an amount equal to the aggregate of duties if they were levied upon all similar articles made and consumed in this country. The tariff, it was long argued, not only increased the price of the imported article by the amount of the duty, but similarly increased the price of the domestic article also. In this way, there was made out an aggregate cost of protection which was frightful to contemplate. While this aggregate was greatly exaggerated, because in some cases the duty was never needed and never operative here, and in other cases internal

competition had reduced the price much below the importing point, it is undeniable that, as a general proposition, the effect of a customs duty is to increase the cost both of the foreign article and also of the similar article produced here. This effect is by no means confined to those articles in regard to which importations are active. Our domestic market may be under the control of a combination which, without regard to the internal cost of production, might push up the price under the shelter of a duty to a point just under the importing point, and a reduction of the duty would reduce the price even though the new duty might be prohibitory. It is, therefore, a striking test of the real character of the Payne Act that, of the necessary articles used by the American people, it reduces duties upon nearly twenty dollars of consumption for every dollar upon which it makes an increase.

The certain method of determining just what the Payne Act does is, as I have said, to take its paragraphs in detail and scrutinize the new duties in comparison with those which they have supplanted. Such a course will show the exact character and number of the increases and decreases. Those who have no other means of comparison at hand may safely take the table prepared by the Hon. Champ Clark of Missouri, Democratic leader in the House of Representatives, and produced by him July 31 last, in his speech in the House of Representatives against the Conference Report on the bill. It is true that in commenting upon it he showed that he was a trifle rusty on his Cobden, and made the amount of actual revenue the test, — a method only less weird than that based upon the average ad valorem, for it is demonstrable that a purely free-trade tariff after the British model would provide us a greater revenue than does the Payne Act. While the table given by Mr. Clark exaggerates in some cases the extent of the increases, it will clearly appear from it that on the whole the decreases so vastly outnumber the increases as to make the new law seem almost revolutionary in character. If one takes the schedules in their order, he will find in the first schedule, which relates to chemicals, that the increases are a bare half-dozen in number, and include fancy soaps and alkaloids of opium and cocaine, while the decreases are more than fifty, and include many of the articles which are in general consumption, such as sulphur, various forms of soda, potash, lead, and sulphate of ammonia, the last of which is put on the free list.

The second schedule shows a slight increase upon the smaller sizes of plate glass, and this increase is many times offset by decreases upon fire and other brick, gypsum, various kinds of window-glass, nearly all the grades of marble, and other important articles.

In the metal schedule there is an increase in fabricated structural steel, zinc ore, and a very few other items, some of which relate to articles not manufactured when the Dingley law was passed; but, on the other hand, the basic article of iron ore is reduced from forty to fifteen cents per ton, the lowest ad valorem that it has had in the history of the country; pig iron is reduced from four dollars to two dollars and a half per ton, scrap iron and steel from four dollars to one dollar per ton, bar iron from six-tenths to three-tenths of a cent a pound, cotton ties from five-tenths to three-tenths of a cent per pound, steel rails from seven dollars and eighty-four cents to three dollars and ninety-two cents per ton. There are nearly a hundred other reductions in the metal schedule: in fact, the reductions in this schedule are so general, and in some cases so drastic, that it may be said, practically, that these duties have been cut in two.

The lumber schedule shows but two unimportant increases, while the schedule generally is cut nearly forty per cent. One grade of sawed boards is reduced from one dollar to fifty cents per thousand feet, and all other sawed lumber from two dollars to a dollar and a quarter

per thousand. Fence-posts are put on the free list. Dressed lumber, telephone poles, railroad ties, and other important products of wood, are very much reduced.

Notwithstanding the attempt that is being made to create a sectional feeling in the West, the only schedule covering necessary articles in which increases predominate is the agricultural schedule. The duties are also increased upon champagnes and other wines, brandy, ale, beer, tobacco, silks, high-priced laces, and various other articles which, for want of a better term, are called luxuries.

Bituminous coal is reduced from sixty-seven cents to forty-seven cents per ton, which, with the exception of a very brief period, is in value the lowest duty we have ever imposed upon it.

Agricultural implements are reduced, and a provision added admitting them free of duty from any country which admits our agricultural machinery free.

Works of art more than twenty years old are put on the free list.

Hides of cattle are put on the free list, and an enormous reduction made, not merely on all the products of these hides, but on nearly all articles of leather. Sole leather is cut from twenty to five per cent ad valorem, upper leather from twenty to seven and a half per cent, and boots and shoes from twenty-five to fifteen per cent, and, on important kinds, to ten per cent.

It is perhaps a matter of indifference at the present time what the duty may be upon boots and shoes. That industry has become so developed in the United States, our machinery is so vastly superior to that of any other nation, that under present conditions our manufacturers could easily compete with manufacturers abroad on equal terms; and, on the other hand, the business is conducted here by so many independent concerns, and it has been so impossible to organize anything like a shoe trust or combination, that we should get the benefit of the fullest domestic competition, even if the importation of foreign shoes were absolutely prohibited. But our shoe machinery is now being introduced into other countries. The United Shoe Machinery Company, which has the practical control of the best shoe machinery, has built factories in Germany and Great Britain, and has sent experts abroad to educate the workmen there in the use of its machines. It has also been announced that it is intending to build similar factories in France, Russia, and later in Japan. It seems altogether likely, therefore, that we are approaching a period of actual competition from abroad in the manufacture of boots and shoes. With the scale of wages prevailing in those countries, which is one-half, and in some of the countries one-quarter, of the scale prevailing here, a substantial duty will be necessary. If protection in any great line of duties has been cut to the quick, it has been in that relating to boots and shoes.

It would be tedious to follow the paragraphs in detail, and I shall refer only to the more important of them and give the general conclusions which I think can be fairly drawn. The two great textile schedules are practically unchanged. The wool duty is politically the most powerful of any in the tariff. The farmers of the country have been pretty thoroughly educated to the belief, whether rightly or wrongly, that the free-wool agitation, culminating in the tariff of 1894, was responsible for the slaughter of their flocks. Their representatives formed the strongest single element behind the passage of the Dingley law; and, in the session just ended, their strength was so great as to discourage any assault upon the wool duties. These duties range from forty to more than one hundred per cent of the value, and so long as they are maintained at such a high point it is idle to talk of any very material reduction on woolens or worsteds. The centre of the entire schedule is the duty upon wool. In order for that to be effective, there must be duties sufficiently high upon manufactured

woolens to lead people to engage in the business of manufacturing in this country; for otherwise our wool would need to be exported and sold upon a free-trade market, and the duty would become of no value. The reading of the debates upon the bill will show that the schedule, as a whole, found its most conspicuous supporters among the senators and representatives from the wool-growing states. Every duty in this schedule from top to bottom might have been cut ten per cent without trenching upon the necessary amount of protection.

The Dingley duties upon cottons were greatly less than those in the woolen schedule. This was doubtless due to the fact that we are the great cotton-producing nation, and our manufacturers are at no disadvantage in raw material with any of their foreign competitors. The cotton-manufacturing industry has taken a firm hold in the South, and it is so widely extended that it is not exposed to sectional attack. There was little fault found with the Dingley cotton schedule as a whole. The annual importation of seventy million dollars' worth of cotton goods showed that foreign competition was most active. These duties are so complicated that it is difficult for one who is not an expert to understand them; but, according to the best experts, they are, at least, no higher in the Payne Act than the Dingley duties were intended to be, and were interpreted to be for four years after the passage of the act. The duty of sixty per cent, at first levied upon some of the finer fabrics, was reduced to six and seven per cent by a change in classification, made necessary by judicial construction. In the same way, cloths of a variety of colors were brought in as plain white cloths at little more than a nominal duty. Some fabrics, the foreign value of which was fifty cents per yard, were admitted as the commonest sort of cotton cloth at the flat duty of one cent a yard, or only two per cent ad valorem. No party could honestly revise a tariff and not correct such glaring inequalities, permitting articles of luxury to come through our custom house with a nominal ad valorem, while imposing a duty of thirty per cent upon cloths in general use among the people. It was therefore necessary to restore the duties which had been practically removed by judicial construction. In most other respects, the duties upon cotton cloths generally show slight decreases. The important increases in this schedule were upon hosiery and gloves.

It is not easy to understand why the removal of the duty from hides should have given rise to so acrimonious a controversy. Our first tariff act, approved July 4, 1789, placed hides on the free list; and, except under the Walker revenue tariff, which impartially levied a duty on almost everything, and during the Civil War period, when revenue was sought wherever it could be found, on the free list they remained until the passage of the Dingley Act in 1897. They were on the free list as the bill passed the House, and the duty first appeared in a Senate amendment. The Payne Act simply returned to the ancient and almost uninterrupted policy. Our tariff laws have commonly taken into account the important difference between producing wool and producing hides. Many kinds of sheep are bred and cared for chiefly for their wool, of which they yield the farmer an annual crop; but cattle are raised primarily for beef, in the production of which the hide is merely a by-product. Quite often their price in this country is fixed at Liverpool, and vast numbers of cattle are exported. The meat industry in this country is largely in the hands of a few concerns, and their control of the raw material for sole leather would portend very strongly a sole-leather trust, and possibly a shoe trust.

Undoubtedly the industry of raising cattle will flourish almost equally well in this country if hides are free; and if the farmer's profits should be slightly less, which is by no means certain, they would be more than made good to him in the decreased cost of his boots and

shoes and other articles made of leather: for since there is now the most active internal competition in these articles, whatever will reduce their cost will go to the consumer, and not to the manufacturer. It is a prime object of protection to keep up the wages of labor, but hardly of the sort involved in the production of a hide. That is contributed chiefly by the placid steer patiently cropping all the long day the predigested food growing upon the government ranges.

The removal of the hide duty was most strongly opposed by the senators from a half-dozen Far Western states. The interest of those states in the duty is relatively less than is commonly supposed. There are seven great and populous states, having together one hundred and fifty-one representatives in the House, and there is another group of eight states, having, all told, only thirteen representatives in the House. The first group contains sixteen million cattle, and their one hundred and fifty-one representatives were almost unanimously in favor of free hides. The second group contains eight million cattle, and their representatives were for retaining the duty, but gracefully yielded. The second group of states with their small population had — such in that regard is the beauty of our Constitution — sixteen votes in the Senate, as against only fourteen from the populous group. But since the representatives of states having a vast majority of the people, and a majority of the cattle as well, were in favor of free hides, there would hardly seem a good reason for attempting to arouse sectional antagonism, and shaking the pillars of the empire.

For the first time in our tariff legislation, the Payne Act presents an elaborate set of maximum and minimum duties. The general minimum duties are now in force in favor of all countries, and they will continue in force in favor of such countries as give us their lowest tariffs. If another country prefers to favor other nations as against us, it thereby elects to take our maximum tariff. This maximum is twenty-five per cent ad valorem upon all articles which are dutiable, and does not apply to articles on the free list. It must be admitted that it is a high maximum, but if there is to be a maximum at all, there is much to be said in favor of its being a heavy one. Foreign nations will be less likely to invoke its operation against them. An important part of the world's trade is carried on under commercial treaties, by which nations grant one another special concessions from their tariffs. We have the greatest market in the world, and it is quite unlikely that other countries will discriminate against what we send them, at the risk of losing our market for their own products. The maximum and minimum clauses are so drawn as to exempt Canada from their operation in such of her tariffs as may discriminate in favor of Great Britain. If Canada has no aspirations for independence, she is in reality a nation, and this concession is a friendly recognition of the fact that she is our near neighbor, and also of the important trade between the two countries.

The bill reduces the duty on print paper from six dollars to three dollars and seventy-five cents per ton, with a higher duty to be put in force contingent upon the action of other countries. Whatever the course which some of the Canadian provinces may take, it is likely that the provisions of the bill will result in cheaper print paper than we should have had under the old law, although such a result may be a doubtful blessing. There are doubtless some who think that it would not be easy to expiate the crime committed against civilization in the invention of wood-pulp paper. Before this inventor appeared with his chest of "oak and triple brass," it was necessary for the newspaper publisher to attempt to condense; but with the cheap pulp-paper, dilution, or rather invention, has been called into play. As in the case of the good and bad trusts, it is necessary or discreet to discriminate between the good newspapers and the bad ones. In the old

days, our nerves were sufficiently thrilled by the publication of crime in ordinary type; now, however, when print paper is so cheap, the report of it is broken to us by smearing a single startling word across a whole page in dripping red. It is the boast of a publisher that forty acres of noble spruces have been sent to the shambles in order to make the paper necessary for a single issue of one of his monstrosities. But whatever the public value of the fact, or whether a further development of the type of journalism which cheap pulp-paper has fostered will tend still further to nullify the hundreds of millions which the states and churches are spending in the causes of religion, education, and order, the act is strongly in the interest of cheaper paper.

A careful scrutiny of the act will show that the decreases vastly outnumber the increases; and that, when luxuries are thrown out of the account, there are probably five hundred more decreases than increases. Except in the case of luxuries, there are few increases that are really important in character; while many of the decreases are upon articles that underlie great industries, and are of fundamental importance. The act is drawn upon great industrial lines, and takes a long step in the direction of emancipating many enterprises from the tribute that high duties compelled them to pay for the privilege of existing at all. The New York *Nation* cannot be accused of any friendliness towards protection. The new law has had no severer or more intelligent critic, and yet it frankly declares that it is the best tariff ever enacted by the Republican party. Here and there, some child of the people may be seen riding the tumult, and basking in a popularity won by indiscriminate abuse of the bill; but only time, and a brief time at that, will be needed to dissipate the tumult, and give the people a correct view.

The President effectively used his great influence to secure a downward revision in accordance with his own pledges made before the election, and those of his party as they were commonly interpreted; and unless the President is to be a mere dummy, taking no part in formulating great party policies to be enacted into law and not permitted to be consulted as to their details, he could not have acted differently. And if it is conceded that he may make his views known to individual members of Congress, not even the most sensitive spirit could take offense at the manner in which it was done. He has acquired the habit of patiently hearing before deciding; and he gives his visitor a chance, instead of making all the noise himself. He represents, in his manner, a return to the normal type; and he shows himself to be both a constitutional and a human president. When we awake in the morning, we may feel reasonably sure of finding the country here. Compared with the satisfaction over that, the dislike of his inheritance tax or corporation income-tax, or of any other mere policy, becomes a small matter. To have the air no longer filled with strident voices, to have something left to Congress, something to the courts, something to the states, and something also to each individual one of us, is indeed a very great deal; and hence it is that, for those of us who think that there should be something in the Republic besides the mere name, the stars once again shine.

But to return to the tariff, which happily I have succeeded for a moment in forgetting, the Payne Act does not represent the sum of human wisdom; it doubtless has some duties which are too high, or are otherwise out of gear with the conditions to which they should be adjusted; but having regard to those duties which are protective in character, it represents the greatest reduction that has been made in the tariff at any single time since our first revenue law was signed by George Washington.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FLYING KITES

A SYMPATHY with the business spirit, and a deep comprehension of the underlying laws of real finance, are to be acquired in no better way, as I believe, than by flying kites. I refer, not to the modern Hargreave cellular aeroplane, but to the old-fashioned three-stick kite of our boyhood days. The boy who flew those kites, and made them fly, is the man who manages a business, and makes it go.

I appreciate the fact that the occupation of flying kites has been minimized. I might almost say that it has not been taken seriously. But I am not one of those who seek in custom or conventionality the indorsement of a profound truth. All the great truths have come to the world, violating custom and shocking conventionalities; it is the same in respect to this Gospel of the Kite.

To those who have never flown a kite this message will come in vain; unless, perchance, their faith be great, and they may be led to investigate. But to the small and select class who have had a kite "up," and have "held" it, I address myself, with no doubt as to the sympathy I shall meet. We belong to the same fraternity. We can exchange the grip. We know the answer to the secret challenge; to the others we can only say, Flying kites is business, and business is flying kites.

The young man starts his business; the boy starts his kite. Suppose yourself that boy. What are you going to do?

You must look around and discover what materials are at hand. Have you sticks? and paste? and the proper kind of paper? What is your plan? What your idea? Shall it be large, or small; simple, or ornate; humble, or ambitious; ordinary, or eccentric; built for thread, or string; built to pull, or to soar? Ah! there are many things. Much depends on circumstances. Perhaps we have the thread, and have not string. We may have a penny for a sheet of red tissue-paper; or possibly we must do with the heavier texture of the print-covered organ which supplies the house with news. It may be that two sky-rocket sticks, gathered on the morning following "the Fourth," are the basis for the contemplated operations, and the other parts must adjust themselves to their weight and length. For it is not easy always to get sticks. And even the matter of the brad which is to fasten the three together must be taken into reckoning. It is a problem of adjustment; of fitting circumstances to ideals; of making what we have conform to what we wish to do; of evolving from the little things which have come within the narrow range of a circumscribed existence, the best type of that which is to carry our ideas toward the clouds.

It is a noble calling, to create; and if the object of the creative energies be a kite, it is a fascinating one. For a kite is like a living thing. It has a personality — a character. No two are alike. Some are steady, others flighty; some ambitious, others lethargic; some reliable, others full of tricks. One will fly before the wind and look you squarely in the eye; another sidles off to the left or right, watching for a chance to get you into trouble. One rises strong and resolute, and goes by the shortest path to his proper spot; another wavers undecidedly and must be coaxed. One pulls steadily on the string; another yanks and jerks, or keeps you alternately hauling in the slack or letting out to relieve the too-great strain. Some kites are confirmed runaways, and will fight you every minute for the weak spot in the string; others are mere molly-coddles without vim enough to keep the string up off the ground. Some are nervous, look-

ing for a chance to dive; others could not be induced to dive if robbed of half their tails. One kite will wiggle like a tadpole; another is as steady as a star. There is the climbing kite, that is trying always to reach a place directly overhead, and as often dropping back, with loss of wind and pull. And there is the kite which will not climb enough. Faithful, tricky, sturdy, weak; nervous, strong, foolish, flighty, wise, — kites are of as many kinds as there are kinds of people. And when we cross the sticks and paste the paper, we have no notion what the character will be. We only know that a new kite-personality is born, and that it will be unlike all the thousands that have gone before.

The kite now is made. Where shall we put it up? Again a problem of adjustment. Again the need for that wise discretion which must take account of many things. Which way lies the wind? How strong does it blow? What says the column of smoke from the brewery? Does it bend and dip from the stack's mouth, or does it sail off in uncertain curves? Will it be safe to try it in the street, or shall we have to journey to the vacant lot? It would be fine if we could get "her" up near the house, and then hold "her" from the porch. The vacant lot is distant, and is liable to occasional raids by predatory "micks," who "run down" and smash kites. But, on the other hand, the street is filled with obstacles. Monopolistic interests have usurped the land for houses, and have strung wires for telegraphic purposes where there ought to be a free way for the string. Heedless vehicles trespass on the road. Shade-trees lay their traps, and roofs yawn for kites struggling to get free from earth. It will take a kite of steady nerve to rise clear in such environment. Is it best to take the chance, or shall we leave the closed-in places and take our enterprise to the newer and the wider region?

Room to run; that is an essential that the boy who knows his business never fails to keep in mind. When a kite is up — if it is any kind of a kite worth having — it will not be necessary to run with it. But in giving the kite its start — no matter how good a kite — it will almost always be necessary to do a little running. Some artificial stress must be added to the pressure of the wind, and the only way to secure this is by dragging the kite against it. A fair start for any kite means that it must rise enough to enter that steady stream of air which flows like a great unseen river a few rods above the housetops. Once in that stream, there is permanence. There is room. Up in that river is a great reservoir of energy. The kite is "up," and all we have to do is to "hold it."

"Does she pull?" — "Sure." The boy with his hand upon the kite-string, the engineer with his hand upon the throttle, the pilot touching the spokes of the big steamer's wheel, the manager feeling daily the pulse of the retail trade, the factory proprietor speeding up his mill to the point of requisite production, the banker sensing out the money market, the master of finance floating kites in winds of other people's money — all ask the question: Does she pull? Is she holding steady now? What means this lull? Is this an ebbing tide? Shall we have to wind her in? Does this forecast a change? Is the tension dangerous? Are we preparing for a "break loose"? Or will she hold? Shall we let her out? Will that dive take her down? And if she breaks, where will she land? What chance to save a section of the string; or, possibly, the sticks?

Everything depends upon the pull. A sensitive finger on the string feels the conditions at the kite. For this reason a kite must be "held." A man who would "tie" a kite, would go away and leave a business to a man not sharing in the profits.

But it is a pleasure, not a task, to hold a kite, — and for all the reasons hinted at above; added to which is the fact that by skillful management "she" may be sent up higher; she may, indeed, become the highest in the field; and the boy who holds

her finds himself the object of an admiring and an envious group of pilgrims who have come to see. She is his. Yes, he made her. Yes, she flies that way always. The momentary thrill and the triumph of the victor!

Is it the coins and notes that keep the man of business at his business, from early morn till tired night, from week to week, from year to year, from youth to age? No. It is because he is still flying kites.

A COLLEGE OF CACHINNATION

In a foreign paper, picked up by chance in the periodical room of the Boston Public Library, I came the other day upon the interesting information that there has recently arisen in Milan a school of laughter founded in all seriousness to teach the young idea how to cachinnate. Not that the world has grown so grave as to need instruction in merriment: the matter, it seems, is one of quality rather than quantity. There is enough laughter; but, from the point of view of the higher criticism, it is so poorly laughed as to be almost laughable in itself, if the fact were not so serious. The English laugh badly; we Americans laugh worse; even the French — such is the opinion of the expert observer in charge of the new Milanese institution — laugh no longer with the charm that was once theirs, but " lack tone, color, or feeling, as if the whole nation had taken to drinking mineral waters." Moral: Beware of mineral waters or your laughter will be full of salts.

At first thought, I was inclined to laugh at this institution myself. I did laugh. More than that, I heard myself doing it. It was the first time that I had ever consciously heard myself laugh, and the sound set me thinking, and listening to the laughter of others. So that I now feel, after all, that it would be wiser to take a course in the College of Cachinnation — and laugh at it afterward. He who laughs last, and so forth. To laugh at those who are secretly and with reason laughing at us for the *way* we laugh at them, is a fine joke only as long as we don't grasp both sides of it. The College of Cachinnation, in short, is simply the legitimate continuation of a movement that began with the first music lesson.

But speech — and laughter, by the same token — is still taken for granted by the great majority of otherwise intelligent people. Singing is a different matter, admittedly ornamental, and demanding study and practice; the better the natural voice, the more willingly the family economizes in order to have it properly developed. And it therefore follows that every now and then one meets a young woman who sings like an angel, talks like a parrot, and laughs like a hyena. Singing, in short, is an acquirement (largely admired for the ease and naturalness with which it is finally done), but speaking or laughing is as natural as freckles on the end of the nose, and apparently no more tempting as something to improve by cultivation.

Yet those who describe laughter show plainly enough that the existence of an ideal is even here generally recognized. The novelist usually specifies the kind, and, so to speak, color, of audible merriment. We do actually hear that rippling or that mellow laugh which is the joy of novelists, often enough to know that the novelist does n't make it up out of his own head; but not often enough to make it a trite and commonplace characteristic when the novelist looks about mentally for something that will add charms to his puppets.

But the attitude of the public mind remains reminiscent of a line in a now defunct school reader, in which some imaginary and hopelessly silly person was made to say, " There is nothing like fun, is there? I have n't *any* myself, but I *do* like it in others " — a statement well calculated to make children solemn and insure quiet in schoolrooms. Such would seem to be our general feeling about the musical quality of laughter: we have n't

any ourselves, but we do like it in those we read about. But human nature rarely embodies this fine self-abnegation. The silly person in the reader did n't honestly believe himself lacking in fun, nor do the rest of us honestly believe ourselves lacking in harmonic and pleasing cachinnation. We have heard these noises coming out of our mysterious interiors so long and so familiarly that it never occurs to us to examine them critically. "Teach me to laugh, indeed!" say we; "show me something funny and I'll show you how to laugh."

Evidently, however, the College of Cachinnation believes in the existence of a thoughtful minority, — and for such is education really intended, — by whom laughter can be taken seriously without being the less spontaneously enjoyable. Other things being equal, nobody will deny that it is better to make a pleasant noise than an ugly one, as is clearly enough shown by the large number of persons who make a living tuning pianos. Nor are the sounds so often subsequently produced by the owners of the pianos any proof to the contrary; they are doing their best, not their worst, although the listener next door may be pardoned for not believing it.

But suppose that the piano-tuner comes frequently enough, and the player has taste enough, and works hard enough, and by degrees begins to acquire a mastery of the instrument so that the listener no longer shudders. Certainly the pleasure of the player does not diminish in proportion as that of the listener increases; and the improvement is not frowned upon, even by her own family, as an affectation — which might happen had she devoted the same amount of time and patience to the technique of the only musical instrument that, willy-nilly, we must all play upon.

This, I take it, is the argument of these Milanese benefactors, — for benefactors they are although the movement is hardly likely to spread immediately enough to benefit many of those now living. Their curriculum presumably includes the chuckle, the giggle, the titter, the ripple, and so on, working up eventually to the howl, snort, and bellow. For misanthropes there should be courses in the variations of bitter laughter — the sardonic titter, the sarcastic ripple, the ironical chuckle. One should be able to combine courses and acquire a characteristic and special kind of laughter: there should be, for example, a suggestion of new-mown hay in the laughter of the farmer who has always lived on the farm, to differentiate his mirth from the worldlier merriment of the gentleman farmer who has made his fortune in the great city and come back to the soil to spend it. In a group of graduates from the College of Cachinnation it would be a real pleasure to serve as a laughing-stock; and as for laughing on the wrong side of the mouth, how much more satisfactory would be that exercise if we could at least feel that we were doing it with a certain degree of technical excellence. Nor need one apologize for these mildly mirthful imaginings — provided one has accepted the principle that laughter, like everything else, is worth the trouble of doing properly. One may imagine that the institution thus successfully provides material for its pupils to practice upon, without resorting to the comic papers.

But here perhaps is the gravest charge that can be brought against the College of Cachinnation: will it not make laughter artificial? In all seriousness, such a danger seems negligible. Counting out the large proportion of laughter that is artificial already, natural laughter would have no more to fear than had music in the case of the neighbor who actually learned to play her piano. Let the College of Cachinnation teach its students to laugh with technical excellence, — in short, to do by art what we all more or less imagine we do by nature, — and the world is still as funny as ever. Education of any kind is an acquired habit, and a habit once thoroughly acquired becomes perfectly natural.

TO ABATE A FAMILIAR NUISANCE

If consistency is half the jewel it is cracked up to be, I wish our more notable interpreters of the drama could be induced to recognize its virtues, even at the cost of a "curtain recall" now and then. It is doubtless a matter of pride to a clever player when, guiltless of a claque, he can keep a theatreful of reasonably intelligent persons applauding for ten minutes after the close of each act, while the curtain is lifted again and again to enable him to bow his thanks. But what becomes of the play, the thread of whose story is thus snipped into bits?

Rip has just uttered his plaintive "Meena, you haf turn me out of your house," and passed into the raging storm; Meena, overcome by a realization of what she has done, has fallen miserably. The dim candlelight, the ne'er-do-weel's pathos, his wife's distress, the thunder, lightning, wind, and rain, have wrought the sentiment of the audience to the convulsive pitch, when ——! Amid mingled sobs and handclapping, up goes the curtain upon a brilliantly illumined stage, with Rip and Meena in the centre of it, hand in hand, smiling, as if peace had been restored in the family as completely as in the weather outside!

If it were the purpose to stop there, leaving the audience to fill the gap of reconciliation with details of their own imagining, well and good. But no. The next scene shows Rip alone in the gloomy forest, making friends with the ghosts of Hendrick Hudson's crew. Why is he there? If he and Meena had come to an understanding, what need of his quitting home and wife and children to spend the night tramping through the inhospitable wilds? Alas, the secret will be found in a three-line paragraph which must be lugged in at the tail of to-morrow's published criticism, describing the enthusiasm of the "repeated recalls."

I remember well when every actor whose name was honored by four-inch capitals on the bill-boards was expected to halt the scene in which he made his first entrance, by advancing to the footlights and bowing right and left in acknowledgment of his welcome by the house. That custom has fallen, happily, into disuse. A few actors still make a practice of pausing to bow, without leaving the place on the stage where the action of the piece requires them to be; but a much larger number give no outward sign of recognition — a compliment to the sincerity of their admirers, who are thus assumed to have paid their willing tribute with no eye to a return of favors. Having so nearly got rid of one old nuisance, why not try to get rid of the other? It used to be bad enough when, with the curtain still down, the villain and his murdered victim, the torrential father and his spendthrift son, the runaway wife and her deserted husband, came trooping out of a door in the proscenium to make their obeisances; but the present practice of raising the curtain is worse, for the stage-setting itself is a poignant reminder of the contrast between what has just occurred and what is just occurring.

A theatrical performance is either an appealing thought made visible, or the personal exploitation of an actor. If the latter, why go to the expense of so elaborate a mounting? Clad in the conventional costume of the day, reading from an ordinary platform the lines of the dramatist, the histrionic artist could prove his powers of enchantment more surely than tricked out in a disguise, and projected against a changeful background of artificial scenery.

But, granting that the main thing is the evolution of the dramatist's idea, and not the advertisement of its interpreter, why not encourage the illusion which the author has spent his best energies to create, instead of destroying it in order to furnish food for three lines in the morning newspapers?

Or, if audiences are resolved not to be satisfied without exchanging greetings with their favorite players after the curtain has fallen, why not take advantage of modern invention, use a curtain with a white centre, and throw upon this a moving picture in which all the actors in the cast are represented in "plain clothes," bowing and curtseying to their hearts' content and that of their patrons? At least that would have the merit of not interrupting the continuity of the play.

Again, there is the good old-fashioned practice of having the curtain raised repeatedly upon the closing tableau of an act, which, if dramatic and colorful, tends to impress the story more deeply upon the minds of the spectators instead of effacing it. Besides, it conveys a compliment to author and actor jointly, like the pretty incident at a musical festival in England, when Nilsson, responding to an encore of a song from the "Bohemian Girl," discarded her more showy repertory to give another simple thing of Balfe's.

WHEN POETS HAVE TO SPEAK A PIECE

This has been a year of centenary celebrations of the marvelous galaxy of great men who happened to be born in a bunch a hundred years ago; and at frequent intervals during these twelve months, many men have felt themselves called upon to stand and deliver ornate speeches setting forth the essential characteristics of the great man whose hundredth birthday is being commemorated. Not a few poets also have come forward to read laudatory lyrics, in which they sing the virtues of their predecessors who have joined the choir invisible. And it has been interesting to observe how well they have acquitted themselves of this grateful task, and especially how adroitly they have adapted themselves to the novel conditions of oral delivery.

Originally, all poetry was to be said or sung; and the poets still like to think of themselves as singers, and as touching the lyre. And yet, from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the poets of our language have appealed exclusively to the eye of the reader, neglecting altogether the appeal to the ears of an audience. One result of this is that they have forgotten how to make verses fitted for oral delivery. They have centred their efforts on effects which may be proper enough in the study, but which are out of place on the platform. Not only have they forgotten how to write rhymes that will fall trippingly on the ear, but they now fail to grasp the distinction which must exist between that which is to be read aloud and that which is merely to be read. Of course, this blunder is often made by prose-writers also, who venture to deliver an essay prepared solely for perusal as if it had the special qualities of an actual address, intended for the ear of the many rather than for the eye of the one. Yet we all know that a good essay will not necessarily make a good address, just as a good address will not necessarily make a good essay. Indeed, it is a commonplace of criticism that a really persuasive speech rarely reads well.

Now, this is a fact which the bards of the set occasion ought to keep in mind. They ought to adopt for their commemorative verses the model rather of the speaker than of the essayist. They ought to take account of the limitations of the human ear, — and also of the human intelligence when it has to be reached through the ear. In other words, what they must strive to do is to give their poetry certain of the special qualities of the oration. They must contrive to sustain their lyrics with the repetition and with the rhetoric demanded by the spoken address. And they must avoid all those metrical forms which will not carry to the ear. The sonnet, for example, with the intricate interlacing of its rhymes, is altogether too complicated for satisfactory oral delivery. The ear cannot catch the

scheme easily, and the auditor is puzzled by the complexity of structure; and as a result, there is a violation of that principle of Economy of Attention, which Herbert Spencer declared to underlie all the ruies of rhetoric.

It is profitable to remind ourselves that the most satisfactory passages even in the noblest memorial odes have conformed to the laws of oral delivery. Indeed, it could be shown that the strikingly effective portions of Tennyson's Wellington Ode are, in essence, rhyme and rhetoric, — splendid and inspiring rhetoric, no doubt, but rhetoric none the less. And Lowell's noble characterization of Washington in one ode and of Lincoln in another, are also essentially oratorical; they have the stately structure and the serried march of the masterpieces of oratory; they have the true rhyme of the spoken word, as distinguished from the merely written word which makes its appeal only to the eye. So Kipling's "Recessional," prepared to be read, could have been spoken to advantage, as it carries its message with the clearness of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. This same characteristic, it may be noted, can be discovered also in the verse of the later Latin lyrists, after the habit had established itself for a poet to speak his own lines, and to publish them with his own voice.

EXPECTED GREATNESS

I WAS lately pleased to see some nameless fellow held up to scorn on the charge of intended greatness. My case is far worse than his, in that I am expected to become great. In plain fact, I know the "incommoditie of greatnesse," and, like Montaigne, "aime not that way: I love myself too well." Yet my relatives and friends never doubt; and I am every day crushed in the fall of ambitions not my own.

Nearly all great men, I am aware, arrived late, disguised, and brought surprise to their nearest intimates. Lincoln was a backwoods politician in the natural bark; Whistler an impudent cockney who threw pots of paint in the public's face. Whenever this knowledge recurs, it irons all the hope right out of me. I have neither the desire nor the capacity for high fortunes. Yet I have been eagerly expected since a boy, until now a white lock which no one (bless their fond hearts, anyway) will notice, hangs conspicuously over each temple.

Who knows the misery of the Expected Great? Failure is nothing to fear. Good honest failure is easy and comfortable, like sliding down-hill, like sinking into a spongy snowdrift at the base of a mountain. The Expected Great, however, is not allowed this delectable cup. The audience is seated; fans flutter; whispers pass: "He is coming." It is imperative that he rise from the drift; he must appear on the platform. He has no intention to deceive, but the wanly smiling people claim a right to him, and he must surrender. If he delays too long, he is implored to answer the telephone: "Have you done it yet, are you great?" This faithful unbelief in a man's failure, this treacherous faith in his success, is the real ruin before which the victim stands appalled.

My fate was ordained from the beginning. I was an only child, escaped narrowly from drowning at an early age, read the Bible and *Paradise Lost* in my older infancy, and was educated beyond the ken of my self-made elders. These trifling accidents are invested by hope with the roseate and ample charm of prophecy. When I bide at home I am suspected, like a setting hen, of being about to hatch a flock fabulous in quality and number; when I go upon a journey, I am banqueted by the old, and handshaken by the young, and in the eyes of all there lies a misty wistfulness as if they fain would join me company to my land of heart's desire; and when I disembark again at my own door, they greet me with suppressed smiles, in reference to the greatness which I have concealed about

me, as much as to say, "Out with it, you rogue, we know you've got it." But all the while I have it not at all, I have not even the satisfaction of a self-deceived hen; for I know my eggs are addled.

The Cambridge philosopher remarks that he who would be great must give up repose. But he of whom greatness is expected must give up everything that his nature may hold dear, and cleave unto this bloodless illusion of his friends. He is dressed perpetually for the marriage; and however much his taste may revolt, and however long he may postpone the actual union, he can never wholly back out from a match so advantageous. At each delay he must invent some excuse which shall cloak his own honor and balm the wounded hope of relatives. Above all, must he forestall misrepresentation of the good faith of his lovely bride; for to let out that she will not have him, — that were scandal all round. Such worry would certainly frowze a brain of hardened steel. Good men and great live invariably to three score and ten; only count the gray-haired notables from Noah down. The Expected Great it is who usually die young. And they are blessed in the taking-off.

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CONFESSIONS OF A "BEST-SELLER"

THAT my name has adorned best-selling lists is more of a joke than my harshest critics can imagine. I had dallied a while at the law; I had given ten full years to journalism; I had written criticism, and not a little verse; two or three short stories of the slightest had been my only adventure in fiction; and I had spent a year writing an essay in history, which, from the publisher's reports, no one but my neighbor and my neighbor's wife ever read. My frugal output of poems had pleased no one half so much as myself; and having reached years of discretion I carefully analyzed samples of the ore that remained in my bins, decided that I had exhausted my poetical vein, and thereupon turned rather soberly to the field of fiction.

In order to qualify myself to speak to my text, I will say that in a period of six years, that closed in January, 1909, my titles were included fifteen times in the *Bookman* list of best-selling books. Two of my titles appeared five times each; one of them headed the list three months successively. I do not presume to speak for others with whom I have crossed swords in the best-selling lists, but I beg to express my strong conviction that the compilation of such statistics is quite as injurious as it is helpful to authors. There may have been a time, when the "six best-selling" phrase was new, when the monthly statement carried some weight; but for several years it has really had little significance. Critical purchasers are likely to be wary of books so listed. It is my impression, based on talks with retail dealers in many parts of the country, that they often report as "best-sellers" books of which they may have made large advance purchases but which are selling slowly. Their aim is, of course, to force the book into the list, and thereby create a false impression of its popularity.

I think that most publishers, and many authors who, like myself, have profited by the making of these lists, would gladly see them discontinued. The fact remains, however, that the best novels by the best English and American writers have generally been included in these lists. Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Ward, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Wister, "Kate Douglas Wiggin," Miss Johnston, and Mr. William de Morgan have, for example, shared with inferior writers the ignominy of popular success. I do not believe that my American fellow citizens prefer trash to sound literature. There are not enough novels of the first order, not enough books of the style and solidity of *The House of Mirth* and *Joseph Vance*, to satisfy the popular demand for fiction; and while the people wait, they take inferior books, like several bearing my own name, which have no aim but to amuse. I know of nothing more encouraging to those who wish to see the American novel go high and far than the immediate acceptance among us of the writings of Mr. William de Morgan, who makes no concession, not even of brevity, to the ever-increasing demand for fiction.

I spent the greater part of two years on my first novel, which dealt with aspects of life in an urban community which interested me; and the gravest fault of the book, if I am entitled to an opinion, is its self-consciousness. — I was too anxious,

too painstaking, with the result that those pages seem frightfully stiff to me now. The book was launched auspiciously; my publisher advertised it generously, and it landed safely among the "six best-sellers." The critical reception of the book was cordial and friendly, not only in the newspaper press but in the more cautious weekly journals. My severest critic dealt far more amiably with my book than I should have done myself, if I had sat in judgment upon it. I have been surprised to find the book still remembered, and its quality has been flung in my face by critics who have deplored my later performances.

I now wrote another novel, to which I gave even greater care, and into it I put, I think, the best characterizations I have ever done; but the soupçon of melodrama with which I flavored the first novel was lacking in the second, and it went dead a little short of fifteen thousand — the poorest sale any of my books has had.

A number of my friends were, at this time, rather annoyingly directing my attention to the great popular successes of several other American writers, whose tales were, I felt, the most contemptible pastiche, without the slightest pretense to originality, and having neither form nor style. It was in some bitterness of spirit that I resolved to try my hand at a story that should be a story and nothing else. Nor should I storm the capitals of imaginary kingdoms, but set the scene on my own soil. Most, it was clear, could grow the flowers of Zenda when once the seed had been scattered by Mr. Hawkins. Whether Mr. Hawkins got his inspiration from the flora of Prince Otto's gardens, and whether the Prince was indebted in his turn to Harry Richmond, is not my affair. I am, no doubt, indebted to all three of these creations; but I set my scene in an American commonwealth, a spot that derived nothing from historical association, and sent my hero on his adventures armed with nothing more deadly than a suit-case and an umbrella. The idea is not original with me that you can make anything interesting if you know how. It was Stevenson, I believe, who said that a kitchen table is a fair enough subject for any writer who knows his trade. I do not cite myself as a person capable of proving this; but I am satisfied that the chief fun of story-telling lies in trying, by all the means in a writer's power, to make plausible the seemingly impossible. And here, of course, I am referring to the story for the story's sake, — not to the novel of life and manners.

My two earliest books were clearly too deliberate. They were deficient in incident, and I was prone to wander into blind alleys, and not always ingenious enough to emerge again upon the main thoroughfare. I felt that while I might fail in my attempt to produce a romantic yarn, the experience might help me to a better understanding of the mechanics of the novel, — that I might gain directness, movement, and ease.

For my third venture, I hit upon a device that took strong hold upon my imagination. The idea of laying a trap for the reader tickled me; and when once I had written the first chapter and outlined the last, I yielded myself to the story and bade it run its own course. I was never more honestly astonished in my life than to find my half-dozen characters taking matters in their own hands, and leaving me the merest spectator and reporter. I had made notes for the story, but in looking them over to-day, I find that I made practically no use of them. I never expect to experience again the delight of the winter I spent over that tale. The sight of white paper had no terrors for me. The hero, constantly cornered, had always in his pocket the key to his successive dilemmas; the heroine, misunderstood and misjudged, was struck at proper intervals by the spot-light that revealed her charm and reëstablished faith in her honorable motives. No other girl in my little gallery of heroines exerts upon me the spell of that young lady, who, on the day I began the story, as I waited for the ink to thaw in my work-shop, passed

under my window, by one of those kindly orderings of providence that keep alive the superstition of inspiration in the hearts of all fiction-writers. She never came my way again, — but she need not! She was the bright particular star of my stage, — its *dea ex machina*. She is of the sisterhood of radiant goddesses who are visible from any window, even though its prospect be only a commonplace city street. Always, and everywhere, the essential woman for any tale is passing by with grave mien, if the tale be sober; with upturned chin and a saucy twinkle in the eye, if such be the seeker's need!

I think I must have begun every morning's work with a grin on my face, for it was all fun, and I entered with zest into all the changes and chances of the story. I was embarrassed, not by any paucity of incident, but by my own fecundity and dexterity. The audacity of my project used sometimes to give me pause; it was almost too bold a thing to carry through; but my curiosity as to just how the ultimate goal would be reached kept my interest keyed high. At times, feeling that I was going too fast, I used to pause and write a purple patch or two for my own satisfaction, — a harmless diversion to which I am prone, and which no one could be cruel enough to deny me. There are pages in that book over which I dallied for a week, and in looking at them now I find that I still think them — as Mr. James would say — "rather nice." And once, while thus amusing myself, a phrase slipped from the pen which I saw at once had been, from all time, ordained to be the title of my book.

When I had completed the first draft, I began retouching. I liked my tale so much that I was reluctant to part with it; I enjoyed playing with it, and I think I rewrote the most of it three times. Contumelious critics have spoken of me as one of the typewriter school of fictionists, picturing me as lightly flinging off a few chapters before breakfast, and spending the rest of the day on the golf links; but I have never in my life written in a first draft more than a thousand words a day, and I have frequently thrown away a day's work when I came to look it over. I have refused enough offers for short stories, serials, and book rights, to have kept half a dozen typewriters busy, and my output has not been large, considering that writing has been, for nearly ten years, my only occupation. I can say, with my hand on my heart, that I have written for my own pleasure first and last, and that those of my books that have enjoyed the greatest popularity were written really in a spirit of play, without any illusions as to their importance or their quick and final passing into the void.

When I had finished my story, I still had a few incidents and scenes in my inkpot; but I could not for the life of me get the curtain up, once it was down. My little drama had put itself together as tight as wax, and even when I had written an additional incident that pleased me particularly, I could find no place to thrust it in. I was interested chiefly in amusing myself, and I never troubled myself in the least as to whether any one else would care for the story. I was astonished by its sale, which exceeded a quarter of a million copies in this country; it has been translated into French, Italian, German, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian. I have heard of it all the way from Tokyo to Teheran. It was dramatized, and an actor of distinction appeared in the stage version; and stock companies have lately presented the play in Boston and San Francisco. It was subsequently serialized by newspapers, and later appeared in "patent" supplements. The title was paraphrased by advertisers, several of whom continue to pay me this flattering tribute.

I have speculated a good deal as to the success of this book. The title had, no doubt, much to do with it; clever advertising helped it further; the cover was a lure to the eye. The name of a popular illustrator may have helped, but it is certain that his pictures did not! I think I am safe in saying that

the book received no helpful reviews in any newspapers of the first class, and I may add that I am skeptical as to the value of favorable notices in stimulating the sale of such books. Serious novels are undoubtedly helped by favorable reviews; stories of the kind I describe depend primarily upon persistent and ingenious advertising, in which a single striking line from the *Gem City Evening Gazette* is just as valuable as the opinion of the most scholarly review. Nor am I unmindful of the publisher's labors and risks, — the courage, confidence, and genius essential to a successful campaign with a book from a new hand, with no prestige of established reputation to command instant recognition. The self-selling book may become a "best-seller;" it may appear mysteriously, a "dark horse" in the eternal battle of the books; but miracles are as rare in the book trade as in other lines of commerce. The man behind the counter is another important factor. The retail dealer, when he finds the publisher supporting him with advertising, can do much to prolong a sale. A publisher of long experience in promoting large sales has told me that advertising is valuable chiefly for its moral effect on the retailer, who, feeling that the publisher is strongly backing a book, bends his own energies toward keeping it alive.

It would be absurd for me to pretend that the leap from a mild *succès d'estime* with sales of forty and fourteen thousand, to a delirious gallop into six figures is not without its effect on an author, unless he be much less human than I am. Those gentle friends who had intimated that I could not do it once, were equally sanguine that I could not do it again. The temptation to try a second throw of the dice after a success, is strong, but I debated long whether I should try my hand at a second romance. I resolved finally to do a better book in the same kind, and with even more labor I produced a yarn whose title — and the gods have several times favored me in the matter of titles — adorned the best-selling lists for an even longer period, though the total sales aggregated less.

The second romance was, I think, better than the first, and its dramatic situations were more picturesque. The reviews averaged better in better places, and may have aroused the prejudices of those who shun books that are countenanced or praised by the literary "high brows." It sold largely; it enjoyed the glory and the shame of a "best-seller;" but here, I pondered, was the time to quit. Not to shock my "audience," to use the term of the trade, I resolved to try for more solid ground by paying more attention to characterizations, and cutting down the allowance of blood and thunder. I expected to lose heavily with the public, and I was not disappointed. I crept into the best-selling list, but my sojourn there was brief. It is manifest that people who like shots in the dark will not tamely acquiesce in the mild placing of the villain's hand upon his hip pocket on the moon-washed terrace. The difference between the actual shot and the mere menace, I could, from personal knowledge, compute in the coin of the republic.

When your name on the bill-board suggests battle, murder, and sudden death, hair-breadth 'scapes, the imminent deadly breach, and that sort of thing, you need not be chagrined if, once inside, the eager throng resents bitterly your perfidy in offering nothing more blood-curdling than the heroine's demand (the scene being set for five o'clock tea) for another lump of sugar. You may, and you will, leave Hamlet out of his own play; but do not, on peril of your fame, cut out your ghost, or neglect to provide some one to stick a sword into Polonius behind the arras. I can take up that particular book now and prove to any fair-minded man how prettily I could, by injecting a little paprika into my villains, have quadrupled its sale.

Having, I hope, some sense of humor, I resolved to bid farewell to cloak and

pistols in a farce-comedy, which should be a take-off on my own popular performances. Humor being something that no one should tamper with who is not ready for the gibbet, I was not surprised that many hasty samplers of the book should entirely miss the joke, or that a number of joyless critics should have dismissed it hastily as merely another machine-made romance written for boarding-school girls and the weary commercial traveler yawning in the smoking-car. Yet this book also has been a "best-seller"! I have seen it, within a few weeks, prominently displayed in bookshop windows in half a dozen cities.

It was, I think, Mr. Clyde Fitch who complained, a few years ago, that the current drama is seriously affected by the demand of "the tired business man" to be amused at the theatre. The same may be said of fiction. A very considerable number of our toiling millions sit down wearily at night, and if the evening paper does not fully satisfy or social diversion offer, a story that will hold the attention without too great a tax upon the mind is welcomed. I have myself had some experience of business of the most exacting sort, and I must confess that my sympathies go out to the tired man, who, after standing on the firing-line all day, wants to yield himself to forgetfulness before he goes to bed. It is indisputably true that this tired man might derive greater benefit by reading biography or poetry or disquisitions on government; but I do not know of any means by which men may be compelled to read things for which they have no taste at any time, and which only bore and vex them when they are tired. I should be happy to think that our eighty millions sit down at the close of every day with zest for "improving" literature; but the tired brain follows the line of least resistance, which unfortunately does not lead to alcoves where the one hundred best books wear their purple in solemn pomp. Even in my present mood of contrition, I am not, behind the mask of anonymity, sneering at that considerable body of my countrymen who have laid one dollar and eighteen cents upon the counter and borne home my little fictions. They took grave chances of my boring them; and when they rapped a second time on the counter and murmured another of my titles, they were expressing a confidence in me which I strove hard never to betray.

No one will, I am sure, deny me the satisfaction I have in the reflection that I put a good deal of sincere work into those stories, — for they are stories, not novels, and were written frankly to entertain; that they are not wholly ill-written; that they contain pages that are not without their grace; or that there is nothing prurient or morbid in any of them. And no matter how jejune stories of the popular romantic type may be, — a fact, O haughty critic, of which I am well aware, — I take some satisfaction as a good American in the knowledge that, in spite of their worthlessness as literature, they are essentially clean. The heroes may be too handsome, and too sure of themselves; the heroines too adorable in their sweet distress, as they wave the white handkerchief from the grated window of the ivied tower, — but their adventures are, in the very nature of things, *in usum Delphini*.

Some of my friends of the writing guild boast that they never read criticisms of their work. I have read and filed all the notices of my stories that bore any marks of honesty or intelligence. Having served my own day as reviewer for a newspaper, I know the dreary drudgery of such work. I recall, with shame, having averaged a dozen books an afternoon; and some of my critics have clearly averaged two dozen, with my poor candidates for oblivion on the bottom of the heap! Much American criticism is stupid or ignorant; but the most depressing, from my standpoint, is the flippant sort of thing which many newspapers print habitually. The stage, also, suffers like treatment, even in some of the more decent metropolitan journals.

Unless your book affords a text for a cynical newspaper "story," it is quite likely to be ignored. I cannot imagine that any writer who takes his calling seriously ever resents a sincere, intelligent, adverse notice. I have never written a book in less than a year, devoting all my time to it; and I resent being dismissed in a line, and called a writer of drivel, by some one who did not take the trouble to say why. A newspaper which is particularly jealous of its good name once pointed out with elaborate care that an incident, described in one of my stories as occurring in broad daylight, could not have been observed in moonlight by one of the characters at the distance I had indicated. The same reviewer transferred the scene of this story halfway across the continent, in order to make another point against its plausibility. If the aim of criticism be to aid the public in its choice of books, then the press should deal fairly with both author and public. And if the critics wish to point out to authors their failures and weaknesses, then it should be done in a spirit of justice. The best-selling of my books caused a number of critics to remark that it had clearly been inspired by a number of old romances — which I had not only never read, but of several of them I had never even heard.

A Boston newspaper, which I greatly admire, published within the year an editorial in which I was pilloried as a type of writer who basely commercializes his talent. It was a cruel stab; for, unlike my heroes, I do not wear a mail-shirt under my dress-coat. Once, wandering into a church in my own city, at a time when a dramatized version of one of my stories was offered at a local theatre, I listened to a sermon that dealt in the harshest terms with such fiction and drama.

Extravagant or ignorant praise is, to most of us, as disheartening as stupid and unjust criticism. The common practice of invoking great names to praise some new arrival at the portal of fame cannot fail to depress the subject of it. When my first venture in fiction was flatteringly spoken of by a journal — which takes its criticisms seriously — as evidencing the qualities that distinguish Mr. Howells, I shuddered at the hideous injustice to a gentleman for whom I have the greatest love and reverence; and when, in my subsequent experiments, a critic somewhere gravely (it seemed, at least, to be in a spirit of sobriety!) asked whether a fold of Stevenson's mantle had not wrapped itself about me, the awfulness of the thing made me ill, and I fled from felicity until my publisher had dropped the heart-breaking phrase from his advertisements. For I may be the worst living author, and at times I am convinced of it; but I hope I am not an immitigable and irreclaimable ass.

American book reviewers, I am convinced from a study of my returns from the clipping bureaus for ten years, dealing with my offerings in two kinds of fiction, are a solid phalanx of realists where they are anything at all. This attitude is due, I imagine, to the fact that journalism deals, or is supposed to deal, with facts. Realism is certainly more favorably received than romance. I personally subscribe to the doctrine that fiction that lays strong hands upon aspects of life as we are living it, is a nobler achievement than tales that provide merely an evening's entertainment. Mr. James has, however, simplified this whole matter. He says, "The only classification of the novel that I can understand is into that which has life, and that which has not;" and if we must reduce this matter of fiction to law, his dictum might well be accepted as the first and last canon.

I will say, of myself, that I value style beyond most things; and that if I could command it, I should be glad to write for so small an audience, "the fit though few," that the best-selling lists should never know me again; but with style go many of the requisites of great fiction, — fineness and sureness of feeling, and a power over language by which characters cease to be bobbing marionettes and be-

come veritable beings, no matter whether they are Beatrix Esmonds, or strutting D'Artagnans, or rascally Bartley Hubbards, or luckless Lily Barts. To toss a ball into the air, and keep it there, as Stevenson did so charmingly in such pieces as "Providence and the Guitar," — this is a respectable achievement; to mount Roy Richmond as an equestrian statue, — that, too, is something we would not have had Mr. Meredith leave undone. Mr. Rassendyll, an English gentleman playing at being king, thrills the surviving drop of mediævalism that is in all of us. "The tired business man" yields himself to the belief that the staccato of hoofs on the asphalt street, which steals in to him faintly at his fireside, really marks the hero's mad ride to save the king. The joy in kings dies hard in us.

Given a sprightly tale with a lost message to recover, throw in a fight on the stair, scatter here and there pretty dialogues between the lover and the princess he serves, and we are all, as we breathlessly follow, the rankest royalists. Tales of real Americans, kodaked "in the sun's hot eye," much as they refresh me, — and I speak of myself now, not as a writer or critic, but as the man in the street, — never so completely detach the weary spirit from mundane things as tales of events that never were on sea or land. Why should I read of Silas Lapham tonight, when only an hour ago I was his competitor in the mineral-paint business? The greatest fiction must be a criticism of life; but there are times when we crave forgetfulness, and lift our eyes confidently to the flag of Zenda.

But the creator of Zenda, it is whispered, is not an author of the first or even of the second rank, and the adventure story, at its best, is only for the second table. I am quite aware of this. But pause a moment, O cheerless one! Surely Homer is respectable; and the Iliad, the most strenuous, the most glorious and sublime of fictions, with the very gods drawn into the moving scenes, has, by reason of its tremendous energy and its tumultuous drama, not less than for its majesty as literature, established its right to be called the longest-selling fiction of the ages.

All the world loves a story; the regret is that the great novelists — great in penetration and sincerity and style — do not always have the story-telling knack. Mr. Marion Crawford was, I should say, a far better story-teller than Mr. James or Mr. Howells; but I should not call him a better novelist. A lady of my acquaintance makes a point of bestowing copies of Mr. Meredith's novels upon young working-women whom she seeks to uplift. I am myself the most ardent of Meredithians, and yet I must confess to a lack of sympathy with this lady's high purpose. I will not press the point, but a tired working-girl would, I think be much happier with one of my own beribboned confections than with even Diana the delectable.

Pleasant it is, I must confess, to hear your wares cried by the train-boy; to bend a sympathetic ear to his recital of your merits, as he appraises them; and to watch him beguile your fellow travelers with the promise of felicity contained between the covers of the book which you yourself have devised, pondered, and committed to paper. The train-boy's ideas of the essentials of entertaining fiction are radically unacademic, but he is apt in hitting off the commercial requirements. A good book, one of the guild told me, should always begin with "talking." He was particularly contemptuous of novels that open upon landscape and moonlight, — these, in the bright lexicon of his youthful experience, are well-nigh unsalable. And he was equally scornful of the unhappy ending. The sale of a book that did not, as he put it, "come out right," that is, with the merry jingle of wedding-bells, was no less than a fraud upon the purchaser. Sitting in the secret confessional afforded by these pages, a cloaked and masked figure, I frankly admit that, on one well-remembered occasion, dating back three or four

years, my vanity was gorged by the sight of many copies of my latest offering in the hands of my fellow travelers, as I sped from Washington to New York. A poster, announcing my new tale, greeted me at the station as I took flight; four copies of my book were within comfortable range of my eye in the chair-car. Before the train started, I was given every opportunity to add my own book to my impedimenta.

The sensation awakened by the sight of utter strangers taking up your story, tasting it warily, clinging to it if it be to their liking, or dropping it wearily or contemptuously if it fail to please, is one of the most interesting of the experiences of popular authorship. On the journey mentioned, one man slept sweetly through what I judged to be the most intense passage in the book; others paid me the tribute of absorbed attention. On the ferry-boat at Jersey City, several copies of the book were interposed between seemingly enchanted readers and the towers and citadels of the metropolis. No one, I am sure, will deny to such a poor worm as I the petty joys of popular recognition. To see one's tale on many counters, to hear one's name and titles recited on boats and trains, to find in mid-ocean that your works go with you down to the sea in ships, to see the familiar cover smiling welcome on the table of an obscure foreign inn, — surely the most grudging critic would not deprive a writer of these rewards and delights.

There is also that considerable army of readers who write to an author in various keys of condemnation or praise. I have found my correspondence considerably augmented by the large sales of a book. There are persons who rejoice to hold before your eyes your inconsistencies; or who test you, to your detriment, in the relentless scale of fact. Some one in the Connecticut hills once criticised severely my use of "that" and "which," — a case where an effort at precision was the offense, — and I was involved, before I knew it, in a long correspondence. I have several times been taken severely to task by foes of tobacco for permitting my characters to smoke. Wine, I have found, should be administered to one's characters sparingly, and one's hero must never produce a flask except for restorative uses — after, let us say, a wild gallop, by night, in the teeth of a storm to relieve a beleaguered citadel, or when the heroine has been rescued at great peril from the clutch of the multitudinous sea. Those strange spirits who pour out their souls in anonymous letters have not ignored me. I salute them with much courtesy, and wish them well of the gods. Young ladies, whose names I have inadvertently applied to my heroines, have usually dealt with me in agreeable fashion. The impression that authors have an unlimited supply of their own wares to give away is responsible for the importunity of managers of church fairs, philanthropic institutions, and the like, who assail one cheerfully through the mails. Before autograph-hunters I have always been humble: I have felt myself honored by their attentions; and in spite of their dread phrase, "Thanking you in advance" — which might be the shibboleth of their fraternity, from its prevalence — I greet them joyfully, and never filch their stamps.

Now, after all, could anything be less harmful than my tales? The casual meeting of my hero and heroine in the first chapter has always been marked by the gravest circumspection. My melodrama has never been offensively gory, — in fact, I have been ridiculed for my bloodless combats. My villains have been the sort that any one with any kind of decent bringing-up would hiss. A girl in white, walking beside a lake, with a blue parasol swinging back of her head, need offend no one. That the young man emerging from the neighboring wood should not recognize her at once as the young woman ordained in his grandfather's will as the person he must marry to secure the estate, seems utterly banal,

I confess; but it is the business of romance to maintain illusions. Realism, with the same agreed state of facts, recognizes the girl immediately — and spoils the story. Or I might put it thus: in realism, much or all is obvious in the first act; in romance, nothing is quite clear until the third. This is why romance is more popular than realism, for we are all children and want to be surprised. Why villains should always be so stupid, and why heroines should so perversely misunderstand the noble motives of heroes, are questions I cannot answer. Likewise before dear old Mistaken Identity — the most ancient of devices — I stand dumbly grateful.

On the stage, where a plot is most severely tested, but where the audience must, we are told, always be in the secret, we see constantly how flimsy a mask the true prince need wear. And the reason for this lies in the primal and — let us hope — eternal childlikeness of the race. The *Zeitgeist* will not grind us underfoot so long as we are capable of joy in make-believe, and can renew our youth in the frolics of Peter Pan.

You, sir, who re-read *The Newcomes* every year, and you, madam, reverently dusting your Jane Austen, — I am sadder than you can be that my talent is so slender; but is it not a fact that you have watched me at my little tricks on the mimic stage, and been just a little astonished when the sparrow, and not the dove, emerged from the handkerchief? But you prefer the old writers; and so, dear friends, do I!

Having, as I have confessed, deliberately tried my hand at romance merely to see whether I could swim the moat under a cloud of the enemy's arrows, and to gain experience in the mechanism of story-writing, I now declare (though with no feeling that the statement is important) that I have hung my sword over the fireplace; that I shall not again thunder upon the tavern door at midnight; that not much fine gold could tempt me to seek, by means however praiseworthy, to bring that girl with the blue parasol to a proper appreciation of the young gentleman with the suit-case, who even now is pursuing her through the wood to restore her lost handkerchief. It has been pleasant to follow the bright guidon of romance; even now, from the window of the tall office-building in which I close these reflections, I can hear the bugles blowing and look upon

> Strangest skies and unbeholden seas.

But I feel reasonably safe from temptation. Little that men do is, I hope, alien to me; and the life that surges round me, and whose sounds rise from the asphalt below, or the hurrying feet on the tiles in my own corridor of this steel-boned tower, — the faint tinkle of telephones, the click of elevator doors, — these things, and the things they stand for, speak with deep and thrilling eloquence; and he who would serve best the literature of his time and country will not ignore them.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES[1]

X

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

Friday, [*April*] 14, [1865].

LAST night there was a general illumination in Washington, fireworks, etc. To-day is [celebrated] the anniversary of the surrender of Sumter, and the flag is to be raised by General Anderson.

General Grant was present at the meeting of the Cabinet to-day, and remained during the session. The subject was the relations of the rebels, communications, trade, etc. Stanton proposed that intercourse should be opened by his issuing an order, that the Treasury would give permits to all, who wished them, to trade, excluding contraband, and [that] he, Stanton, would order the vessels to be received into any port. I suggested that it would be better that the President should issue a proclamation stating and enjoining the course to be pursued by the several Departments.

McCulloch expressed a willingness to be relieved of the Treasury agents. General Grant expressed himself very decidedly against them, thought them demoralizing, etc. The President said we, *i. e.*, the Secretaries of Treasury, War, and Navy, had given the subject more attention than he had, and he would be satisfied with any conclusion we would unite upon. I proposed to open the whole coast to any one who wished to trade, and who had a regular clearance and manifest, and was entitled to a coast license. Stanton thought it should not extend beyond the military lines, [which] General Grant thought might embrace all this side of the Mississippi.

Secretary Stanton requested the Cabinet to hear some remarks which he desired to make, and to listen to a proposition or ordinance which he [had] prepared with much care and after a great deal of reflection for reconstruction in the rebel states. The plan or ordinance embraced two distinct heads, one for asserting the federal authority in Virginia, — the other for re-establishing a state government. The first struck me favorably with some slight emendations — the second seemed to me objectionable in several essentials, and especially as in conflict with the principles of self-government, which I deem essential. There was little said on the subject, for the understanding was that we should each be furnished with a copy for criticism and suggestion, and in the mean time we were requested by the President to deliberate and carefully consider the proposition. He remarked that this was the great question now before us, and we must soon begin to act. Was glad Congress was not in session.

I objected that Virginia occupied a different position from that of any other state in rebellion; that while regular state governments were to be established in other states, whose secession governments were nullities and would not be recognized, Virginia had a skeleton organization which she had maintained through the war, which government we had recognised and still recognised; that we to-day acknowledged Pierpont as the legitimate Governor of Virginia. He had been elected by only a few border counties it was true, had never been able to enforce his authority over but a small portion of the territory or population;

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nevertheless we had recognised and sustained him.

The President said the point was well taken. Governor Dennison said he thought we should experience little difficulty from Pierpont. Stanton said none whatever.

I remarked [that] the fact was not to be controverted, that we had treated with the existing government and could not ignore our own acts. The President and a portion of the Cabinet had, in establishing the new state of West Virginia, recognised the validity of the government of Virginia, and of Pierpont's administration which had given its assent to that division. Without that consent, no division could legally have taken place. I had differed with others in that matter, but consistency and the validity of our own acts required us to continue to acknowledge the existing government. It was proper we should enforce the federal authority, and it was proper we should aid Governor Pierpont, whose government was recognised and established. In North Carolina a legal government was now to be organised and the state re-established in her proper relations to the Union.

Enquiry had been made as to army news on the first meeting of the Cabinet, and especially if any information had been received from Sherman. None of the members had heard anything, and Stanton, who makes it a point to be late, and who has the telegraph in his department, had not arrived. General Grant, who was present, said he was hourly expecting word. The President remarked it would, he had no doubt, come soon, and come favorably, for he had last night the usual dream which he had preceding nearly every great and important event of the war. Generally the news had been favorable which succeeded this dream, and the dream itself was always the same. I enquired what this remarkable dream could be. He said it related to your (my) element — the water — that he seemed to be in some singular indescribable vessel, and that he was moving with great rapidity towards an indefinite shore. That he had this dream preceding Sumter, Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg, Wilmington, etc. General Grant said Stone River was certainly no victory, and he knew of no great results which followed from it. The President said [that] however that might be, his dream preceded that fight.

"I had," the President remarked, "this strange dream again last night, and we shall, judging from the past, have great news very soon. I think it must be from Sherman. My thoughts are in that direction as are most of yours."

[*Monday, April* 17, 1865.]

I write this conversation three days after it occurred, in consequence of what took place Friday night, and but for which the mention of this dream would probably have never been noted. Great events did indeed follow, for within a few hours the good and gentle, as well as truly great man who narrated his dream, closed forever his earthly career.

I had retired to bed about half-past ten on the evening of the 14th of April, and was just getting asleep, when Mrs. Welles, my wife, said some one was at our door. Sitting up in bed, I heard a voice twice call to John, my son, whose sleeping room was on the second floor directly over the front entrance. I arose at once and raised a window, when my messenger, James Smith, called to me that Mr. Lincoln, the President, had been shot, and said Secretary Seward and his son, Assistant Secretary Frederick Seward, were assassinated. James was much alarmed and excited. I told him his story was very incoherent and improbable, that he was associating men who were not together and liable to attack at the same time. Where, I enquired, was the President when shot. James said he was at Ford's Theatre on Tenth Street. "Well," said I, "Secretary Seward is an invalid in bed in his house yonder on Fifteenth Street." James said he had

been there — stopped in at the house to make enquiry before alarming me.

I immediately dressed myself, and against the earnest remonstrance and appeals of my wife went directly to Mr. Seward's, whose residence was on the east side of the square, mine being on the north. James accompanied me. As we were crossing Fifteenth Street, I saw four or five men in earnest consultation, standing under the lamp on the corner by St. John's Church. Before I had got half across the street, the lamp was suddenly extinguished and the knot of persons rapidly dispersed. For a moment, and but [for] a moment, I was disconcerted to find myself in darkness; but recollecting that it was late and about time for the moon to rise, I proceeded on, not having lost five steps — merely making a pause without stopping. Hurrying forward into Fifteenth Street, I found it pretty full of people, — especially so, near the residence of Secretary Seward, where there were very many soldiers as well as citizens already gathered.

Entering the house, I found the lower hall and office full of persons, and among them most of the foreign legations, all anxiously enquiring what truth there was in the horrible rumors afloat. I replied that my object was to ascertain the facts. Proceeding through the hall to the stairs, I found one, and I think two, of the servants there holding the crowd in check. The servants were frightened and appeared relieved to see me. I hastily asked what truth there was in the story that an assassin or assassins had entered the house and assaulted the Secretary. They said it was true, and that Mr. Frederick was also badly injured. They wished me to go up, but no others. At the head of the first stairs I met the elder Mrs. Seward, who was scarcely able to speak but desired me to proceed up to Mr. Seward's room. I met Mrs. Frederick Seward on the third story who, although in extreme distress, was, under the circumstances, exceedingly composed. I asked for the Secretary's room, which she pointed out — the south-west room. As I entered, I met Miss Fanny Seward, with whom I exchanged a single word, and proceeded to the foot of the bed. Dr. Verdi and, I think, two others were there.

The bed was saturated with blood. The Secretary was lying on his back, the upper part of his head covered by a cloth which extended down over his eyes. His mouth was open — the lower jaw dropping down. I exchanged a few whispered words with Dr. V[erdi]. Secretary Stanton, who came after but almost simultaneously with me, made enquiries in a louder tone till admonished by a word from one of the physicians. We almost immediately withdrew, and went into the adjoining front room where lay Frederick Seward. His eyes were open but he did not move them, nor a limb, nor did he speak. Doctor White, who was in attendance, told me he was unconscious and more dangerously injured than his father.

As we descended the stairs, I asked Stanton what he had heard in regard to the President, that was reliable. He said the President was shot at Ford's Theatre, — that he had seen a man who was present and witnessed the occurrence. I said I would go immediately to the White House. Stanton told me the President was not there. He said it was his intention [to go], and asked me if I had not a carriage to go with him. In the lower hall we met General Meigs,[1] whom he requested to take charge of the house, and to clear out all who did not belong there. General Meigs begged Stanton not to go down to Tenth Street, others also remonstrated against our going. Stanton, I thought, hesitated. Hurrying forward, I remarked that I should go immediately and I thought it his duty also. He said he should certainly go, but the remonstrants increased and gathered round him. I said we were wasting time, and pressing through the crowd, entered the

[1] Montgomery C. Meigs, Quartermaster-General.

carriage and urged Stanton, who was detained by others after he had placed his foot on the step. I was impatient. Stanton, as soon as he had seated himself, turned round, rose partly and said the carriage was not his. I said that was no objection. He invited Meigs to go with us, and Judge Carter of the Superior Court mounted with the driver. At this moment Major Eckert[1] rode up on horseback beside the carriage and protested vehemently against Stanton's going to Tenth Street; said he had just come from there, that there were thousands of people of all sorts there, and he considered it very unsafe for the Secretary of War to expose himself. I replied that I knew not where he would be more safe, and that the duty of both of us was to attend the President immediately. Stanton concurred. Meigs called to some soldiers to go with us, and there was one on each side of the carriage. The streets were full of people. Not only the sidewalk but the carriage-way was to some extent occupied, all or nearly all hurrying toward Tenth Street. When we entered that street, we found it pretty closely packed.

The President had been carried across the street from the theatre, to the house of a Mr. Peterson. We entered by ascending a flight of steps above the basement, and passing through a long hall to the rear, where the President lay extended on a bed, breathing heavily. Several surgeons were present; at least six, I should think more; among them I was glad to observe Doctor Hale, who, however, soon left. I enquired of Doctor H[ale] as I entered the true condition of the President. He replied the President was dead to all intents, although he might live three hours or perhaps longer.

The giant sufferer lay extended diagonally across the bed, which was not long enough for him. He had been stripped of his clothes. His large arms, which were occasionally exposed, were of a size which one would scarce have expected from his spare appearance. His slow, full respiration lifted the clothes with each breath that he took. His features were calm and striking. I had never seen them appear to better advantage than for the first hour, perhaps, that I was there. After that, his right eye began to swell, and that part of his face became discolored.

Senator Sumner was there, I think, when I entered. If not, he came in soon after, as did Speaker Colfax, Mr. Secretary McCulloch, and the other members of the Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Seward. A double guard was stationed at the door and on the sidewalk, to repress the crowd, which was of course highly excited and anxious. The room was small and overcrowded. The surgeons and members of the Cabinet were as many as should have been in the room, but there were many more, and the hall and other rooms in the front or main house were full. One of these rooms was occupied by Mrs. Lincoln, and her attendants, with Mrs. Harris. Mrs. Dixon and Mrs. Kinney came to her about twelve o'clock. About once an hour Mrs. Lincoln would repair to the bedside of her dying husband, and with lamentation and tears remain until overcome by emotion.

A door which opened upon a porch or gallery, and also the windows, were kept open for fresh air. The night was dark, cloudy and damp, and about six it began to rain. I remained in the room without sitting or leaving it — when, there being a vacant chair which some one left at the foot of the bed, I occupied it for nearly two hours, listening to the heavy groans, and witnessing the wasting life of the good and great man who was expiring before me.

About six A. M. I experienced a feeling of faintness, and for the first time after entering the room, a little past eleven, I left it and the house, and took a short walk in the open air. It was a dark and gloomy morning, and rain set in before

[1] Major T. T. Eckert, Assistant Superintendent of the Military Telegraph.

I returned to the house, some fifteen minutes [later]. Large groups of people were gathered every few rods, all anxious and solicitous. Some one or more from each group stepped forward as I passed, to enquire into the condition of the President, and to ask if there was no hope. Intense grief was on every countenance when I replied that the President could survive but a short time. The colored people especially, and there were at this time more of these persons than of whites, were overwhelmed with grief.

Returning to the house, I seated myself in the back parlor where the Attorney-General and others had been engaged in taking evidence concerning the assassination. Stanton, and Speed, and Usher were there — the latter asleep on the bed. There were three or four others also in the room. While I did not feel inclined to sleep, as many did, I was somewhat indisposed — I had been so for several days. The excitement and bad atmosphere from the crowded rooms oppressed me physically.

A little before seven I went into the room where the dying President was rapidly drawing near the closing moments. His wife soon after made her last visit to him. The death struggle had begun. Robert, his son, stood with several others at the head of the bed. He bore himself well, but on two occasions gave way to overpowering grief and sobbed aloud, turning his head and leaning on the shoulder of Senator Sumner. The respiration of the President became suspended at intervals, and at last entirely ceased at twenty-two minutes past seven.

A prayer followed from Doctor Gurley; and the Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Seward and Mr. McCulloch, immediately thereafter assembled in the back parlor, from which all other persons were excluded, and there signed a letter which was prepared by Attorney-General Speed to the Vice-President, informing him of the event, and that the government devolved upon him.

Mr. Stanton proposed that Mr. Speed, as the law officer, should communicate the letter to Mr. Johnson with some other member of the Cabinet. Mr. Dennison named me. I saw that, though all assented, it disconcerted Stanton, who had expected and intended to be the man, and to have Speed associated with him. I was disinclined personally to disturb an obvious arrangement, and therefore named Mr. McCulloch, as the first in order after the Secretary of State.

I arranged with Speed, with whom I rode home, for a Cabinet meeting at twelve meridian at the room of the Secretary of the Treasury, in order that the government should experience no detriment, and that prompt and necessary action might be taken to assist the new Chief Magistrate in preserving and promoting the public tranquillity. We accordingly met at noon. Mr. Speed reported that the President had taken the oath which was administered by the Chief Justice, and had expressed a desire that the affairs of the government should proceed without interruption. Some discussion took place as to the propriety of an inaugural address, but the general impression was that it would be imprudent. I was most decidedly of that opinion.

President Johnson, who was invited to be present, deported himself admirably, and on the subject of an inaugural said his acts would best disclose his policy. In all essentials it would, he said, be the same as that of the late President. He desired the members of the Cabinet to go forward with their duties without any change. Mr. Hunter, Chief Clerk of the State Department, was designated to act ad interim as Secretary of State. I suggested Mr. Speed, but I saw it was not acceptable in certain quarters. Stanton especially expressed a hope that Hunter should be assigned to the duty.

A room for the President as an office was proper, and Mr. McCulloch offered a room adjoining his own in the Treasury Building. I named the State Department as appropriate and proper, at least

until the Secretary of State recovered or so long as the President wished — but objections arose at once. The papers of Mr. Seward would, Stanton said, be disturbed — it would be better that he should be here, etc., etc. Stanton, I saw, had a purpose — among other things he feared papers would fall under Mr. Johnson's eye which he did not wish to be seen.

On returning to my house this [same] morning, Saturday, I found [that] Mrs. Welles, who had been ill and confined to the house from indisposition for a week, had been twice sent for by Mrs. Lincoln to come to her at once. The housekeeper, knowing the state of Mrs. W's health, had without consultation turned away the messenger, Major French; but Mrs. Welles, on learning the facts when he came the second time, had yielded, and imprudently gone, although the weather was inclement. She remained at the Executive Mansion through the day. For myself, [I was] wearied, shocked, exhausted, but not inclined to sleep. The day, when not actually and officially engaged, passed off strangely.

I went after breakfast to the Executive Mansion. There was a cheerless cold rain, and everything seemed gloomy. On the Avenue in front of the White House were several hundred colored people — mostly women and children — weeping and wailing their loss. This crowd did not appear to diminish through the whole of that cold, wet day — they seemed not to know what was to be their fate since their great benefactor was dead, and their hopeless grief affected me more than almost anything else, though strong and brave men wept when I met them.

At the White House all was silent and sad. Mrs. W[elles] was with Mrs. L[incoln] and came to meet me in the library. Speed came in and we soon left together. As we were descending the stairs, "Tad," who was looking from the window at the foot, turned, and seeing us cried aloud in his tears, "Oh, Mr. Welles, who killed my father?" Neither Speed nor myself could restrain our tears, nor give the poor boy any satisfactory answer.

Sunday the 16th, the President and Cabinet met by agreement at 10 A. M. at the Treasury. The President was half an hour behind time. Stanton was more than an hour late. He brought with him papers, and had many suggestions relative to the measure before the Cabinet at our last meeting with President Lincoln. The general policy of the treatment of the rebels and the rebel states was discussed. President Johnson is not disposed to treat treason lightly, and the chief rebels he would punish with exemplary severity.

Stanton has divided his original plan and made the re-establishing of state government applicable to North Carolina, leaving Virginia, which has a loyal government and governor, to arrange that matter of election to which I had excepted.

Being at the War Department Sunday evening, I was detained conversing with Stanton. Finally Senator Sumner came in. He was soon followed by Gooch and Dawes of Massachusetts, and some two or three others — one or more general officers also came in. Stanton took from his table, in answer to an enquiry from Sumner, his documents which had been submitted to the Cabinet and which were still a Cabinet measure.

It was evident the gentlemen were there by appointment, and I considered myself an intruder or out of place. If so, Stanton did not know how to get rid of me and it seemed awkward for me to leave. The others doubtless supposed I was there by arrangement; perhaps I was, but I felt embarrassed and was very glad, after he had read to them his first programme for Virginia, and had got about half through with the other, [and] when Sumner [had] demanded to know what provision was made for the colored man to vote, [that] a line was brought me by the messenger which gave me an opportunity to leave.

On Monday the 17th I was actively

engaged in bringing forward business which had been interrupted and suspended, issuing orders, and arranging for the funeral solemnities of President Lincoln. Secretary Seward and his son continue in a low condition, and Mr. Fred. Seward's life is precarious.

Tuesday, April 18, 1865.

Details in regard to the funeral, which takes place on the 19th, occupied general attention, and little else than preliminary arrangements and conversation was done at the Cabinet meeting. From every part of the country comes lamentation. Every house, almost, has some drapery, especially the homes of the poor. Profuse exhibition is displayed on the public buildings and the dwellings of the wealthy, but the little black ribbon, or strip of black cloth from the hovel of the poor negro, or the impoverished white, is more touching.

I have tried to write something consecutively since the horrid transactions of Friday night, but I have no heart for it, and the jottings down are mere mementoes of a period, which I will try to fill up when more composed, and I have leisure, or time for the task. Sad and painful — wearied and irksome, the few preceding incoherent pages have been written for future use, for the incidents are fresh in my mind and may pass away with me, but cannot ever be by me forgotten.

[*Saturday, April* 22.]

The funeral on Wednesday the 19th was imposing, sad, and sorrowful. All felt the solemnity, and sorrowed as if they had lost one of their own household. By voluntary action business was everywhere suspended, and the people crowded the streets. The Cabinet met by arrangement in the room occupied by the President at the Treasury. We left a few minutes before meridian so as to be in the east room at precisely twelve o'clock, being the last to enter. Others will give the details.

I rode with Stanton in the procession to the Capitol. The attendance was immense. The front reached the Capitol, it was said, before we started, and there were as many, or more who followed us. A brief prayer was made by Mr. Gurley in the rotunda where we left the remains of the good and great man we loved so well. Returning, I left Stanton, who was nervous and full of orders, and took in my carriage President Johnson and Preston King — their carriage having been crowded out of place. Coming down Pennsylvania Avenue after this long detention, we met the marching procession in broad platoons all the way to the Kirkwood House on Twelfth Street.

There were no truer mourners when all were sad, than the poor colored people who crowded the streets, joined the procession, and exhibited their woe, bewailing the loss of him whom they regarded as a benefactor and father. Women as well as men, with their little children, thronged the streets; sorrow, trouble and distress depicted on their countenances and in their bearing. The vacant holiday expression had given way to real grief. Seward, I am told, sat up in bed and viewed the procession and hearse of the President, and I know his emotion. Stanton, who rode with me, was uneasy and left the carriage four or five times.

On the morning of Friday the 21st I went by appointment or agreement to the Capitol at six A. M. Stanton had agreed to call for me before six and take me in his carriage, the object being to have but few present when the remains were taken from the rotunda where they had lain in state through Thursday, and were visited and seen by many thousands. As I knew Stanton to be uncertain and in some respects unreliable, I ordered my own carriage to be ready at an early hour. I wished also to take my sons with me to the obsequies — the last opportunity they or I would have to see the remains and to manifest our respect and regard for the man who had been the steady and abiding friend of their father. Stanton, as I expected, was late, and then

informed me he had not, as he agreed he would, informed Governor Dennison of our purpose. He said he had to go for another friend, and wished me to take up Governor D[ennison]. Not until I had got to Dennison's house, was I aware of Stanton's neglect. It was then about six. Governor D[ennison] who had not yet risen sent me word he would be ready in three minutes. I think he was not five. Stanton, I perceived, did not tell me the truth about another visitor. He moved in great haste himself, being escorted by the cavalry corps which had usually attended the President.

We hurried on, reached the Capitol and entered the rotunda just as Mr. Gurley was commencing an earnest and impressive prayer. When it was concluded, the remains were removed and taken to the depot where in waiting were a car and train prepared for the commencement of the long and circuitous journey of the illustrious dead to his last earthly resting-place in Springfield, in the great prairies of the West. We were, as we had intended, an hour in advance of the time, and thus avoided the crowd which before the train departed thronged the roads and depot.

(Secretary Welles remained in the Cabinet during the entire period of President Johnson's administration. His account of the personal and political factors in the reconstruction of the Union, and his story of the impeachment of the President by Congress, will appear in the Atlantic *during 1910, beginning in February.)*

THE COMING O' THE KING

BY RUTH SAWYER

When summer goes over the hills of Ireland, she plucks the purple of the heather, and snatches the blue of the sky, to carry southward with her. It is the sweeping of her garments that turns the meadows brown. The echo of her laughter among the hills makes the throstles leave their hedges and whirl into the sky after her. When she has passed, the rains come, beating and insistent for days, over the land. Brown, bare-limbed herd-boys hurry up to the pastures to drive their cattle back to dry byres. The turf is stacked anew, under thicker thatch, to keep it ripe for a bright burning; and as the winter nights lengthen, the hill people gather closer round their hearths, to tell again those stories they love best, beginning, "Once on a time there was a King of Ireland."

No country is left more desolate by the passing of summer than Ireland; no people feel that desolation more than her people of the hills. But with a deep courage born of weary, toilsome years, they drive out fear of hunger, failure, or great loneliness, with promises of better things to come. Nobody has so little that he cannot share with somebody who has less, and few hearts have grown so bitter that they cannot say, "God prosper ye well," as their hands give the dole of bread.

When summer has gone, then it is that the workhouse road is well traveled. From bogland or hill, aye, from every corner of the country, come the children of the third and fourth generations, eager for a winter's shelter, and three meals a day of black tea, stirabout, and soda bread. There are cripples, consumptives, drunkards, and tinkers, halt-wits and beggars, — the helplessly old and the helplessly

young. Some come from long habit — as a bear to its hole, or a bee to its hive. Some come to wait for better times, or a change of luck; and some — to die.

The gray of the sky is not more gray than the walls that shelter them. The open road holds as much of promise or good cheer; but there are benches here to sit on, and dry beds at night, and when the wind blows through the Gap it is well to be under cover. Moreover there is a turf fire on the coldest days, with occasional doles of snuff and whiskey; and for the sick, medicine and care from the gentle Sisters of St. Catherine.

It was December when Peter came. He had lain ill with the fever at McDiarmuid's since September, and could not be moved. Nora McDiarmuid had been loath to let him go. She had tended him with dumb patience, and cut down her allowance of food and Barney's that he might have enough. But hunger came upon them at last, and, with a philosophy born of eternal want, she sent for the parish doctor.

" I'd like to keep the lad for Barney's sake," she told him, " but what will feed two will no feed three, I'm thinkin'."

Thus Peter passed into the workhouse.

For a few days he kept apart from the others — the weakness and semi-delirium of the fever still on him. He found a bench somewhat sheltered from the wind that was blowing sharp from the north, and there, bit by bit, memories of what had happened came back to him. He pieced them together in his half-witted fashion. He had tramped from the harvest fair at Ardara, he remembered playing in the Diamond for the boys and girls to dance. Then it had rained — how many days he could not count: perhaps two, perhaps three; and tramp as hard as he might, he could not keep the warmth in his body, nor the pain out of his heart. He had forgotten where he slept. All he remembered was reaching the crossroads at last, and finding the gray stone under the Lazy Bush more than half-covered by water.

It certainly was good to get back to the crossroads, the gray stone, and the Lazy Bush. Peter's mind cleared, and the memory of ache and cold, which had made him huddle into the corner of the bench, left him; and he stretched his feet contentedly in the imaginary puddle by the gray stone. There was the road over the hill to take him to Barney's, there was the lower road leading to Michael McNeil's, — which would he be taking?

Here Peter's mind stopped piecing, and took up again the momentous decision concerning the road. This was ever the way with Peter; the half-witted lack initiative. Every other road swung open before him: he could choose intelligently between a wake at Killybegs and a market-day at Donegal, — and once on the road, he would follow it straight as a fox to its covert. But when the choice lay between the two friends dearest to his heart, Peter's mind was inadequate. Then he always left the decision to fate, who, in the form of the next passer-by, would carry him along on whichever road he was taking himself.

Peter had sat for an hour or more, while the rain beat the last leaves from the Lazy Bush, and the cold crept closer to his heart. Then fate came, — driving a gray donkey, — and Peter was carried up the hill and put to bed in Barney's bed; and Nora nursed him through days of burning fever, and nights of terrifying nightmare. It was a miracle that Peter fought through and came back at all to claim his scanty inheritance of brains and property. His strength had gone, the feebleness of old age had come at last.

Peter had never owned anything since the day he was born, except his fiddle and his dreams, — the dreams he had brought with him from that other country, the fiddle he had acquired through the caprice of a stranger and a bazaar lottery-ticket. He had lived his sixty years happily; and he had paid for every meal or night's lodging he had taken, either with service or with his music.

In planting-time, there was not a farmer

from Ballyshannon to Malin Head who would not care for him in return for his work. When the gardens were made, and the fields green with the new corn, he would take to the road again, and fiddle his way to the fairs and the county feis. Whoever wanted Peter for the planting time kept him through the winter, and he was free to come and go as he pleased, — spending long days with the two best comrades, Michael of the low road and Barney of the hills.

Now things were changed — and no one wanted him for a spring planting. He was eating the bread of charity for the first time, and it tasted very bitter. Peter hunched himself along the bench farther from the door. He pulled the ragged homespun coat closer about him, while he made and remade the story of those days.

A smile came into Peter's face, his eyes filled with the light of a great vision. There was something he had forgotten. Manus of Killybegs had said it, therefore it must be true, — for Manus was a knowledgeable man who spoke with authority. It was while he still lay ill in Barney's bed. Nora and Manus had drawn their chairs close to the turf, and Manus was talking. The words repeated themselves with slow precision in Peter's brain. " I tell ye, Nora, Ireland will be comin' into her own again. Her green fields will be ours to till, her laws will be ours to make. Her speech will be the sweet Gaelic tongue; and there will be plenty to keep our childher by us in our old age. There will be no heart-breakin's, no workhouses. And Ireland will be havin' her king back soon, aye, soon; do ye mind! "

Had not Peter heard tales of the King of Ireland since he could remember? Not a night was spent around the hearth-side that some one had not something wonderful to tell of him. And now that Manus had said the King was coming back, all would be well. Peter laughed contentedly. The workhouse walls were not so gray — and the chill wind blowing in through the cracks of the door felt mild.

" He'll be wantin' some one to fiddle for him; and I be's a powerful sthrong hand at shinin' a crown," said Peter.

The next day he joined the group of inmates round the deal table. Bitterness no longer dwelt with him. In one hand he carried his fiddle, in the other he held a bundle of dirty rags which he had begged from the housekeeper.

" Ye'll play us a tune? " asked Teig, another half-wit. But Peter shook his head.

" I have no time to play, the day. It's gettin' ready I am for some one — some one who be's comin' afther me soon — mortial soon, I'm thinkin'."

There was mystery in Peter's voice, and his eyes looked beyond them at something far away. He sat down with the fiddle across his knees and began polishing it. The inmates drew their chairs closer about him.

" I did not know ye had any childher, Peter," said one.

" Sure an' he has n't; he never married," said another.

" Maybe it be's a brother," suggested Teig.

" And it might be a sister," said Peter, " only I have n't the like. No, it be's some one much grander than any of them."

Teig pulled his coat with nervous, coaxing fingers. " Would ye be afther tellin' us? "

" Aye, I might. But ye must not be lettin' on to John-at-the-door-there, for he will no let him in. It's the King I am expectin'."

A loud guffaw followed this revelation, and one of the tinkers turned to Peter mockingly: —

" Shame on ye, Peter, an' ye a good Irishman, to be askin' help from the King of England! "

Anger blazed in Peter's eyes. He raised the fiddle threateningly above the tinker's head. There was a moment of stillness when every man drew in his breath, — hard, — then the fiddle dropped back gently on Peter's knee.

"I'll no sthrike ye wi' the Lad, it might be hurtin' him. If ye had any wits at all, ye would know it was the King of Ireland I was meanin'."

A louder guffaw followed this.

"Ye be's foolish entirely," said the tinker. "Don't ye know Ireland has n't any king?"

"Has n't she, just?" said Peter.

"No, she has n't," snapped the tinker.

But Peter tapped his head significantly. "Poor, foolish man, that's all ye know."

"Where's he comin' from?" somebody jeered.

"I 'm no tellin' ye where he be's comin' from, or when he be's comin', — but he be's comin'!" And Peter went on with the polishing of his fiddle.

From that time on, Peter was the butt of the workhouse. The inmates teased and laughed at him, but he only smiled and tapped his head knowingly as before. "The poor, foolish childher," he would say; and his eyes would grow bright with the vision that was always with him.

He spent hours practicing on his fiddle. Each day the fingers grasped the bow less securely, and stumbled more often as they felt for the melodies on the strings. Every piece of brass or pewter that the workhouse owned he polished, making them bright with great patience. Each thing that shone he touched with loving hands. "I did them," he would whisper; "it was Pether that did them. He'll be lettin' me do the crown, I'm thinkin'."

Winter came early that year and stayed long after her time. Ice clung to the brooks, the frozen earth slept, the wind through the Gap blew biting and sharp, — and the hill people looked at their fast dwindling stacks of turf with fear, and heaped the sticks less bountifully on the fire. Day by day Peter's strength failed. The time came when he could not leave his room; but he sat all day facing the window that looked out on the open road. The children brought his bowl of stirabout and mug of black, unsweetened tea to him, in return for the stories he told them of the King. The children liked the stories. Of the King they were as skeptical as their elders; that is — all but Aisleen. Aisleen believed. She had not been in the world long enough to grow far away from the heart of things; she was not going to stay very long, either; so visions were as real to her as to Peter. Long after the other children had carried the empty mug and bowl away, Aisleen would sit, hugged close to Peter's side, and listen to more intimate things concerning the King.

"Ye 'll no forget me when he comes, Peter. I know where the four-leaved shamrock grows, and I can make soda bread wi' currants in it."

And Peter promised — promised by St. Anthony, who never broke his faith with little children — that the King should take her too.

Peter rallied with the first days of spring. The tinker and Teig helped him down the narrow stairs into the courtyard, and there he sat through one radiant day, feeling the warm sunshine steal into his blood again. Aisleen lay beside him. Her small face was full of the wonder of the coming of life to the earth, and the ebbing of life from her — the White Death stood very close to Aisleen. The eyes of both were keen and eager, as they watched for birds to cross the square above their heads.

"There's a throstle, — and there's the Devil's wran," Peter chuckled.

The next minute he clapped his hand gleefully, as a speck of black shot into the sky.

"Do ye mind him! do ye mind him, Aisleen. It be's a lark, an' him a-burstin' his heart wi' singin'!"

Toward evening, he called some of the inmates to him: Teig the tinker and a few others. Holding out a shaking hand, he smiled lovingly, as a father might, on many helpless children.

"I'll be leavin' ye on the morrow. There's spring in the air, and I'll be takin' to the road again. Don't ye smell the thorn bushes blossomin'? Beannacht lib!"

That night they moved Peter into the men's infirmary, and Aisleen into the children's ward. All through the next day and night Sister Teresa watched beside Peter's bed. As the morning came the second day, he grew restless and threw off the covers many times, impatient to be dressed and off.

"I must be goin'," he muttered. "I must be goin' to meet the King."

Patiently, Sister Teresa forced him back again and again, until her fragile strength was spent. She could not call for the other sister — she was needed in the children's ward. What should she do? She sat and waited anxiously for the next struggle; already Peter's nerveless fingers were plucking at the blanket. Suddenly her mind conceived the old, old way of quieting a fever-wrought brain. Sitting beside his bed, Sister Teresa took his hands in hers and held them fast.

"Come," she said, "we will go together."

Bit by bit she dressed him, led him down the stairs, through the gray walls, and out upon the open road. And all the while Peter lay peacefully back on his bed and smiled. When they had reached the door he turned.

"We must be takin' Aisleen; I promised," he insisted.

Sister Teresa called her name. Peter reached across the coverlet and took a small hand in one of his; and in the children's ward the other sister was folding little lifeless fingers over a crucifix.

"Now we'll be goin'," said Peter.

Sister Teresa's voice went quietly on: "We are crossing the bridge, there's a sight of water in the river this year."

"Aye, the Marquis will be gettin' some fine salmon, I'm thinkin'."

"See, we are going by the chapel, now."

"We'll go in and say a Hail Mary," said Peter.

They went; Sister Teresa took the rosary from her belt and guided Peter's fingers over the beads.

They came back to the road and followed it for a mile. As Peter lay on the cot — his face growing paler, his breath coming fainter — he smelled again the fresh earth-smell of spring. He gathered his hands full of primroses, then gave them to the sister so that he might have the hand free to take Aisleen's again. He pointed out each thatched cabin he knew; and laughed at a pair of robins he saw quarreling over their nest-building. At last they came to the crossroads.

"We 'll go no further," said Peter. "We had betther sit down on the gray stone undther the Lazy Bush while I make up my mind will it be the road to Barney's or the one furninst Michael's we'll be takin'."

There was a long silence. The first yellow light of the new day crept into the room.

"I'm thinkin', just, I'd like to be tellin' Michael and the wife about the King, — they'd be proud to know it. But there be's Barney, — I must give him a song wi' the Lad before I go. Where is the Lad, did I no bring him wi' me?"

The sister took the fiddle and put it on the bed beside him. The hand that was not holding Aisleen's closed over it tightly.

"Pether would n't forget the Lad, no!"

The sunlight grew stronger in the room.

"Now I'm wondtherin', just, will it be Barney or Michael. The road is brighter over the hills — and the buds are crowded thicker on the thorn bushes — there be more than a hundhred larks in the sky, — an' look ye!"

Peter leaned forward and pointed to a golden shaft of sunlight on the coverlet. His eyes were vision-filled, his face content. The faintest sigh escaped him, — a spirit breath it was, — and then the sister heard him speak: —

"I be a powerful sthrong hand at shinin' a crown."

The King had come.

LEARN OF THE EARTH

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

I

Of our great Mother learn forgivingness.
  Her groves of kingly pine, her hemlock-trees'
  Dark massy clouds, man layeth low; the knees
Of oaks o'erthrown his mastery confess;

His biting axe, his fire, his foot, have made
  A wreck of the glad fringes of the wood
  Where blueberry, sumach, rose, and bracken stood,
And floods of small and starry flowers were laid,

Spring coming, wave-like on the sunny grass,
  And through the dusky openings in the green; —
  Yet Earth, as though no ravage she had seen,
Sends the sweet currents of her blood to pass

Into the sprouts of his new-planted corn,
  Spreads gold for him where once were verdant things,
  Labors in love to aid his harvestings,
And laughs to see the riches she has borne.

And when in after years he passes by,
  Leaving forlorn the stripped and waiting field,
  Forcing again the virgin lands to yield,
Again the Earth forgives ungrudgingly,

Takes back the desolate acres for her own
  Fair wilding aims and methods of increase,
  Hides them with herbage, ranks her seedling trees,
And smiles to see the beauty she has sown.

II

And of our Mother learn remembrance. See,
As infant Spring now kisses her from sleep,
How do her stirring looms the patterns keep
Of all her children's wants — how faithfully!

The shadbush breaks to snow before, almost,
The snows are gone; the fleecy baccharis
Shall wait, for so its own desiring is,
To greet the asters on the autumn coast.

The maple of the rock in green will blow;
His brother of the swampland shall not lack
The tasseled red. The rose-tint will come back
To dogwoods that were pink last year, although

Their many brethren spread their white anew.
On wings of painted moths there alters not
The fairy marvel of the smallest spot,
Nor in the robin's nest the delicate blue.

The selfsame odor haunts the flowering grape
That Pliny called the sweetest on the wind.
As once it found in Hellas, so shall find
The purple iris here its perfect shape.

Again the pines wear tips like pallid flame,
The mosses have their scarlet cups or gray,
This bird bright eyes for night and that for day; —
'T was so of eld and ever is the same.

III

Yet shall Earth teach a wise forgetfulness.
The past is past, the dead lie still, says she,
And spends her soul to tend the budding tree,
The brooding bird, the fern's uncurling tress.

She loves to hide the witnesses of graves:
  The carven monument she pulls awry,
  Drags down amid the brambled grass to lie,
Though year by year, intact, unstirred, she saves

The boulder hollowed by her unseen hand
  To squirrel's drinking-cup; the pious mound
  Heaped o'er the dead she levels with the ground
The while her own green hillocks safely stand.

See how she fills from death the founts of life:
  Heeds not the sparrow when it falls, but grows,
  For that its wings are dust, a rosier rose;
Ignores the victims of the fish-hawks' strife

With wind and wave because the tall nests hold
  Young beaks a-clamor for their food; mourns not
  That scarlet lilies fail, but clothes the spot
With all September's purple and its gold.

And when the last leaves die, her garmenting
  Crystalline, white, she draweth close; so sleeps,
  Forgetting seasons gone and lost, and keeps
Warm at her heart of hearts the unborn Spring.

THE CITY'S NOISE

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

Now loud, now low, now sounding in musical, humming rhythm, now clanging in sharp staccato or rising in plangent, shrieking chords, the song of the city comes to the listening ear. The low, beating throb of the midnight hours, broken by the abrupt sounds of early morning, changes, as morning turns to afternoon, through the various measures of a full-throated chorus whose instruments are those of trade: the whistle, the rushing car, the noise of commerce. The theme passes, with the fall of night, into the hurrying allegro of returning thousands, threads to its web through the clatter of the evening hours, and returns at last to the low throb of twenty-four hours before. Never does it cease.

Stimulus to the morning toiler entering the city gates, the city's noise may be. To the strong, it seems the call of battle-trumpets summoning to the rush and hurry of the busy morning. As the long day wears on, inevitable reaction sets in, the wearing grind of city-labor bears heavily on hand and brain; and the noise, growing more and more an irritant, beats at last on the wearied ear with whips of strident steel. Another factor has been added to increase the nerve-exhaustion which is drawing so heavily on the forces of the city. A constant, if unperceived, drain upon the strong, the noise of the city may be an almost intolerable torture to the weak.

Quixotic tilting against windmills will do little more in a noise crusade than it will elsewhere. No city can be carried on without a very considerable amount of necessary noise. A really silent city is impossible. But the unnecessary noise of recent years, the escapable noise, so to speak, has increased to a point beyond all reasonable tolerance. It is just this part of the whole that we wish to stop. Muirhead once said, "Among the most searching tests of the state of civilization reached by any country are the character of its roads, its minimizing of noise, and the position of its women. If the United States does not stand very high on the application of the first two tests, its name assuredly leads all the rest in the third." It is well worth our while to see what we can do toward obtaining a higher percentage on the second test.

Of all the manifestations of the world about us, which our senses can perceive, sound alone cannot be escaped. The eyelids shut out light from the eyes, the lips keep taste from the tongue, the hand may be voluntarily withheld from touching, the nose may cease to smell. The ear alone remains open day and night to receive whatever impressions, be they pleasant or unpleasant, the outer world may send to it. Where Mother Nature has failed to protect her children, man must step in to aid.

In his consideration of the physiological effects of noise, Dr. Richard Olding Beard once made the statement that "Noise is fast becoming a neurotic habit with the American people." Speaking of the separation of sound-waves into two great classes, "noises and musical sounds, the one class characterized by the absence, the other by the presence, of the quality of rhythm," he went on to explain that the one is an irritant, the other a solace to the normal ear; and remarked that these different types of vibration not only act differently upon the ear, but actually act upon different parts of the ear's mechanism. Noise, acting upon the nervous system of the nervously-worn city-dweller,

produces so real and constant an irritation that quiet becomes an abnormal state to which exhausted nerves find great difficulty in responding.

A personal experience first showed the writer the possibility of a state of affairs, where the habit of noise could become as fixed as the habit of a drug. Waking one night in the quiet of a country-house far from other habitations, I suddenly heard the starting of the hot-air engine which pumped the water, chug-chug-chug-chug. I lay listening to its monotonous vibrations, and wondering at the unusual hour for pumping, until I fell asleep. The next night the sound was repeated. On mentioning the matter to my host, he confessed that he could not sleep in the quiet of the country, that the sudden change from the roar of a great city to the silence of the woods was so great as to cause him real suffering. As his only way to rest, he would leave the house in the middle of the night, start up the pump, and, lying down in a nearby hammock, find sleep brought him by the lullaby of the hot-air engine. That man recognized that he had the noise habit, and finally conquered it. How about the many who are never far enough away from the incessant tumult to know that the habit has formed? The incessant din of hammer upon iron in the boiler-shop creates a disease of the ear among the workers, known as "boiler-maker's ear." Little by little their finely attuned sensory nerves become dull and indifferent to all sound. Far more continuous than the clamor of the boiler-shop, the noise of the city is, at times, almost as deafening. The boiler-maker commonly resides far from his scene of labor, and may have thirteen or fourteen hours of rest from the sounds of his vocation. The city-dweller is never free from the surrounding din. The passage to his ear is open, sleeping and waking. More than one expert believes that a dulling of the ear to the finer gradations of sound must result in time from life spent in the midst of such surroundings. The aggregate of city noise has increased so greatly in recent years that we have hardly, as yet, sufficient data to prove this theorem. It is, at least, extremely probable.

When we come to consider the effect of noise in the sick-room, the records of the doctors appear in screed after screed, testimonial after testimonial. Officers of hospitals for the insane consider the increasing noise of the city a potent factor in the recent increase of insanity, citing case after case where their attempts to cure these unfortunates have been hampered or nullified by sudden or continued noises. Dr. Hyslop of London says, in his monograph on *Noise in its Sanitary Aspect*, "There is in city life no factor more apt to produce brain unrest, and its sequel of neurotism, than the incessant stimulation of the brain through the auditory organs."

From an article in *Le Figaro* on the same general subject, I clip and translate the following: "Noise has a daughter whose ravages extend in all directions: neurasthenia. I have seen in a little village a strong peasant girl lying on her poor couch and suffering from a sickness from which her forces were slowly ebbing. The doctors all agreed in declaring that she had neurasthenia. She was absolutely illiterate, knew neither how to read nor how to write. It was not books, nor meditation, nor sensibility of soul, which had brought her to that diseased state. No; leaving her country home, she had worked in a great city whose noise had constantly alarmed her. At last, she returned to the fields; she came back too late."

Dr. Gregory of Bellevue Hospital, in a statement made at the time of the first struggle in New York to suppress unnecessary steam-whistling on the rivers, wrote in part, "Many patients suffering from typhoid, meningitis, and other serious illness, will become annoyed by the least noise or disturbance. To these, restful sleep is of paramount importance, and frequently such disturbances may cause a relapse or turn the scale against them. In many delirious patients an hour's

rest or sleep may mean life. You can readily imagine the disappointment of the doctor and nurse, who have struggled to bring about the much-desired quiet and sleep, when suddenly all their efforts are frustrated as a result of the disturbing whistles."

In the quotation just cited, Dr. Gregory spoke especially of the steam-whistle. In any catalogue of the causes of noise, that type must stand preëminent. Sudden, discordant, terrific in its intensity, few are the ears that can bear its sudden attack unmoved. As used in cities, it is an outworn relic of a former time, of the day when every crossing bore upon its pointing finger the inscription, "Look out for the engine when the bell rings;" when watches and clocks were high in price or low in accuracy; when such modern substitutes for the voice as the electric bell were generally quite unknown. Of the whistle of the steamboats we shall have occasion to speak later, in our discussion of conditions in New York. It is sufficient here to bring up those twin banes of the city, the factory and the train whistle, specialized forms of noise which have been fought valiantly for years by Professor Edward S. Morse of Salem. No statement of this subject would be complete without reference to his labors.

A few decades ago, the locomotive whistle had its undoubted use in signaling, and in the warning of travelers on roads crossed at grade. To-day on country roads it may still serve a purpose. Its city use is ended. Compulsory gates are now placed at important city-crossings. The tendency toward compelling crossings to be above or below grade is growing rapidly. Block-systems of control and automatic methods of signaling have come into being. Every city crossing is guarded. But the whistling continues, the strength of the noise has increased as engines have grown more modern in other ways, and the delight of employees in the use of the whistle seldom fails. Here and there, cities and towns have passed ordinances aimed at this annoyance. Some have been successful in carrying them through. In the majority of places, however, through lack of concerted action, the trains passing gated crossings at midnight wake every light sleeper, and every sick and weary soul, for long distances around, by their long-continued blasts.

The use of the locomotive whistle in signaling train-crews, in switching and shunting, makes life in the vicinity of a station-yard a twenty-four-hour nightmare, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. I shall not soon forget my first sight of a European freight-yard, where all the signals were given by bugle calls, whose clear musical notes governed the easily-moving trains and minimized the attendant noise. If the American railroad man scorns the use of a bugle, there is still the megaphone and the boatswain's whistle. Much could be done by signals read by the eye. If the engineer can back his engine to the required point on the signal of the brakeman's waving arm or lantern, is there any reason why he should not respond in turn by arm or light instead of by use of the whistle? While railroad men with whom I have talked are not all agreed on this point, no small number believe that the continual whistling of the yards confuses the men at work, renders their labors more difficult, and increases the awful yearly total of maimed and injured railroad employees.

Whatever excuse the locomotive whistle may yet have for a curtailed existence, the right of the factory whistle to continue has ceased. In the old days when workmen of city factories lived grouped around their individual places of employment, it may have been necessary to summon workmen by a whistle. To-day, with the multiplication of timepieces of all sorts, with the nightly departure of the city workman to his home far from the factory section, that need has disappeared. The land about city factories is too valuable for workmen's houses. The modern corporation has no use for the man who cannot get to his work on time. The six-

o'clock whistle can no longer rouse its workmen, for they, as a mass, no longer live within its call; and the workman who is at the factory on time will enter no more rapidly on the call of a seven-o'clock whistle than he will on that of an electric gong. As a matter of fact, the moment of starting work is determined by the starting of the machinery in the vast majority of factories, those which run only in the day. Since tens and hundreds of thousands of the workmen's children reach school on the stroke of nine on every school-day in the year, since they are able to enter on the call of an electric gong and pass from room to room on the pulsation of electric bells, is there any reason why the father should be unable to do as much as the children? Factory after factory has abolished its whistle with complete success, yet custom holds good with thousands of others whose shrill cry brings torment to the innocent victims around.

The whole problem of whistling has been dealt with in a systematic manner by the city of Cleveland. So brief and simple are the provisions of its law, made some years ago and still in force, that I venture to quote them: —

"Ordinance of the City of Cleveland.
Sub-Division, N. 1.

"Section 841. Engine Whistle. No whistles connected with any railway engine shall be sounded within the limits of the city of Cleveland except as a signal to apply the brakes in case of immediate or impending danger.

"Section 842. Vessel Whistles. No person shall blow or cause to be blown the steam whistle of any vessel propelled by steam, while lying at any wharf in the city of Cleveland, or when approaching or leaving such wharf or navigating the Cuyahoga River in said city, except when absolutely necessary as a signal of danger, or in cases and under the circumstances prescribed by the rules of navigation or the laws and regulations of the United States requiring the use of such whistles.

"Section 843. Stationary Engines. No person shall blow or cause to be blown within the limits of the city of Cleveland the steam whistle of any stationary engine as a signal for commencing, or suspending work, or for any other purpose except as specified in the following section.

"Section 844. Nothing in this subdivision contained shall be construed as forbidding the use of steam whistles as alarm signals in case of fire or collision, or other imminent danger, nor for the necessary signals by the steam engines of the fire department of the city.

"Section 845. Any person violating or failing to comply with any of the provisions of the sub-division shall be fined not less than ten dollars, nor more than fifty dollars."

A section also prescribes the signals that shall be sounded for steam-tugs.

The construction of the pavements of a city, important from the side of the cleanliness of the air, needs serious consideration from the standpoint of noise. Stop in Times Square, New York, some evening when the rush of theatre traffic is crossing the pavement, and listen to the sound. The asphalt gives back comparatively little reverberation from the rolling wheels, whose sound is continuous, regular, and rhythmical. Separate out the sound of horses' hoofs from the general clatter. First in steady clicks like clock-beats, now it slows, now hastens, now stops, now quickens. Ever changing, the broken series of sounds comes at irregular intervals and produces a particularly trying type of sound-injury. The reason for such differences in speed becomes evident as we turn and walk down Broadway. On a clear space of sidewalk our pace becomes regular, moving with precision; when a crowd blocks the way, our movement is checked; if a crossing intervenes, it stops. Corners, car-tracks, and blockades are constantly changing the speed of even a single horse crossing the city pavements, thereby producing noise instead of regularity of

sound. Add to the noise of a single horse, passing on the asphalt, the many sounds of different horses passing at various speeds, and you have a tumult. Stone-block pavements, with their irregular junctions and broken edges, are much worse than asphalt. Macadam is comparatively quiet. Wooden blocks, such as are found on the London streets, are the best from a standpoint of noiselessness. Cobble-stones are the worst of all.

Horse-transportation is but one factor in the total passing of the city. Cable and trolley-cars, rattling from side to side, motors with their fiendish variety of whistles, thread their way in and out; while the overhead trolley-wires, like the strings of some huge, discordant violin, never cease their vibrations. Thoreau speaks of the sounding of the telegraph wires, "that winter harmony of the open road and snow-clad field." Grateful as that song may be in the quiet of the country, in the city the noise of the racked trolley-wire above adds a peculiarly trying factor to the pounding from the rocking cars below. When corporate officials desire to economize on traction lines, they not uncommonly equip the service with poor rails and wheels. The rails soon wear away. The wheels assume the shape of polygons instead of circles, and, as they turn, strike flattened angles against the irregularities of the iron rail. This is a particularly effective method of adding to the total noise. Fortunately, there is one way of relief in sight. Few devices in transportation have done more for the quiet of the city than has the increasing use of subways. Though the reverberation within the subway proper may be greatly increased, the relief on the street is marked. Only in our greater cities and along main trunk-lines, however, does the subway yet exist. The elevated, so far as noise is concerned, gives practically little advantage over the surface-car, save for the intermittence of stopping and starting, and the absence of the sound of the bell.

Pleasant as is the mental picture of chiming bells pealing from out the spire of quiet, white-walled church or Gothic tower, many of our church bells are quite out of place in the crowded concourse of men. No longer limiting its service to the brief call to prayers on the quietest day of the week, the resonant metal sends forth its summons each day and night throughout the year. Chimes tell the quarter, long peals mark each passing hour; periods of tolling ring the requiem, not only of the dead of the individual church, but of each notable man who passes away. The last necessity of the clock's telling the time audibly, disappeared with the coming of the illuminated dial. The tolling of one bell among the many in a great city ceases to have significance in its honor of the dead. Yet with the multiplication of church bells, each hour brings a dozen chimes mingling, prolonging, clashing as they send forth their voices from their lofty spires. Intended as messengers of the doctrine of mercy, they are merciless indeed to the weak and sick within sound of their voices.

The sounding of a general fire-alarm by the use of whistles or bells serves as another reminder of a tradition quite outworn. The wild clang of the village bell, which summons every able-bodied man within reach to fight the flames, is still a necessity of the country. City fires, on the other hand, are fought by highly trained specialists who have no use for amateur help. The silent electric fire-alarm answers every purpose of the fire-fighters. The telephone can notify the individuals especially interested. A general alarm from bells and whistles, which calls a horde of curious gazers, is a decidedly mixed blessing as regards the fire. It is an unmixed evil in its increase of the general noise.

The barking of stray dogs, and the howling of wandering cats, furnishes another proof of the finding of good things in the wrong place. No real lover of animals can feel anything but pity for most of the ranging dogs and cats of the city alleys and back-yards, starved, pitiable spectacles as they are. A false humanity

has kept these companions of man in an environment wholly unsuited to their nature, and the wrong which men have done in prisoning these creatures of the open in the brick-walled city has produced its appropriate punishment to mankind in the resulting annoyance from their cries.

For real malignant power, none of the individual offenders against repose surpass the milkman. Others raise their voices in the midst of an awakened city. He assumes the rôle of the wakener of the early morning. There can surely be few of us who have not been aroused by the rumbling of the milk-wagon, the running feet of the milkman, the peculiarly sharp clatter of the exchange of empty bottles for the full quarts, the lengthy and animated discussions of drivers meeting in the early morning. Some of the largest milk companies in New York have taken up this problem with gratifying results. Rubber tires and rubber-shod horses, instructions to drivers to avoid unnecessary disturbance, and inspection to see that these instructions are carried out, has been more than a public-spirited move. It has been a commercial success. The average citizen much prefers his own milk delivered by a noiseless milkman, other things being equal.

It is hard indeed utterly to condemn the music of hurdy-gurdy and barrel organ, of street-band and of itinerant musician. The little dancing feet of the children of the poor are too seldom stirred by melody to shut this solace wholly from their lives. Stop for a space and follow the music up the crowded slum street, and you will see an eagerness of appreciation such as symphonies do not receive. There are some quarters of the city where the organ-grinder is welcome. There are others where his coming spells torture to every musical ear. He is certainly out of place near hospitals, or schools. A limitation of street music to certain definite areas has proved possible. It would seem as if even more than this might be done. There are music commissioners in many cities. Why not turn the licensing of street music over to them, with the requirement that with the license shall go some inspection of the quality of the music. It is said, though of this I have no definite proof, that the experiment has already been tried under the direction of a city department of police. If this elevation of the police to a censorship of the Muses continues, we may yet achieve marvels of harmony. On the whole, however, I cannot but think the music commission might prove more satisfactory.

Last, but not least, in our catalogue of noises comes the call of the street peddler. "Street cries." That phrase, like certain chords of music, certain fragrances of flowers, brings up a medley of delightful reminiscences. Early morning in the "Quartier," where one listened drowsily to the ancient calls of charcoal-seller and baker, of venders of merchandise who cried their wares with the very intonation of their ancestors of decades, even of centuries, ago. Afternoons in dingy London streets, hunting down the rare prints of the brilliantly colored "Street Cries of London." The roaring tide of Whitechapel, and an old church with its vivid oasis of green where we turned to the quiet of the Thames. Always the pleasant memories are of foreign lands; never of America. In their attempt to overcome the general din our own itinerant merchants have taken to every possible means of making their presence known. Bugle-calls, rattles, bells, and horns; even, in the case of one ingenious soul, the mounting upon his cart of a monster phonograph which declared in doggerel the virtues of his wares. Each strives to outdo the other, producing a general level of sound, in whose presence, as in the presence of a shouting mob, no individual voice can be perceived. In the interest of the huckster, as well as of the community, a reform already suggested should be gladly received. It has been proposed that the principle of the common ice placard be greatly extended.

The ice-man comes at the call of the card. There is no reason why all other sellers of the street should not be called by the same sign. Differently colored cards are proposed for every trade, and the housewife, should her community establish such an ordinance, may call her butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker by the use of signal cards which represent an extension of one of the underlying principles of noise-reform, the use of the eye instead of the ear.

Arverne-by-the-Sea has put into execution a successful plan for doing away with the extraneous noise of hucksters. In this case, an ordinance was passed which charged junkmen a license fee of five dollars unless the licensee cry, shout, or employ one or more bells or other noisy devices. If such devices are employed, the fee is fifty dollars. Five dollars each is charged other types of wagon, two dollars each to pack, handcart, or basket-peddler, if they are quiet. If they shout or use noisy devices, the fee is trebled. If you enter Arverne by any route you may pass hucksters beside the road, busily engaged in removing the bells from their carts. The appeal to the pocket-book has been successful.

Newark attacked the problem by means of a direct law which forbade the use of bells, gongs, horns, whistles, or similar noise-makers, and went on to regulate the phonograph, a source of noise which few municipalities have been so hardy as to assail. This section of the ordinance follows: —

"Section 3. It shall be unlawful for any person, persons, company, corporation or other body of individuals, to permit or cause any sound such as that emitted by phonographs and other similar sound-producing instruments to be directed through open doors or windows into the streets or other public places within the corporate limits of the city of Newark, or permit or cause such sounds to be produced so as to be diffused in public places, within the corporate limits of the city."

Many as were the sources of noise, the general movement against the evil was slow in starting. Recognition of the necessity of general cleanliness in the city, of control of food-supplies and water-supply, began much earlier and progressed more rapidly. Citizens could recognize that deaths resulted from lack of cleanliness. They were far slower in realizing that constant drains upon the city's forces caused by unnecessary noise might prove a serious handicap to the total efficiency of a community. Many men, hardened to noise, scornfully repudiated the conception that it could be in any way harmful, considered objectors weak sentimentalists, refused to believe that noise could be in any way harmful to the sick, and even gloried in the increasing tumult of the city as a sign of material growth. Here and there a scattered sufferer complained. Now and then some man, wiser than his generation, protested publicly. In recent years several men, Hyslop, Kempster, Lederle, Girdner, and Morse, among others, published papers and did valiant work. The American's habit of inertia in the presence of an evil suffered by all his neighbors equally with himself, hindered concerted action. Only in the last few years has the movement, which originated in New York, risen to large proportions.

Hemmed in by the North and East rivers, the long narrow strip of land which holds the crowded buildings of New York long suffered from the continual torment of resounding whistles which came from tugs and steam craft of every type. If you were a riparian New Yorker, it mattered little whether you lived in a palatial residence on Riverside Drive or in a crowded tenement on the East Side; in either case, you were haunted day and night by the continual shrieking. So confusing was the din that it was difficult for boats to make proper use of signals for meeting and passing. Tugs coming to wharves to take scows up or down the river would begin whistling two miles and more away, in order to waken sleepy watchmen on the docks. Boats sounded

their screaming call for half hours to call their crews from river-bank saloons. Pilots on river-steamers exchanged greetings with their friends on other boats by means of the whistle's cord, or gave salutes in honor of the servant girls in apartment houses that front the Drive. It was a saturnalia of sound.

Revolutions and conspiracies have a habit of springing up and flourishing where tyranny is most extreme. Russia is still a hot-bed of conspiracy; the Turkish provinces are still the stamping-ground of revolution. The tyranny of noise on the New York rivers made Riverside Drive a natural place for the beginnings of the league against noise. To one who suffered from that frenzied tumult it was a natural step to think of other sufferers, especially of the long lines of sick in hospital, helpless before its fury. From those conditions arose a leader whose single-minded devotion to the cause and singular ability of organization have produced far-reaching results. That leader is Mrs. Isaac L. Rice.

Mrs. Rice began her campaign four years ago, with an investigation of the relation between health and noise, as exemplified by the conditions in the New York hospitals. From preliminary queries sent to the officials of those institutions, the almost universal response came back that noise was injurious to patients suffering with many different types of disease. Her data once obtained, Mrs. Rice started a systematic campaign through bureau and commission, council and legislature, aimed at the abolition of the evil of unnecessary noise.

From the Department of Health to the Dock Commissioners, from the Wardens of the Port to the United States Local Steamboat Inspectors, from the Collectors' office to the Law Division, from the Police Department back to the Department of Health again, through all the mazes of the Municipal Circumlocution Office, Mrs. Rice traveled over and over again. Each and all, like their famous protemporaries, finally "gave it up," deciding that the reason why they did so was because the Hudson was a Federal waterway. Its noise could not be controlled by the municipality.

If genius is the capacity for "eternally pegging away at a thing," genius was surely shown in this case. Undaunted by her experiences, Mrs. Rice took her case to the Federal government: first to the Department of the Treasury, thence to the Department of Commerce and Labor, thence to the Board of Supervising Inspectors of Steam Vessels. The workings of the Federal Circumlocution Office seemed as devious as those of the municipal one. One by one, those officials "gave it up." They decided that there was no law under which the Federal government could act. Fortunately, however, even if circumlocution offices were labyrinths which ended where they began, multitudes in the world outside were becoming interested in the success of the cause. Unable though Mrs. Rice had been to secure the cessation of the noise by governmental action, private individuals by the hundreds, a great body of the press, the owners of steamboat lines, the American Association of Masters, Mates, and Pilots, had expressed their sympathy with the work and offered their aid. Influenced to some degree by this exhibition of public sentiment, the whistling stopped in part. It was but a temporary cessation. Soon it was on the increase once more.

Here, as elsewhere, legislation proved the only permanent safeguard. There was no law which governed steamboat whistling, and the only way to reach it was by a congressional bill. Congressman William S. Bennett of New York brought forward and secured the passage of a bill giving to the supervising inspectors of steamboats the right to regulate the whistling done by boats on water under their jurisdiction. This was the first bill ever passed by Congress having for its ultimate object the suppression of noise. The bill once passed, interpretation was secured, and eighty-five per cent of the

unnecessary noise due to this cause was eliminated.

The passage of the Bennett bill marked a decisive victory. Partial legislation had been secured, and the way was open to a continuance. But there was an ever-present necessity that enforcement follow legislation, and that a strong public sentiment back up enforcement, if the statutes against noise were to become effective, and not a part of the dead, useless lumber that crowds our statute-books. Legislation, enforcement, public opinion, these are three links of a chain that breaks if any one of the three be severed. To sustain all three, "to awaken public sentiment in favor of our cause, and to aid our hospitals by diminishing unnecessary noises in their immediate vicinity," the "Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise" was formed. Mrs. Rice was made president, and many distinguished Americans offered their services to the advisory board. Most important of all, fifty-nine hospitals, representing eighteen thousand and eighteen beds, had representatives on the directorate. The work of this society on the "Quiet Zone" ordinance and the "Children's Hospital Branch" deserves the imitation of other cities.

The "Quiet Zone" law in particular marked a great advance. For years an old law of New York had forbidden organ-grinders to ply their trade or hucksters to cry their wares within one block of church, hospital, or school, between the hours of nine and four. That law had been a dead letter almost from the day of its passage. It failed lamentably at three points. It was effective only in school and church hours, leaving the hospitals during the many other hours of the day at the mercy of the passers-by. It gave no public definition of the space which was to represent the vicinity, thereby making enforcement at any time extremely difficult. It did not include the manifold unnecessary noises of transportation. The new "Quiet Zone" ordinance, passed last year by the Board of Aldermen, includes all noises caused by transportation, whether from horse-drawn or motor vehicles (this latter a most important point), requires the placing of conspicuous signs of "Hospital Zone," or "Hospital Street," one block away from the hospitals on all approaching streets, and enables the police to arrest any persons making unnecessary noise near a hospital.

If there is one quality of which most of us who are striving for the city's welfare need to be long, and of which we are likely to be short, it is never-failing tact. How many of us have no occasion to cry *mea culpa!* when charged with its lack? There seems to be so much to be done, so little time in which to do it. It is all the more refreshing on that account to relate the singularly happy manner in which the difficult problem of the noise of playing children about the hospitals — a serious evil because of the unfortunate fascination which ambulance cases have for the city child — was attacked. Watch the craning of necks and scampering of feet among the children as the ambulance hurries by, and you will understand that hospitals readily become gathering-places for all the children within reach. Arrest, imprisonment, or fine, even restriction of their brief rights in the playground of the streets, is a crime against the city child's starved nature, save in cases of real extremity. Recognizing this, and recognizing at the same time the need of the sick, Mrs. Rice, with the help of Mark Twain and the New York Board of Education, started the Children's Hospital Branch in the schools of New York.

From room to room, from building to building, Mrs. Rice pursued her quest, asking the children not only to be quiet themselves near the hospitals, but to use their influence to keep others quiet. In thousands they responded. I quote from Mrs. Rice's own story of the founding of the Branch, a few of the children's pledges, each written in the child's own words: —

"I offer up this sacrifice, so as to comfort the sick near hospital and any place

I know where sick persons are, and to prevent all sorts of noises that are not necessary."

" I promise just the way a president promises to be true to his country, to stop other people from making a noise, and I also will not make a noise in front of a hospital."

" My dear Miss Rice, I promise that I will never make a noise near a hospital. Positively know."

" I promise not to play near or around any hospital. When I Do pass I will keep my mouth shut tight, because there are many invalids there. Nor will I make myself a perfect NUISANCE."

" With all my heart I promise you,
Just what you advised us to do,
I am willing to obey your plan,
To make the least noise as I can,
Before a hospital."

It would be hardly right to close this article without at least a word concerning the day which marks the culmination of the year's burden of noise. The Fourth of July, like the more local festivals similarly celebrated, has stood declared in recent years as a Moloch which claims its yearly toll of maimed and dying human sacrifice. Its sins lie open and declared. It has been shown again and again that the change from the red cracker of the day before to the smoke and noise of the Fourth itself, produces lists of killed and wounded greater than those of many battles. Those sorrowful lists tell but a part of the story. If we could estimate the death and suffering from the noise of that day, who doubts that they would stretch to appalling proportions. Three hundred and sixty-odd days in the year we shield our population from the use of dangerous weapons by rigorous law and ordinance. On two or three days we allow, not only men and women, but even little children, to buy explosives of known and deadly violence without let or hindrance. The critics who call the United States " the land of inconsistencies " can scarcely point to a more notable example than this.

It is written that among the various schools of Grecian philosophy existed one known as " The Academy of Silence," composed of one hundred men, each member pledged to the purpose of the school. To them came one seeking admission. Their list of membership was closed, and their head, calling the would-be neophyte before the assembled audience, showed him without a word an urn so filled with water that not a single drop could be added. The neophyte, reading the message, bowed silently, started to withdraw, but hesitated and returned. Picking a petal from a flower, he dropped it on the brimming bowl so dexterously that it floated without dislodging the slightest particle of the liquid. The membership of the Academy of Silence became one hundred and one.

Like that ancient member of the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, we, who wish to give quiet and rest to the sick in crowded ward and sick-room, to little children and wearied workers, must work tactfully, steadily, effectively. Then will quiet come.

THE MAKING OF A PROFESSOR

BY GRANT SHOWERMAN

THE Professor's study was a single cube of brightness in the midst of the almost universal darkness of the little college town; and the Professor himself, silent and solitary, was sitting at his study table, — books to the right of him, books to the left of him, books in front of him, — hard at work on Terminations in T, while all the world slumbered.

The Professor's dissertation on Sundry Suffixes in S, written for the degree of doctor of philosophy and published five years before, had won such golden opinions that he had launched into further investigation with eye single to the glory of scholarship, scorning delights, and living days so laborious that at thirty he already displayed signs of the silvery livery of advised age. Terminations in T was to be chapter xii in his book on Consonantal Terminations in the Comedies of Terence, which was to be followed by another volume on Prefixes in P in the Plays of Plautus. Hence his apparition among the many books with no end.

But something was amiss with the Professor. It was not the lateness of the hour, though it was long after midnight. Something more permanent than mere weariness was manifest in his countenance. His features wore a wondering, worrying, harried expression. You could see that he was unsettled.

The fact is that the Professor had for some time been wavering in his faith. Not his religious faith, — I don't mean that, for Consonantal Terminations had so far crowded that out that it claimed small share in the Professor's cogitations, — but his faith in the importance of terminations in general, and particularly of Consonantal Terminations in the Comedies of Terence. He had been losing — indeed, had lost — the reposeful sense of equilibrium and stability which had been to him the peace that passeth understanding so long as he had entertained absolutely no question as to the claim of Terminations to be his mission in life. And now a crisis was at hand.

For you must know that the Professor was, or had been when he came home from Europe to occupy his chair, a strictly approved product of the Great Graduate System of Scholarship. The appreciation of that fact, and of the process of its achievement, will help you to understand his present frame of mind.

He had been an eager student of the classics even in the secondary school, and his enthusiasm had grown during the college course. He thought he knew why men had for nineteen centuries loved Virgil's lay and Livy's pictured page, he was deeply stirred by the sentiment of Rome's least mortal mind on Old Age and Friendship, and felt all the glowing delight of genial association with the wise and kindly heathen of the Sabine Farm. "The wisdom of the ancients" was to him no idle phrase; their words seemed to him golden. Of form, he had less appreciation; but there were rare moments when he thought that he too could hear the surge and thunder of the Odyssey, and feel the reposeful progress of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.

And so, under the double impulse of his enthusiasm for literature and his admiration for the genial and pure-hearted old professor who was also his friend and inspirer, he determined to spend his life in teaching the subject he loved. He had drunk of the waters freely, and longed to direct others to the fountain. To have

young men and women sit at his feet and partake of the wisdom that giveth life to them that have it, to know that they felt toward their interpreter of the ancient masterpieces as he himself felt toward the venerable friend who illumined the page of antiquity for him, seemed to him the prize of a high calling abundantly worth pressing toward.

This was at the end of his junior year. By the end of the senior year he had decided to prepare for a college career, and arranged to spend three years in graduate study. He must be a scholar *sans peur et sans reproche*, and to insure against the possible failure of the world to recognize his genuineness, he must be approved by the System, and be stamped Ph. D.; and because the value of the stamp depended very much upon the *imprimeur*, he must go to a university which enjoyed an unassailable reputation for Scholarship.

He had always felt helpless before the immensity of knowledge, and nobly discontented with his own achievement, and had been sustained only by the conviction that he really saw the light, and saw it increasingly; but now that he was in the presence of Real Scholarship, he was aghast at the depth of his ignorance. Gross darkness covered him, and he groped in it. He despaired. What he knew about Latin seemed to count for nothing here; he was made to feel that the accuracy and thoroughness which he had been taught so well were pitifully inadequate. He knew his forms and syntax perfectly, and his translation was rich in idiom and spirit as a result, and he had supposed that it was to insure this end that his old preceptor had been so insistent upon the mastery of linguistic mechanism; but now, because he knew nothing of the theories of the subjunctive, and had never heard of rhotacism and vowel-weakening, he was of all men most miserable. He could read hexameter with ease, declaim Cicero with real effect, and was saturated with Socratic discourse, but no one seemed to value those accomplishments here; they went for naught because he was ignorant on the subject of rhythmical clausulæ, and unacquainted with the last seven articles in the *Journal of Metrology* on the comparative merits of the quantitative and accentual theories. His appreciation of the difference between the streaming eloquence of Ciceronianism and the jolting gravity of Tacitus, the smiling satire of Horace and the wrathful lashings of Juvenal, — of what avail, when he was unable to enumerate in order the annalists, or define the relationship between Lucilius and the Old Comedy? Of what consequence, too, that he was intimately acquainted with Pliny and Martial, and their manner of life and thought, when he knew only one theory of the cut of the Roman toga, and was unable to state whether sandals were removed in the vestibule or the atrium? What virtue in his English versions of Catullus? Clearly the important thing there was to know the derivation of the manuscripts in class P′.

His disappointment was great. It seemed as if everything he had learned was of minor importance. What he had been taught to magnify he now had to minimize; instead of being carried along in the current of his enthusiasm, he found himself compelled to row against it.

At first, he bordered on rebellion. He had expected to continue the study of the Latin classics, — to read, interpret, criticise, and enjoy; but what he was actually occupied with was a variety of things no one of which was essential to literary enjoyment or appreciation, and whose sum total might almost as well have been called mathematics, or statistics, as classical literature. When he thought of his college instruction, he wondered whether the end and the means had not in some way got interchanged. He felt that now he was dealing with the husk instead of the kernel, with the penumbra rather than the nucleus, with the roots and branches, and not the flower. In his gloomier moments, he suspected that

his preceptors and companions were actually ignorant that there was a flower; if they were aware of it, they were at least strangely indifferent to its color and perfume. In his more cheerful moments, it made him laugh to see the gravity with which, *omnia magna loquentes,* they considered the momentous questions, whether a poet wrote Jupiter with two *p*'s or one, Virgil with an *i* or an *e*, and how many knots were in the big stick of Hercules. It all seemed to him monstrous and distorted. He found himself thinking of five-legged calves, two-headed babies, and other side-show curiosities.

But he had always been docile, and did not fail to reflect that scholars of reputation surely knew better than he what stuff scholarship was made of. He put aside his own inclinations, and dutifully submitted to the System; its products were to be found in prominent positions throughout the land, and what better proof of its righteousness than that? Under the direction of one professor, he filled a note-book with fragmentary data about Fescennine Verses, Varro Atacinus, and Furius Bibaculus; another book was devoted to *membra* of dramatists scattered from Susarion and Thespis to Decimus Laberius and Pseudo-Seneca; still another to the location, exact measurements (metric system), and history (dates), of every ruin of ancient Rome; others to statistics of the use of copulative coördinates, the historical present, and diphthongal *i*. In the seminar he presented compilations of text criticism, and numerical comparisons of subjunctives and ablatives with imperatives and genitives, and spent weeks in preparing for a two-hours' lead on six lines of text, treating them syntactically, epigraphically, paleographically, archæologically, philologically, — and finally, if time permitted, æsthetically. He could not, indeed, escape the reflection that, in half the time which he was obliged to consume in these activities, he might have gone far on the road to those powers of literary appreciation and that richness of intellectual equipment which he had always coveted: the study of things about literature left him no time to study literature itself. He was athirst and famished: literature, literature everywhere, and not a moment for it. But he was in pursuit of Scholarship, and though it should slay him, yet would he trust in it. He settled to his work.

He was not long in learning the lesson. He was to be accurate, he was to be thorough, and he was to employ *method.* That is, he was to be scientific, — which, he soon found out, meant to treat his material as the mathematicians and chemists treated theirs. The seminar, he was told, was the laboratory of the classical student; and he gathered from the tone and manner in which the information was conveyed, that this was meant to dispose of a possible argument against the study of the classics. Why literature, which was an art, a thing of the spirit, should be treated as if it were composed of chemicals, or fossils, or mathematical symbols, or a quarry, he was not told, and did not audibly inquire, at least after the first month. He went on his way, trying hard to convince himself that it mattered, as greatly as his associates seemed to think, whether the battle of the Allia was fought in 390 or 388; whether the ratio of perfect subjunctives of prohibition in Plautus to present subjunctives expressing the same idea was 7 : 6 or 6.98 : 6; and whether the student of the Georgics knew the fragments of Junius Nipsus or not. It was a trifle tedious at times, and he found himself wondering what there was about learning that it should be so stupid. He was the least bit surprised to find that it seemed expected that he *would* wonder; for it was explained to him more than once that it was all for the best, and he would soon get used to it. Every fragment of truth was important, he was told, and the slightest contribution to knowledge a legacy of inestimable value, whatever its apparent insignificance; and besides, this was the way it was done in Germany. He

soon learned that the appeal to Germany was considered final, and even made use of it himself when it came handy.

But atmosphere and association work wonders. In time, he began to understand better the ideal which inspired his comrades and instructors. By the end of the first year, he was in a fair way to sympathize with them as well. During the second year he woke to the error of his ways, and became almost regenerate. There was, after all, something enthusing about accuracy, whatever the value of the material concerned; to do a thing absolutely right, to be able to defy criticism, was supremely satisfying. He conceded to his associates that mathematical accuracy in literary study as such was impossible: there was some excuse for their calling literary criticism " blue smoke." To be thorough, too, to do a thing once for all, was equally gratifying; and to possess a method which could be applied to knowledge as a lever to dead matter, or as a machine to raw material, was surely a triumph. That he was foregoing his own pleasure, and in a way sacrificing himself by slighting the literary side of his subject, may also have contributed in no slight degree to his change of attitude. To be one of the glorious company of martyrs to the cause of truth, avaricious of nothing except praise, was a blessed thought. He began rather to like the sight of his pallor, and, consciously or unconsciously, to cultivate the incipient stoop of his shoulders. The zeal of his house was soon eating him up.

It was at this point that he laid the foundations of Sundry Suffixes in S. He did n't more than half like the subject at first, but he had to have one which could be scientifically developed, — something which admitted of exhaustive treatment; something which had numerals in it and could therefore be definitely settled and disposed of; something, above all, which had not been written of before, in his own or any other language.

The last condition was the hardest to fulfill, and was really what determined his choice; for everything which seemed worth while had already been done, and he had to take what was available, regardless of his own tastes or of the value of the expected result. He was consoled, however, by his associates, who cheerfully told him to have no concern on that point, that not more than one in a thousand doctor's dissertations contained anything worth while, and that the main thing was to display method, thoroughness, and accuracy. To be sure, that sounded very much like saying that it made no difference what the material of your house was, so long as the carpenter proved that he was master of his trade; but he could not afford to turn back, now that he had set his hand to the plough.

The two years following the taking of his degree he spent in Germany. His professors would not hear of his stopping with his present equipment. There he got new light, made addenda to Suffixes in S, which he sent home to be published in his absence, and became interested in Consonantal Terminations. To make my story short, what with long association with men of scholarly ideals, continual application in the effort to satisfy them and himself, and, above all, the impressiveness of German achievement in scholarship, he had gradually become imbued with scholarly ideals himself, and had even become enthusiastic. He was another triumph of the System.

Fame had preceded him on the way home: his dissertation had been published, and the comments of reviewers were all that could be desired. As he had hoped, they praised his method, his thoroughness, and his accuracy. That they said nothing of the intrinsic value of his work, he hardly noticed. He was full of the pride of scholarly achievement, and when his beloved Alma Mater extended a call to him, he tasted the joys of success, sweeter to him than honey in the honeycomb. His long period of labor had been rewarded, and he was about to enter upon the life-work of which he had so long dreamed. He accepted the call,

stipulating, of course, that he be given the work in Terence. If his mission in the world was to be fulfilled, Consonantal Terminations must have every encouragement.

The Professor felt keenly the responsibility of his position. As he remembered it, the atmosphere of his Alma Mater had not been scholarly. His venerable friend the Latin professor he had gradually come to think of as lacking in accuracy and thoroughness. The Professor could not remember ever having been taught about the Atellanæ or Togatæ when he read comedy with him, or having heard him refer to Ribbeck's Fragmenta. He was plainly behind the times, though perhaps useful in certain ways. The institution and the department needed a standard-bearer of Scholarship.

So the Professor had raised the standard and begun his march. He set out to cultivate the scientific temper among his students, and to set an example to his colleagues. His accuracy was wonderful, his conciseness a marvel, his deliberation unfailing, his thoroughness halted before no obstacle, his method was faultless. His recitations were grave and serious in manner and content. He never stooped to humor, for Scholarship was a jealous goddess. On one occasion, after the first of two public lectures on Latin Comedy, when some one very deferentially suggested that the next lecture would perhaps prove more attractive if he livened it up with a joke or a story now and then, "What!" cried the Professor, "do you mean that I am to lend myself to the prostitution of Scholarship?"

In class, he prescribed note-books and topics, and set his students to counting and classifying terminations. He also had them collect material to aid him on his new theory of the Subjunctive of Suggestibility, and required them to prepare abstracts of articles in the Journals of Metrology, Archæology, and Philology. He advocated and carried in Faculty meeting a measure providing for a thesis requirement, and brought about many other changes inspired by his love for the System.

The Professor did not realize it for some time, but the fact was that his bearing was dignified to the point of ponderosity, and his classroom utterances on even those subjects which most roused his enthusiasm were measured and formal to the extent of frigidity. His students were compliant, and executed his commands, — they were Western students, — but they did so wonderingly, and on the basis of faith rather than reason.

Absorbed in his consonantal chase, the Professor for a long time took it for granted that his students were as much inspired as he himself by the ideals set before them. He was not stupid, however: it was only five years since he had sat in those same seats, and after several months he could not fail to note the look of bland wonder on the faces of the girls, and the incipient expression of weariness on the faces of the boys, whenever he mentioned his favorite subject. The former were possessed by a kind of child-like amazement that one small head could carry all he knew, the latter by an indifference which was saved from being disgust only by a mild conviction that the Professor was something less than absolutely right in his mentality. Among themselves they referred to him as Terminations, occasionally lengthened to Interminable Terminations.

Being really sympathetic and sensitive, the Professor noticed more and more the glances of his students. Once he detected two of them simultaneously touching their foreheads, and passing a significant wink. This came as a shock, and set him vigorously to thinking. It began to suggest itself to him increasingly that what was so fascinating to him might not be even mildly interesting to younger people who had not enjoyed his advantages of study and association. He could n't help harking back to his own undergraduate days, the memory of which had been obscured by his experiences of the

past years. He remembered the uplift he had received, and yet he recalled from his courses in Sophocles and Terence nothing about terminations or constitutional antiquities or codexes. The plays themselves had been the thing, and his teacher's method had been merely, first, to see that he could translate his lessons, and then to illumine them by drawing on the wealth of his own rich garner of knowledge and experience. The effect had been spiritual, not mechanical; literature had seemed to be translated into life.

The Professor did not abate his zeal, however. He persisted in his course to the end of the year; for, was he not fostering Scholarship, and was not that his mission? Whether students were interested or enthused was not his immediate concern; his duty was to serve his mistress, and to trust her to make her own appeal. He dismissed with disdain a budding inclination to popularize. Of all things that were in heaven above, or that were in the earth beneath, or that were in the water under the earth, the System had impressed him that the worst was to be popular.

But he thought a great deal during the summer vacation, nevertheless. It is true, he did not allow himself to debate: that would have been treason to Scholarship; but not even the all-absorbing Terminations kept him from being disturbed by a vague and undefined unrest. The result was that, with some little hurt to his conscience, — his Scholarly conscience, I mean, — he set fewer and simpler tasks during the following year, and obtruded Terminations with less frequency.

During the next summer he was engaged on M, and his progress was slower. His unrest was no longer vague and undefined, but vivid and insistent, a factor in every day's experience. By the time he reached R, the following year, the serpent of doubt reared its ugly head and not only attacked the Professor's scientific method in the classroom, but laid siege to Consonantal Terminations in their very citadel. He spoke of it to no one, of course. The only manifestation of his waywardness was in the gradual encroachment of geniality and humor upon the domain of the scientific method in his lectures and recitations. He came to the classroom with fewer notes and more smiles and spontaneity, talked more *with* his students, and less *to* them. Once or twice he was thrilled by the realization of an ancient ambition: he saw faces light up with the divine fire of enthusiasm for great art, just as he knew his had once lighted up, and he felt the joy of having put something rich into human life.

But Guilt followed him when he left the classroom. He was on the road to treason, against his will. He fought off doubt again and again, unwilling to part with the Olympian calm that sprang from the assurance that in holding to his course he was doing the supremely worth while. Often, indeed, he succeeded in reconvincing himself. The sight of his name in the learned periodicals, letters from his colleagues in other institutions, the coming of some *eruditissimus Romanorum* to deliver a lecture in his community, revived his spirit, and cast the old glamour once more over Terminations.

It must have occurred to you before this that the Professor was really a duality. He himself recognized the fact in time. He was Mr. Homo and Dr. Scholarship: the natural man with genuine and wholesome impulses, and the artificial product of a System; and Mr. Homo, long browbeaten into subjection, and venturing only now and then to reassert himself, was now clamoring aloud for full measure of recognition. The Professor saw that the day was near in the valley of decision, and that there could be no peace of mind for him until he should have entered into and emerged therefrom.

This was his state of mind on the particular evening on which we caught our first glimpse of him in his room. Mr. Homo was rebellious in the extreme, and insisted on debate and decision once for

all, threatening to fly in the face of Dr. Scholarship. The Professor threw down his pen in despair, leaned back and put his feet on the table in the midst of the sacred manuscript, and invited them to have it out. It was the first time he had really surrendered to the demands of his natural self for an impartial consideration of the question.

"Confound him, anyway, with his solemn-faced ways!" impetuously began Mr. Homo, who, not having had the benefit of the System, was less self-controlled than his enemy. "Who or what is he that you make so much fuss over him? What good is he to any one? Tell me, will you? — if you can!" Mr. Homo addressed himself directly to the Professor; for Dr. Scholarship, he knew, considered himself above argument.

The Professor consequently answered for his learned protégé. Of course, he felt bound to manifest some indignation, especially as he was secretly fond of Mr. Homo, whose genial and direct ways he had always liked, and was guiltily conscious that he was inclined to agree with him.

"What!" he exclaimed irritably. "Don't you believe in Scholarship at all?"

"That is n't what I said," replied Mr. Homo. "What I'm talking about is your version of it — your darling Terminations over there. I want to know what excuse they have for existence. Come now, who's the better for them? Your students, I suppose!" There was irony in his voice.

The Professor had to concede that five years' experience had taught him that it was better for Terminations to keep away from his classroom.

"Well, then," went on Mr. Homo, "if not *your* students, whose?"

The Professor considered a moment; he could see no reason why what was repellant and useless when set before his own students should be of benefit to the students of any one else; and he was, to tell the truth, possessed of a lively doubt that Terminations would ever be introduced to the notice of other students. He was thinking of certain pet theories of his learned friends which *his* students had never heard of. He was silent.

"Then whom do they benefit, and whom will they benefit? The people at large? Nonsense! Whom then?"

"The Scholars of the country," said the Professor proudly, with letters and reviews in mind; and added haughtily, "You know I don't pretend to write for the common run of mankind."

Mr. Homo looked him squarely in the eye. "Very well. How many scholars are you writing for?" he queried.

The Professor was honest. He considered a while, and did not dare to place the number of those interested in his line of investigation at more than two score.

"And how many of the two score," broke in Mr. Homo eagerly, "are you sure will read your work through, or ever refer to it again if they do?"

Here the Professor's glance happened to fall on the heap of uncut books, dissertations, and reprints, lying in the corner. He reflected that his knowledge of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the products of Scholarship was limited to what he read in reviews of them, and that the reviews themselves usually paid more attention to misprints and technical errors than to really significant qualities. He saw that it was easily possible that Terminations would never be read by any one except the friends who would "kindly consent" to read the proof in return for his gratitude, which he would manifest by giving them advertising space in the preface. Possibly there might be added a reviewer or two; though he knew something of their methods, and did n't feel sure of them.

He confessed his thoughts like a man.

"Then see what you are doing," pursued Mr. Homo, with merciless logic. "Here you have spent five years in becoming a scholar, and five more in a professor's chair. During all the first

five, you neglected the much coveted privilege of enriching your mind and soul for the sake of learning how to be accurate, exhaustive, and methodical in the treatment of mere lumber; and during most of the last five, you have been robbing yourself of physical, intellectual, and spiritual growth, and cheating your classes out of the inspiration which your institution meant you to give them, and which you yourself are secretly convinced is worth more than anything else they can get. And for what? To write something for a half-dozen men to glance at and consign to a dusty heap like that of yours in the corner. Whatever good it does stops right there with those few individuals — without reaching either students or people, or contributing one iota toward making life more abundant. Waste, waste, absolute waste!" Mr. Homo's temperature was rising.

"But, my dear man," remonstrated the Professor, "you are unreasonable. There is waste in all production. Think of manufacturing processes. Think of the countless pages of scribbling and the scant body of real literature. Why, even Nature herself is wasteful!" The System had taught him this argument.

"All of which may be true," replied Mr. Homo, "without proving that waste is desirable, or that it is justifiable when it may be avoided."

"But my work is not waste! I insist on it," said the Professor. "It is a model of scholarly method, and will contribute to the spirit of scholarly activity. The nation needs it. Think of Germany! If every one should take your advice, there would be no scholarship at all!" This was the best argument the System possessed.

But Mr. Homo knew little of the arguments of the System. "That's where you 're way off," he said. His language was not always Systematically dignified. "I am not objecting to effort over something worth while, nor even to a reasonable amount of training as a means to an end. But I *am* objecting to the confusion of means and end, to the publication of books and articles on trivial subjects which have interest for few people, and value for none at all. I am objecting to the sham of writing merely for the sake of writing, and to the pretense of scholarship for the sake of gratifying personal vanity, receiving calls to coveted positions, or ministering to the greed of book concerns. I am objecting to the fraud of a system which treats the most important of the humanities as if it were the most material instead of the most spiritual of subjects; and, by inordinately emphasizing the trivial unknown, encourages the neglect of the great field of the known and approved. Here are hundreds of graduate students spending nine-tenths of their time in learned trifling over unliterary detail, and calling it scholarship; while not one out of ten of them has yet read all of his Horace or Virgil, or could give an intelligent account of their significance in universal literary history, to say nothing of making them attractive to a class. Have *you* read your Virgil within the past five years? Have you *ever* read Homer through, or Tasso, or Dante, or Milton? There, never mind, I don't want to embarrass you!"

"Am I then to contribute nothing to scholarship?" cried the Professor. "Is my life to be fruitless in the great cause?"

"Oh, dear me, no! Not at all!" Mr. Homo reassured him. "You may be a scholar yet, but don't think that you must do it right away. You are not ripe for it now. What are you about, anyway, trying to write books at thirty? One might think you had some great message for the world! Bless your heart, you don't know enough yet to write anything worth putting into print! You have n't lived enough or thought enough to possess real knowledge. The beginning and source of good writing is to know! What you have on those sheets there [the Professor had involuntarily glanced at Terminations in T] is n't *knowledge* — any more than a neat pile of bricks is

architecture. Shall I give you some good advice?"

The Professor nodded assent, and tried to frown as he did so. He liked Mr. Homo's sincerity and fearlessness, but the System was still strong enough with him to restrain him from open confession.

"Well then," continued his mentor, "drop this nonsense!" He pointed toward Terminations. "Don't write books until you have something to write about. And don't fancy that the writing of books on such subjects as that of yours is the only form of scholarship, or is necessarily scholarship at all. To be able to commune with the souls of the world's great poets, — who are, after all, the world's greatest creative scholars, — and to interpret their message to humanity, is a higher form of scholarship than the capacity for collection and arrangement of data about them. *That* is the work of a mechanician, and requires ingenuity rather than intellect. It does n't really take brains to do that. Remember that you are a teacher of literature, and that the very highest form of creative scholarship in literature is to produce new combinations in thought and language, just as in chemistry it is to discover new combinations of chemicals. If you cannot create, the next best is to interpret and transmit. Don't fancy, too, that there is no scholarship except what appears in print. If there can be sermons in stones and books in the running brooks, all the more can there be scholarship in human personality. Hearken to my commandments, and your peace shall be as a river. Fill your head and your heart with the riches of our literary heritage, so that out of the abundance of the heart your mouth shall speak, so that virtue shall go out from you to those who touch the hem of your garment, and transmute for them life's leaden metal into gold. *Inspire, and point the way!* Your old teacher was one of that kind — and to think that for a time you thought you knew more than he! He will be dead and gone years before you know as much as he knew ten years ago."

The Professor himself had for some time gradually been coming to that conclusion, and felt no resentment at the words. Nor was this his only change of opinion. The truth was, Mr. Homo had only summed up in convincing manner the Professor's most intimate cogitations for the past year or two. His conviction and conversion were only the natural result of a long process. The trammels of the System should no longer be on him. Nature, the good friend whom the pitchfork of the System had expelled, should henceforth be allowed a voice in the direction of his effort. He would know more of great books, of men, of life; his tongue and pen should flow from inspiration as well as industry; he would tell not only what was, but what it meant.

He rose and gathered together his material on Consonantal Terminations, carried it over to the corner of the room, and deposited it with the heap of reprints. Then he turned out the light and started to leave the room, but on second thought went back and picked up the sheets again, and put them in the fireplace. By the cheerful light they gave, he removed to the dusty shelves of his closet all the apparatus on Terminations which covered the table, and loaded the revolving case, and set in its place his favorite poets, novelists, historians, and essayists, glowing with pleasure at the promise of the future.

TRIMMER IN OUR CHAMBERS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

It was the same story all over again. I wanted a servant. Only, this time I wanted an elderly woman who never drank anything stronger than tea, for I had just got rid of a young person who seldom drank anything weaker than brandy, and I was still sore from the experience. Until then I had supposed it was the old who could find nobody to give them work, but my trouble was to find somebody old enough to give mine to. The " superior domestics " at the registry offices were much too well trained to confess even to middle age, and probably I should be looking for my elderly woman to this day, had not chance led Trimmer one afternoon to an office which I had left without hope in the morning; and, as her years could supply no possible demand save mine, she was sent at once to our chambers.

To tell the truth, as soon as I saw her, I began to doubt my own wisdom. I had never imagined anybody quite so respectable. In her neat but rusty black dress and cape, her hair parted and brought carefully down over her ears, her bonnet like a cap tied under her chin, her reticule hanging on her arm, she was the incarnation of British respectability; " the very type," the " old Master Rembrandt van Rijn, with three Baedeker stars." I could almost hear Mr. Henry James describing her, and all she wanted was to belong " beautifully " to me. But then she looked as old as she looked respectable, — so much older than I meant her to look, — old to the point of fragility. She admitted to fifty-five, and when mentally I added four or five years more, I am sure I was not over-generous. Her face was filled with wrinkles, her skin was curiously delicate, and she had the pallor that comes from a steady diet of tea and bread and sometimes butter. The hands through the large, carefully-mended black gloves showed twisted and stiff, and it was not easy to fancy them making our beds and our fires, cooking our dinners, dusting our rooms, opening our front door. We needed some one to take care of us, and it was plain that she was far more in need of some one to take care of her, — all the plainer because of her anxiety to prove her capacity for work. There was nothing she could not do, nothing she would not do, if I were but to name it. " I can cut about, mum, you'll see. Oh, I'm bonny! " And the longer she talked, the better I knew that during weeks, and perhaps months, she had been hunting for a place; which, at the best, is wearier work than hunting for a servant, and, at the worst, then led straight to the workhouse — all that was left for the honest poor who could not get a chance to earn their living, and who, by the irony of things, had come to dread it worse than death.

With my first doubt, I ought to have sent her away. But I kept putting off the uncomfortable duty by asking her questions, only to find that she was irreproachable on the subject of alcohol, that she preferred " beer money " to beer, that there was no excuse not to take her except her age, and this, in the face of her eagerness to remain, I had not the heart to make. My hesitation cost me the proverbial price. Before the interview was over, I had engaged her on the condition that her references were good, as of course they were; though she sent me for them to the most unexpected place in the world, a corset and petticoat shop not far from Leicester Square. Through

the quarter to which all that is disreputable in Europe drifts, where any sort of virtue is exposed to damage beyond repair, she had carried her respectability and emerged more respectable than ever.

She came to us with so little delay that I knew better than ever how urgent was her case. Except for the providentially short interval with the young "general," this was my first experience of the British servant, and it was enough to make me tremble. It was impossible to conceive of anything more British. Her print dress, changed for a black one in the afternoon, her white apron and white cap became in my eyes symbolic. I seemed, in her, to face the entire caste of British servants, who are so determined never to be slaves that they would rather fight for their freedom to be as slavish as they always have been. She knew her place, and what is more, she knew ours, and meant to keep us in it, no matter whether we liked or did not like to be kept there. I was the Mistress and J. was the Master, and if, with our American notions, we forgot it, she never did, but on our slightest forgetfulness brought us up with a round turn. So correct, indeed, was her conduct, and so respectable and venerable was her appearance, that she produced the effect in our chambers of an old family retainer. Friends would have had us train her to address me as "Miss Elizabeth," or J. as "Master J," and pass her off for the faithful old nurse who is now so seldom met out of fiction.

For all her deference, however, she clung obstinately to her prejudices. We might be as American in our ways as we pleased, she would not let us off one little British bit in hers. She never presumed unbidden upon an observation, and if I forced one from her she invariably begged my pardon for the liberty. She thanked us for everything, for what we wanted as gratefully as for what we did not want. She saw that we had hot water for our hands at the appointed hours. She compelled us to eat Yorkshire pudding with our sirloin of beef, and bread-sauce with our fowl — in this connection how can I bring myself to say chicken? She could never quite forgive us for our indifference to "sweets;" and for the daily bread-and-butter puddings and tarts we would not have, she made up by an orgy of tipsy cakes and creams when anybody came to dine. How she was reconciled to our persistent refusal of afternoon tea, I always wondered; though I sometimes thought that, by the stately function she made of it in the kitchen, she hoped to atone for this worst of our American heresies.

Whatever she might be as a type, there was no denying that as a servant she had all the qualities. She was an excellent cook, despite her flamboyant and florid taste in "sweets;" she was sober, she was obliging, she had by no means exaggerated her talent for "cutting about," and I never ceased to be astonished at the amount she accomplished. The fire was always burning when we got down in the morning, breakfast always ready. Beds were made, lunch served, the front door opened, dinner punctual. I do not know how she did it all, and I now remember with thankfulness our scruples when we saw her doing it, and the early date at which we supplied her with an assistant in the shape of a snuffy, frowzy old charwoman. The revelation of how much too much remained for her even then came only when we lost her and I was obliged to look below the surface. While she was with us, the necessity of looking below never occurred to me; and as our chambers had been done up from top to bottom just before she moved into them, they stood her method on the surface admirably.

This method perhaps struck me as the more complete because it left her the leisure for a frantic attempt to anticipate our every wish. She tried to help us with a perseverance that was exasperating, and, as her training had taught her the supremacy of the master in the house, it was upon J. that her efforts were chiefly spent. I could see him writhe under her

devotion until there were times when I dreaded to think what might come of it, all the more because my sympathies were so entirely with him. If he opened his door, she rushed to ask what he wanted. A spy could not have spied more diligently; and as in our tiny chambers the kitchen door was almost opposite his, he never went or came that she did not know it. He might be as short with her as he could, and in British fashion order her never to come into the studio, but it was no use: she could not keep out of it. Each new visitor, or letter, or message, was an excuse for her to flounder in among the portfolios on the floor and the bottles of acid in the corner, at the risk of his temper and her life. On the whole, he bore it with admirable patience. But there was one awful morning when he hurried into my room, slammed the door after him, and in a whisper said, — he who would not hurt a fly, — "If you don't keep that woman out of my room, I'll wring her neck for her!"

I might have spared myself any anxiety. Had J. offered to her face to wring her neck, she would have smiled and said, "That's all right, sir! Thank you, sir!" For, with Trimmer, to be "bonny" meant to be cheerful under any and all conditions. So long as her cherished traditions were not imperiled, she had a smile for every emergency. It was characteristic of her to allow me to christen her anew the first day she was with us, and not once to protest. We could not bring ourselves to call her Lily, her Christian name, so inappropriate was it to her venerable appearance. Her surname was even more impossible, for she was the widow of a Mr. Trim. She herself — helpful from the beginning — suggested "cook." But she was a number of things besides, and though I did not mind my friends knowing that she was as many persons in one as the cook of the Nancy Bell, it would have been superfluous to remind them of it on every occasion. When, at my wit's end, I added a few letters and turned the impossible Trim into Trimmer, she could not have been more pleased had I made her a present, and from that moment she answered to the new name as if born to it.

The same philosophy carried her through every trial and tribulation. It was sure to be all right if, before my eyes and driving me to tears, she broke the plates I could not replace without a journey to Central France, or if in the morning the kitchen was a wreck after the night Jimmy, our unspeakable black cat, had been making of it. Fortunately he went out as a rule for his sprees, realizing that our establishment could not stand the wear and tear. When he chanced to stay at home, I have come down to the kitchen in the morning to find the clock ticking upside down on the floor, oranges and apples rolling about, spoons and forks under the table, cups and saucers in pieces, and Jimmy on the table washing his face. But Trimmer would meet me with a radiant smile and would put things to rights, while Jimmy purred at her heels, as if both were rather proud of the exploit, certain that no other cat in the world could, "all by his lone" and in one night, work such ruin.

After all, it was a good deal Trimmer's fault if we got into the habit of shifting disagreeable domestic details on to her shoulders, she had such a way of offering us her shoulders for the purpose. It was she who, when Jimmy's orgies had at last undermined his health and the "vet" prescribed a dose of chloroform as the one remedy, went to see it administered, coming back to tell us of the "beautiful corpse" he made. It was she who took our complaints to the housekeeper downstairs, and met those the other tenants brought against us. It was she who bullied stupid tradesmen and stirred up idle workmen. It was she, in a word, who served as domestic scapegoat. And she never remonstrated. I am convinced that, if I had said, "Trimmer, there's a lion roaring at the door," she would have answered, "That's all right, mum! thank you, mum!" and rushed to say

that we were not at home to him. As it happens, I know how she would have faced a burglar, for one late evening when I was alone in our chambers, I heard some one softly trying to turn the knob of the door of the box-room. What I did was to shut and bolt the door at the foot of our little narrow stairway, thankful that there was a door there that could be bolted. What Trimmer did, when she came home some ten minutes later and I told her, " There's a burglar in the box-room," was to say, " Oh, is there, mum? thank you, mum. That's all right. I'll just run up and see; " and then light a candle and walk right up to the box-room and unlock and open the door. Out flew William Penn, furious with us because he had let himself be shut in where nobody had seen him go, and where he had no business to have gone. He was only the cat, I admit. But he might have been the burglar for all Trimmer knew, and — what then?

As I look back and think of these things, I am afraid we imposed upon her. At the time, we had twinges of conscience, especially when we caught her " cutting about " with more than her usual zeal. She was not designed by nature to " cut about " at all. To grow old with her meant " to lose the glory of the form." She was short, she had an immense breadth of hip, and she waddled rather than walked. When, in her haste, her cap would get tilted to one side, and she would give a smudge to her nose or her cheek, she was really a grotesque little figure, and the twinges became acute. To see her " cutting about " so unbecomingly for us at an age when she should have been allowed, unburdened, to crawl towards death, was to shift the heaviest responsibility to our shoulders and to make of us the one barrier between her and the workhouse. We could not watch the tragedy of old age in our own household without playing a more important part in it than we liked.

Her cheerfulness was the greater marvel when I learned how little reason life had given her for it. In her rare outbursts of confidence, with excuses for the liberty, she told me that she was London born and bred, that she had gone into service young, and that she had married before she was twenty. I fancy she must have been pretty as a girl. I know she was " bonny," and " a fine one " for work, and I am not surprised that Trim wanted to marry her. He was a skilled plasterer by trade, got good wages, and was seldom out of a job. They had a little house in some far-away mean street, and though the children who would have been welcome never came, there was little else to complain of.

Trim was good to her, that is, unless he was in liquor, which I gathered he mostly was. He was fond of his glass, sociable like, and, with his week's wage in his pocket, could not keep away from his pals in the public. Trimmer's objection to beer was accounted for when I discovered that Trim's fondness for it often kept the little house without bread and filled it with curses. There were never blows. Trim was good, she reminded me, and the liquor never made him wicked — only made him leave his wife to starve, and then curse her for starving. She was tearful with gratitude when she remembered his goodness in not beating her, but when her story reached the day of his tumbling off a high ladder — the beer was in his legs — and being brought back to her dead, it seemed to me a matter of rejoicing. Not to her, however, for she had to give up the little house and go into service again, and she missed Trim and his curses. She did not complain. She always found good places, and she adopted a little boy, a sweet little fellow, like a son to her, whom she sent to school and started in life, and had never seen since. But young men will be young men, and she loved him. She was very happy at the corset and petticoat shop where she lived while he was with her. After business hours she was free, for apparently the responsibility of being alone in a big house all night was as simple for

her as braving a burglar in our chambers. The young ladies were pleasant, she was well paid. Then her older brother's wife died and left him with six children. What could she do but go and look after them when he asked her?

He was well-to-do, and his house and firing and lighting were given him in addition to high wages. He did not pay her anything, of course, — she was his sister. But it was a comfortable home, the children were fond of her, — and also of her cakes and puddings, — and she looked forward to spending the rest of her days there. But at the end of two years he married again, and when the new wife came, the old sister went. This was how it came about that, without a penny in her pocket, — with nothing save her old twisted hands to keep her out of the workhouse, — she was adrift again at an age which made her undesirable to everybody except foolish people like ourselves, fresh from the horrors of a young " general " with a taste for brandy. It never occurred to Trimmer that there was anything to complain of. For her, all had always been for the best in the best of all possible worlds. That she had now chanced upon a flat and two people and one dissipated cat to take care of, and more to do than ought to have been asked of her, was but another stroke of her invariable good luck.

She had an amazing faculty of turning all her little molehills into mountains of pleasure. I have never known anything like the joy she got from her family, though I never could quite make out why. She was inordinately proud of the brother who had been so ready to get rid of her; the sister-in-law who had replaced her was a paragon of virtue; the nieces were to her so many " infant phenomena;" and one Sunday when, with the South London world of fashion, they were walking in the Embankment Gardens, she presumed so far as to bring them up to our chambers to show them off to me, and the affectionate glances she cast upon their expansive lace collars explained that she still had her uses in the family. There was also a cousin whom, to Trimmer's embarrassment, I often found in our kitchen; but much worse than frequent visits could be forgiven her, since it was she who, after Jimmy's inglorious end, brought us William Penn, a pussy then small enough to go into her coat-pocket, but already gay enough to dance his way straight into our hearts.

Trimmer's pride, however, reached high-water mark when it came to a younger brother who traveled in " notions " for a city firm. His proprietor was the personage the rich Jew always is in the city of London, and was made alderman and lord mayor, and knighted and baroneted, during the years Trimmer spent with us. She took enormous satisfaction in the splendor of this success, counting it another piece of her good luck to be connected, however remotely, with anybody so distinguished. She had almost an air of proprietorship on the ninth of November, when from our windows she watched his show passing along the Embankment; she could not have been happier if she herself had been seated in the gorgeous Cinderella coach, with the coachman in wig and cocked hat, and the powdered footmen perched up behind; and when J. went to the lord mayor's dinner that same evening at the Guildhall, it became for her quite a family affair. Indeed, I often fancied that she thought it reflected glory on us all to have the sister of a man who traveled in " notions " for a knight and a lord mayor, living in our chambers; though she would never have taken the liberty of showing it.

Trimmer's joy was only less in our friends than in her family, which was for long a puzzle to me. There was no question that they added considerably to her already heavy task, and, in her place, I should have hated them for it. It might amuse us to have them drop in to lunch or to dinner at any time, and to gather them together once a week, on Thursday

evening. But it could hardly amuse Trimmer, to whose share fell the problem of how to make a meal prepared for two go round among four or six, or how to get to the front door and dispose of hats and wraps in chambers so small that the weekly gathering filled even our little hall to overflowing. We had sufficient sense to see that there was some one to help her on Thursdays, and she had not much to do in the way of catering. " Plain living and high talking " was the principle upon which our evenings were run, and whoever wanted more than a sandwich or so could go elsewhere. But whatever had to be done, Trimmer insisted on doing, and, moreover, on doing it until the last pipe was out and the last word spoken; and as everybody almost was an artist or a writer, and as there is no subject so inexhaustible as " shop," I do not like to remember how late that often was. It made no difference. She refused to go to bed, and in her white cap and apron, with her air of old retainer or family nurse, she would waddle about through clouds of tobacco smoke, offering a box of cigarettes here, a plate of sandwiches there, radiant, benevolent, more often than not in the way, toward the end looking as if she would drop, but apparently enjoying herself more than anybody, until it seemed as if the unkindness would be not to let her stay up in it.

More puzzling to me than her interest in all our friends was her choice of a few for her special favor. I could not see the reason for her choice, unless I had suspected her of a sudden passion for literature and art. Certainly her chief attentions were lavished on the most distinguished among our friends, who were the very people most apt to put her devotion to the test. She adored Whistler, though when he was in London he had a way, not only of dropping in to dinner, but sometimes of dropping in so late that it had to be cooked all over again. She was so far from minding, that at the familiar sound of his knock and ring her face was wreathed in smiles, she seemed to look upon the extra work as a privilege, and I have known her, without a word, to trot off to the butcher's or the green-grocer's, or even to the tobacconist's in the Strand for the little Algerian cigarettes he loved. She went so far as to abandon certain of her prejudices for his benefit, and I realized what a conquest he had made when she resigned herself to cooking a fowl in a casserole and serving it without bread-sauce. She discovered the daintiness of his appetite, and it was delightful to see her hovering over him at table and pointing out the choice bits in every dish she passed. She was forever finding an excuse to come into any room where he might be. Altogether, it was as complete a case of fascination as if she had known him to be the great master he was; and she was his slave long before he gave her the ten shillings, which was valued sentimentally, as I really believe a tip never was before or since by a British servant.

Henley was hardly second in her esteem, and this was the more inexplicable because he provided her with so many more chances to prove it. Whistler then lived in Paris, and appeared only now and then. Henley lived in London half the week, and rarely missed a Thursday. For it was on that evening that the *National Observer*, which he was editing, went to press, and the printers in Covent Garden were conveniently near to our chambers. His work done, about ten or eleven, the paper put to bed, he and the train of young men then in attendance upon him would come round; and to them, in the comfortable consciousness that the rest of the week was their own, time was of no consideration. Henley exulted in talk: if he had the right audience he would talk all night; and the right audience was willing to listen so long as he talked in our chambers. But Trimmer, in the kitchen, or handing round sandwiches, could not listen, and yet she lingered as long as anybody. It might be almost dawn before he got up to go, but she was there to fetch him his

crutch and his big black hat, and to shut the door after him. Whatever the indiscretion of the hour one Thursday, she welcomed him as cordially the next, or any day in between when inclination led him to toil up the three long flights of stairs to our dinner-table.

Phil May was no less in her good graces, and his hours, if anything, were worse than Henley's, since the length of his stay did not depend on his talk. I never knew a man of less conversation. "Have a drink," was its extent with many who thought themselves in his intimacy. This was a remark which he could scarcely offer to Trimmer at the front door, where Whistler and Henley never failed to exchange with her a friendly greeting. But all the same, she seemed to feel the charm which his admirers liked to attribute to him, and to find in his smile, when he balanced himself on the back of a chair, more than a substitute for conversation, however animated. The flaw in my enjoyment of his company on our Thursdays was the certainty of the length of time he would be pleased to bestow it upon us. Trimmer must have shared this certainty, but to her it never mattered. She never failed to return his smile, though when he got down to go, she might be nodding, and barely able to drag one tired old foot after the other.

She made as much of "Bob" Stevenson, whose hours were worse than anybody's. We would perhaps run across him at a press view of pictures in the morning and bring him back to lunch, he protesting that he must leave immediately after to get home to Kew and write his article before six o'clock. And then he would begin to talk, weaving a romance of any subject that came up, — the subject was nothing, it was always what he made of it, — and he would go on talking until Trimmer, overjoyed at the chance, came in with afternoon tea; and he would go on talking until she announced dinner; and he would go on talking until all hours the next morning, long after his last train and any possibility of his article getting into yesterday afternoon's *Pall Mall*. But early as he might appear, late as he might stay, he was never too early or too late for Trimmer.

These were her favorites, though she was ready to "mother" Beardsley, who, she seemed to think, had just escaped from the schoolroom and ought to be sent back to it; though she had a protecting eye also for George Steevens, just up from Oxford, evidently mistaking the silence which was then his habit for shyness; though, indeed, she overflowed with kindness for everybody who came. It was astonishing how, at her age, she managed to adapt herself to people and ways so unlike any she could ever have known, without relaxing in the least from her own code of conduct.

Only twice can I remember seeing her really ruffled. Once was when Felix Buhot, who, during a long winter he spent in London, was often with us on Thursdays, went into the kitchen to teach her to make coffee. The inference that she could not make it hurt her feelings; but her real distress was to have him in the kitchen, which "ladies and gentlemen" should not enter. Between her desire to get him back to the dining-room and her fear lest he should discover it, she was terribly embarrassed. It was funny to watch them: Buhot, unconscious of wrong and of English, intent upon measuring the coffee and pouring out the boiling water; Trimmer fluttering about him with flushed and anxious face, talking very loud and with great deliberation, in the not uncommon conviction that the foreigner's ignorance of English is only a form of deafness.

On the other occasion she lost her temper, the only time in my experience. It was a Sunday afternoon, and Whistler, appearing while she was out and staying on to supper, got Constant, his man, to add an onion soup and an omelet to the cold meats she had prepared, for he would never reconcile himself to the English supper. She was furious when she got back and found that her pots and

pans had been meddled with, and her larder raided. She looked upon it as a reproach: as if she could n't serve Mr. Whistler as well as any foreign servant, — she had no use for foreign servants anyhow, — she would not have them making their foreign messes in any kitchen of hers! It took days and careful diplomacy to convince her that she had not been insulted.

I was the more impressed by this outbreak of temper because, as a rule, she gave no sign of seeing, or hearing, or understanding anything that went on in our chambers. She treated me as I believe royalty should be treated, leaving it to me to open the talk, or to originate a topic. I remember once, when we were involved in a rumpus which had been discussed over our dinner-table for months beforehand, and which at the time filled the newspapers and was such public property that everybody in our " quarter " — the milkman, the florist at the Temple of Pomona in the Strand, the housekeeper downstairs, the postman — congratulated us on our victory, Trimmer alone held her peace. I could not believe that she really did not know, and at last I asked her: —

" I suppose you have heard, Trimmer, what has been going on these days? "

" What, mum? " was her answer.

Then, exasperated, I explained.

" Why yes, mum," she said. " I beg your pardon, mum, I really could n't 'elp it. I 'ave been reading the pipers, and the 'ousekeeper she was a-talkin' to me about it before you come in, and the postman too, and I was sayin' as 'ow glad I was. I 'ope you and Master won't think it a liberty, mum. Thank you, mum! "

I remember another time, when some of our friends took to running away with other friends' wives, and things became so complicated for everybody that our Thursday evenings were brought to a sudden end: but Trimmer kept the same stolid countenance throughout, until, partly to prevent awkwardness, partly out of curiosity, I asked her if she had seen the papers.

" Oh, I beg your pardon, mum," she hesitated, " thank you, mum, I'm sure. I know it's a liberty, but you know, mum, they've all been 'ere so often I could n't 'elp noticing there was somethink. And I'm very sorry, mum, if you'll excuse the liberty, they all was such lidies and gentlemen, mum."

And so, I should never have known there was another reason, besides the natural kindness of her heart, for her interest in our friends and her acceptance of their ways, if, long before this, I had not happened to say to her one Friday morning, —

" You seem, Trimmer, to have a very great admiration for Mr. Phil May? "

" I 'ope you and Master won't think it a liberty, mum," she answered, in an agony of embarrassment, " but I do like to see 'im, and they allus so like to 'ear about 'im at 'ome. They're allus asking me when I 'ave last seen 'im or Mr. Whistler."

Then it came out. Chance had bestowed upon her father and one of the great American magazines the same name, with the result that the magazine was looked upon by her brother and herself as belonging somehow to the family. The well-to-do brother subscribed to it, the other came to his house to see each new number. Through the illustrations and articles they had become as familiar with artists and authors as most people in England are with " the winners," and their education had reached at least the point of discovery that news does not begin and end in Sport. Judging from Trimmer, I doubt if at first their patronage of art and literature went much further, but this was far enough for them to know, and to feel flattered by the knowledge, that she was living among people who figured in the columns of art and literary gossip as prominently as " all the winners " in the columns of the Sporting Prophets, though they would have been still more flattered had her lot been cast

among the Prophets. In a few cases, their interest soon became more personal.

It was their habit — why, I do not suppose they could have said themselves — to read any letter Whistler might write to the papers at a moment when he was given to writing, though what they made of the letter when read was more than Trimmer was able to explain; they also looked out for Phil May's drawings in *Punch;* they passed our articles round the family circle, a compliment hardly more astonishing to Trimmer than to us. As time went on, they began to follow the career of several of our other friends to whom Trimmer introduced them; and it was a gratification to them all, as well as a triumph for her, when on Sunday afternoon she could say, " Mr. Crockett or Mr. 'Arold Frederick was at Master's last Thursday." Thus, through us, she became for the first time a person of importance in her brother's house, and I suspect also quite an authority in Brixton on all questions of art and literature. Indeed, she may, for all I know, have started another Carnegie Library in South London.

It is a comfort now to think that her stay with us was pleasant to her; wages alone could not have paid our debt for the trouble she spared us during her five years in our chambers. I have an idea that, in every way, it was the most prosperous period of her life. When she came, she was not only without a penny in her pocket, but she owed pounds for her outfit of aprons and caps and dresses. Before she left, she was saving money. She opened a book at the Post Office Savings Bank; she subscribed to one of those societies which would assure her a " respectable funeral," for she had the ambition of all the self-respecting poor " to be put away decent," after having, by honest work, kept " off the parish " to the end. Her future provided for, she could make the most of whatever pleasures the present might throw in her way — the pantomime at Christmas, a good seat for the Queen's jubilee procession; above all, the two weeks' summer holiday. No child got so much excitement out of the simplest treat. No journey was ever so full of adventure as hers to Margate, or Yarmouth, or Hastings, from the first preparation to the moment of return, when she would appear laden with presents of Yarmouth bloaters or Margate shrimps, to be divided between the old charwoman and ourselves.

If she had no desire to leave us, we had none to have her go; and, as the years passed, we did not see why she should. She was old, but she bore her age with vigor. She was hardly ever ill, and never with anything worse than a cold or an indigestion, though she had an inconvenient talent for accidents. The way she managed to cut her fingers was little short of genius. One or two were always wrapped in rags. But no matter how deep the gash, she was as cheerful as if it were an accomplishment. With the blood pouring from the wound, she would beam upon me: " You 'ave no idea, mum, what wonderful flesh I 'as fur 'ealin'." Her success in falling down our little narrow stairway was scarcely less remarkable. But the worst tumble of all was the one which J. had so long expected. He had just moved his portfolios to an unaccustomed place one morning when a letter, or a message, or something, sent her stumbling into the studio with her usual impetuosity, and over she tripped. It was so bad that we had to have the doctor, her arm was so seriously strained that he made her carry it in a sling for weeks. We were alarmed, but not Trimmer.

" You know, mum, it *is* lucky; it might 'ave been the right harm and that would 'ave been bad! "

She really thought it another piece of her extraordinary good luck.

Poor Trimmer! It needed so little to make her happy, and within five years of her coming to us that little was taken from her. All she asked of life was work, and a worse infirmity than age put a stop to her working for us, or for anybody

else, ever again. At the beginning of her trouble, she would not admit to us, nor I fancy to herself, that anything was wrong, and she was "bonny," though she went "cutting about" at snail's pace, and her cheerful old face grew haggard. Presently, there were days when she could not keep up the pretense, and then she said her head ached and she begged my pardon for the liberty. I consulted a doctor. He thought it might be neuralgia, and dosed her for it; she thought it her teeth, and had almost all the few still left to her pulled out. And the pain was worse than ever. Then, as we were on the point of leaving town for some weeks, we handed over our chambers to the frowzy old charwoman, and sent Trimmer down to the sea at Hastings. She was waiting to receive us when we returned, but she gave us only the ghost of her old smile in greeting, and her face was more haggard and drawn than ever. For a day she tottered about from one room to another, cooking, dusting, making beds, and looking all the while as if she were on the rack. She was a melancholy wreck of the old cheerful, bustling, exasperating Trimmer; and it was more than we could stand. I told her so. She forgot to beg my pardon for the liberty in her hurry to assure me that nothing was wrong, that she could work, that she wanted to work, that she was not happy when she did not work.

"Oh, I'm bonny, mum, I'm bonny!" ske kept saying over and over again.

Her despair at the thought of stopping work was more cruel to see than her physical torture, and I knew, without her telling me, that her fear of the pain she might have still to suffer was nothing compared to her fear of the workhouse she had toiled all her life to keep out of. She had just seven pounds and fifteen shillings for her fortune; her family, being working people, would have no use for her once she was of no use to them; our chambers were her home only so long as she could do in them what she had agreed to do; there was no Workmen's Compensation Act in those days, no old-age pensions, even if she had been old enough to get one. What was left for a poor woman, full of years and pain, save the one refuge which, all her life, she had been taught to look upon as scarcely less shameful than the prison or the scaffold?

Well, Trimmer had done her best for us; now we did our best for her, and, as it turned out, the best that could be done. Through a friend, we got her into St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Her case was hopeless from the first. A malignant growth so close to the brain that at her age an operation was too serious a risk, and without it she might linger in agony for months, — this was what life had been holding in store for Trimmer during those long years of incessant toil, and self-sacrifice, and obstinate belief that a drunken husband, a selfish brother, an empty purse, were all for the best in our best of all possible worlds.

She did not know how ill she was, and her first weeks at the hospital were happy. The violence of the pain was relieved, the poor tired old body was the better for the rest and the cool and the quiet, she who had spent her strength waiting on others enjoyed the novel experience of being waited on, herself. There were the visits of her family on visiting days, and mine in between, to look forward to; some of our friends, who had grown as fond of her as we, sent her fruit and flowers, and she liked the consequence all this gave her in the ward. Then, the hospital gossip was a distraction, perhaps because in supping so full of the horrors of others she could forget her own. My objection was that she would have me share the feast, sparing me not a single detail. But in some curious way I could not fathom, it seemed a help to Trimmer, and I had not the heart to cut her stories short.

After a month or so, the reaction came. Her head was no better, and what was the hospital good for if they could n't cure her? She grew suspicious, hinting

dark things to me about the doctors. They were keeping her there to try experiments on her, and she was a respectable woman and always had been, and she did not like to be stared at in her bed by a lot of young fellows. The nurses were as bad, and between them they would never let her go, though once out of their clutches she would be bonny again, she knew. Probably the doctors and nurses knew too, for the same suspicion is more often than not their reward; and indeed it was so unlike Trimmer that she must have picked it up in the ward. Anyway, in their kindness they had kept her far longer than is usual in such cases, and when they saw her grow restless and unhappy, it seemed best to let her go. At the end of four months, and to her infinite joy, Trimmer, five years older than when she came to us, in the advanced stage of an incurable disease, with a capital of seven pounds and fifteen shillings, was free to begin life again.

I pass quickly over the next weeks — I wish I could have passed over them as quickly at the time. My visits were now to a drab quarter on the outskirts of Camden Town, where Trimmer had set up as a capitalist. She boarded with her cousin, many shillings of her little store going to pay the weekly bill; she found a wonderful doctor who promised to cure her in no time, and into his pockets the rest of her poor savings flowed. There was no persuading her that he could not succeed where the doctors at the hospital had failed, and so long as she went to him, for us to help her would only have meant more shillings for an unscrupulous quack who traded on the ignorance and credulity of the poor. Week by week I saw her grow feebler, week by week I knew her little capital was dribbling fast away. She seemed haunted by the dread that her place would be taken in our chambers, and that, once cured, she would have to hunt for another. That she was " bonny " was the beginning and end of all she had to say. One morning, to prove it, she managed to drag herself down to see us, arriving with just strength enough to stagger into my room, her arms outstretched to feel her way, for the disease, by this time, was affecting both eyes and brain. Nothing would satisfy her until she had gone into the studio, stumbling about among the portfolios, I on one side, on the other J., with no desire to wring her neck, for it was grim tragedy we were guiding between us, — tragedy in rusty black with a reticule hanging from one arm, — five years nearer the end than when first the curtain rose upon it in our chambers. We bundled her off as fast as we could in a cab with the cousin who had brought her. She stopped in the doorway.

" Oh, I'm bonny, mum. I can cut about, you'll see! " And she would have fallen, had not the cousin caught and steadied her.

After that, she had not the strength to drag herself anywhere, not even to see the quack. A week later she took to her bed, almost blind, her poor old wits scattered beyond recovery. I was glad of that: it spared her the weary waiting and watching for death while the shadow of the grim building she feared still more drew ever nearer. I hesitated to go and see her, for my mere presence stirred her into consciousness, and reminded her of her need to work and her danger if she could not. Then there was a day when she did not seem to know I was there, and she paid no attention to me, never spoke. But, just as I was going, of a sudden she sat bolt upright: —

" Oh, I'm bonny, mum, I'm bonny. You'll see! " she wailed, and sank back on her pillows.

These were Trimmer's last words to me, and I left her at death's door, still crying for work, as if in the next world, as in this, it was her only salvation. Very soon, the cousin came to tell me that the little capital had dribbled entirely away, and that she could not keep Trimmer without being paid for it. Could I blame her? She had her own fight against the shadow hanging all too close now over

Trimmer. Her 'usband worked 'ard, she said, and they could just live respectable, and Trimmer's brothers, they was for sending Trimmer to the workus. They might have sent her, and I doubt if she would have been the wiser. But could we see her go? It was of our comfort we were thinking, for our own peace of mind, that we interfered and arranged that Trimmer should board with her cousin until a bed was found in another hospital. It was found, mercifully, almost at once, but, before I had time to go there, the Great Release had come for her: and we heard with thankfulness that the old head was free from suffering, that the twisted hands were still, that fear of the workhouse could trouble her no more. Life's one gift to Trimmer had been toil, pain her one reward, and it was good to know that she was at rest.

The cousin brought us the news. But I had a visit the same day from the sister-in-law, the paragon of virtue, a thin, sharp-faced woman of middle age. I said what I could in sympathy, telling her how much we missed her, how well we should always remember her. But this was not what she had come to hear. She let me get through. She drew the sigh appropriate for the occasion. Then she settled down to business. When did I propose to pay back the money Trimmer had spent on the doctor in Camden Town? I did n't propose to at all, I told her: he was a miserable quack and I had done my best to keep Trimmer from going to him; besides, fortunately for her, she was beyond the reach of money that was not owing to her. The sister-in-law was indignant. The family always understood I had promised, a promise was a promise, and now they depended on me for the funeral. I reminded her of the society to which Trimmer had subscribed solely to meet that expense. But she quickly let me know that the funeral the society proposed to provide fell far short of the family's standard. To them it appeared scarcely better than a pauper's. The coffin would be plain, there would be no oak and brass handles, — worse, there would be no plumes for the horses and the hearse. To send their sister to her grave without plumes would disgrace them before their neighbors. Nor would there be a penny over for the family mourning — could I allow them, the chief mourners, to mourn without crape?

I remembered their willingness to let Trimmer die as a pauper in the workhouse. After all, she would have the funeral she had provided for. She would lie no easier in her grave for oak and brass handles, for plumes and crape. Her family had made use of her all her life; I did not see why I should help them to make use of her after her death, that their grief might be trumpeted in Brixton and Camden Town. I brought the interview to an end. But sometimes I wonder if Trimmer would not have liked it better if I had helped them, if plumes had waved from the heads of the horses that drew her to her grave, if her family had followed swathed in crape. She would have looked upon it as another piece of her extraordinary good luck if, by dying, she had been of service to anybody.

I do not know where they buried her. Probably nobody save ourselves to-day has as much as a thought for her. But, if self-sacrifice counts for anything, if martyrdom is a passport to Heaven, then Trimmer should take her place up there by the side of St. Francis of Assisi, and Joan of Arc, and St. Vincent of Paul, and all those other blessed men and women whose life was given for others, and who thought it was " bonny."

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

VI

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

KIRKLAND'S brigade was followed by Cooke's, also made up entirely of North Carolinians, and then came Walker's and Davis's brigade. Wilcox with his four brigades followed Heth, while Anderson's, the other division of Hill's corps, was far to the rear, having been left with Ramseur and Mahone to look after the trains and to guard the fords.

"We first struck cavalry dismounted, and one company after another added to the line till the entire regiment was engaged, and pushed them back over five miles," says the record of the Forty-seventh North Carolina. They did not push Hammond back quite so far; but the way he stood them off undoubtedly made it seem as long as that. Of course, had Lee wished to crowd them, Heth's men could and would have quickly brushed away those five hundred cavalrymen.

While Ewell was marshaling rather cautiously in front of Griffin, Heth kept on slowly down the Plank Road, and every once in a while from the southwest came the boom of Wilson's guns, who, three or four miles away, on the Catharpin Road, was engaging Fitz Lee and Rosser right valiantly. At last the North Carolinians were in reach of the Brock Road, but Wheaton's sudden appearance put a new aspect on affairs. Heth, having pushed his skirmish line hard up, and Wheaton not budging, notified Hill that he had reason to believe a strong force was in his front. Before this news could reach headquarters, Lee's mind being wholly taken up with what had just happened on Ewell's right, namely, the overthrow of Jones's and Battle's brigades and the savage fighting inaugurated on the Pike, he had ordered Wilcox to move toward the danger point. Wilcox left McGowan and Scales to look after Crawford, and pressed northward through the woods with his other brigades, Lane's and Thomas's. Riding ahead of his troops, he found Gordon, and had barely spoken to him when a volley broke from where he had left his men. The musketry he had heard was between his people and McCandless, who, having failed to make any connection with Wadsworth, was moving forward by compass, and, as it proved, right into the arms of Wilcox's two brigades, which very soon disposed of him, capturing almost entire the Seventh Pennsylvania. His case illustrates well the chance collisions which marked the fighting in the Wilderness, owing to the density of the woods, where commands repeatedly lost their way to the positions to which they were directed.

After Warren's repulse, Sedgwick not threatening seriously, Ewell having intrenched himself firmly and apparently safely before both of them, Lee gave attention to the news sent by Heth in regard to our stubborn lines at the junction, and about half-past three he sent this message to him by Colonel Marshall, his chief of staff: "General Lee directs me to say that it is very important for him to have possession of Brock Road, and wishes you to take that position, provided you can do so without bringing on a general engagement." And here let me make this comment on Lee's message.

All authorities agree that his orders in every case to those in front that day were qualified by the caution not to bring on a general engagement. Orders of this kind are embarrassing; for a corps or division commander never knows how far to push his successes. Their evils had a good illustration at Gettysburg. There Lee used identically the same language on the first day; and when Trimble urged Ewell to take advantage of the complete overthrow of our First Corps and follow up our disordered troops and seize the Cemetery Ridge, he replied that he had orders from Lee not to bring on a general engagement. Lee's orders were indeterminate, and therefore hampering; and for that reason, and on that account, I believe, he lost the battle of Gettysburg.

Heth replied in effect that the only way to find out whether it would bring on a general engagement was to make the attempt; and while Marshall returned for a reply, he formed his division across the Plank Road in line of battle, ready to go ahead if that should be the command. Cooke's brigade was in the centre, the Fifteenth and Forty-sixth on the right (facing east), the Twenty-seventh and Forty-eighth North Carolina on the left of the road. Davis's brigade, the Second, Eleventh and Forty-second Mississippi, and the Fifty-fifth North Carolina, was on Cooke's left. Walker was on his right, Kirkland in reserve. The line on which Heth's troops were formed had not been chosen for the special advantages of defense it offered, but rather by chance, for he expected to be the assailant. A better one, however, as it turned out, could not have been selected. It conformed to the low, waving ridges between the morasses, offering splendid standing ground, and was almost invisible until within forty or fifty yards. Ready to go ahead or ready to hold, there they were when the quick, sharp, cracking fire of the skirmish line told them that the Union's defenders were coming.

Now let us turn to Getty, but let us yield for a moment to one of those soft tones that Time now and then utters to woo us back from all the strife of life to the calm, sweet march of a summer day. The engagement on the Plank Road began about half after four — that hour when the elms in the northern meadows were beginning to lengthen, and the cows to feed toward the bars; the thrushes, in the thickets where the dog-tooth violet and the liverwort bloom, were beginning to strike their first clear ringing notes, and the benignant serenity of the day's old age was spreading over fields and pastures. It was then that the men from the North, from Pennsylvania, New York, and far-away Vermont, heard the expected order to advance. As they leap over the breastworks, for a moment their colors splash in the edge of the woods, but almost in the twinkling of an eye, the lines of men in blue, the guns, and the rippling flags, disappear. Soon crash after crash is heard, cheers, volleys, and wild cheers, and in a little while gray smoke begins to sift up through the treetops; and in a little while, too, pale wounded fellows, supported by comrades or borne on litters, begin to stream out of the woods.

Getty, the cool, intellectually broad-based man, moved forward with his men; between him and them and immediately in front of him was a section (2 guns) of Rickett's Pennsylvania battery. Within less than a half-mile his troops had met Heth's almost face to face, and in the deepening shadows they plunged at each other. Wheaton's men on the north side of the road encountered half of Cooke's and all of Davis's brigade posted on the hither side of the tangled morasses already mentioned, and in some places, at not more than one hundred and fifty feet apart, they poured volley after volley into each other. And so it was on the south side with the gallant Vermonters: they too met the enemy face to face; and I have no doubt that the traveling stars and roaming night-winds paused and listened as the peaks in the Green Mountains called to each other that night, in tearful pride of the boys from Vermont

who were lying under the sullen oaks of the Wilderness; for never, never had they shown more bravery or met with bloodier losses.

Hays, who had been sent just as the action began to Getty's right, after having double-quicked to his position, rested for a moment and then moved forward, the Seventeenth Maine on his extreme right. As Davis reached far beyond Wheaton's right, Hays soon came up against him and joined battle at once. Owing to the nature of the ground, — the zigzagging morass was between them, — continuous lines could not be maintained by either side, and the result was that wings of regiments became separated from each other; but together or apart, the fighting was desperate, and it is claimed that Hays's brigade lost more men than any other of our army in the Wilderness. Hays himself (a classmate of Hancock, both being in the class after Grant's) during a lull rode down the line of battle with his staff, and when he reached his old regiment, the Sixty-third Pennsylvania, he stopped. While he was speaking a kindly word, a bullet struck him just above the cord of his hat, crashing into his brain; he fell from his horse and died within a few hours.

When Birney sent Hays to Getty's right, he led his other brigade (Ward's) to Getty's left. As soon as Birney moved, Mott was ordered by Hancock to go directly forward with his two brigades from the Brock Road, which would bring him up on Birney's left. The fighting became so fierce at once and the musketry so deadly, that aide soon followed aide to Hancock, who was posted at the crossing, from Birney, Getty, Hays, and about every brigade commander, calling for help. At 4.30 Carroll was sent for and ordered to support Birney, who, as soon as he came up, advanced him to the right of the Plank Road. Owens's brigade of Gibbon's division followed, and was put in on the left and right. Brooke, who was back at Welford's Furnace on the road from Chancellorsville to Todd's Tavern, made his way as fast as he could through the woods, his men quickening their steps as the volleys grew louder; he reached the Brock at 5.30 and at once pushed into the fight, joining Smyth who, being nearer, had proceeded with his gallant Irish brigade to the line of battle to take the place of one of Mott's brigades that had barely confronted the enemy when panic seized it and it broke badly, unsteadying for a moment the troops on its right and left. This brigade did not stop till it crouched behind the breastworks it had left along the road. Miles's and Franks's brigades of Barlow's division had become engaged also.

At ten minutes of six — the sun dropping toward the treetops, and twilight, owing to the density of the woods, gathering fast — Lyman, who had stayed at Hancock's side to give Meade timely information as to the progress of events, reported, "We barely hold our own; on the right the pressure is heavy. General Hancock thinks he can hold the Plank and Brock roads, but he can't advance."

The battle raged on. Wheaton's men on the north, and the Vermonters on the other or south side of the road with Ward's brigade, were still standing up to it, although suffering terribly. The Confederates in front of them had the advantage of a slight swell in the ground, and every attempt to dislodge them had met with slaughter. Birney sent a couple of regiments to their support. About sundown the commanding officer of the Fifth Vermont was asked if he thought, with the help of Birney's men, he could break the enemy's line. "I think we can," replied the stout-hearted man. And when Birney's men were asked if they would give their support, they answered, "We will," with a cheer. And again they went at the enemy's line, which partially gave way; but, so dense were the woods that a break at one point had mighty little moral effect to the right or left, with troops as steady as theirs and ours.

Between half-past five and six o'clock

the enemy — McGowan's and Kirkland's brigades having come in to relieve Heth's exhausted troops in front of Getty — charged, and for a moment planted their colors beside one of the guns of Rickett's section, whose horses had been killed. But Grant's and Wheaton's lines, although thrust back momentarily by the sudden onslaught, braced and drove the Confederates away from the guns. A little later Carroll and Owens, Brooke and Smyth and Miles came up, extending the line southward, and relieved Grant, Wheaton, Hays, and Ward. Carroll, after relieving Wheaton, fought his way in the twilight fairly across the now riddled swamp, then sent the Eighth Ohio up the south and the Seventh West Virginia up the north side of the road, beyond the disabled section where Captain Butterworth of his staff and Lieutenant McKesson of the Eighth, by the aid of squads from the Eighth Ohio and Fourteenth Indiana, dragged back the guns, Lieutenant McKesson receiving a severe wound.

The sun having gone down, darkness soon settled around them all, but the struggle did not end. Never was better grit shown by any troops. They could not see each other and their positions were disclosed only by the red, angry flashes of their guns. Their line stretched from about two-thirds of a mile north of the Plank Road to a distance of a mile and a half south of it. And so, shrouded in the smoke, and standing or kneeling among their dead, both sides kept on. All other sounds having died away, the forest now at every rolling discharge roared deeply. At last, about eight o'clock or a little after, the volleys that had been so thundering and dreadful stopped almost suddenly, and Getty's and Birney's scarred and well-tried veterans were led back to the Brock Road; and there, beside its lonely, solemn way, they lay down and rested.

And what is this movement of mind and heart? It is imagination lifting the veil from the inner eye, and lo! we see Honor proudly standing guard over them all. Getty's division on that day and the next met with the heaviest loss experienced by any division during the war, and his Vermont brigade of this division lost more men on that afternoon of the fifth than the entire Second Corps. Of the officers present for duty, three-fourths were killed or wounded.

As at the beginning, so now at the end, Hancock's lines were close up against Hill's, but in great irregularity and confusion; and Birney, Brooke, Miles, Carroll, and officers of Hancock's staff, were all busy to a late hour in straightening them out.

When the firing ceased on Hancock's front, to those of us around the Lacy house and at Grant's headquarters the silence was oppressive. But soon the stars were shining softly and the merciful quiet of night came on; and wheresoever a mortally wounded man could be reached who was crying for water and help, — some of them in high, wild delirious screams of despair and agony; others with just enough breath left to be heard, alas! too often, only by the bushes around them, — surgeons and friendly comrades, and sometimes their foes, stole to them and did all they could for them.

I wonder what was going on in the breast of the Spirit of the Wilderness as night deepened. I wonder, too, as the spirits of those youths — they averaged less than twenty years — rose all through that night above the treetops, I wonder if they asked which was right and which was wrong as they bore on, a great flight of them, toward Heaven's gate. On and on they go, following the road Christ made for us all, past moon and stars — the air is growing balmy, landscapes of eternal heavenly beauty are appearing; in the soft breezes that kiss their faces there is the faint odor of wild grapes in bloom, and lo! they hear a choir singing, " Peace on earth, good will toward men!" And two by two they lock arms like college boys and pass in together; and so may it be for all of us at last.

Well, well! But let us record somewhat of our antagonists' doings.

At an early hour in the afternoon, Richards's North Carolina battery of Poague's artillery battalion went into position between Widow Tapp's house and the woods, throwing little epaulements in front of their pieces. As soon as Heth became heavily engaged, Lee, who was close by, having established his headquarters in the old field, sent orders to Wilcox to return at once to the Plank Road, — for he could not mistake what the crashing volleys meant, — and directed Scales and McGowan to his support, Crawford meanwhile having been withdrawn from their front, back and down to within a mile of the Lacy house.

Wilcox, on receipt of the urgent orders, set his two brigades, Thomas's and Lane's, in quick motion, filed across the Chewning farm in sight of the signal officers on Crawford's line, and then took the wood-road — leaf-strewn and shadow-mottled — that joins Chewning's and Widow Tapp's, skirting the abrupt descents to Wilderness Run. Through the timber, and over the treetops in the valley, he caught distant views of the Lacy house, Grant's headquarters, and the old Wilderness Tavern. He caught sight, too, of Wadsworth moving past the Lacy house toward Getty. For, Grant and Meade being at Warren's headquarters at the Lacy house as our signal officers reported the march of Wilcox's column, Grant at once ordered a diversion to be made by Warren against Heth's flank and rear. Wadsworth, who was terribly chagrined over the conduct of his division in the attack up the Pike, was anxious to retrieve the reputation of his troops, and asked to be chosen to go. Accordingly Warren sent him, and Baxter's brigade of Robinson's division with him. It was nearly six o'clock as he filed down across the fields, Roebling leading the way.

Grant, inferring from Wilcox's march that Lee was detaching from Ewell to strike his left, ordered Warren and Sedgwick to renew the attack on their fronts immediately. When Wilcox reached Lee he reported to him what he had seen through the timber, and Lee sent the following despatch at once to Ewell: —

May 5, 1864, 6 P. M.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL EWELL,
Commanding, etc.

General: The commanding general directs me to repeat a message sent you at 6 P. M. The enemy persist in their attack on General Hill's right. Several efforts have been repulsed, and we hold our own as yet. The general wishes you to hurry up Ramseur, send back and care for your wounded, fill up your ammunition, and be ready to act by light in the morning. General Longstreet and General Anderson are expected up early, and unless you see some means of operating against their right, the general wishes you to be ready to support our right. It is reported that the enemy is massing against General Hill, and if an opportunity presents itself and you can get Wilderness Tavern ridge and cut the enemy off from the river, the general wishes it done. The attack on General Hill is still raging. Be ready to act as early as possible in the morning.

Yours, most respectfully,
C. MARSHALL,
Lieutenant-Colonel
and Aide-de-Camp.

Of all the despatches in the War Records relating to the battle, this one has for me more intrinsic interest than any other. It not only coördinates as to time the movements of Wilcox, Wadsworth, and Sedgwick, but it makes a still more enlightening disclosure, revealing at a flash the towering personalities and the workings of the minds of both Grant and Lee. Let us revert to the situation illuminated by the light it throws.

Grant and Meade, Grant mounted on Egypt, or Cincinnati, a black-pointed, velvety-eared, high-bred bay, Meade with drooping hat on his fox-walk, old

"Baldy," have come to the Lacy house and are grouped under the same old venerable trees that are there still, dreaming, swaying with the wind. They were accompanied by several of their staffs, of whom I remember Babcock and Dunn of Grant's, Edie and Cadwalader of Meade's. Grant and Meade at this time are told that a signal officer on Crawford's line has just seen a column of troops (it was Wilcox's) marching rapidly toward Heth. Locke's despatch to Humphreys confirming the news is dated 5.45 P. M. Grant with lightning speed catches the significance of the news, and moves Wadsworth toward Getty to fall on Heth's flank, and at the same time orders Warren and Sedgwick to strike at once at Ewell.

Wadsworth is hardly on his way before Wilcox reaches Lee and tells him what he saw through the timber. Lee's inferences, the converse of Grant's, flood in at once: Grant is weakening his line in front of Ewell, and, as the volleys come rolling up one after another from Heth and Getty, Lee tells Ewell to make a dash if he can for the ridge east of Wilderness Run.

Could we have anything better than this despatch with its accompanying evoking light to show the clear-sightedness, quick resolution, swift unhesitating grasp, and high mettle of both Grant and Lee? their instinctive discernment of the significance of the shifting phases of battle? Grant's indomitable will to take advantage of them; Lee's warrior blood boiling with the first whiff of the smell of battle, and his tendency then to throw his army like a thunderbolt out of a cloud at his adversary? That smell of battle always set Lee ablaze; and his sweeping comprehension of the immediate moves to be made, augmented by the warmth of his fiery spirit, I think, was the source of the influence he shed around him as he fought a battle.

Lee had some advantages over Grant that afternoon. He knew his army, and his army knew him; Grant was a stranger to his. Lee was where he could see the field; Grant where he could not. Lee knew the country well; Grant had never before entered its fateful labyrinth. Moreover, Lee knew what he wanted to do; and the above despatch of Colonel Marshall's, ringing with its resolute purpose, tells how he hoped to do it.

But, Colonel Marshall, there is a quiet, modest, blue-eyed, medium-sized man down on that knoll near the Lacy house, — cut a short vista through these pines behind you, and you can see where he is in the distance, — whom at last at Appomattox you and Lee will meet; and, strangely enough, the ink-bottle you are now using will be used then to draw the terms of surrender; down on the knoll is a gentle-voiced man who has an undismayable heart in his breast, and he will meet you to-morrow morning when Longstreet, Anderson, and Ramseur have come, and every morning thereafter, to the end of the Rebellion, with blow for blow.

Wilcox's pregnant interview with Lee ended, he put Thomas's brigade on the left of the Plank Road, and, guided by the rattle of musketry, it moved forward toward Heth's battered lines. Lane's brigade was to form on Thomas's left, but just as it reached Hill, Scales, on Heth's right, was smashed in by Brooke or Birney, and Colonel Palmer of Hill's staff led it to their right. Colonel Palmer returned when the brigade was well under fire, and on reaching the road he met Stuart and Colonel Venable of Lee's staff sitting on their horses in the dusk, and told them that Lane had become engaged. Venable exclaimed, "Thank God, I'll go back and tell Lee that Lane has gone in, and the lines will be held."

Notwithstanding that these were fresh troops, the flower of his army, and went in under Lee's eye, they shook but did not break our lines. It may be said, however, that, upon the whole, victory rested with them. For they held their ground and saved the key of their battlefield.

But it had been saved with mighty sacrifice of life. " All during that terrible afternoon," wrote the historian of the Forty-sixth North Carolina, Cooke's brigade, " the regiment held its own, now gaining, now losing, resting at night on the ground over which it had fought, surrounded by the dead and wounded of both sides." The Fifty-fifth North Carolina in Davis's brigade that had fought Hays took into the action 340 men. At the end of the battle it is related in their history that " 34 lay dead on the line where we fought, and 167 were wounded. They were on one side of a morass and we on the other." The historian asserts that the sergeant of the Confederate ambulance corps counted 157 dead Federals the following day along their brigade front. " The record of that day of butchery," says the same authority, " has often been written. A butchery pure and simple; it was unrelieved by any of the arts of war in which the exercise of military skill and tact robs war of some of its horrors."

" At one time during the fighting of the fifth," according to the historian of the Eleventh North Carolina, Kirkland's brigade, " the brigade lay down behind a line of dead Federals so thick as to form partial breastworks, showing how stubbornly they had fought and how severely they had suffered." This statement seems almost incredible, but it will not be forgotten that Kirkland was in reserve when the action began and was not called on till late, so that, as the brigade went in with McGowan, the men had a chance to see the death and destruction that had taken place. This brigade, out of 1753, lost 1080. The night before Lee's army was forced formally to lay down its arms and give up its colors at Appomattox, the survivors of the Eleventh North Carolina of the above-mentioned brigade took the old flag which they had borne at the Wilderness, into a clump of young pines, and there, collecting some fagots, gathered sadly about it in the darkness and burned it.

At the close of the battle this regiment and all the other regiments of Heth's and Wilcox's divisions were staggering, and it is highly probable that if the engagement had begun an hour or so earlier, defeat would have overtaken them. Or, had Wadsworth been sent earlier, the chances are that Heth could not have withstood his flank attack.

There is no occurrence of the day that I remember with more distinctness than the setting off of Wadsworth's command that afternoon. I can see the men now moving down the field in column to the road, and then following it up the run for a piece toward Parker's store. They formed in two lines of battle and entered the swampy, broken woods, guided by Colonel Roebling. Their progress, owing to the nature of the woods and ground, was slow; within a half mile or so they struck the skirmishers of Thomas's brigade of Wilcox's division, who had just been posted on Heth's left. Wadsworth pushed them steadily back, till darkness came on and he had to halt. The extreme right of his line was now in the basin of Wilderness Run at the foot of the abrupt slopes running down from the Widow Tapp's old field, his left perhaps three-quarters of a mile from the Brock Road. His front was parallel to the Plank Road, a half to five-eighths of a mile from it, the ground about him broken and the woods very dense, webbed with tangled thickets; and there, on the dead leaves and among spice bushes, spring beauties, violets and dogwoods in bloom, they passed the solemn night through. The men say, however, as well as those on Hancock's lines, that they were restless; their position had been reached practically in the dark and they were so close to the enemy that both spoke in whispers, and all realized the inevitable renewal of the struggle in the morning. Roebling got back to the Lacy house, his most valuable notes tell me, about nine o'clock.

When Wadsworth was moving toward Hancock, Russell's and Brown's brigade of the first division of the Sixth Corps,

on the extreme right of the line beyond Griffin and Upton, made and received counter and vigorous attacks on Ewell's left, the brigades commanded by Stafford, Pegram and Hayes. Stafford was mortally and Pegram very severely wounded, and the Twenty-fifth Virginia of Jones's brigade, which had been transferred to the extreme left along with Gordon's, lost its colors and over two hundred men to the Fifth Wisconsin of Russell's brigade.

And here may I be allowed to say that all the flags save one captured from the enemy in the Wilderness were taken by western regiments. The Twenty-fourth Michigan captured the colors of the Forty-eighth Virginia, the Fifth Wisconsin those of the Twenty-fifth, the Twentieth Indiana those of the Fifty-fifth, the Seventh Indiana those of the Fiftieth Virginia; the Fifth Michigan those of the Thirteenth North Carolina. The Eighth Ohio and the Fourteenth Indiana retook Rickett's guns. The men from the west were probably no braver. man for man, than those of the east; but I think their success was wholly because so many of the men were woods wise. From their youth up, both by day and by night, they had roamed through woods under all sorts of sky and in all sorts of weather, and so their depths had no terror for them; and so, like their enemies, they were at home in the timber, and could make their way through it almost as well by night as by day. And I have often thought that perhaps it was this common knowledge of the woods that gave our western armies so many victories. A Confederate line coming on, or rising up suddenly and breaking into their sharp, fierce yells, did not greatly surprise or set them quaking. And yet, although all my boyhood was passed in the grandly deep, primeval forests of Ohio, I am free to own that I never heard that " Rebel " yell in the woods of Virginia that its old fields behind us did not seem at once to become mightily attractive.

Reference should be made, as a part of the day's serious history, to the cavalry engagements under Wilson and Gregg. The former's encounter with Rosser and Fitz Lee has been mentioned; it was severe, and Wilson, overpowered, had to make his way as best he could to Gregg at Todd's Tavern. Gregg bristled up, and with Davies's brigade, the First New Jersey and First Massachusetts Cavalry, met the confident pursuing enemy and drove them back to Corbin's bridge, but only after a loss of ninety-odd killed and wounded.

When night and exhaustion put an end to the fell struggle between Hancock and Hill, it may be said that the first day of the battle of the Wilderness was over. And what a day it had been! Where now were the conjectures and the roseate forecasts which the self-reliant natures of both Grant and Lee had made, as they were looking forward to it the night before? All transmuted into solemn, speechful reality. Grant had telegraphed Halleck as soon as he had crossed the Rapidan safely, " Forty-eight hours now will demonstrate whether the enemy intends giving battle this side of Richmond." With his intuitive wisdom, he had predicted truly; yet, as a matter of fact, he did not know or care when or where the battle should begin. He meant to find Lee, clinch and have it out with him for good and all, wholly undisturbed as usual over possible results. And behold, the day had banished the uncertainties of the night before, and had brought him just where he had wanted to be, in conflict with his famous adversary.

But, imperturbable as he was, I feel sure it had brought some disappointment to him, not because Lee had obviously the best of it, but because he himself had discovered the Army of the Potomac's one weakness, the lack of springy formation, and audacious, self-reliant initiative. This organic weakness was entirely due to not having had in its youth skillfully aggressive leadership. Its early commanders had dissipated war's best elixir by training it into a life of caution, and the evil of that schooling it had shown

on more than one occasion, and unmistakably that day, and it had had to suffer for it. But never, on that day or any other, did an army carry its burdens of every kind, and it had many, with a steadier or a more steadfast heart.

But let all this lie at the bottom of the Past. Notwithstanding that Lee had repulsed Warren and had badly shaken the morale of his entire corps, and also that of Mott's division of Hancock's corps, had held Sedgwick in check, fought Hancock and Getty to a standstill, thrown Wilson back, and brought the formidable movement up with a sudden jarring stop, yet seemingly Grant at the close of the day — and I saw him once or twice — was not troubled, and he issued orders with the same even, softly warm voice, to attack Lee impetuously early the next morning all along his line.

If the day had brought some disappointment and anxious foreshadowings to him, it must have brought some disappointment to Lee also. For when Grant, enmeshed in the Wilderness, found him on his flank and ready to take the offensive, he had not, like Hooker, become confused and undecided, as Lee had hoped and forecast, thereby giving Longstreet and the rest of his forces time to join their chief to enable him to repeat Chancellorsville. The results of the day had put another face on the situation. Grant was neither undecided nor confused; and when, at eleven o'clock that night all the news had come in, Lee undoubtedly was duly thankful that he had held his own, as his despatch to the Confederate Secretary of War dated at that hour shows. He said in reporting the day's doings, —

"By the blessing of God, we maintained our position against every effort until night, when the contest closed. We have to mourn the loss of many brave officers and men. The gallant Brigadier-General J. M. Jones was killed, and Brig.-Gen. L. A. Stafford I fear mortally wounded while leading his command with conspicuous valor."

His greatest blessings, however, were that Warren was not allowed to wait till Wright came up, that Getty had not attacked an hour earlier, and that we had not seized and held the Chewning Farm.

But I had better leave the battle's tactics to those who make a special study of military campaigns, venturing the following personal incident for the consideration of those young, cocksure critics who have never been in a big or a little battle, and who are surprised at the mistakes that Grant and Lee made, and contemplate with supreme satisfaction what would have happened had they been there and in command of either army.

One night, some time in the winter before we started for the Wilderness, when I was dining with Duane, Turnbull, Michler, and Mackenzie of the engineers, in their spacious pine-bough-decorated mess room, they discussed Burnside's hesitation when Mr. Lincoln, having finally made up his mind to relieve McClellan, offered him the command of the Army of the Potomac. I listened a while, and then piped up that Burnside should not have had any such doubts of himself, that he had been educated for that business and kind of emergency, that it was n't very much of a job, etc., and wound up — the bottle had moved faithfully, yet with genteel moderation — that if I were offered the command I'd take it. Whereupon my astounded listeners flung themselves back in their chairs and there was something between a howl and a roar of laughter as they threw their eyes, filled with pity and humor, across and down the table at a mere snip of a thin-faced boy. Well, of course, I stuck to it — I should have taken command of the Army of the Potomac.

Now if, at the end of that first night, say at nine o'clock, Mr. Grant should have sent for me and said, "I'm thinking of assigning you to the independent command of one of the empty ambulances," — let alone turning the command of the Army of the Potomac over to me — "and want you to get it safely out of this,"

I think I should have said, " Mr. Grant, I'm not very experienced in handling ambulances, and if you can get anybody else I'll not object," so dark was the outlook and so deeply had I been impressed by the responsibilities that encompassed him. Dear military critics, however vast may be your knowledge of the art of war, and however boldly your youthful confidence may buckle on its sword and parade to the imaginary music of battle, let me tell you that if you are ever on a field where your country's life is hanging as ours hung on Grant's, or as the cause of the South hung on Lee's shoulders, I'll guarantee that you will not volunteer to take the command of anything, but will wonder that more mistakes are not made.

And here answer might be given to the inquiry which is often raised, coming sometimes from those who have been carried away by delving in the tactics of the battle, and sometimes from those who have become warmly interested in its history: namely, what did the officers at corps and army headquarters have to say about it among themselves during its progress, and at the close of that first day in the Wilderness. In the sense in which the question is asked by the former, nothing, absolutely nothing. For who could possibly have penetrated the rapidly evolving events and seen what the critic sees now so clearly? Who could have told us where the gaps lay between Ewell and Hill, where Longstreet was, what Sheridan with his cavalry might have been doing beyond Todd's Tavern, and the importance of bringing Burnside's two divisions up to the Lacy farm that afternoon so as to be ready for the next morning? Whom had nature endowed with such omniprescience? Perhaps, if the critic will ask the Spirit of the Wilderness how it happened that no one saw what he sees now, she will explain it all to him.

It is hardly necessary to say that for officers or men to discuss or pass judgment upon the events and conduct of a battle would be death to discipline, and instead of an army, the country would be relying for its life upon a mob. In all my service with the Army of the Potomac, from Chancellorsville to Petersburg, sometimes in the eclipse of defeat, sometimes in the very verge of yawning disaster, never did I hear discussion, or more than barely a word of criticism or protest over any feature of a campaign, except after Cold Harbor, and then only for a day. Soldiers and officers see so little of any field that they do not give weight to their immediate surroundings or experience.

The question of what the officers at headquarters said to each other about the battle in its progress, and how they felt, is a very natural one, and its answer may be a minor but essential part of the story itself. I do not know what Grant and Meade, Rawlins and Seth Williams said to each other; but whenever an aide came back from the front and had reported to the General or his chief of staff, he would take his place among his fellows, and their first question would be, " Where have you been, Bob, or Tom, or Mack," and " How is it going up there, old fellow? " For every one, from the time the first shot was fired, was keyed by the battle's progress. "Been up [or over] to —— lines They are holding their own mighty well. Colonel So-and-So [or our dear little 'Dad,' or Bill] has just been killed. Old General ——'s command is catching perfect h—l. Say, fellers, where can I get something to eat [or drink], I'm hungry [or dry] as the dickens." That is about a fair sample of the conversation at headquarters while the battle is going on, so far as my experience goes.

For the information of those who have never been in battle, let me say, without seeming didactic, that the commanding general or his corps commanders are rarely where the artists have depicted them, on rearing horses, leading or directing amid a sheet of fire. There are times, however, when the artist is true to life: as when Sheridan, seeing Ayres and

his Regulars recoiling for a moment under terrific fire at Five Forks, dashed in; and there and then with those flashing eyes he might have been painted. Warren that same day seized the colors on another part of the field, and led on. But, as a rule, the corps commander chooses a position where he can see all the field and his troops as they engage. The test of his genius is in choosing the critical moment when he will join them. Suppose McClellan had shown himself and ridden his lines at Gaines's Mill, or Bragg at Chickamauga, the outcome might have been different. Owing to the character of the Wilderness, Grant had few chances to seize opportunities of that kind. At Spottsylvania, the night Upton was making his assault and breaking their lines temporarily, he was close up, and I sat my horse not far from him. He was mounted on Egypt; there were two or three lines of battle within thirty or forty paces of each other and of him. The fire that reached us was considerable; an orderly carrying the headquarter standard was killed, and a solid shot struck an oak five or six inches through squarely, not thirty feet from us, shivering it into broom slivers; but through it all Grant wore the same imperturbable but somewhat pleading face.

But, to return to the Wilderness and the impressions it made, it goes without saying that the first day was a disappointing one, and that the desperate character of the fighting and the attendant losses had stamped themselves deeply. But there was no dejection, — the army from top to bottom was looking forward to the coming day's trial with resolution and hope.

After supper, which did not take place until the day's commotion had well quieted down, I happened to go into the Lacy house, and in the large, high-ceiled room on the left of the hall was Warren, seated on one side of a small table, with Locke, his adjutant general, and Milhau, his chief surgeon, on the other, making up a report for Meade of his losses of the day. He was still wearing his yellow sash, his hat rested on the table, and his long, coal-black hair was streaming away from his finely expressive forehead, the only feature rising unclouded above the habitual gloom of his duskily sallow face. A couple of tallow candles were burning on the table, and on the high mantel a globe lantern. Locke and Milhau were both small men: the former unpretentious, much reflecting, and taciturn; the latter a modest man, and a great friend of McClellan's, with a naturally rippling, joyous nature.

Just as I passed them, I heard Milhau give a figure, his aggregate from data which he had gathered at the hospitals. " It will never do, Locke, to make a showing of such heavy losses," quickly observed Warren. It was the first time I had ever been present when the official report of losses was being made, and in my unsophisticated state of West Point truthfulness it drew my eyes to Warren's face with wonder, and I can see its earnest, mournfully solemn lines yet. It is needless to say that after that I always doubted reports of casualties until officially certified. I passed through the house, and out to the place where the horses were, in charge of the orderlies. I found mine among others in the semi-darkness of one of the open sheds of the old plantation's clustering barns, gave him the usual friendly pat, and stroked his silky neck as he daintily selected from the remaining wisps of his ration of hay.

All the space between the garden, the back of the house, and the barns, was loosely occupied by the bivouacs of the headquarter orderlies, clerks, teamsters, officers' servants, cooks and waiters of the various messes, provost-guards, etc., who on a campaign form quite a colony about corps and army headquarters. The soldiers, in groups of two or three, were sitting around their little dying fires, smoking; some, with overcoat and hat for a pillow, already asleep. The black cooks, coatless and bareheaded, were puttering around their pot and kettle

fires, with the usual attendant circle of waiters sitting on their haunches, some embracing languidly their uplifted knees with their long, sinewy arms, eyes of some on the fire, chins of some on their breasts and eyes closed, all drowsily listening to some one's childlike chatter; others on their backs, feet towards the fire, and snoring loudly. And around them all, and scattered about, were the baggage and supply wagons, their bowed white canvas tops, although mildewed and dirty, dimly looming, outlined by being the resting-place for stray beams wandering through the night. The mule teams, unhitched but still harnessed, stand facing each other across the wagon-pole where their deep feed-box is still resting. Some are nosing in it for an overlooked kernel of oats or corn, or a taste of salt, some among the bits of forage that have fallen to the ground, some nodding. Asleep, their driver is in or under the wagon, and his rest unbroken by the every-once-in-a-while quick rattling of the looped-up trace-chains, as one of his mules lets drive a vicious kick right or left at its army mate.

(*To be continued.*)

DROUTH

BY MADISON CAWEIN

THE road is drowned in dust; the winds vibrate
With heat and noise of insect wings that sting
The stridulous noon with sound; no waters sing;
Weeds crowd the path and barricade the gate.
Within the garden Summer seems to wait,
Among her flowers, dead or withering;
About her skirts the teazel's bristles cling,
And to her hair the hot burr holds like hate.
The day burns downward, and with fiery crest
Flames like a furnace; then the fierce night falls
Dewless and dead, crowned with its thirsty stars:
A dry breeze sweeps the firmament, and west
The lightning leaps at flickering intervals,
Like some caged beast that thunders at its bars.

VOCATION–TEACHING

BY WILLIAM T. MILLER

Of all questions that agitate the public mind, Education, in some phase or other, seems to give rise to the most versatile and everlasting discussion. One band of reformers keeps an unending vigil over the finances of school administration; salaries, pensions, supplies are constantly under fire somewhere along the line. Others tinker at the curriculum, until the " course of study " is a wonderful combination of novelties and essentials. Scientific methods are applied more and more thoroughly to every phase of education, from the preparation of teachers to the fireproofing of buildings, and the inevitable result of so much effort is a constantly increasing efficiency in the work of the schools.

But there is always the chance that good progress may blind us to the possibility of better progress. Thus, in our educational system, it has long been the complaint that few pass from the elementary to the high school, and fewer still to the college or university. Of late, these percentages have been improving, — which is progress. This improvement has been largely effected by changes in the lower schools to make them more conformable to the standards set by the higher schools and colleges. It has, however, appealed to some that it would be more real progress so to constitute every school that it should give, or at least stand ready to give, a general, practical training for life, without any regard to the pupil's high-school or college intention. It is hard to do this, because the higher schools dominate the lower; and tradition makes the high school a place not to fit for life but to fit for college.

The great movement toward industrial training is a step along this road. It is felt, in a general way, that the child who is going to leave school at the end of the high-school course should get from the high school some practical, paying equipment. This equipment takes the form usually of some kind of skilled trade-work, — and right here we run against a great difficulty, not only in this industrial work, but in our whole educational problem. It is the simple question: Which study or trade or group of trades shall a given child take? Who shall take trades, and who professional studies? It is, in brief, the question of election.

The elective system has its justification in the varying abilities, desires, and aptitudes of different individuals. But while attention has been devoted so largely to the development of courses, methods, and materials to suit varying types of children, too little thought has been given to the proper choosing of courses by pupils. In a college or university the student who is aiming at a certain profession can usually exercise enough caution and common sense to elect courses bearing in some way on his chosen life-work. But in the high school the pupil is very apt to choose his courses without due thought or a due appreciation of his own weaknesses.

This is an important matter. It is very easy to get into the wrong rut, and very easy to stay there, especially in any kind of school work. There are too many boys studying Latin and Greek for college who are going to become carpenters or chauffeurs. If they had some way of finding out early what they want to do, and of choosing the right high-school course to attain this end, their chance in the race of life would be improved. To get this knowledge of individual aptitude

and desire, and to help in the resultant choice of school work, is the province of the mysterious being whom I call the Vocation Teacher.

The Vocation Teacher, as such, does not exist. A good many regular teachers and parents try to assist the youth with whom they come in contact to choose their life-work wisely; but this advice and help should not be a merely incidental duty: it should occupy the whole time of a carefully trained vocational expert. In every high school there should be a Vocation Teacher, whose duties might be briefly outlined as follows: —

Before the opening of school every new pupil must have a private interview with the Vocation Teacher on the subject of his ideas for the future. Some have a pretty definite idea of what they want to do. If their talents agree with their desires, the Vocation Teacher gives them permission to elect the courses that will put them on the right track. If, as is so often the case, the new pupil has no idea of his wants or capabilities, the Vocation Teacher tries, by questioning and experiment, to assist the pupil in coming to some decision and getting upon the right track. If for any reason a decision is temporarily impossible, the pupil is given a selection of courses designed to be of some practical value in any line he may afterwards take up.

When the actual school work is under way, the Vocation Teacher keeps in close touch with every pupil by means of continued personal interviews, in which the pupil's increasing interest or growing distaste, as the case may be, is discovered. Besides this, written reports of progress and expressions of opinion are due at regular intervals from the pupil. When the pupil is losing interest, the Vocation Teacher may order a new choice of courses; he may even advise the pupil's transfer to an entirely different kind of school. This supervision is to follow the pupil closely through the whole course.

The first interviews with the new pupils and the selection of their courses would take but a few days; if, after that, the adviser simply dropped out of sight till next September, his work would be largely wasted. Our Vocation Teacher is not to drop out of sight. On the contrary, his most important work would be the close following of every pupil's record, and the constant supervision of each one's activities. This supervision should be a very definite part of the school life. One phase of it would be the monthly examination of the marks of every pupil. If the marks of the First Year class were received on the last day of the month, the following week might be spent in interviewing those whose marks were inadequate, and helping them either to advance or to change. The Second Year class could be gone over in the same manner during the following week, and so on through the month. Thus the Vocation Teacher would be kept busy, and the pupils kept alive to the necessity of "making good." To help in the changing of pupils to new courses, the school year might profitably be divided into two terms instead of one long period as is now so generally the custom. Then, as a climax to the year's work, each pupil should present a thesis discussing his chosen aim and the progress he has made towards its attainment.

The important point in this plan is that the Vocation Teacher is to give all his time to the one task of guiding and supervising the direction of the pupils' work. It is not intended to weaken the initiative of any pupil, but simply to see that that initiative drives the pupil in the right direction; or if the initiative is lacking, to attempt by suggestion and example to awaken a desire that will result in some definite action in a wise direction. In this suggestion of possible lines of work lies the Vocation Teacher's great opportunity. Many boys are entirely ignorant of all but three or four fields of endeavor; and if they could have presented to them the possibilities of certain uncrowded and congenial occupations,

their outlook would be much brighter. There are many ways in which a boy may choose unwisely in selecting a calling, and the presence of a trained vocational adviser should render such unwise choice much less frequent. Such an adviser can in most cases give more helpful direction than the parent, who is often misled by preconceived desires, or by false ideas of the relative dignity of different callings.

The practical working-out of the Vocation-Teacher plan would, like everything new, present grave difficulties. Not the least of these would be the securing of properly equipped and trained men to do the work. Besides a very complete general education, the Vocation Teacher must have a very practical knowledge of the laws and phenomena of psychology, including a complete understanding of human nature as revealed in the motives, interests, aims, desires, and personal differences which go to make up that complex something we call character. Far more than the ordinary teacher, he must be tactful, sympathetic, sincere, and resourceful — able to command respect and trust, and to invite confidence and candor in his dealings with the young. Also, as a matter of course, he must be familiar in a practical way with the requirements and possibilities in different lines of industry. and in the various professional callings. It can readily be seen that such qualifications demand, not only a thorough and comprehensive university education, but also some years of practical experience either in teaching or in some position where there is an abundance of human contact, scientific investigation, and executive decision.

There are a few isolated examples of just such vocational advisers as the theoretical one we have been describing. The Boston Young Men's Christian Association has worked out a comprehensive plan, starting with a Vocation Bureau for the advice of young men in choosing or changing occupations. From this bureau has arisen a school for Vocation Counselors, which plans to fit men to take positions such as we have described. Some such preparation, added to a pedagogical training and a thorough knowledge of the particular school in which he is to serve, should produce a man competent to carry out the plan as outlined above.

Other and numerous difficulties would, of course, arise. For a man so highly trained, the salary must needs be high, but the gain in school-efficiency should more than balance the largest salary. It would undoubtedly add difficulties to the organization of schools at the opening of the term, but that is merely a problem of administration which has to be met in any case. One of the greatest benefits conferred by a Vocation Teacher would be the making of initial choices and assignments of courses more definite, satisfactory, and permanent. It might be necessary to open the school a little earlier, and make the first week's work consist entirely of interviews with the Vocation Teacher, followed by choice of or assignment to the proper courses. A week spent thus in the beginning might save countless hours of wasted energy in the pursuit of courses chosen without any thought, or from mistaken ideas of the future.

In general, the great result of such a plan would be a gain in the definite aim of the school, and of every pupil in it. Educators are a unit in demanding definiteness. "What we need in education is something definite to tie to." At present there is too much vagueness about the high school. It must be both a finisher — a practical school for life; and a trainer — a preface for college and university. To keep the proper balance between these two functions, it is necessary that the pupil have a definite aim, to the attainment of which the school can help him. To secure this definite aim, and to maintain this balance, it would seem that some sort of vocational direction and advice is a prime necessity.

THE DEAN OF THE BOARDING-HOUSE

A PRATT PORTRAIT

BY ANNA FULLER

"A BOARDING-HOUSE is no place for a child."

Thus spoke Arabella Spencer, the dean of the boarding-house, and none had the temerity to dispute her. Even the injudicious petting of the child in question, an engaging little three-year-old answering to the name of "Dimple," was discreetly abandoned; whereupon the little tot, with an indifference anything but flattering, transferred her attention to a jointed wooden doll, some seven inches long, whose sole attire for the moment consisted in a neat crop of painted hair. If Dimple, in the care with which she was wrapping a scant bit of pink calico about the attenuated form, evinced a rudimentary sense of the value of raiment in a cold and critical world, we may be sure that she found nothing amiss in the painted hair. Who would not prefer it to the kind that got into horrid snarls and had to be combed and tweaked into order?

As the child immersed herself in maternal cares, the dean of the boarding-house, who was similarly engaged, — save that the small flannel petticoat she was hemming would appear to be destined for alien offspring, — glanced from time to time, and with a grudging interest, at the little mother. No, a boarding-house was no place for a child; nor was it, superficially considered, the fitting place for a well-to-do daughter of the Pratts and Spencers. A stranger, learning of the eminent lineage of Arabella Spencer, might well have asked what untoward fate had brought her to this pass, though for the initiated the key to the riddle was not far to seek. "My grandfather built this house," she took pride in stating; "my father owned it, and my mother lived in it for upwards of fifty years." And, if in an expansive mood, she would add, "I myself was born in the room I now occupy." What wonder if, with such claims to precedence, she was early accorded the deanship?

It was one of her fellow boarders, the late Professor Calder, who had conferred upon her this titular dignity, and in nothing was her gratification at the amiable pleasantry more apparent than in the zeal with which, both before and after his death, she was ever ready to proclaim the profound erudition of the scholarly recluse. From youth up Arabella had been noted for a tenacious loyalty, and her friends were wont to point out that at the age of fifty she had yet to change either her name or her nature. She was to-day the same excellent, opinionated personage she had given evidence of being while yet in her cradle, and she was still Arabella Spencer.

Let it not be inferred, however, that she was therefore an old maid. That was an obloquy which no granddaughter of Old Lady Pratt had had the hardihood to incur. One or two, indeed, had postponed the fateful step almost to the danger limit; but before she went hence, that unswerving champion of the domestic hearth had the felicity of seeing the most recalcitrant of her children's daughters gathered into the blessed fold of matrimony.

Arabella, to be sure, had shown no signs of recalcitrancy, barring a preliminary revolt against the necessity which society imposes upon a woman of changing her name.

" Say what you please, grandmother," she had declared, with the easy finality of youth, — it was the very day on which she had signalized her entrance upon young-ladyhood by the donning of an elaborate thread-lace veil, becomingly festooned across the rim of her poke-bonnet as she now tossed it back in the interest of free speech. " Say what you please, — there is something *galling* about it. As if it did n't matter what a woman's name was! "

" Did n't matter! " quoth old Lady Pratt, glancing shrewdly at the mutinous young eyes, black, like her own, but as yet singularly unlit of wisdom. " I should say it did matter! Jest you wait and see."

" Then you did n't like giving up your own name! " was Arabella's too hasty conclusion.

" Like it? Of course I liked it! And I guess Kingsbury 's full as genteel a name as Spencer, too! But from the fust hour that your grandfather — " A faint flush stained the sound old cheek. " But there! Jest you wait and see."

As often as Old Lady Pratt found herself caught in any allusion to the romance of her life, which the passage of years had been impotent to dim, she would take refuge in the little phrase, " But there!" It held a world of meaning on her lips.

Now neither did Arabella have long to wait, nor was she ever constrained to " see." For by an incredible freak of fortune her very first suitor — and consequently her last — bore the cherished name of Spencer.

" I declare for 't," Old Lady Pratt exclaimed, when Harriet stepped over to acquaint her with her daughter's engagement, " ef 't wa'n't for soundin' irreverent, I should call it ill-judged of Providence to *humor* the girl so! "

" Well," Harriet rejoined, with uncompromising frankness, " I guess that 's as far 's the humoring can be said to extend. Joseph seems to be an unexceptionable young man, but I can't truthfully claim that he 's a commanding personality." It may be observed in passing that years of opulence had greatly enriched Harriet's vocabulary.

" I knew it," the old lady chuckled. " It was the name that fetched her! "

" Either that, or the statistics," Harriet assented dryly, and with an ironic recognition of her prospective son-in-law's one distinguishing trait.

For although Joseph Spencer, a mediocre lawyer, and already middle-aged at thirty, was guiltless of any scientific apprehension of statistics, he had the sort of mind that revels in figures. In fact, it may be questioned whether it would ever have occurred to him to offer himself to Arabella, had she not chanced in an unguarded moment to mention the exact number of gallons that go to make the annual water-supply of the city of London, — an item which, as he very well knew, she had gleaned that same evening from the *Dunbridge Weekly Chronicle*. But, indeed, what more could the most exacting have demanded? The poor girl lacked the requisite data for computing those gallons herself; and Joseph, recognizing that fact, was joyfully ready to accept the mere enunciation on her lips of a sum mounting into eleven figures as a revelation of the unsuspected scope of the female intellect. From that hour he knew that he had found his affinity.

And what if the determining factor in Arabella's action had been an equally flimsy one? What if Old Lady Pratt was right, and it had been the name that " fetched her "? Young people are subject to strange delusions in this most critical of all adventures, and the glamour of a name has played its part ere now in many a more exalted alliance than poor Arabella's. One thing at least may be asserted, — that having once made her choice, and in perfect good faith, no shadow of regret was ever known to tinge her words or actions. She took her Joseph as she found him, and it is but fair to admit that she found him quite innocuous.

For, aside from the master-passion of

his life, to which his wife soon became aware of playing a distinctly secondary rôle, young Spencer might have been fairly described as a negative character. And when, after some ten years more of assiduous figuring, he achieved the final and not unimpressive negation of a premature demise, Arabella, whose mourning partook of the tempered fervor which had formed the high-water mark of their marital relations, went home to the fine old house of her grandfather's erection, where she soon settled down into a very congenial life with her excellent mother. Matrimony had been to her little more than a period of stagnation, only fleetingly stirred by the coming, and, sad to say, the going, of an only child. For the little creature, twice a Spencer, had died on the day of its birth, — too early, as intrusive sympathizers were informed, for her to have become deeply attached to it. Whether this cold-blooded attitude was genuine, or assumed in self-defense, none could tell. Certain it is, however, that the dead level of her marriage, lacking as it did even the animating element of overt discord, had produced in her something akin to atrophy of the affections; so that her strong but limited nature had come to centre more and more upon names and places, to the exclusion of any vital human interest. Even the death of her mother, which, occurring before that vigorous dame had attained her eightieth year, threw them all off their reckoning, left the daughter quite mistress of her feelings; and it was not until the decree went forth in family council that the old house must go, that the iron entered into Arabella's soul.

In vain did they point out to her the deterioration of the immediate neighborhood which must soon render the place unavailable as a residence for any one with sufficient means to maintain it, — in which category Arabella herself was unhappily not to be reckoned. She only knew that it was the old home, the home to which she was bound by every fibre of her being; and she fought, tooth and nail, against its profanation. But alas, she was to learn, as many a doughty conservative has done, that those primitive weapons are of small avail in a single-handed encounter with Progress. Before her eyes, and with her own enforced connivance, the sacrifice was accomplished, and the property delivered over to the spoilers, who made no secret of their intention of cutting up the superfluous land into house-lots. I think the most humiliating act of Arabella's life was the affixing of her signature to that iniquitous deed of sale.

For days following her overwhelming defeat, she shut herself up in the great lonely house, — where the very servants seemed like ghosts of the past, — wandering restlessly from room to room, sliding her hand along the cool mahogany stair-railing, turning with her foot, though it was mid-summer, the circular brass "register" whose high polish she had always gloried in, — shedding veritable tears over the fragrant shelves of the linen-closet, so soon to be denuded of their housewifely store. As day by day she nursed her bitter grievance, it came to look as if she might never again be on amicable terms with her recreant kindred.

Happily for the cause of good feeling, however, she was spared the crowning indignity of actual dislodgment; for, even as she was on the verge of ejection, news reached her that the old homestead was to be turned into a boarding-house. The crisis was acute, and she wasted little time in pros and cons. None of her family, to be sure, had ever lived in a boarding-house; but the thought of their impending "disgruntlement," far from giving her pause, only lent a pleasing zest to the sacrifice she was resolved upon.

"Yes," she announced, with admirable nonchalance, "I have n't got to move out after all."

"Not move out?" echoed her brother Richard, who, having solicited an interview on a matter of business, had unwittingly exposed himself to the shock.

"No; I'm going to board with Mrs.

Wadley. I've engaged mother's chamber."

The blow was delivered quietly, but with telling effect, and Richard did not attempt to conceal his discomfiture.

"You mean to say that you 've engaged to live in a boarding-house, without consulting any of the family?" he was so ill-advised as to ask.

"There was no one in the family to consult — of whose judgment I had any opinion," she asserted, yet with the unruffled calm of one conscious of having the situation well in hand.

"It's not a matter of judgment," he declared testily. "It's a matter of fact. In the first place, you've got income enough to have a house of your own. Not anything like this, of course, but — "

"I am aware of the exact figure of my income, Richard."

"Then it's going to be noisy and disagreeable here for a long time to come. There'll be building going on, and — "

"I'd rather have that in my ears than on my conscience," she interposed, with unmistakable point; and Richard, perceiving that she was in anything but a conciliatory mood, wisely desisted from further argument. He had a hot temper of his own, and he was not sure just how much of a drubbing he could take without hitting back. Moreover, he loved his sister and, if the truth were known, he found himself secretly applauding her spirit.

But all were not as tolerant as he, and for a short space the family was up in arms. Her eldest brother, James, after spending as much as fifteen consecutive minutes in an attempt to shake Arabella's determination, declared that he had no patience with her; only, as James had never been known to have patience with anybody, that did n't so much matter. Aunt Edna, the soldier uncle's widow, who had accepted too many benefits first and last at the hands of her rich sister-in-law to feel quite pleasantly toward the family, gave it as her opinion that you never could tell where one of Harriet's children would break out; while even Uncle Ben, that kindliest of wags, remarked with something bordering on asperity, that the girl might as well be a cat and done with it — to stay prowling round a house after the folks had moved out!

Only her younger sister, Lucy, — who had been blissfully in love with her architect husband since the day that he had entered into her heart by way of the Gothic tree-vistas of Elm Street, — only Lucy did justice to her sentiment about the house.

"Grandpa built it," Lucy would explain, with an artless sententiousness all her own. "A builder's work, you know, is really a part of himself; and Frank and I think it lovely of Arabella to feel as she does about it."

And Arabella, heeding neither cuffs nor kisses, stayed on in the ancestral mansion, undaunted by desolating changes within and without. The good Mrs. Wadley did her misguided best to vulgarize the stately interior, while the new owners lost no time in dividing up the half-dozen generous acres into small house-lots, to be promptly disfigured by a mushroom growth of cheap and tawdry dwellings. The terraced lawn in front was thus thrice encumbered, the sightly gardens at the rear were ruthlessly invaded and obliterated, and the old house itself stood crowded to suffocation among the interlopers, despoiled even of its last vestige of a driveway, and accessible only by a footpath leading from the side street. Within one short year, as calendar years are reckoned, during which Arabella had suffered untold scourgings of the spirit, the great desecration was accomplished.

It was now seven years since this befell, and even as the vandals had been powerless to budge the old house from its proud eminence upon the uppermost terrace, so Arabella too had held her own, and from being merely the self-appointed guardian of ancient dignities, had come to be recognized and deferred to as dean of the boarding-house. Hence it was that

when she pronounced a boarding-house to be an unfit place for a child, no voice was raised to dispute her.

If, after that, conversation seemed inclined to languish, there was nothing unusual in the circumstance at this evening hour, the only hour of Arabella's day when it was her habit to " mingle " with her fellow boarders. There was a conclusiveness in the dean's dicta which not infrequently operated as a check on social intercourse.

Half-a-dozen ladies were gathered in what was once called " the long parlor," now sadly abbreviated by reason of a partition thrown across the middle, directly beyond the stately Corinthian pillars, which, thus robbed of their significance in the architectural scheme, made a not very impressive appearance. The little girl had established herself on the floor between the two front windows, just where one of the long pier-glasses used to rest on its marble slab, her straight little legs sticking out in front of her at an exact right angle with the small upright back; and Arabella seemed to remember that once upon a time, in fact at about the period when the pier-glasses were installed, she too had possessed the enviable faculty of maintaining that difficult position. She glanced furtively at the child, still immersed in sumptuary affairs; and presently, when general conversation had somewhat revived, she drew from her work-basket a roll of white galloon braid, and snipped off a half-yard of it.

" Little girl," she called abruptly, " you'd better come and tie this round your doll to keep her clothes on."

Arabella's principles would not permit of her addressing any human being, of whatever degree of insignificance, as " Dimple," nor yet could she bring herself to use her mother's name of Harriet, which the child's sponsors were understood to have bestowed upon her. Harriet, indeed! — this offspring of a flighty, inefficient mother, turned loose upon a boarding-house!

" She must be taught common decency," Arabella remarked to her next neighbor at the centre table; and Miss Tate, one of the dean's warmest adherents, earnestly endorsed the sentiment.

Meanwhile, the nameless one picked up her small person from the floor, and approached the dispenser of toilet requisites with undisguised interest. It was the first time the tall lady with the shiny breast-pin had ever spoken to her, though Dimple had often felt those observant eyes upon her. As the child put out a confiding hand for the proffered gift, Arabella hesitated an instant. How could that futile paw be expected to perform so intricate a feat as the tying of a bow-knot?

" Here, I'll fix it for you," she said, brusquely; and yet the movement was not ungentle with which she took the wisp of wood and cotton from the little hand and deftly executed the small task.

As she handed back the object of her solicitude thus reclaimed to decency, the child gave vent to her feelings in a gleeful hop and bleat as of a gratified lambkin, which was really far more expressive than any conventional acknowledgment would have been. But Miss Tate, intoxicated by Arabella's condescension of a moment ago, needs must become didactic.

" What have you got to say to the kind lady? " she put in, and thereby blundered badly. For Arabella prided herself upon never " looking for thanks."

Nor were matters at all improved when Dimple, poking her jointed darling under the very nose of the lady with the shiny pin, lisped, " Kith Dolly! "

" Nonsense, child," Arabella protested, really abashed by the suggestion, and pushing the preposterous manikin away.

But, " Kith Dolly! Kith Dolly! " the little thing persisted, while Arabella firmly resumed work on the flannel petticoat. Upon which, unable to control her wounded feelings, that absurd infant set up a most heart-rending wail, to which doleful accompaniment two incredibly large tears came welling up in the round

blue eyes, and spilling over on the round pink cheeks.

This was really too much, and the dean of the boarding-house was on the point of adopting repressive measures, when again Miss Tate blundered.

"You are a very naughty girl, Harriet!" she expostulated severely.

Arabella took instant umbrage. She scarce knew which was more to be resented, the use of that honored name in accents of reproof, or the meddling of an inexperienced spinster in a matter so plainly outside her province. For suddenly, and with a queer, exultant thrill, Arabella remembered that she had once been a mother. After all, — poor Miss Tate! — how could she be expected to understand a child?

"She does n't mean to be naughty," the dean of the boarding-house pleaded, with a pitying tolerance for the too zealous martinet; and there, before them all, she took the dolly in her hand and unblushingly kissed it.

Upon which the child, in an ecstasy at having got her own way, proceeded to push her advantage still further, and lifting her little face, "Kith Dimple!" she commanded.

Then Arabella bent her head, intending to administer a noncommittal peck, such as she kept about her for the little Pratts and Spencers that abounded in the family. But as her lips touched the soft cheek a quick pang seized her, and there awoke in her heart something that had slumbered there for nigh upon thirty years, — something that she had supposed dead and buried long ago. And again a strange thought crossed her mind, — that if her own baby had lived it might have had a child like this. Not a very wonderful thought perhaps, but it gripped, and Arabella was not used to that sort of thing.

Shaken out of her habitual composure, she hastily gathered up her work and prepared to leave the room, quite ten minutes in advance of the accustomed hour.

"Run and play, little girl," she admonished, with a crisp decision curiously at variance with the disconcerting thrill that possessed her; and the child, content with the victory she had so lightly scored, trotted back to her post between the windows.

When Arabella, bidding the ladies good-night, had made a dignified exit, there was an immediate outbreak of comment.

"Well," snapped Mrs. Edgecomb, as soon as the rustle of skirts had ceased on the stairs, "I should like to know who's spoiling that child now!"

"I confess that I was glad to see Mrs. Spencer unbend," Mrs. Treadwell admitted, in her comfortable way. "She's as good a woman as ever lived, but I must say she's always seemed to me just a little mite stiff."

"She's never stiff with me," Miss Tate intimated, with a fatuous simper. "But then, I suppose I'm on more confidential terms with her than some."

"Eh? What's that? Confidential terms?" piped up old Mrs. Inkley, in her rasping falsetto. "There wa'n't never anybody on confidential terms with Arabella Spencer. I've known that girl sence before she was born, 'n' she's close-mouthed as her own bed-post!"

"She's open-handed enough, any way," Miss Tate temporized, discreetly changing her tack. For Arabella's liberality was matter of common knowledge which even a pre-natal authority could not well gainsay.

"I do wish our dear dean might get to taking an interest in that child," kind Mrs. Treadwell purred. "The mother seems to be well-meaning enough, but —"

"What is it she's round after so much?" asked Della Robin, who liked to know things.

"I should say she was round after Ed Lambert, far as I can judge," Mrs. Edgecomb opined. "She's forever buggy-riding with that fellow, or going to Comic Opera with him, the way she's done to-

night, when she'd better have stayed at home, putting her baby to bed."

"They say young Lambert's going on the stage," Miss Tate ventured, taking heart of grace to reënter the conversation.

"There ain't no stages nowadays," rasped old Mrs. Inkley, who never seemed to hear anything unless there was a chance to contradict, the which she had a fatal propensity for discovering in Miss Tate's most harmless statements.

"She means the operatic stage," Mrs. Treadwell interposed soothingly. "He's got a real good voice, you know. His father sang in the Orthodox choir."

"How long has she been a widow?" queried Della Robin, once more yielding to a fitful thirst for information.

"A year and a half. And it leaves her soul-alone in the world; for her folks are all dead, and as far as I can make out, he never had any from the beginning."

"What did he die of?" Mrs. Edgecomb demanded, in the tone of a Pinkerton detective, who will brook no evasion.

"Why, he was in the sardine business, and she says he was lost on a down-east freighter, off the coast of New Brunswick."

"I hope he was," was Miss Tate's somewhat startling comment. "That is, — I hope she is n't mistaken, or rather, — I was only thinking — supposing she was to marry again, you know, like Enoch Arden's widow, — only she was n't a widow, either, — was she!" — And, hopelessly entangled in a wordy web of her own contrivance, Miss Tate fell abruptly silent.

"Well, no!" Mrs. Treadwell laughingly agreed. "I should say she was rather particularly *not* a widow!" And the conversation, having thus strayed into the higher realms of literature, became so much less animated that the more studiously inclined found themselves free to return to their evening papers.

And all this time the "little girl" was prattling innocently with her dolly, paying no heed whatever to the discussion of her parents, which, truth to tell, was couched in terms far transcending her comprehension.

Arabella meanwhile, arrived in "mother's chamber," lighted her drop-light, which glowed softly through the porcelain transparency of its pretty, six-sided shade, and, seating herself in her favorite chair by the table, breathed a sigh of satisfaction. Here at last she was on her own ground, safe from intruding fancies. She glanced about the fine old room, where each piece of furniture stood in its accustomed place as in her mother's day, and her eye was caught by a small mahogany armchair over there by the fireplace. A capital little chair it was, of excellent design and workmanship, and boasting a seat-covering embroidered in cross-stitch.

As she picked up her sewing, on which she had been somewhat hindered by the little incident of the galloon braid, she found herself thinking how she used to enjoy sitting in that little chair, until it grew too snug a fit. The seat-covering represented a pair of pickaninnies, one of them playing the accordion, the other cocking an appreciative ear to listen. It had been some time before she could bring herself to do them the discourtesy of sitting down on them; but later, when she found that they never seemed to mind, she had come to the sapient conclusion that little black boys in cross-stitch were not so sensitive as the other kind. Funny little boys! They had n't changed a bit in all these years.

The flannel petticoat, on which she was making excellent progress, was not so engrossing but that her mind was free to roam.

It seemed as if almost any child might like to sit in a chair like that, she thought; — why not that little girl downstairs, whose doll — really, the creature must not be allowed to go naked any longer! And, at this point in her meditations, Arabella laid her work down, and, rising, made a bee-line for the piece-bag which hung on its peg in her dressing-room.

Ah, here was just what she wanted, — a bit of flowered silk, reminiscent, but cheerfully so, of her girlhood.

Squandering no time on those sentimental considerations which cluster so thickly about a piece-bag, she put back the other neat rolls of silk, and, with an intensely practical air, returned to her seat beside the drop-light. Here she picked up her scissors and began cutting up the dainty remnant into breadths and biases, by the side of which the baby's petticoat, victim again of unmerited neglect, looked for all the world like a Brobdingnagian garment. Eagerly she twisted and turned the morsel of silk, nimbly she plied her needle, fashioning a marvelous little frock such as only a seven-inch pygmy could make use of. And such were the exactions of her task that the mantel-clock had quietly but firmly mentioned the hour of ten before ever she found leisure to straighten her back.

As she subjected her completed handiwork to a searching scrutiny, which however brought no flaw to light, " Mother always said I was a capable needlewoman," she told herself. But that was disingenuous of Arabella, for she well knew that her mother's approbation was not what she was just then aiming to deserve.

And when, the next afternoon, the small chair was once more in commission, its little occupant rapturously engaged in arraying Dolly in the fairy frock, Arabella sat tranquilly hemming the Brobdingnagian petticoat as if she had no other interest in life. She believed in letting children alone, and nothing had so pleased her in the behavior of her little beneficiary as the matter-of-course way in which she had received the fairy offering. Indeed, if the truth were known, it had seemed to the child quite as natural to accept gifts at the hands of the lady with the shiny pin who had kissed Dolly, as at the hands of the mother who kissed Dimple herself when she happened to think of it, which was getting to be less and less often.

For Dimple's mother, as may have been inferred, was allowing herself to be a good deal monopolized by that same Ed Lambert, who, though not a stage-driver, was a famous whip. She was a pleasure-loving creature, and she never wearied of driving, in what she regarded as the height of " style," behind the smart trotter that Ed handled so well. The young man's tongue was a valiant one too, and his bold, masterful eyes were more eloquent still, and — well, he was quite deliciously in love with Dimple's mother. He was going " on the road " in February, with a Gilbert and Sullivan opera company, — he had secured an engagement to sing a minor part in *Pinafore*, which was sure to lead to something better, — and he was ardently insistent that she should marry him and come along too. Only, there was Dimple, quite another order of pinafore, — an operetta of the little widow's own, in fact, — and one that somehow did not seem to fit into the programme at all. And so Dimple's mother felt it her duty to seize upon every opportunity of telling Ed how she adored Dimple, and of how she could never take any step to the detriment of the child; and this obliged her to spend so many hours a day in his society that Dimple found herself reduced to very low rations in the matter of kisses.

Meanwhile, Dimple's own little affair was progressing quite as trippingly as her mother's, as indeed it deserved to do. When she was not playing out of doors (such a poor little contracted " out-of-doors " as the old place now afforded!), she was like as not to be found in Mis' Pensey's room, — her own attractive corruption of an august cognomen! And not only had she achieved a new and engaging title for Arabella, but she herself was no longer put off with the far too generic appellation of " little girl."

It came about in this wise. She was taking a walk with Mis' Pensey one day in late October, — an unusual indulgence, since Arabella was a bit shy of being seen abroad in compromising com-

pany, — and, as they were traversing the quiet thoroughfare of Green Street, the child gave one of her bird-like chirps, articulate in this instance as "Pitty house!" Whereupon Arabella, glancing up, beheld a turkey-red curtain fluttering at an open window, and became aware that it was Old Lady Pratt's house that had been thus singled out for commendation. She stayed her step a moment. It did look pretty, the tidy old house with its fresh white paint and green blinds, its neat grass-plot and the garden-beds bordering the walk. It had been in good hands since it went out of the family, faring far better than her own home had done, and now it was again placarded, "For sale." Who would buy it, she wondered, — this house, also of her grandfather's construction, where her forbears had lived and died. She was glad to hear it called a pretty house, though she knew well that it was the gay curtains that had caught the baby. fancy.

As they resumed their walk, "Pitty house!" the child insisted, with the cheerful reiteration whereby she had learned to compel assent; and Arabella, looking down at the little thing, trudging along so contentedly at her side, answered gently, "Yes, it is a pretty house, *Harriet!*" The thing was done so casually that the child paid no special heed, though from that hour she answered to the name. But to Arabella it marked the lowering of an irksome barrier which she had not quite known how to cross.

Yet all this time, — and time was traveling fast, — while one after another her defenses were going down before the soft assaults of her ingenuous little adversary, Arabella was far from admitting to herself the true measure of her subjugation. She was getting rather fond of the child, no doubt; and she certainly was as little trouble as a child could well be. But even if she had been troublesome, it was no more than right that somebody should take an interest in her, poor little thing! She thought it might be well to teach her her letters, — there seemed to be no likelihood of any one else doing so. She wondered whether she could lay her hand on the primer out of which she had learned her own. She was to take tea with Lucy that evening, and it happened that Lucy was storing a box of her books that ought to contain it. She would go over early and see about it.

It had got to be mid-winter by this time, and all the world was on runners, — the snow beaten down to a solid crust which nothing short of a February thaw would loosen. Arabella, walking home from Lucy's at about nine o'clock, escorted by her architect brother-in-law, thought how exhilarating the frosty air was, and the gay jingle of the sleigh-bells, and the moonlight glittering on the snow; and it never once occurred to her to trace her good spirits to the well-thumbed primer that she held in her hand.

They stood a moment at the front door while she got out her latch-key. The half-grown moon which was dipping into the west shone in under the piazza-roof, striking full upon the lower panel of the door; and as Frank took the key from her hand, with his little air of gallantry, — a foreign importation which she had never got quite used to, — "I don't wonder you stuck to the old house, Arabella," he remarked. "That's the finest front-door in Dunbridge."

Such a tribute would ordinarily have been deeply gratifying to her, but she was thinking of something else just then.

"Yes," she assented, rather abstractedly, while she pulled off her gloves, and noticed how smooth the cover of the primer was worn. "It's a very good door, but it wants painting." And with that she bade him good-night and passed into the house.

Almost on the threshold the news met her: there had been an accident on the speedway — a runaway sleigh coming up behind. She had been in young Lambert's cutter. There was no time to turn out. The pole had struck her in the back.

Was she much hurt?

Oh, worse than that. It was all over an hour ago. Ed Lambert was beside himself, poor fellow; but he was not in any way to blame. They had brought her in at about six o'clock. She had never recovered consciousness.

And the child? Where was the child?

"We've moved her little bed into your dressing-room," Mrs. Wadley explained. "We thought she'd sleep quieter there than if I'd took her in along o' me, as I'd ha' been glad to. I hope she won't make you too much trouble. She must ha' been asleep when I come away a few minutes ago. She did n't say nothing."

But Arabella had passed swiftly up the stairs, and had opened her door, very, very softly, — only that her heart was beating so loud that she trembled lest it should wake the child.

She had closed the door behind her, and was cautiously making her way across the room, when a wee, remote voice from over by the chimney-corner arrested her. Turning sharply, she beheld a strange and seizing apparition. There, in her accustomed place in the little arm-chair, just in the path of the moonlight, sat a small white wraith, shivering a bit, — for the thin cotton shift was never meant for such service, — waiting for Mis' Pensey.

"Mumma 's deaded," the wee voice whimpered. "Mumma's deaded."

In an instant Arabella had her in her arms, and was folding her in the long, fur-lined cloak she herself wore.

"You precious baby!" she murmured brokenly, as she bore the pitiful little mourner across the room and, seating herself in her own mother's high-backed invalid-chair, essayed to comfort her. "You precious baby!"

But, "Mumma's deaded," the little thing grieved. "Poor Mumma!"

"Yes, darling, yes. But it does n't hurt to be deaded. It means just going fast asleep like little girls do, in their soft, warm beds." And she wrapped her ever closer, tucking the cold little toes deep into the good warm fur.

Was it some dim, fleeting hint of the Great Mystery that had penetrated to the baby intelligence? Or why then did the soft fur fail to console?

"Dimple feel bad," the wee voice sobbed. "Dimple feel bad!"

"There, there, Dimple!" — it was the first time that name had ever passed those fastidious lips; but so much was due the "deaded" mother in that hour. "Don't cry! She must n't cry! Mis' Pensey'll take care of her to-night."

And crooning meaningless words of tender baby-talk, she held the child close and warm until it slept. Then, as the clinging form relaxed, and the catching sobs were hushed, she fell to pondering the strange wind of destiny that had driven the little waif to her sheltering arms. And she no more questioned its meaning than she would have questioned had it been her own baby, or her baby's baby, nestling there in utter helplessness, like a spent dove, — spent and affrighted in the rude buffetings of its little gust of grief.

And when the child, sleeping fast, was safely tucked away in its white bed, Arabella drew up a chair and placed herself on guard beside her precious charge. Hour by hour she sat, erect and motionless, prolonging her vigil deep into the night. Now and again her thoughts would turn to the young mother, from whom she had always held herself sternly aloof, coldly disapproving; and with a sorrowful compunction she would recall certain appealing traits, scarcely noted at the time. A quick, upward glance of the eyes, — a ceaseless, ineffectual play of the fingers. There had been an odd trick of ending each phrase with a rising inflection, as if craving assent to a tentative statement, — an air of indecision, as of a rudderless cockle-shell adrift on the waters of volition. Arabella, who held fast to the doctrine of non-interference, did not even now believe that it had been in her power to steady that frail bark on its wavering course, but she found herself remorsefully wishing that she had been just a

trifle friendly with the foolish young thing. And there, in the midnight quiet, she entered into a solemn compact with herself, never to let the little one forget her mother; to cherish every gossamer thread of memory in the baby consciousness till, striking root in that sweet soil, it should flower into a fair and sacred image.

Sitting there, drawn in upon herself, Arabella had not noticed how cold the room was growing, till suddenly a sharp chill struck her, and she rose to fetch the cloak that she had laid aside. The movement changed the direction of her thoughts, restored her to her normal mood of practical efficiency. As she returned to her post, and, stooping, drew the cover-lid more closely about the softly breathing form, her mind reverted with a thrill of pleasure to the little house in Green Street. What a pretty home it would make for the child, — that old house, with its funny nooks and crannies, its queer stair-landings, and the gay turkey-red curtains which it should be her very first concern to provide. What a pretty grass-plot for a child to play about in, — and the garden-beds! — there should be a special corner for her to dig in, and they would have plenty of the double-daisies, pink ones and white, that were always in such a hurry to blossom.

And the old home? The home to which she had clung with such fierce pertinacity all these years? As the dawn quickened in the little room, Arabella looked through the doorway into the great chamber beyond, thoughtfully considering each familiar feature of the dignified interior. What was it, after all, but a contrivance of wood and plaster that had served its turn, and would serve its turn again, for other occupants? For herself, the eloquence of mere association had grown strangely dumb; the dead past, in so far as it was dead, had lost its magic. And as she leaned above the child, listening to its quiet breathing, — as she gently touched the little cheek, soft and humid with the sweet warmth of sleep, she knew that it was not for the sake of her own baby, nor of the baby that might have been, that she was to gather this little creature to her heart of hearts, but for love of the child itself.

And a few weeks later, when all legal formalities had been consummated, — when the house in Green Street was hers, and the child was hers, beyond peradventure, — then, and not till then did she apprise her astonished family of her new departure, — meeting remonstrances and congratulations alike with the initial argument, which to her thinking covered all possible ground for criticism: "A boarding-house is no place for a child."

And when the flurry of comment was safely weathered, there came a quiet evening, in the calm of which she could contemplate with just the right degree of wistful regret the dear old chamber so soon to be abandoned to strangers.

The child was playing about the room, making the most of the few minutes remaining before the inexorable bed-hour, — indulging Dolly too in one last gambol. Suddenly she glanced over at Arabella, whose thoughtfulness may well have taken on a semblance of melancholy. Laying Dolly down in the little chair, the child stood a moment, gravely studying this new aspect of her beloved friend. Then, very quietly, she drew near, and, with a quaint movement of sympathy, laid her little hand on Mis' Pensey's knee.

Touched by the gravity of the little woman, Arabella lifted her to her lap and, for the first time, and with the solemnity of a baptismal rite, accosted her as: "Little Harriet Spencer."

Whereupon that incalculable infant, airily brushing aside the momentous ceremony, looked straight up into Mis' Pensey's face, and, with adorable perversity, lisped: "Kith Dimple!"

And Arabella, baffled and disarmed by the sheer audacity of the little sprite, — beguiled too by a love surpassing the love of names and places, — bent that obdurate neck of hers, and meekly did the bidding of the child.

THE YEAR IN ITALY

BY HOMER EDMISTON

THE year in Italy, from August, 1908 to August, 1909, has been marked, as the whole world knows, by the most terrible and destructive calamity that has ever, in consequence of the unseen forces of nature, befallen a civilized people. Though the facts in themselves were so horrible that even the most sensational newspapers were under no temptation to exaggerate, the press reports contained many inaccuracies, most of which it is now worth nobody's while to try to clear up. But in some cases gross injustice was done to those engaged in the work of relief, especially to the Italians themselves. More particularly, the correspondents of certain English papers seemed to consider it their most important duty to find fault with the soldiers, sailors, and relief committees, who, in the face of a disaster of unparalleled magnitude, did their best to meet the demands upon them, but at the same time could not help failing grievously in many things. Serious charges, to be sure, of dereliction and incompetence seem to have been substantiated against the navy. The services of some officers and crews were meritorious. But it is certain that other officers showed that fatal defect, so often found in bureaucratic organizations, of shirking responsibility and waiting for orders. The same thing is to be said, perhaps even more, of some prefects and other local authorities. The army, on the other hand, seems to have acquitted itself much better, perhaps because military men, being in general less technically trained than naval, are readier to meet strange and unexpected situations. Considering how many of the rank and file of Italian line regiments are raw and ignorant peasants, it is not wonderful that they were sometimes found wanting. But on the whole, foreign visitors and correspondents spoke well of the fidelity and devotion of the Italian soldier.[1]

The work of the various committees, and the disposition of the various funds, have been fully treated in the public press; and the several reports either are already, or soon will be, available. I wish to speak more particularly of the measures of permanent relief undertaken by the government itself, and specially authorized and provided for in January by an act of the last Parliament. Under this act the state undertakes to provide for three classes of needs, those of the kingdom as a whole, those of provinces and other local divisions, and those of private persons. For the first class, which includes such items as the reconstruction of public works and buildings destroyed by the earthquake, provision has been made out of the large balance left over from the budget of 1907–08. For the second class, namely, for the benefit of towns, provinces, and so forth, to help them to repair and rebuild their local works and edifices, money is to be raised by the imposition of an additional two per cent for five years on the various categories of direct taxes, as, for example, those on land and personal property.

For the third class of relief, that is, for rebuilding the houses, business and residential, of private persons in the ruined cities, it was found necessary to have recourse to credit to provide the sum, about

[1] Especially to be noted in this connection is the testimony of Mr. H. Nelson Gay, in his report on the American Relief Expedition in Calabria (February 6–17), which has been incorporated in the report of the American Relief Committee.

150,000,000 francs, which will be needed for such a purpose. And since it would have established a dangerous precedent if the government itself had borrowed to lend to the sufferers, it has preferred to aid them to borrow privately. Accordingly the state promises to secure for those who wish to build on sites within the damaged territory, loans at a low rate of interest payable in thirty years. To make the burden as light as possible, the state undertakes to pay half the yearly interest, and half of the annual installments of principal required by law. Thus the borrower of 100,000 francs will have to pay only 3164.30 francs a year for thirty years, after which he will have his house free of all incumbrance. The state, besides paying the other half, 3164.30 francs a year, will pay an additional tenth, 316.43 francs a year, as an insurance to the loaning companies. Moreover, to all such builders there will be granted for fifteen years an exemption from all national and local imposts, which it is estimated will amount to a saving of from ten to twelve thousand francs a year. A noteworthy advantage of these admirable provisions is that the government can insist that the buildings be constructed according to scientific rules, which, as is well known, greatly reduces the dangers of destruction and injury by earthquake.

THE COMPLICATIONS WITH AUSTRIA

The Balkan imbroglio of last autumn and winter was followed by the Italian people with the most intense interest; and, needless to say, their sympathies were entirely against Austria, their ally. On October 4, Tittoni, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had shortly before had a conference with the Austrian statesman, Aehrenthal, made a brief speech at Carate, in which he implied that the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria would make little difference to those provinces themselves, after Austria's thirty years of protectorate, and would likewise make little difference to the rest of Europe. A few days later the annexation was announced, with what effect on European politics it is needless to relate. Now, since the occasion on which Tittoni spoke was only the presentation of some medals at a school, at which it was quite unnecessary for him to say anything at all about international affairs, some color was lent to the suspicion that he had been prompted by Aehrenthal, who wished to discount the effect of the announcement on public opinion in Italy and in Europe generally. Indeed, it is hard to doubt that the two ministers had reached some kind of an understanding, and that Tittoni would not have gone out of his way to speak at Carate if it had not been for his recent colloquy with Aehrenthal. Be that as it may, his speech was a political blunder of the first magnitude. He should have considered that, to most Italians, Austria is their traditional foe; and that there is only too much reason for believing that this feeling is justified. And he should also have borne in mind the legitimate aspirations of his countrymen in respect to the development of their oriental commerce, which make them fear all Austrian encroachments in the Balkans.

Perhaps it is not generally known how remarkably Italy's commerce in the near East has grown within recent years. In 1900 her exports to Turkey were valued at about $7,500,000, and her imports from the same country at about $5,000,000. Four years later the exports had nearly doubled, and the imports had increased by $2,500,000. This development of commerce along the routes once dominated by the Venetian republic is said to be due in large part to the initiative of the present King, and has brought with it renewed prosperity to the ancient and glorious commercial city. Nor is this eastward activity confined to trade and industry. It is well known that many inhabitants of the Dalmatian coast, though Austrian subjects, are Italian in race, language, and sympathies. And powerful unofficial organizations, like the Dante Society, are busily promoting the

Italian language and culture throughout the rejuvenated Turkish Empire. It is even asserted that, in consequence of improved relations between Quirinal and Vatican, religious orders, especially the Franciscans, have eagerly taken up this Italian propaganda.

Feeling against Austria was still further exasperated in the month of November by the maltreatment of some Italian students, Austrian subjects, who had been agitating for an Italian university for the Italian-speaking students of the Austrian Empire. So, when foreign affairs came up for discussion in the Chamber the first week of December, the temper of that body was anything but favorable to Tittoni. A resolution of confidence in the action of the ministry was presented amid such roars of execration that it was some time before the mover could be heard in his own defense. Strong arguments against the resolution were made by Sonnino, Barzilai, and others, leading up to the climax of the debate in the speech of Fortis, an ex-premier and now a supporter of the government. His contribution was decidedly in the nature of a paradox, though a paradox that can easily be resolved. After announcing at once that he should vote for the resolution, he went on to say, quite truly, that the renunciation by Austria of the rights over the Gulf of Antivari, conceded to her by the Treaty of Berlin, would be no compensation unless she also evacuated Spitza. " But why is it," he cried, " that we now find ourselves in this sad condition, that we have to fear no war except from an allied power? For my own part I say, though I hope it will not come to pass, that if this condition does not cease, then let us free ourselves from our allies! "

The effect of these words was tremendous. Many deputies, among them Giolitti himself, hurried amid deafening applause to congratulate the orator. He was followed by Tittoni, who perhaps did as well as could be expected with a very weak case. He admitted that his countrymen had a right to be dissatisfied with his speech at Carate. He had, he said, omitted to specify, though he thought it would go without saying, that the Treaty of Berlin must not be violated by this annexation without the consent of the signatory powers. He had meant that all along. But weak as his defense was, and bitterly as his policy had been denounced both in and out of Parliament, the resentment of the majority was not strong enough to make them vote against him.

The paradox of the vote of confidence in the minister and the enthusiasm that greeted Fortis's speech, is therefore easily explained. The enthusiasm represented the personal feelings of the deputies, the vote their sober reflections on the weakness of their position. It was quite plain, and subsequent events made it still plainer, that the powers of the so-called Triple *Entente*, England, France, and Russia, could not be expected to make good their protests against the annexation, especially after von Bülow had declared that Germany would stand unwaveringly on the side of Austria. In other words, Italy remained bound hand and foot to the Triple Alliance, and the diplomacy of the Triple *Entente* failed, because in the present debilitated condition of Russia, it could not make a demonstration of military force on the Continent.

I allow myself a brief digression on the subject of the Treaty of Berlin, the annexation, and the compensations conceded by Austria, as I suspect that the relation between these three factors, in spite of the voluminous discussions of the past year, is not generally understood. In the first place, though no one will deny that the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina was a deliberate violation of the Treaty of Berlin, it is not too much to say that there is hardly one of the many signatories of that celebrated document that has not violated it, at least once. Turkey broke Articles 23 and 61 by not carrying out the reforms she had promised

for Macedonia, Thrace, Albania, and Armenia. Russia broke Article 59 by fortifying Batum in 1885; also in 1885, by the union of Bulgaria with Rumelia. And in 1908, by Bulgaria's declaration of independence and annexation of Eastern Rumelia, some twelve or fifteen articles were violated. By Article 61, all the signatory powers guaranteed the security of the Armenian Christians, and especially England, after the Cyprus Convention. How much good this guarantee has done the Armenians we all know. Therefore it is hard to see why Austria should be expected to regard the Treaty of Berlin as a sacrosanct instrument. And it is doubtful if the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina would have aroused much indignation, if the constitutional movement headed by the Young Turks had not recently won so much sympathy and admiration, and if the annexation, coming along with Bulgaria's declaration of independence, had not seemed like taking a cowardly advantage of the momentary disorganization of the Ottoman Empire. So long as Turkey was regarded as the "plague-spot of Europe," that is until about a year and a half ago, Austria would have been more applauded than blamed for the annexation of the provinces in question. And perhaps it was too much to expect the Hapsburg Empire to have so much sympathy with constitutional movements as suddenly to change her policy with respect to these provinces, where, by virtue of the tacit consent of all Europe, her occupation had so long tended to become, to all intent, possession.

As to the modifications of Article 29 of the Treaty, and of the second clause of Article 25, to which Austria has consented, it is not easy to see, as Tittoni and his friends have tried to make out, that Italy derives much advantage from them. The scope of Italy's diplomacy in the Balkans is to keep Austria from going farther down the Adriatic coast; and farther east, to keep her away from Salonica. As to the first point, the abrogation of those clauses of Article 29 which limited the sovereignty of Montenegro over the port of Antivari, makes little difference in case of war, seeing that the whole port, which is nothing but an open roadstead, is dominated by the guns of Spitza which now becomes Austrian soil. Montenegro was an independent principality before, and could not have been occupied by Austria except by an act of war. In the evacuation of the Sanjak of Novi Bazar, garrisoned by Austria according to the second clause of Article 25, she has done nothing but give up the military occupation of a barren strip of country where it was hard to maintain a garrison in the midst of hostile Serbs. In case of war she could easily occupy it again. I am not arguing that Austria is likely to push farther down the Adriatic, or to occupy Salonica; merely that these so-called concessions would not render either enterprise less difficult.[1]

I have already referred to the agitation for an Italian university at Trieste for the benefit of Italian-speaking Austrian subjects. The upshot of it all has been, after

[1] I take this opportunity of saying a few words about the "Irredentists," the name given to that small party of Italians who wish to acquire for United Italy those portions of Austria with an Italian-speaking population, that is, the Trentino, South Tyrol, Trieste, Istria, and Dalmatia. Something indeed is to be said for the rectification of the frontier between Italy and the Trentino, which, cutting across the northern end of Lake Garda, is unscientific and annoying for many reasons. But in Trieste, Istria, and Dalmatia, the case is widely different. Travelers, who hear Italian spoken everywhere along the eastern shore of the Adriatic, naturally suppose that the whole country is Italian. But the fact is that, inland, it is not Italian at all. According to the best authority on the subject (Auerbach, *Les Races et les Nationalités de l'Autriche-Hongrie*), only nine per cent of the inhabitants of Dalmatia are Italians, though the proportion is much larger, about forty per cent, in Istria and Trieste. I mention these things, by the way, because the indiscriminate sympathy of foreigners for Italy, and especially as against Austria, sometimes leads them astray in matters of fact.

a great deal of ill-humor on the part of the Austrians, a faculty of law at Vienna. While there can be no doubt that Austria's behavior toward her Italian subjects leaves much to be desired, it must be admitted, on the other hand, that she would have to fear in a completely organized Italian university a centre of sedition. Moreover, since the population of Trieste is about equally divided between Italians and Croats, who are mutually hostile, if an Italian university were to be established in that city, its garrison would have to be doubled.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT

The twenty-second Parliament, elected under conditions that I described in my letter of a year ago,[1] would have expired by limitation in the present month of November. There were rumors at the time I wrote, not generally credited, of a dissolution and election in the coming spring. But after Parliament had, in January, made the necessary provisions for the earthquake sufferers, it was generally felt that its usefulness had come to an end. And perhaps Giolitti, the Premier, reflected that such a period of national solidarity and good feeling as was naturally caused by common sympathy and helpfulness, was not a bad time for holding a general election with a view to the return of the ministerial majority. At any rate, Parliament was dissolved, and the elections announced for the 7th and 14th of March. Nobody doubted that Giolitti would be returned with a substantial majority. The only questions were, what would be the showing made by the parties of the Extreme Left, Radicals, Republicans, and Socialists, especially by the latter, and by the newly formed Clerical party. For it seems quite proper to speak of such a party now, although its members in the Chamber deny that they represent a regular political organization.

The part played by the Clericals in the elections was a strange one; and even now, after an interval of several months, it is impossible to tell just where they stand. In my former letter I told how, in the election of 1904, there was an open coalition between the ministerial party and the Clericals, which in no case was opposed, and in many colleges was actively encouraged, by the ecclesiastical authorities; and how, less than a year later, in July, 1905, Pius X addressed an Encyclical to the Italian bishops, in which he seemed practically, though not formally, to abrogate the *non-expedit*. Certainly at that time it was generally interpreted in this sense. But shortly before the last election it was officially announced that the *non-expedit* remained in unabated vigor, and that only when the bishops had made it clear to the Vatican that, in their sees, the votes of their subjects were necessary to defeat a Socialist or other dangerous candidate, should permission to vote be granted. But, as matter of fact, the Clericals paid no more, perhaps even less attention, to the mandates of the Pope than they had in previous elections. And it was perfectly clear that their organization, the Catholic Union, did not work at all in harmony with the instructions of the Curia. They conducted an open and energetic campaign, one result of which, in some colleges, was the election of a Radical or Socialist candidate, instead of a Constitutional Liberal who would have been much less hostile to the interests of the Church.

The Socialists, profiting by the lesson of their discomfiture in 1904, have employed the intervening time to good advantage, strengthening their organization and developing a more consistent programme. A good many of their leaders are still, as before, of the *bourgeoisie*, or even of the nobility. But their national convention held at Florence, September 19–22, 1908, marked an important stage in the history of the party. The " Syndicalists," or revolutionary element, were definitely read out of the party. The

[1] " The Last Two Years in Italy," *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1908.

" Integralists " and " Reformists," making common cause, affirmed the principle of political activity with a view to the possession of political power. They declared that under present conditions the general strike is a dangerous expedient, both on account of its immediately injurious effects, and because it prevents the proletariat from working patiently for organization and gradual self-improvement.

After an election signalized, as usual, by many acts of violence, Giolitti and his following were returned with a large majority, — at least three hundred and fifty in a Chamber of about five hundred. But it was prophetically observed at the time that some rather colorless deputies, who had been sometimes for the ministry and sometimes against it, had been replaced by vigorous opponents.[1]

At first, that is, not counting those cases, not relatively numerous, in which the Chamber's Committee on Elections ordered a new ballot, or unseated candidates who had been declared elected, the Extreme Left, consisting of Socialists, Radicals, and Republicans, numbered one hundred and nine; the Centre, or constitutional opposition, about forty, with perhaps twenty others whose support they could sometimes count on. The Socialists, partly, as I have said, in consequence of the independent activity of the Clericals, made impressive gains, increasing their numbers from eighteen to forty-two; and at the present writing (August) there are eight or ten more, as the result of recent bye-elections. The Clericals grew from four to twenty-four, and it is a singular circumstance that twenty-two of these twenty-four came from the North, that is, from the most prosperous and progressive part of Italy.

[1] The most dramatic incident of the campaign was the election of Don Romolo Murri, the Modernist priest, as Radical deputy from the college of Montegiorgio in the Marches. Murri first became prominent as leader of the Christian Democrats, a party which, like the Christian Socialists in England, has for its object the application of Christian principles to the social and political problems of to-day. At first they were sincerely anxious not to antagonize the Church, but falling under suspicion of liberalism and modernism, they were, to the regret of many Catholics, formally condemned by the present Pope, and Murri himself was suspended *a divinis*. Undaunted by this, he continued his work, by speaking and writing, gradually assuming a more hostile attitude towards the Roman hierarchy. His last book, *Clerical Politics and Democracy*, was placed on the *Index* in January; and after his election, but before he took his seat, when he had sent a defiant response to a warning letter from his bishop, the major excommunication was formally pronounced against him.

THE NAVY AND ARMY

In April, Austria's new naval programme was published, which calls for three, and maybe four, " Dreadnoughts " to be ready in 1912, besides the three new battleships that will soon be finished. Of course, every increase of Austrian naval force in the Mediterranean tends to alienate Italy from the Triple Alliance. England and France are, and must continue to be, the great naval powers of the Mediterranean, and Austria might easily become a third. And it is precisely with these three powers that Italy's relations are now the most cordial. Austria's programme means that the two great Germanic powers of Central Europe, which are now working completely in harmony, will soon have a strong naval base in the Mediterranean. What England thinks about it is plainly to be seen in the recent establishment of a combined military and naval department of the Mediterranean, with Malta as its headquarters and Lord Kitchener in command. That Italy, with her long coast-line and few defensible harbors, and with her many important cities on or near the sea, has reason for alarm, is beyond all question. Her policy of maintaining a fleet twice as strong as that of any other power whose coast-line is exclusively Mediterranean, announced by Admiral Mirabello in 1907, has been seriously menaced.

Add to all this a certain indisposition on the part of Austria to take part in the

Exposition of 1911, to be held at Rome and Turin in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Uniou of Italy,[1] and we have the international situation that confronted the twenty-third Parliament when it took up the military and naval estimates in the month of June. In presenting the military estimates, the new Minister of War, General Spingardi, made his first public appearance; and his speech, both soldierlike and statesmanlike, straightway won him the confidence of the Chamber and of the country. His demands for an additional ten million francs for this year's budget and sixteen millions for next year's, he explained as partly due to the higher price of food, clothing, and munitions, and partly to the necessity of raising the effective force of the army to 225,000 men, 60,000 of this number to consist of reserves called back under arms. With the aid of a special commission of inquiry, he had fixed the cost of the building and improvement of fortifications at 280,000,000 francs, to be distributed, as the money is needed, through the budgets of a number of years.[2]

By way of compensation, he proposed the reduction of the term of service from three to two years, which, though the exemptions have been made fewer, will mean an enormous economic gain to the country. The naval estimates set forth by Mirabello, comprising, besides the constructions already provided for, four battleships, three fast cruisers, numerous submarines and other smaller vessels, and a complete system of coast defenses, call for the expenditure within the next six years of 440,000,000 francs, which will mean an augmentation of the regular naval budgets of those years by about 147,000,000.

The army estimates were approved without amendment by a vote of 312 to 49, the minority consisting only of Socialists and a few Republicans. The navy estimates also passed, though by a somewhat smaller majority. This evidence of national solidarity and patriotism will make all true friends of Italy rejoice. Of all the false notions entertained by foreigners in regard to Italy, none is more false than that Italians are with juvenile self-importance, spending extravagant sums in a vain attempt to become a first-class power. It was a cardinal point in Cavour's policy to make Victor Emanuel's kingdom a strong military power, whose alliance would be sought and whose enmity feared; and, as matter of fact, it was in this way that Italy's independence and union were won. There have been a number of times since when she might have had to fight to maintain them. And given the actual perilous state of European politics, there is no country whose fate, in the event of a general war, would hang more in the balance.[3]

THE INCREASE OF MONASTICISM

I have already had something to say about the relations of Church and State, under the head of elections. Shortly after the new Parliament assembled, Cameroni, a Clerical deputy from Treviglio in Lombardy, declared his unwavering devotion to United Italy with Rome as its capital, which was straightway interpreted by

[1] Austria has finally decided to take part. Many Austrian and Hungarian newspapers did themselves much credit by deploring the folly and meanness of a policy toward an ally, that would keep alive the hostilities and rancors of fifty years ago.

[2] It should be observed here that this huge sum is now required on account of the timorous and short-sighted policy, which, for fear of offending Austria, so long neglected the defenses of the northeastern frontier.

[3] In spite of earthquake relief, failure of revenue from the stricken districts, and extraordinary military and naval expenditures, the budget, according to the calculation of the Hon. Luigi Luzzatti, the eminent economist, will show this year a surplus of about twelve million francs. Considering that most of the other nations of Europe, and also the United States, are facing deficits, foreigners who criticise Italian financial management would do better to preach their lessons of economy first at home.

some foreign journals to mean that the Vatican had decided to withdraw from its hostile attitude toward the Kingdom as an usurping power in the Roman States. The *Corrispondenza Romana*, the Pope's official press agency, made haste to assert that this inference was false, and bitterly reproached Cameroni for his compromising utterance. But in spite of such pronouncements as this, and of the reassertion of the *non-expedit*, it may safely be said that relations between Church and Kingdom have at least not been getting worse. Parliament has shown no disposition to appear before the world as a persecutor, though it had a good opportunity in the session just ended. On May 21st, Chiesa, a Republican deputy from Tuscany, in a speech in support of a resolution against monastic bodies, was able to produce some startling figures regarding the increase of religious congregations.

The facts antecedent are briefly these. A law of 1860, that is, a year before the union of the kingdom, suppressed the Jesuits in the Kingdom of Sardinia, which included of course Piedmont and Lombardy; and a law of 1867, after the kingdom had been completely united, with the exception of the Roman States, deprived religious corporations of all legal status, and suppressed a large number of the convents, both of monks and nuns, then in existence. Since then the legal possessors of estates used by religious orders have been private parties whom the orders in question can depend upon to hold and bequeath such properties as they direct.

According to Chiesa's figures there were in all Italy, in the year 1882, 7197 monks, including friars, and 26,172 nuns. In the present year, there are 8424 monks and 41,653 nuns. In 1901, there were 951 monasteries and 2605 convents of nuns. In 1909, there are 1203 and 2658 respectively. In the same interval, the number of monastic schools for boys has increased from 441 to 542, and that of similar schools for girls from 901 to 1493, or 2035 in all, with a total enrollment of about 155,000.

These statistics made a strong impression in the Chamber, and undoubtedly represent a state of things that is highly displeasing to most of its members. But it was clearly brought out in the debate, especially by Orlando, the Minister of Justice, that there are great practical difficulties in the way of dealing with the subject. When a former prime minister, Zanardelli, well known for his hostility to the Church, made an investigation, he found that different laws were in force in different parts of the country, for the reason I have already stated. In Piedmont, Lombardy, and the old Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, there was a law of suppression against the Jesuits. But this law could have no effect in provinces, like the Roman States and Venetia, admitted after 1860, so that an attempt to enforce it would simply have had the effect of concentrating them around Rome and Venice. Moreover, the Law of Guarantees of 1873 expressly provided that all religious orders might have such representation in Rome as the Pope should require. As to the property of religious organizations, Sonnino recalled that an investigation of this subject is now pending, and warned the Chamber that many Catholics, whose allegiance to United Italy was so long despaired of, have now publicly professed their loyalty, which it would be very unwise to give them any excuse for renouncing. The resolution, put to the vote, was lost by a majority of 116.

THE POSITION OF PREMIER GIOLITTI

It will be seen from what has preceded that the present Chamber has, on the whole, been loyal to its ministerial character. Giolitti's predominance, which has endured almost unbroken for six years, seemed toward the end of the session to be without doubt or question. Then, in the first two weeks of July, just before the adjournment on July 12, came a crisis, or at least a partial crisis, which,

taken together with the fall of Clemenceau in France, affords a striking example of the perishability of parliamentary majorities. In Italy, however, the discomfiture of the premier has not been caused by irritation at a hasty utterance, nor yet by partisan opposition, but by the recognition of a political and moral principle.

The question was one of steamship subsidies, which, doubtless, the ministry would gladly have avoided, but which had to be brought up soon on account of the early expiration of subsidy contracts already granted. A law, bearing the date of April 5, 1908, had recently been passed, fixing the conditions on which such contracts should be made in the future, and recognizing the principle of competition in their allotment. It was, to be sure, brought out in the debate that these conditions were not sufficiently liberal; but, instead of inviting Parliament to amend the law, the government entered into a private negotiation with the "Italian Lloyds." This company's terms were accepted, subject to the approval of Parliament, which the ministry doubtless thought it could easily obtain; and were formulated in a bill by Schanzer, to whose department, as Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, such matters belong.

As compared with the provisions of the law of April 5, the stipulations with the Italian Lloyds called for an initial reduction in tariffs of ten instead of twenty per cent, a contract of twenty-five instead of twenty years' duration, and there were also considerable reductions in the requirements of tonnage, speed, and the age of ships. But the most striking feature of the new agreement was the provision that the amount of subsidy for the last twenty years of the contract should depend upon the experience of the first five years of the same. Baron Sidney Sonnino, the leader of the Centre, and a master in the whole sphere of economy and finance, seized upon this as the best point of attack, and in a powerful and closely reasoned speech showed what enormous loss would result to the country if the bill became a law. Without assuming dishonesty on the part of the officers of the company, he pointed out that in these first five years it would be to their interest to make the service cost as much and earn as little as possible. And the most searching and vigilant government supervision imaginable would be powerless to check the extravagant management that would go on in every part of the world visited by the ships of the Italian Lloyds. Likewise, in this first five years it would be doubly to the company's interest to issue as many bonds as it could for the purchase of ships and supplies, and to devote the largest possible share of its earnings to the sinking fund; doubly to its interest, because in that way it would not only have its additional ships and materials, and its sinking fund increased for the retirement of obligations, but would also, by thus adding to its expenses, have put itself in the way of receiving a larger subvention.

It soon became evident that, after Sonnino's speech, it was impossible for the bill to pass as it stood. He was followed by able speakers on the same side, who pointed out other grave defects. Not a word was said in defense, except by Giolitti and Schanzer. Both betrayed their incompetence in fiscal matters generally, which was nothing new; and Giolitti gave additional evidence of his worst moral quality, which is his utter and abject cowardice. The debate ended, he first read a letter from Senator Piaggio, chairman of the Italian Lloyds, which stated that, in view of the opposition which the stipulations with his company had encountered in the Chamber, he was quite willing that the contract should be put up at public auction, holding himself ready, however, to sign this contract not later than the last day of December, if no satisfactory bids should have been offered by other parties in the mean time. Accordingly, Giolitti declared himself

ready to open the contract to public competition, all negotiations to be subject to the approval of Parliament. In these circumstances the Chamber would surely, he said, recognize the necessity of suspending the discussion of the present bill, and also the right of the government to know if it still enjoyed its confidence. At this plain confession of weakness, there was a great outcry of triumph from all the opposition benches. " It is not only my right, but my duty," Giolitti shouted above the tumult, " to know whether I still have the confidence of the Chamber."

Thereupon arose such a pandemonium that the session had perforce to be adjourned. When order was restored, a resolution had been sent up to the Speaker, signed by the requisite number of the Premier's followers, to the effect that " the Chamber, in view of the declarations of the government, suspends the discussion of the bill."

It was pointed out, in the debate that followed, that to pass the resolution would seem to leave the ministry free to advertise for bids on the terms of the contract with the Italian Lloyds, the vicious nature of which had been so clearly exposed. And it was finally agreed that the question of the bids should not be confused with the postponement of the bill, but should be reserved for a separate motion early in the next session. But Giolitti having declared that he included in the present motion the question of confidence, deputies of every shade of political opinion, save only the Premier's personal following, rose to protest that their votes for the suspension would be cast with the distinct understanding that they did not imply confidence in the ministry; and among these speakers was Finocchiaro-Aprile, leader of a newly formed group of members who had hitherto voted with the ministerial party. Giolitti, with safe temerity, challenged the opposition to propose a separate vote of lack of confidence, if they thought themselves strong enough. He knew very well that on such an issue, which would be altogether personal and partisan, he could win. But he also knew that if it came to a vote on the dealings with the Italian Lloyds, his majority, if it survived at all, would be so much reduced that he would be virtually defeated. In these circumstances the resolution for the suspension was carried without a dissenting voice. But that the ministry is discredited and in serious difficulties, there is no doubt whatever. It remains to be seen whether it can extricate itself when Parliament reassembles in November.

A WONDERFUL YEAR FOR LITERATURE

The year in Italy has been an *annus mirabilis* in literature. It began, to be sure, with the complete failure of D'Annunzio's *Fedra*, a cold academic performance in spite of a large infusion of D'Annunzian " passion," and in spite of a few fine passages which could hardly fail in a work of such length by an author of undoubted genius. It is a pity that the long list of Hellenizing dramas, from Seneca down through Corneille, Dryden, and Voltaire, has not yet taught the lesson that a first-rate play cannot be made by refurbishing an old Greek theme. But happier efforts of genius were soon to come. Giovanni Pascoli, the worthy successor of Carducci in the chair of Comparative Literature at Bologna, has published his *Nuovi Poemetti* (Zanichelli, Bologna, 1909), which is the third volume of his *Poesie*, and completes the series, the first, second, fourth, and fifth volumes having already appeared. This volume seems to me to represent the summit of the poet's achievement up to now. The form is prevailingly *terza rima*, the themes for the most part pastoral.

From the first, Pascoli has chosen Virgil as his master; and it may safely be asserted that, in the bucolic style, the Mantuan bard has never, for purity and refinement of spirit, and for true quality of inspiration, had a worthier follower. He has all the close, intense observation and love of external nature, that mark the true pastoral poet. His style and treatment

are at times somewhat difficult and indirect, but never in the way of artificial refinement. Once you have overcome the difficulty and traced out the indirection, you are nearer to the poets' mind and to the all-pervading mystery of nature which is his theme. I cite as an example the first poem in the present volume, *La Fiorita*. This is the story of the happy loves of a shepherd and shepherdess, who are, by the way, very unlike the traditional Strephons and Phyllises of academic pastoral poetry. The poem is divided into nine parts, all but the second of which take their names from birds that come in the spring to sing of "short-lived flowers and eternal love." The second part is called *Il Solitario*, who is Dore, the shepherd's younger brother, who, after hearing the first songs of spring, makes a flute of chestnut-wood, whose notes are heard in undertone throughout the music of the poem.

The year has also brought to fame a writer whose genius and personality are altogether novel and unique. Sem Benelli's *Cena delle Beffe*, a dramatic poem in four acts, has been produced with brilliant success in the principal theatres of Italy. Sem Benelli is a Florentine, thirty-one years of age, but in spite of his youth he has endured a lifetime of trial and tragic experience. At the age of eighteen he was left, by the death of his father, with a family dependent upon him. Thus forced to interrupt the literary studies already dear to him, but true to the old Florentine tradition of the unity of creative art, he betook himself to another though humbler branch. He became a craftsman, a carver in wood, a maker of household furniture, who strove to fashion everything that came under his hand into a thing of beauty, knowing that it was in this union of the useful and the beautiful that the art of his native city first became great. But, in the midst of this life of toil and care, he found time for the study and composition of dramatic poetry. His first failures, and they were *insuccessi clamorosi*, he bore with the same courageous and unyielding temper that he showed in his many other trials. Finally, not long ago, he had his first success in the *Maschera di Bruto*.

The *Cena delle Beffe*[1] would be hard to qualify either as a comedy or tragedy. The ending is tragic, though the incidents are more in the nature of comedy but always with an undertone of tragic irony. The scene is laid in Florence in the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent. The plot turns on the revenge that Giannetto Malespini, by nature a defenseless butt of brutal and malicious jests, takes on two brothers who are his most persistent tormentors. The presentation of character is masterly, with deeper suggestions than the action has scope to develop. The form is hendecasyllabic blank verse, by common consent one of the most difficult kinds of Italian versification, which he has handled with consummate skill. It has even been maintained that he has finally solved the problem of hendecasyllabic blank verse by making the accents of the line correspond, not only, as is traditional and necessary, with grammatical stress, but also with the more fleeting and indeterminate accents of sentence and period.

The inspiration of the poem, its tone, quality, and suggestion, are of the purest Tuscan, the Tuscan of the greatest and best period. And this, perhaps, is for the present his chief title to honor, though the merits of his poem be great. Through a long period of trial and hardship, tempted by poverty to go in easier and more devious paths, surrounded by the influences of a cheap and venal modern theatre, he remained true to the high ideals he had drawn from a glorious past, —

> **Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus,**
> **Fastidire lacus et rivos ausus apertos.**

Thus his triumph is not only personal,

[1] Published by Fratelli Treves, Milan. English, French, German, and Spanish translations are being, or have been made; and the drama will be brought out in the indicated countries, including the United States.

but also belongs to a principle, and wins for himself and his country the praise of a high achievement, and the promise of greater things to come.

NOTE. That I may better introduce to the reader Pascoli's beautiful poem to which I referred above, I reproduce Part I, entitled *Il Pittiere*, in which the characters are Dore and the bird: —

I

Oh! tutti i giorni e tante volte al giorno
s' erano visti! L' uno era in orecchi
sempre che udisse spittinire intorno.

E s' ei tornava a casa con due stecchi
o due vincigli, l' altro lo seguiva
da ramo a ramo. Erano amici vecchi.

Ma oggi, tutto maraviglia viva
nel petto rosso, l' uno alzava a scatti
la coda al dosso di color d' uliva.

Parea dicesse: — O dunque fa di fatti! ?—
Ora aliava in terra tra lo sfagno,
ora volava in cima a gli albigatti.

Con gli occhi tondi aperti sul compagno
molleggiava sul cesto e su l' ontano.
L' altro sedeva al calcio d' un castagno,

con una vetta e un coltelluccio in mano . . .

II

Pareva savio, un altro! Il suo coltello
fece alla vetta torno torno un segno
uguale, netto, e un piccolo tassello.

Ed egli poi con arte e con ingegno
torse la buccia tra i due pugni, e trasse
fuor della buccia umido e bianco il legno.

Tagliò del legno quanto gli tappasse
quel cannoncello, ma non tutto e troppo.
Scese il pittiere su le stipe basse.

Provò se il fiato non avesse intoppo,
soffiando un poco, e si drizzò contento.
Frullò il pittiere sur un alto pioppo.

Poi, nella selva, coi capelli al vento,
lungo il ruscello, il fanciulletto Dore
col flauto verde annunziò l' avvento

dei fiori brevi e dell' eterno amore.

III

O primo fiore! O bianca primavera!
Hai gli orli rossi, come li ha l' aurora,
e il sole biondo è nella tua raggiera!

Dore sonava. All' uccellino allora
sovvenne il nido. Alzò, partendo, il canto
che là negli alti monti ove dimora,

canta alle solitudini soltanto.

THROUGH A BANK WINDOW

BY ELEANOR B. RICHARDSON

For more than eight contented years I have counted it " my blessing, not my doom," that during the greater part of the day I look forth upon the world through the bronze gratings of a bank window; and, owing perhaps to some fatal defect in my sensibilities, throughout all these years it has never once occurred to me to look upon my work in a critical or apologetic spirit. Therefore it was something of a shock to me, when I was accosted this morning by an acquaintance who said in a pitying tone, —

" Poor girl, how monotonous you must find life, obliged as you are to spend all your days in the prosaic atmosphere of a bank!"

The immediate effect of this gratuitous sympathy was to make me very angry; and though I answered the lady politely, I found myself soliloquizing somewhat after this fashion: —

" Prosaic! Monotonous! Humph! I'd be willing, my condescending friend, to wager my next month's salary that more interesting events come within my ken each day than you are privileged to witness in a year of your comfortable, well-padded existence! "

After a time, however, my sense of humor came to the rescue, and, my indignation gradually fading away, I was able to enter upon my morning's duties in a smiling state of mind, and, becoming absorbed in the day's work, soon forgot the incident entirely.

But to-night, at the end of a toilsome day, the words come back to me; and I find myself longing for the pen of the ready writer, that I might set forth somewhat of the tense and living interest with which the atmosphere about me has seemed vibrant. There is never a day that does not hold some incident worthy of remembrance, but this day has been unusual, inasmuch as each hour made some striking demand upon our notice.

Scarcely had the great doors been thrown open this morning, when three men of foreign aspect crowded up to the desk of the foreign-exchange manager (that kindly man whose patience with these strangers within our gates has no bounds). The men were easily recognized as Greeks; only one of them could speak English, and the other two were dependent upon him for the stating of their needs and the information they desired. Through the interpreter it was learned that they were father and son, and that they wished to send home for the wife and mother. A simple little story, but I assure you this was a great moment in the lives of these swarthy strangers; and as they counted out the dirty United States bills in exchange for which they were to receive a draft on Athens, I thought of the long days of toil in the blistering sun that that money represented, and it seemed to me that it took no small courage and faith to hand over these hard-earned dollars to a man of alien blood and speech, in exchange for a bit of (to them) meaningless paper.

But as I scanned the faces of the two men while they waited for the draft, I saw there shining bravely the goodly trinity of faith, courage, and hope; and I wondered what sort of a patient, brave old mother it was who was coming across the broad seas to make a home for these two.

The father was not feebly old, but a certain weary look upon his face spoke of many disappointments and hardships endured, — the face of the life-long laborer who must toil with all his strength

for a bare living. But if the father's countenance was heavy with the burdens of life, not so the son's: here was youth with all its fire and vigor! His features were fine and sensitive, and in his dreamy dark eyes, to my fancy, there lurked haunting memories of the blue Ægean and the ancient glories of his race.

Truly the face of a poet this, and had fate granted it to him to be born in a different time, surely this lad must have been a poet, — one like Theocritus perchance: for here, too, was a soul who would have found very sweet the music of the whispering pine trees, and on a rustic lute would have piped us sweet melodies of woodland nymphs, and songs of the fishermen who rise before the dawn to prepare the nets.

And so it was that my day began with a sight of a humble devotion interwoven with thoughts of old songs and myths of that Golden Age when all the world was young, and sadness and toil were yet unknown.

The next occurrence of the morning, however, had a very modern flavor! A woman, evidently bewildered by the intricacies of cashing a check, took her departure in such haste as to forget her two-year-old son, whom she had placed upon a divan in the bank's corridor, while she transacted her business.

For a time the child was so quiet that he was not noticed, but as a realization of his motherless state began to dawn upon him, the youngster sent forth a wail that speedily brought him to the attention of all within hearing.

Several of the masculine part of the bank's force took their stand about this protesting bit of humanity; but while anxious to quiet his wails, one by one they were forced to acknowledge their helplessness.

In the mean time, remembering that discretion is the better part of valor, I, who feel that I am better qualified to discuss rates of discount and exchange than to care for deserted babies, kept myself very much in the background. But while endeavoring to look unconcerned, I was in reality longing to comfort the clamorous child, and was glad when a word from that most kindly disposed man, our president, summoned me upon the scene.

Bracing myself for a new experience, I approached the baby and took him in my arms. As I did so, the poor little chap seemed to recognize in me a long-lost friend, and burrowing his face on my shoulder, after a few heart-breaking sobs, allowed himself to be petted into quietness. And when he finally lifted his small, pink, tear-stained countenance, and looked about him with a timid little smile, exactly as if he were apologizing for the trouble he had caused, the while he clung tightly to me, I must confess to a moment of most rapturous conceit. However, my egotism, being of a mushroom growth, perished as quickly, for in a few moments' time, the mother of the baby rushed in quite as frantically as she had rushed forth, and from the manner in which she snatched the baby from me, I judged that she feared she would find it a more difficult matter to redeem her baby than, unidentified, to cash a check. As one of " the boys " said, " Perhaps she thought we wanted to keep the lad for a burglar alarm! "

The balance of the morning passed by uneventfully; but early in the afternoon, one of our tellers distinguished himself by identifying, as a much-wanted criminal, a man who was even then presenting a forged check. It was a clever bit of detective work, performed so quietly that few of the customers who were in the bank knew what had transpired, or realized what the presence of the blue-coated chief of police in conference with our president betokened. But if the occurrence created little comment among those outside the bank windows, within the clerks were all agog with excitement, while the quick-witted teller endeavored to act as though he were in the habit of playing Sherlock Holmes every day of his life, and accepted the admiration of his

fellow workers with an air of nonchalance that deceived no one.

Later in the afternoon another incident came within my notice: homely as to details, but full of pathos. It was near three in the afternoon when an old weather-beaten farmer approached the cashier's desk, and pulling out a well-stuffed wallet asked for a New York draft for seven hundred dollars, and then proceeded to count out that amount in bills. While the draft was being prepared, the farmer grew confidential and unfolded a touching story of parental devotion.

"You see, mister, it's this way," he began. "Jim's a mighty bright fellow, and I reckon if his luck ever turns he 'll make some stir in the world. It's five years now since he went out to Arizony, and he's had a hard time of it so far. Been sick some, and twice he's been robbed by his partners, but now he's got a claim that he calc'lates is about as good as they make 'em even in old Arizony. But you know it takes an awful sight of money to start one of them 'ere mines going."

The old man stopped here and looked timidly up at the man at the imposing desk as if hoping for confirmation, and the cashier, who knew by sad experience how great indeed is the need for money in such enterprises, replied, —

"Yes, that is so. Capital is needed always;" and added, "I suppose you had this money laid by for a rainy day, did n't you?"

The old man shook his head sadly. "No; you see, ma and I did have nigh onto a thousand dollars saved for our old age; but when Jim wrote us a spell back how mighty bad he needed some money we calc'lated we could get along and we sent that to him. You know he's all we've got," he wound up pathetically.

"And this?" queried the cashier, holding up the draft he was about to sign.

The old man's voice broke a little as he said, "Well, Jim wrote again last week that he had to have some more money quick, so ma and I mortgaged the place to send this. But it's all right. Jim's a mighty fine lad."

Now our cashier is not a sentimentalist (he is too good a banker for that), but as he placed the draft in the toil-worn hand he said kindly, —

"Well, I hope your boy will prove to be one of the lucky ones, and that he will be as true-blue to others as his father has been to him."

Now, it may be that Jim is a luckless prospector, or, worse yet, a gambler wasting his father's hard-earned money in vicious dens; but, somehow or other, we who saw his old father cheerfully sacrifice all he had in order to help "the boy," are hoping that some day his father's love and faith will be justified.

Such is the brief outline of a not unusual day in a moderately large bank; and yet I think it could hardly be called dull or monotonous, replete as it is with human interest.

And so it is day after day; one has only to look about at any time to have revealed to him living chapters torn from the lives of the passing throng.

Yonder at the front of the line stands a laboring man, waiting to cash his hard-earned check, the proceeds of which are probably already spent, so quickly do the necessities of life eat up the wages of toil; while behind him in the line is the millionaire, chatting, as he waits, with a lady of fashion, who carries in her prettily gloved hand a check won at bridge the day before. This lady in turn is being jostled by a woman who, dressed as she is in quiet elegance, might pass unobserved in the crowd; but, alas, the check she will cash will betray her to the man at the window! But both she and the maker of the check may go their ways unworried, for the priest at the confessional guards not his secrets more carefully than does the teller at the bank window.

Saint and sinner, rich and poor, thief and philanthropist, sooner or later during the day must pass through the bank's

corridor; and each is received with equal courtesy, for bank clerks must recognize no degrees of poverty or prosperity, no stains on clothes or souls.

And as this varied stream flows past my window in a quiet corner of the bank, my heart is often touched with sadness. For, owing perhaps to the baleful light that emanates from the " accursed gold," I fancy that in this place one sees most plainly the scars left on souls by cankering care, and that anxiety that haunts the lives of us all. " The sense of lack," one creed calls it, the prod of ambition, or the struggle for existence — call it what you please, this grim spectre is a familiar guest in the soul of every living person.

The strong man veils his fear beneath an assumption of bravado, lighting a cigar as he waits for the word from the Man at the Window that is to make or mar the work of a lifetime. The lady of fashion jests at poverty, and draws aside her skirts lest she be contaminated by a touch from the woman who has sold her soul to escape starvation. But if the truth were known, the " Laughing Cavalier " of Finance and My Lady of High Degree deep down in their hearts are listening as fearfully for the padded footfalls of the Wolf as do their sad brothers and sisters who curse them as they pass.

Therefore, as this searching light reveals their souls' pain, my heart thrills with a sense of kinship for the ever-changing multitude; and if now and then the opportunity is given me to aid in some small way one of these, my masked brothers and sisters, I accept it gladly, rejoicing in the fact that even in the midst of the humble duties of existence as fulfilled in " the prosaic atmosphere of a bank,"

> Keen ears can catch a syllable
> As if one spoke to another.

IN NOVEMBER

BY EDITH WYATT

THEY had pitched camp in the shelter of a great buff-colored dune, with two up-turned canoes, and a small tent with a flap staked over it.

Lake Michigan, all green and mist-blown, banded the whole north horizon, to break along the curving beach in little hoary crowns of foam and bubbles. Southwest, southeast, and south, the broad, full contours of the dunes purled far away, beneath the gray and purple sky of the late autumn. They were grown with red-oak and yellow poplar-brush toward the west. Toward the southeast and south their long pure curves, low-swooping like a swallow's flight, ran nude and pale, in shadows exquisitely changing in the rising afternoon.

Beside a smoky fire, between the tent and the lake, a sunburned young woman with roughly-blown hair, in corduroy skirt and a boy's overcoat, dark and shabby, now hid her eyes from the smoke, in the crook of her arm, and now rubbed vaseline on a stiff shoe in her lap.

These occupations so closely engaged her attention that she did not at first observe, across the beach, the approach of a little sandy woman between fifty and sixty, in a short walking-skirt and a felt walking-hat tied down with a veil. Her shoes looked damp. She glanced rather shyly, but with a sort of liking and friendliness, at the tent and the fire.

" Come and dry your shoes," said the girl hospitably, lifting her eyes. She was a rather pretty blonde girl, with a good-humored, quiet expression.

"You folks camping out here?" said the visitor, still looking with an air of satisfaction and pleasure at the camp. "You're from Chicago, relatives to Mrs. Horick in South Laketown, ain't you? So I heard. I've sewed some for her. Oh, I just wisht I was you. Few cares enough for camping to do it this time of year. Your folks come here to fish?"

"No," said the girl quietly. "One of my cousins was taken sick this fall, and told to live outdoors. So he decided to come out here and camp with his wife and little boy and me. For a while."

"You have a nice place for it."

"My cousins have gone to the station on some errands," said the girl reflectively, polishing her shoe. She could not very well say to her relative's dressmaker, that the camp had feared the visit of Mrs. Horick on that very afternoon. Mrs. Horick was a pretty, competent, hard-edged young woman, who enjoyed such things in life as tight face-veils, high traps, and docked horses. The adult campers had drawn lots to select her victim for the afternoon. The lot had fallen to Jim Paine. But Jim took so unbridled a pleasure in displeasing Mrs. Horick that it was decided such a fate would be too cruel to her. The lots were drawn again. This time the lot fell to Alice Paine. But Mrs. Horick depressed Alice, sometimes for several hours after her departure. The lots were drawn again. This time the lot fell to Elsie Norris. With whoops, it was determined Elsie must remain. She would not care a fig what Mrs. Horick said or thought, would be entirely amiable with her, and, besides, had no shoes to walk to the station in. One pair was wet. The other was too stiff to put on. After dressing Elsie in the most handsome garments the camp afforded, the others had left her, early in the afternoon, with Shep, Rabbie's collie, wandering around within call, and occasionally barking at imaginary wolves in the brush.

"Perhaps you met my cousins on your way," said Elsie.

"No. I did n't come from that direction. I came from Gary. It ain't much of a place to live. But I got a real good airy room, with a back-porch of my own, in a carpenter's family there. Miss Brackett's my name. I'm about the only dressmaker in the place, so's I get plenty of custom, more 'n all that I can do; and well-paid, too, you can say in a way," she added with a sigh; "and in a way, not; because I hate sewing. But then I walk a good deal around here. There's some fine walks through the oaks and in the dunes; just as fine as any one could wish," she said with a look of content. "It makes me just about homesick to see your camp. I was camping myself six years ago."

"Were you? Here?"

"No," said Miss Brackett, with a little hesitation. In response to Elsie's invitation, she had seated herself on a log, near the fire. There was evidently something very stirring in their little camp to her. For a moment she even looked as if she were going to cry. "It was on the plains," she said finally, with a certain pride. "A long wagon-trip, a whole year long."

"How fine!"

"Yes," said Miss Brackett, looking at the dunes and the surging lake. "It was, as you might say, a great experience. You hardly would believe me, but before that time, why, I hardly knew there was such a place as outdoors; not till I was forty-six years old; and that's a fact."

Elsie glanced up at her inquiringly. She had heard of persons who acquired Spanish at ninety, or who experienced a passionate personal infatuation for the first time at sixty, but never of an adult creature devoted to an indoor existence, who suddenly felt in middle age a real response to the great inarticulate voices of the earth.

"Up to then, I lived on the West Side, in Chicago, with my married sister. My father left the place to her and to me. Most of the rest of the property went to

my young half-brother Kip. But when Nettie's children were nearly grown, it seemed as though there was n't any room left in the house for me; and yet they needed me, you see, to sew for them, right straight along. I used to sew, sew, sew till midnight and past, often, tucking on the girls' summer dresses, especially that last spring when I was at home; and I began to cough then and get so dreadful tired. That winter Nettie thought each of the girls ought to have their own room. It was no more than right, either. Nettie and me, we each had our own room when we was young girls. So I used to sleep, just on two chairs with quilts in the back parlor, and could n't seem to rest very good, and, besides, had to get up and get dressed and the room fixed, real early, so Will could come there and read his morning paper. Well, I used to keep all my things in shoe-boxes, up in the attic, so they 'd be out of the way. They used to laugh, and laugh, about those boxes; and one night we was all sitting on the steps, and they was laughing, and my youngest niece, Baby, she got real mad. She's so warm-hearted and she never wanted to take my room, and only did because it provoked Nettie so, for her not to. Babe turned real white, and she said all of a sudden, 'The reason why Aunt Min has n't anything but shoe-boxes to keep her things in is just because we've turned her out of everything,' she said. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourselves.' And she jumped up and ran into the house.

"That night my brother Kip happened to be there. He 'd been West ever since he was fifteen. He's a lot younger than Nettie and me — only twenty-five, then. We thought Kip was an awful wild, queer sort of fellow, then; we did n't know him at all. I felt just like the rest. He 'd run through all that was left him long ago; and he 'd married an actress and was separated from her. He was a sort of a Socialist too, and even had tramped some. But he seemed to be real kind in some ways. When Babe said that, he looked at me quite hard. When he went home he says to me, 'You look sick, Min,' he says, and he took hold of my hand. 'You've got fever. Why don't you see a doctor?'

"Well, I don't know what got into me. After they was all gone that night, I just broke down, and cried and cried. I did feel dreadful sick and feverish, and I had n't no money of my own to see a doctor, and felt just all gone really. I managed to get up and fix the room before any of them come down. But then I had to lie on the sofa, and could n't get to breakfast. And after breakfast — would you believe it? — a doctor come. Kip sent him, himself. But he frightened Nettie to death. I felt dreadfully sorry for her."

"He told your sister how ill you were," said Elsie gravely.

"Oh, yes. But it was n't so much that, as she was so afraid some of the children might catch my trouble. She was all right though as soon as they got me to the hospital, though she was provoked too, because it took so much of her time to come there to see me. She come twice before I went away. The doctor said that going away was my only chance. For all that I was up and around, he thought I could n't live a year."

Neither of them spoke for a moment, looking away at the dunes.

"Then — what do you think — Kip had an intimate friend, quite a rich young man, Will Bronson, who was sick the same way I was. That's how Kip come to notice my sickness so. The doctors wanted him kept out of doors, and he and Kip was going on this wagon-trip. But his mother was nearly crazy worrying over it, and worrying the young man and crying all day and night. She thought Kip never could take care of him. Well, those boys wanted me to go off with them on the wagon-trip. They said I could cook for them, and it would relieve the mother. And it did. They took me to see her. And she thought if a person like me could go on a wagon-trip it could n't be so awful after all. Well, the short and the

long of it was, we went to Fort Leavenworth, and the boys got a wagon and provisions and blankets and thick shoes and things for me, and they got two good mules from the government post, and we started off."

Miss Brackett sat erect. A look of elation burned in her violet eyes.

Elsie drew a deep breath and laughed.

"Yes. I did n't like the idea at first: all the rough clothes, and our being alone on the plains, and after a while going to be right in the desert, — it seemed to me terrible. But it was the only thing there was for me to do. I just kep' my mouth shut tight through all that time. And then, I don't know, more and more, oh, I just come to love it!"

After a moment Elsie said, "And did you really have any hardships?"

"What do you call hardship? The rainy season was bad. But I've been lots wetter longer at a time, through whole winters, when I'd lend my rubbers to the children. Sometimes it was terrible cold. But then we always had a good fire. I've been lots colder in the back parlor and on crowded street-car platforms, and lots and lots more uncomfortable. Once we got off the trail. Once we had a bad time about finding water. One night after the mules was hobbled they jumped along so far, even hobbled, that we could n't get them for hours. Kip and Will Bronson was gone six hours in different directions; and I was afraid they was lost. But I've had more hardship, you might say, and not that I want to complain either, in one week on the West Side at home, than in a whole year of what they called roughing it. And for hard feelings, and real mean bad ways of acting, I've seen more of them over getting out one shirt-waist in a dressmaker's shop, than in that whole time on the wagon-trip. Even though once we had a man in our camp that we heard afterwards was a criminal and fugitive from justice," she added with a laugh.

"What sort of a man was he?"

"A very considerate, pleasant sort of man. He was a short, thick-set fellow from Missouri, with a hard sort of chin. He come riding up near the Baton Pass, and asked to stay the night and get supper and breakfast with us. Well, it so happened I had caught cold and was n't feeling extra. The boys was worried and sort of mad, — that was the worst trouble we had, — because I would mend and cook just the same. The boys cooked terrible, and it seemed as though I could n't have no peace of mind, unless I did it. It made me feel so as though I was no use to them and not paying my share by what I did, you know. Well, this man from Missouri was a fine cook. He stayed with us three days, and by the time he went I was all right again. He was real helpful. They never got him. When we come to Trinidad, we was good and surprised to find he was a cattle thief that shot a sheriff that tried to arrest him."

The lake was paler now. White clouds plumed on the horizon, and an evening glow, green and faintly flushing, was reflected delicately from the west. The dunes were browner and darker. The visitor sat thinking, evidently of her long, free wandering days. Elsie, putting on her shoes, sat thinking of her wayfaring companion's mean and hateful life in the very midst of what is called civilization and respectability, of her struggle for existence, a struggle in which she had been all but killed by the greedinesses around her, a struggle just as sharp as any of the nail-and-claw-depredations commonly attributed exclusively to wildernesses. They watched the sky change in an unspoken friendliness.

"And now, you are much better?" said Elsie quietly.

"Yes. Now I'm well, thank God! And the Bronson boy as sound as a bell. That was the most lucky illness you can imagine for me. I could n't go back after that to the way I lived before. I always would live different — more outdoors, and just looking after myself better. Since that time, I've been lots more use

to myself and everybody else. After we got to California, I sewed here and there for the people where we boarded first, and they liked my sewing so much, and I made so much money, that when Kip got a job to Gary, engineering for the electric plant, and I come too, to keep house for him, I put up a sign and gradually I'd worked up a good trade, before he was married. Why I'm going to be able to send Babe to Vassar, and plenty for me to take a trip west, too, next summer. Kip married such a nice girl." She rose. "I've talked you to death. But when you spoke about your cousin it brought everything right out of my lips some way. I hope he's not so very sick."

"No. He will be well again. He has a splendid constitution."

Miss Brackett shook hands with her. "I wish you would come in for a minute and see me, if you ever have time some day when you're in Gary."

"I will."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

As her visitor disappeared over the rounded ridge of the dune, Elsie heard the home-coming voices of the campers. They had brought peanut-taffy to her, and they praised her none the less highly for her intended sacrifice to the Moloch of Mrs. Horick and the dullness of the world that she had not needed to make this sacrifice.

For some reason, she could not have explained to them about her chance guest. But she was still thinking of her, as she walked from the shore a little later to gather firewood for supper. The sun dropped long-ribbed level beams over the russet oak-brush and buff shadows of the dunes. Crimson rifts broke in the amber ether of the west. Rich, rich, soft, and deep, the fragrance of some far autumnal bonfire breathed in the cool air. "Where are the songs of spring? oh, where are they? Mourn not for them, thou hast thy music, too," rang silently in the girl's fancy as she stood looking around her. And she wondered that she never till that day had realized how deeply wild creation is the birthright of every creature, not only for the power of tooth and fang, the strength of the marauder, but for the vitality of speed and sensitiveness, ground-squirrel, deer and cricket; and how Nature's most profound magnificence might sing, perhaps, not in her thrilling melody to April pulses, but in her proud cadence to November hearts.

THANKSGIVING

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

SUPREMEST Life, and Lord of All,
I bring my thanks to Thee;
Not for the health that does not fail,
And wings me over land and sea;
Not for this body's pearl and rose,
And radiance made sure
By thine enduring life that flows
In sky-print deep and pure;

Not for the thought whose glowing power
Glides far, eternal, free,
And surging back in thy full hour
Sweeps the wide world to me;
Not for the friends whose presence is
The warm sweet heart of things,
Where leans the body for the kiss
That gives the soul its wings;

Not for the little hands that cling,
The little feet that run,
And make the earth a fitter thing
For Thee to look upon;
Not for mine ease within my door,
My roof when rains beat strong,
My bed, my fire, my food in store,
My book when nights are long;

But, Lord, I know where on lone sands
A leper rots and cries;
Find Thou my offering in his hands,
My worship in his eyes.
As Thou dost give to him, thy least,
Thou givest unto me;
As he is fed, I make my feast
And lift my thanks to Thee!

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FICTION

A REVIEW AND A COMPARISON

A CERTAIN melancholy as of autumn hangs over the fiction of the last few months, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, over the reader of recent fiction. It would almost seem as if nature, in mourning the death of Meredith, had resolved to produce no more great novelists at present, in her secret and inscrutable wisdom letting the fields lie fallow. As far as the eye can see are but shorn grass and reaped harvest lands, where choice stalks left for the gleaner-critic are few and far between.

The first impression gained from the pile of American and of English novels, and from perusal of stories in the magazines, both better and less good, of both countries, is that it is the novelist, not the critic, who has been doing the gleaning, sometimes from his own earlier work, sometimes from the work of those greater than he. The very name of Meredith, with its suggestion of poignant individuality, emphasizes the lack of fresh insight in the greater part of this fiction, wherein appears much imitation of manner, of technique of earlier work, without sufficient distinction of personality on the part of the author to make that imitation serve a purpose of his own. It is interesting, if disheartening, to follow the trail, in recent fiction, of writers who have made notable popular successes within a few years. So persistent is the mark of Kipling that it seems as if he were nowadays influencing almost everybody except himself; on both sides of the water magazine tales are numerous that copy all of Conan Doyle except the skill; while it is almost painful to see how far-reaching yet are the manner and mannerisms of Anthony Hope, the wit of the *Dolly Dialogues* suddenly beginning to crackle in long story or short, the plot of the *Prisoner of Zenda* coming back in numberless inadequate disguises.

This atmosphere of reminiscence is strengthened by the comments of publishers and critics of both nations, who say admiringly, "This story is very like *Cranford;*" "These sketches recall *Rab and his Friends;*" "This author has a style like Hawthorne's;" "If Shakespeare had written novels they would have been like these." Many novels "analyze the human heart with skill only second to that of George Eliot;" this reminds one of Dumas, that of Fielding, this of Thackeray, that of Dickens, — in short, the new stories remind one irresistibly of every one except the author. The publishers forget that this appeal to past strength of art is a confession of present weakness, ignoring the fact that the most precious thing in literature is individuality, and that he who fails to bring some fresh interpretative power to the old spectacle fails altogether.

It would indeed have been ungracious to have headed this article "Twice-Told Tales," and yet there were moments when this was a temptation, as, for instance, that, when on the top of the garnered sheaf of novels, *The White Sister*,[1] by Marion Crawford, appeared. Again we have the setting of Italian society, grown so familiar that it leaves one with the impression that Mr. Crawford could sketch it with his eyes shut, as a clever knitter can do over and over the same pattern without looking. The author's deft manipulation of a well-worn ideal appears again in the story of Angela's firm clinging to her nun's vow, despite the

[1] *The White Sister.* By MARION CRAWFORD, New York: The Macmillan Co. 1909.

passionate wooing of the lover who unexpectedly comes to life, while the knot is quietly untied, and the real issue evaded, by the hint that absolution can be obtained for the nun. Thus the popular desire for the heroic is satisfied, and also the still stronger desire that "everybody shall be ridiculously happy in the end," if one may quote the announcement of another novel. All the traits of Mr. Crawford's skill are again illustrated here: the few characters, the economy of incident, the power of focusing attention upon a single issue and giving it leisurely development; and yet the book leaves you with the impression that you have read it all before, for the facile art which neither waxed nor waned for twenty years presents here no new achievement.

Another novel of easy skill in the handling of plot and the presentation of obvious ideals comes from that novelist of arrested development, Mr. Richard Harding Davis.[1] The story of the part played by a young American in a Venezuelan revolution, in freeing an imprisoned general and winning his beautiful daughter, is reminiscent both of Mr. Davis's earlier work and of Anthony Hope. In tying and untying the knot of his romance, the author shows his old deftness, and there is a shrewd American tenacity in his way of sticking to one point; and yet one wonders that he is content to go on doing the same old thing in the same old way. He still remains the clever boy who made a sudden success in the magazines; the repartee of the two friends in *The White Mice*[1] shows how deeply he is still of the undergraduate turn of mind. It is a pity that genuine talent should reach out to no higher achievement; Mr. Davis in his new book shows himself again a novelist of gift who has set himself no high task.

One finds the trail of Kipling and of Merriman in *The Dragon's Blood*, by Mr. Henry Milner Rideout; of Kipling again in Mr. Rowland Thomas's collection of short stories, *The Little Gods*.[2] In the work of the latter the influence of the master shows in the finer way of inspiration, and, except in the amateurish fashion in which the stories are joined together, does not degenerate into mere imitation. The best story in this book of vigorous narratives is not the prize tale, *Fagan*, but *An Optimist*, showing undoubted power, and skill in the use of significant detail. Here is ability to develop a great *motif* simply, in few words, and to present heroic character without analysis and without eulogy. That rare gift of giving homely things large significance appears in many ways, most notably, perhaps, in the way in which the can of bacon appears in this story; and the realists and the idealists may well quarrel as to which of them may claim Mr. Thomas.

The least fortunate phase of our tendency to glean in others' fields is shown in the society novel, where it is not so much the manner as the material which is borrowed. A representative of this class, showing no special gift or skill, is Mr. John Reid Scott's *The Woman in Question*.[3] In attempting to reproduce the English novel of society, the author makes an heroic effort to keep from seeing upon a Virginia plantation anything that an Englishman would not have seen upon his estate. The hunt, the smart guests, the one cad who has crept in among them, the entailed estate, are too familiar properties of English fiction to be borrowed wholesale. It is a pity that, in a new country, under new conditions, with new problems to face, so many of our writers should close their eyes to the real opportunity before them, and follow blindly the ways and the manners of other nations; but the number of those

[1] *The White Mice.* By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1909.

[2] *The Little Gods.* By Rowland Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1909.

[3] *The Woman in Question.* By John Reid Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1909.

trying to Anglicize the material of American fiction is very great.

In turning over these novels, the eye lights now and then on announcements of new fiction, and certain tendencies suggested here accord all too well with impressions gained from the stories. Publishers are a shrewd class of men, and the phrases they use in setting forth the charms of their wares undoubtedly represent fairly well the taste of the American public. Here is a tale with "a thrill in every line;" here, "a strong love-story whose development is closely allied with the collapse of the famous Quebec bridge," followed by "a dashing romance," wherein "the interest fairly gallops away with the reader;" while of another we read, "At these situations the reader feels a desire to continue the story even if the house be burning." These quotations, which could be indefinitely prolonged, hardly overstate the position that incident, and sensational incident, holds in the greater part of our fiction, and they suggest only too clearly the swift and hysterical type of emotion demanded, — those impassioned moments while the motor-car waits.

That the greater part of our fiction aims at amusement for the moment, and not at the deeper pleasure which comes from seeing human lives faithfully portrayed, can be news to no one; but the familiarity of the thought does not detract from the pity of it. So far as taste in art is concerned, we are still, as a people, childish; we love to have conventional types portrayed: lovely woman even as she was in the art of the thirties, shorn only of her ringlets, noble man who is all bravery and generosity. Instead of thoughtful study in cause and effect, we like a swift tale, full of danger and accident, where, at the end, "everybody is ridiculously happy."

A good instance in point is *The Inner Shrine*,[1] whose anonymous publication perhaps added to its popularity. It is a clever story, of swift movement and centred interest, developing through constant incident a theme welcome in almost any form to a public greatly addicted to self-sacrifice, — in books, — of self-abnegation and of hardships nobly borne. Our demand for the sensational is amply met; our love of the generalized and the conventional in character-delineation is satisfied. As the heroine develops from an apparently frivolous butterfly into a high-minded, enduring woman, we cannot help feeling a wide hiatus in her growth, for the earlier Diane gives no hint of the later; and we cannot help feeling throughout the lack of that specific touch in character-portrayal that brings conviction of reality. One detects the same generalization in the character of the hero, and still more in the somewhat shop-worn figure of the wicked nobleman; for it is M. de Bienville who most definitely rouses the reader to ask whether the rest of the story, like this personage, is not done from books. Throughout is a certain remoteness from actuality, which makes one wonder whether the author really knows the life of which he is writing, or whether he is making up the wicked people and the good who play the dangerous game.

To our taste for the mediocre, too many of our clever writers are content to cater. Eager to please, more eager to earn money, easy-going, obliging, they fail to reach out toward their best, and settle comfortably to their lucrative, third-rate work. The writing of fiction as an art has suggested itself to but few among us; writing as a paying profession has suggested itself to a vast number. Possibly the large money prizes recently offered for fiction have had an unfortunate effect in diverting attention from the main issue in writing a story, which is, after all, to tell the story as well as it can be told. We need greatly more writers who do not care merely to succeed, but are content to watch closely and interpret wisely, who are original enough to eschew the fashion that has brought money and

[1] *The Inner Shrine*. New York: Harper and Bros. 1909.

over-easy applause. In looking about, at our enthusiasms, our delusions, our failures, our successes, one cannot help reflecting how much greater is the artist's opportunity than is the artist in our country at the present day. Surely no land has, at any time, offered better material in diversity of types, in social contrasts and race contrasts, in all that stuff of human life which is the opportunity of the novelist. There is a rich field for the writer of thoughtful comedy, in the Meredithian sense of the word, wherein the play of differing personalities might be presented. The precious quality of individuality, of depth of personal estimate, is lacking in the greater part of our fiction. In our swift civilization it is more important to keep the pace than to climb a bit beyond, a bit above, and watch with sympathy and insight and understanding, trying to see what it is all about. A deeper motiving is necessary if we are to have work that is worth while; we need a larger, wiser, more sympathetic art.

Ingratitude is one of the baser forms of discourtesy, and in making this plea one should pause to pay tribute to certain novel-writers of our country who care for the quality of their work. Thoughtful comedy is indeed represented in the stories and novels of Edith Wharton, full of fine shades of perception, steadfast to one point of view. One could but wish that, with her great gift of insight, had gone the greater gift of sympathy, without which the finest insight is impossible. Different parts of our country have found serious interpreters; different problems have won their way into fiction, though the proportion of the higher type of work seems discouragingly small. We can speak with pride of the stories of Sarah Orne Jewett, whose tender, sympathetic studies of country folk betray a human quality as rare as that of her work. Hers was a delicate art, aware of its own fine power, conscious of its limitations, kept within the bounds of what she could do, and do exquisitely well, as firmly as was Jane Austen's. She was the most artistic interpreter of New England and its life that we have had, always excepting our best, Hawthorne.

From the South, which has had, perhaps, more than its share of people writing with artistic intent, comes *The Romance of a Plain Man*,[1] by Ellen Glasgow, whose work is always seriously done and to be taken seriously. The fact that the theme of this latest study of causes and results in human life is less tremendous than some of the earlier ones she has treated, does not detract from its interest; and the development of the "poor white" lad, who, through sheer force of mind and of character, wins a place among the old families of Virginia, has the charm that the story of the self-made man has always had for the American. The earlier part of the book is worked out with much significant realism of detail; the latter part is more commonplace. In sketching the background of stately Southern custom and old-fashioned types of character, the author has attempted to bring out the real values of the life she is describing, with its poverty and its pride; and the story forms a fine contrast to the imitation-English type of Southern novel.

From the West comes a realistic, vigorous epic,[2] presenting the exploits of an over-successful American man and of a town. Mr. White makes you feel the struggles of the various citizens, the failures that were achievements, the achievements that were failures, and presents the collective life of the community with great vividness, upholding throughout an honest ideal of civic uprightness. It is rather a pity that there is not, in the book, a simplicity of method to match the simplicity of attitude; for the author, probably with an idea of relieving a plain

[1] *The Romance of a Plain Man.* By Ellen Glasgow. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1909.

[2] *A Certain Rich Man.* By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1909.

narrative, tells both ends of his story at once, with the result that it is hard to follow. He could learn much from some of the more frivolous American writers in the matter of the clean, clear-cut stroke. Rather a pity, too, is the melodramatic end.

Red Horse Hill,[1] by Sidney McCall, represents a type of fiction growing common among us, — melodrama allied to a larger theme and a greater plea. Deep sympathy for humanity reveals itself here, and we realize gratefully that here is another species of fiction inspired by non-mercenary motives. If we do protest a bit against the melodrama, and against the portrait of the intellectual woman, as well as that of the abused child, — both of which seem to have been drawn from newspapers or from fiction, rather than from actual study, — we are conscious, after all, that we are making progress since the days of Mrs. Holmes. Sympathy with suffering humanity is welcome in almost any form.

Far better, perhaps best of all the fiction in the American part of the pile before us, are Miss Lucy Pratt's stories of Ezekiel,[2] several of which are masterly in their interpretative power, not only of the little black hero, but of his race. A reserve and control, a withholding of comment, letting the child in word and deed betray his own imaginative, sensitive personality, show great artistic skill, while the human sympathy underlying the artistic appreciation gives a large quality to the work.

Working down through the layers of American novels to the solid substratum of English, which, perhaps symbolically, lies underneath in this special pile, one draws out *Daphne, or Marriage à la Mode*,[3] reads, and rubs one's eyes in bewilderment. Can it be that we of America are not alone in bending to the success of the moment? Is this acknowledged mistress of the art lowering her standard to meet the demand for the sensational in incident, the generalized and conventional in character? The hereditary tendency of the Arnold family to teach the ten commandments, and the confessed inability of the later generations to teach them in the form of the ten commandments, is apparent here in the insistent setting forth of the thesis that divorce is wrong, through the medium of a rather hackneyed story, and the portrayal of the sensational character of the Spanish-American heroine. Through story, character-delineation, discussion, comes the hollow ring of fiction devised to prove an abstract proposition, with an additional hollowness arising from the fact that a maximum of conclusion is based upon a minimum of knowledge. The visiting foreigner, who, in a few weeks' sojourn in any country, devotes his attention to the small but unfortunate class of the very rich, is hardly likely to understand the life of the sober and intelligent mass of its citizens; and Mrs. Ward suffers, as most of her countrymen suffer, from too close a focusing of interest when among us. Throughout the book is a certain vulgarity of manner, in the constant and insistent mention of money, arising not from the material alone, but from the mind working at it, and robbing the tale of "all that atmosphere of refinement and elegance which is associated with all that comes from her pen."

The book is superficial in thought and weak in execution, as thin in intellectual content as in art. Mrs. Ward is undoubtedly right in thinking our divorce laws too free; but if, instead of inventing a story to prove this thesis, she had worked out the real tragedy that lay at her hand, the novel would have had more profound meaning. Here is no hint of just nemesis in the fact that the young Englishman who marries for money finds himself unhappy; he remains in

[1] *Red Horse Hill*. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1909.

[2] *Ezekiel*. By Lucy Pratt. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1909.

[3] *Daphne, or Marriage à la Mode*. By Mary A. Ward. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. London: Cassell & Co. 1909.

the author's mind a purely pathetic figure, to whom great wrong has been done. There is more than one way of showing reverence for the marriage vow; and, surely, resisting the temptation to take it for the sake of millions of dollars would be as signal a proof of such reverence as refraining from divorce. There is something almost tawdry about the mock pathos at the end, where the hero's ruin through drink is made the fault of agencies outside himself. Nowhere in the book is there real study of character, nowhere a trace of the analytical skill shown in *David Grieve* and *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, and other productions of the blossoming time of Mrs. Ward's art. The autumn atmosphere, with its touch of decay, is sadly apparent here, and the author gives one the impression of having written herself out. Her admirers can but mourn the loss, or lapse, of the power shown in her earlier work, a power always lacking the final penetration that a sense of humor gives a serious mind, but still with a certain fine mastery in it.

In turning over the novels it is evident, in the English group, that the material is more diversified than it is in the American, the range of types wider. The old-fashioned story of the hero from infancy to manhood, the new-fashioned study of the life of the lower classes, the æsthetic-historical novel, the local-color tale of foreign lands, study of colonial conditions, — all these, and others, make up that solid substratum. *Sebastian*,[1] by Frank Danby, belongs to the first class. Son of a gifted novelist and of a plain business man, Sebastian affords us, at least in the earlier stages of his development, an interesting struggle of conflicting tendencies, and yet the book leaves one puzzled as to the issue. One hardly knows whether it is Sebastian's story or his mother's that is being told; for the somewhat worn thesis that a woman, in writing, strips herself of all chance to live, is emphasized at the expense of the hero. Sebastian, instead of persisting in being the central personage, has a disappointing way of subsiding into a mere illustration of the fact that his mother was all wrong about everything. The book is full of genuine feeling, observation, experience; but, as is the case in many another English tale, it affords an indefinite richness, and the mingled kinds of suggestion leave one wise about many things, but not about the question in hand. With this wavering as to goal is combined an unevenness in execution, running all the way from the construction of plot, and the delineation of character, into the sentence-structure. The style, often felicitous, epigrammatic, becomes in places careless, weak, and wavering.

Still greater indirectness of method appears in *The Mount*,[2] by C. F. Keary, a book whose interesting theme fails of its effect because of the author's reluctance or inability to keep it before you. It is the story of a man whose over-chivalric, old-fashioned ideals lead him too far in the defense of a wronged woman, the sequel showing that the latter falls short of the measure of his sacrifice. At the outset, the reader's attention is diverted by an elaborate description and analysis of a young woman, who disappears entirely from the story, evidently having no connection with it. In the account given of the town, its history, its standards, its politics, the background is not in any vital way connected with the tale. A curious failure to trace processes is apparent; when the hero, on page two hundred, shoots the wrong-doer, you start as at a sudden explosion, for nothing in character-treatment, or in the tone of the narrative, has prepared you for tragedy. The book is characteristic of a large class of English novels, where neither the type of story nor the special problem in hand is made clear.

It is evident, either that the English are thinking harder about the funda-

[1] *Sebastian.* By Frank Danby. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1909.

[2] *The Mount.* By C. F. Keary. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

mental problems of their civilization, or that more of the serious thought on social questions is finding its way into fiction, than is the case with us. *Sixpenny Pieces*,[1] by a new writer of genuine originality, is a series of microscopic slides, revealing, with startling vividness and accuracy, the minds and hearts of the many types of people in one of the poverty-stricken quarters of London. Descriptions of the poor in their rags and dirt have been plentiful enough; this new study shows how strong, in most earlier sketches, has been the emphasis on externals, for it makes us aware of the inner natures of these people, their mental processes, the limits of their intelligence and of their feeling. The author's deep sympathy, never obviously expressed but all-pervading, his unusual power of observation, the humor and the penetration shown, make the book of unusual value, while the occasional over-audacity or flippancy of expression never for a moment conceals the seriousness of the work. You realize that, behind these impersonal sketches which tell so briefly just what these people say and do, is the mind of a thinker, pondering deeply and sympathetically on the significance of the human spectacle. If Mr. Lyons possesses constructive gifts that can weave into wholeness the scattered bits and fragments of experience, England will have gained a new writer of fiction with genuine power.

Another serious social study, presenting the class next higher in the scale, is *Low Society*,[2] by Robert Halifax. The book deals with the business enterprises of a builder of flimsy houses in a London suburb, and tells the story of his effect upon other lives. The slow and careful method with which Mr. Halifax delineates humanity of minor moods and strong appetites and rudimentary emotions brings an air of unusual reality into the story, whose quiet course one follows with genuine interest.

It is an odd chance that thrusts next into one's hand *The Red Saint*,[3] by Warwick Deeping. Brilliancy of execution marks this tale of English life during the struggle between the barons and King Henry. There is vividness of incident, picturesque, impressionistic narrative, and the forest background is sketched with deep sense of its beauty. The style, graphic, admirable often, in its power of significant omissions, becomes at times a bit studied and overconscious. Through the strong emotional and æsthetic appeal made by the story, a persistent question troubles the reader. Is this tendency to use great periods and great figures of by-gone days, to deepen the emotional effects of mere love-story, an altogether fortunate one? One misses in it something always present in the simple narrative of Scott, where the emphasis is invariably on the heroic. It is primarily to Mr. Maurice Hewlett that we owe this emasculation of the historical novel, and there is reason to wonder whether the undoubted appeal of beauty in this work can atone for its unmistakable atmosphere of decadence. The *motif* of *The Red Saint*, the development of a holy woman, who, in turbulent times, suffers the ultimate wrong and lives on, is one which, if treated at all, should be treated gently. The central incident would be more significant in a tale of martyrdom than in a love-story. The sanctity of the heroine is hardly as convincing as is her womanly quality; the book, like others of the school, shows small sense of the great spiritual forces at work in the age with which it deals. This story of a saint makes far deeper appeal to sense than to soul.

Another book of the class, *The Wanton*,[4] by Frances Forbes-Robertson, dealing with the Holy Roman Empire under Frederick II, hardly needs mention, ex-

[1] *Sixpenny Pieces*. By A. Neil Lyons. London: John Lane Co. 1909.

[2] *Low Society*. By Robert Halifax. London: Archibald Constable & Co. 1909.

[3] *The Red Saint*. By Warwick Deeping. London: Cassell & Co. 1909.

[4] *The Wanton*. By Frances Forbes-Robertson. London: Greening & Co. 1909.

cept as confirming the point, that, in the hands of these new writers, all history bids fair to come before us as a long succession of amorous moments. This story, which has indeed "a thrill in every line," is written in an overbrilliant style, possessing more glamour than grammar.

Something in these tales of old days, something of taint in a story of modern life that comes to hand, *Everybody's Secret*,[1] by Dion Clayton Calthorp, makes upon the mind an impression which is deepened by crowding memories of other recent English novels. We have confessed that the greater part of our American fiction is given over too much to startling incident and mere delight in sensational event; we cannot fail to perceive as strong a love of the sensational in the English, expressing itself in a different way. The morally startling, the risqué phrase that will pique and shock, the situation that is beyond the bounds, — does not one encounter too much of this in English novels of recent days? The tendency is apparent in the work of Mr. Trevena, there are hints of it in Lucas Malet, it mars a bit the delightful art of Mr. Locke, and always it wears an air of bravado, as of the little lad who went up on the church steps to swear, just to see if he dared. This borrowed air of decadence does not seem to belong in the line of development of English fiction. "The most striking *tour-de-force* in the book," runs the announcement of a new English novel, "is the sketch of the *demi-mondaine* called the Cobra, a study of one of those vampires that sometimes rise to the surface in the maelstrom of Parisian corruption."

From work of this kind, one turns to *Antonio*,[2] by Ernest Oldmeadow, with a sense both of surprise and of relief in finding a work of fiction with a spiritual appeal. The story deals with the dispossession of the Portuguese Benedictine monks in the early nineteenth century, and with the long struggle of one of them to win back, by labor of his head and of his hands, his monastery with its fair southern vineyard. Many readers will fail to share Antonio's special conviction, yet will be deeply moved by his passionate faith in the reality of things unseen. The steps by which, through hunger and privation, he succeeds in his purpose, one follows with the interest that the genuinely heroic always rouses, though the somewhat morbid love story detracts greatly from the impression. The book recalls a greater novel, somewhat similar in *motif*, Mr. Hornung's *Peccavi*, whose unflinching clinging to its theme of spiritual development brings out finely whatever of weakness there is in this. *Antonio* is rather an epic, wherein mind and soul are pitted against outer difficulties, than a drama of the spirit wherein the human soul is trying to work out its way among conflicting inner impulses; and the hero has as little mental misgiving as has Robinson Crusoe.

The rare pleasure in finding a new book by Lucas Malet is, in this case, checked by discovering that *The Score*[3] is made up of two stories, neither long nor short. The first is the confession by a dying man of murder committed by him; the second records the heroic refusal, by Poppy Saint John of *The Far Horizon*, of the man she loves. Both stories, and especially the first, make an impression of over-conscious art or artistry, and there is throughout too much of tableau effect. One at the gates of death, whose senses had ceased to speak, would hardly stop to describe scenery, to elaborate appeals of sights and sounds and odors, placing his own past self against such appropriate backgrounds. There is always in the fiction of this author a thoroughness, a definiteness, a logic in developing character through the shock and stress of

[1] *Everybody's Secret*. By Dion Clayton Calthorp. London: Alston Rivers. 1909.

[2] *Antonio*. By Ernest Oldmeadow. London: Grant Richards. New York: The Century Co. 1909.

[3] *The Score*. By Lucas Malet. London: John Murray. 1909.

life, but the weight and emphasis of the work are too heavy for the short story; it is as if the very Queen of Brobdingnag were walking in the fields of Lilliput. The unquestioned power of Lucas Malet shows itself fully only in the long and elaborate novel.

This book confirms an impression that has long been forming that the American short stories are better than the English, a statement which may be made safely, perhaps, in the long silence of Kipling. In the American, at its best, is finer workmanship, more feeling for the essential, more sense of the point, the one point, to which a brief narrative should lead; in short, a deeper sense of the significance of this special form. The work of Mrs. Wharton, of Miss Alice Brown, of Mrs. Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, some of Mr. Rowland Thomas's tales, two or three of the stories in Miss Jeannette Marks's *Through Welsh Doorways*,[1] the tales of *Ezekiel* by Miss Pratt, are recent instances in point. The range is wide, running all the way from the skillful telling of a story that is all action, to the deft character-interpretation through significant central incident. The English short story is too often a triple-headed anecdote, or a section of a longer narrative cut off at both ends, lacking in perspective, incomplete.

This consideration leads one to reflect, in looking at the harvest-pile of English and American fiction, on the peculiar strength and the weakness of each country in this art. The very quality that makes the English short story inartistic often gives worth and substance to their novels. They excel in weight and in measure; their work is more full of a lingering sense of human values, and they need the long novel to express their appreciation of things. The richness of reflection and of observation of the great Victorians we could hardly spare; every name of the period recalls some kind of delightful irrelevancy that sins against the strict canons of art. Many a modern English novel, too, shows richness of feeling, imaginative sympathy with this or that phase of life, but wanders, as their by-paths wander. Why not, when so many fragrances call, this way or that, along their overtempting hedge-rows? There is more atmosphere in their fiction, as in the English meadows; they share that gift of the common folk, in their flower-hidden cottages, of giving a poetic touch to common things. On the other hand, leisurely narrative and reflections that lack significance often degenerate into the long story that is dull and pointless, as is *The Marriage of Hilary Carden*, by Stanley Portal Hyatt, and *Multitude and Solitude*, by John Masefield.

The American, in long stories as in short, shows more sense of form, betraying itself in many ways, from plot to sentence-structure. It is in the English part of this pile of novels that the slip-shod sentences have been discovered, the relative clauses that do not relate, the pronouns that go begging for antecedents. One is driven to wonder whether our apprenticeship to the French is not beginning to tell, and tell in fine ways, both in structure and in style, in American fiction. We are aware that the English are more thorough, but they are often thorough in the wrong places, elaborating the unessential, giving the unimportant as careful consideration as the important, showing a lack of sense of relative values. On the other hand, the skill of some of our writers in omission and repression sometimes brings an air of poverty into a long narrative, and makes the reader ask whether they have more method than matter. The best work that has been done among us recently has been in short stories, and it may be that this is the only form of fiction that our swift ways of living will allow us to perfect.

[1] *Through Welsh Doorways*. By JEANNETTE MARKS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1909.

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BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

AMONG his other wise sayings, Aristotle remarked that man is by nature a social animal; and it is in order to develop his powers as a social being that American colleges exist. The object of the undergraduate department is not to produce hermits, each imprisoned in the cell of his own intellectual pursuits, but men fitted to take their places in the community and live in contact with their fellow men.

The college of the old type possessed a solidarity which enabled it to fulfill that purpose well enough in its time, although on a narrower scale and a lower plane than we aspire to at the present day. It was so small that the students were all well acquainted with one another, or at least with their classmates. They were constantly thrown together, in chapel, in the classroom, in the dining-hall, in the college dormitories, in their simple forms of recreation; and they were constantly measuring themselves by one standard in their common occupations. The curriculum, consisting mainly of the classics, with a little mathematics, philosophy, and history, was the same for them all; designed, as it was, not only as a preparation for the professions of the ministry and the law, but also as the universal foundation of liberal education.

In the course of time these simple methods were outgrown. President Eliot pointed out, with unanswerable force, that the field of human knowledge had long been too vast for any man to compass; and that new subjects must be admitted to the scheme of instruction, which became thereby so large that no student could follow it all. Before the end of the nineteenth century this was generally recognized, and election in some form was introduced into all our colleges. But the new methods brought a divergence in the courses of study pursued by individual students, an intellectual isolation, which broke down the old solidarity. In the larger institutions the process has been hastened by the great increase in numbers, and in many cases by an abandonment of the policy of housing the bulk of the students in college dormitories; with the result that college life has shown a marked tendency to disintegrate, both intellectually and socially. To that disintegration the overshadowing interest in athletic games appears to be partly due. I believe strongly in the physical and moral value of athletic sports, and of intercollegiate contests conducted in a spirit of generous rivalry; and I do not believe that their exaggerated prominence at the present day is to be attributed to a conviction on the part of the undergraduates, or of the public, that physical is more valuable than mental force. It is due rather to the fact that such contests offer to students the one common interest, the only striking occasion for a display of college solidarity.

If the changes wrought in the college have weakened the old solidarity and unity of aim, they have let in light and air. They have given us a freedom of movement needed for further progress. May we not say of the extreme elective system what Edmond Sherer said of democracy: that it is but one stage in an irresistible march toward an unknown

goal. Progress means change, and every time of growth is a transitional era; but in a peculiar degree the present state of the American college bears the marks of a period of transition. This is seen in the comparatively small estimation in which high proficiency in college studies is held, both by undergraduates and by the public at large; for if college education were now closely adapted to the needs of the community, excellence of achievement therein ought to be generally recognized as of great value. The transitional nature of existing conditions is seen again in the absence, among instructors as well as students, of fixed principles by which the choice of courses of study ought to be guided. It is seen, more markedly still, in the lack of any accepted view of the ultimate object of a college education.

On this last subject the ears of the college world have of late been assailed by many discordant voices, all of them earnest, most of them well-informed, and speaking in every case with a tone of confidence in the possession of the true solution. One theory, often broached under different forms, and more or less logically held, is that the main object of the college should be to prepare for the study of a definite profession, or the practice of a distinct occupation; and that the subjects pursued should, for the most part, be such as will furnish the knowledge immediately useful for that end. But if so, would it not be better to transfer all instruction of this kind to the professional schools, reducing the age of entrance thereto, and leaving the general studies for a college course of diminished length, or perhaps surrendering them altogether to the secondary schools? If we accept the professional object of college education, there is much to be said for a readjustment of that nature, because we all know the comparative disadvantage under which technical instruction is given in college, and we are not less aware of the great difficulty of teaching cultural and vocational subjects at the same time.

The logical result would be the policy of Germany, where the university is in effect a collection of professional schools, and the underlying general education is given in the *gymnasium*. Such a course has, indeed, been suggested; for it has been proposed to transfer, so far as possible, to the secondary schools the first two years of college instruction, and to make the essential work of the university professional in character. But that requires a far higher and better type of secondary school than we possess, or are likely to possess for many years. Moreover, excellent as the German system is for Germany, it is not wholly suited to our Republic, which cannot, in my opinion, afford to lose the substantial, if intangible, benefits the nation has derived from its colleges. Surely the college can give a freedom of thought, a breadth of outlook, a training for citizenship, which neither the secondary nor the professional school in this country can equal.

Even persons who do not share this view of a professional aim have often urged that, in order to save college education in the conditions that confront us, we must reduce its length. May we not feel that the most vital measure for saving the college is not to shorten its duration, but to ensure that it shall be worth saving? Institutions are rarely murdered; they meet their end by suicide. They are not strangled by their natural environment while vigorous; they die because they have outlived their usefulness, or fail to do the work that the world wants done; and we are justified in believing that the college of the future has a great work to do for the American people.

If, then, the college is passing through a transitional period, and is not to be absorbed between the secondary school on the one side and the professional school on the other, we must construct a new solidarity to replace that which is gone. The task before us is to frame a system which, without sacrificing individual variation too much, or neglecting the pursuit of different scholarly interests,

shall produce an intellectual and social cohesion, at least among large groups of students, and points of contact among them all. This task is not confined to any one college, although more urgent in the case of those that have grown the largest, and have been moving most rapidly. A number of colleges are feeling their way toward a more definite structure; and since the problem before them is in many cases essentially the same, it is fortunate that they are assisting one another by approaching it from somewhat different directions. What I have to say upon the subject here is, therefore, intended mainly for the conditions we are called upon to face at Harvard.

It is worth our while to consider the nature of an ideal college as an integral part of our university; ideal, in the sense not of something to be exactly reproduced, but of a type to which we should conform as closely as circumstances will permit. It would contemplate the highest development of the individual student,—which involves the best equipment of the graduate. It would contemplate also the proper connection of the college with the professional schools; and it would adjust the relation of the students to one another. Let me take up these matters briefly in their order.

The individual student ought clearly to be developed, so far as possible, both in his strong and in his weak points, for the college ought to produce, not defective specialists, but men intellectually well-rounded, of wide sympathies and unfettered judgment. At the same time they ought to be trained to hard and accurate thought, and this will not come merely by surveying the elementary principles of many subjects. It requires a mastery of something, acquired by continuous application. Every student ought to know in some subject what the ultimate sources of opinion are, and how they are handled by those who profess it. Only in this way is he likely to gain the solidity of thought that begets sound thinking. In short, he ought, so far as in him lies, to be both broad and profound.

In speaking of the training of the student, or the equipment of the graduate, we are prone to think of the knowledge acquired; but are we not inclined to lay too much stress upon knowledge alone? Taken by itself it is a part, and not the most vital part, of education. Surely the essence of a liberal education consists in an attitude of mind, a familiarity with methods of thought, an ability to use information; rather than in a memory stocked with facts, however valuable such a storehouse may be. In his farewell address to the alumni of Dartmouth, President Tucker remarked that "the college is in the educational system to represent the spirit of amateur scholarship. College students are amateurs, not professionals." Or, as President Hadley is fond of putting it, "The ideal college education seems to me to be one where a student learns things that he is not going to use in after life, by methods that he is going to use. The former element gives the breadth, the latter element gives the training." [1]

But if this be true, no method of ascertaining truth, and therefore no department of human thought, ought to be wholly a sealed book to an educated man. It has been truly said that few men are capable of learning a new subject after the period of youth has passed, and hence the graduate ought to be so equipped that he can grasp effectively any problem with which his duties or his interest may impel him to deal. An undergraduate, addicted mainly to the classics, recently spoke to his adviser in an apologetic tone of having elected a course in natural science, which he feared was narrowing. Such a state of mind is certainly deplorable, for in the present age some knowledge of the laws of nature is an essential part of the mental outfit which no cultivated man should lack. He need not know much, but he ought to know enough to learn more. To him the forces of nature ought not to be an occult mystery,

[1] Annual Report, 1909, page 22.

but a chain of causes and effects with which, if not wholly familiar, he can at least claim acquaintance; and the same principle applies to every other leading branch of knowledge.

I speak of the equipment, rather than the education, of a college graduate, because, as we are often reminded, his education ought to cease only with his life, and hence his equipment ought to lay a strong foundation for that education. It ought to teach him what it means to master a subject, and it ought to enable him to seize and retain information of every kind from that unending stream that flows past every man who has the eyes to see it. Moreover it ought to be such that he will be capable of turning his mind effectively to direct preparation for his life-work, whatever the profession or occupation he may select.

This brings us to the relation of the college to the professional school. If every college graduate ought to be equipped to enter any professional school, as the *abiturient* of a German *gymnasium* is qualified to study under any of the faculties of the university, then it would seem that the professional schools ought to be so ordered that they are adapted to receive him. But let us not be dogmatic in this matter, for it is one on which great divergence of opinion exists. The instructors in the various professional schools are by no means of one mind in regard to it, and their views are of course based largely upon experience. Our Law School lays great stress upon native ability and scholarly aptitude, and comparatively little upon the particular branches of learning a student has pursued in college. Any young man who has brains, and has learned to use them, can master the law, whatever his intellectual interests may have been; and the same thing is true of the curriculum in the Divinity School. Many professors of medicine, on the other hand, feel strongly that a student should enter their school with at least a rudimentary knowledge of those sciences, like chemistry, biology, and physiology, which are interwoven with medical studies; and they appear to attach greater weight to this than to his natural capacity or general attainments. Now that we have established graduate schools of Engineering and Business Administration, we must examine this question carefully in the immediate future. If the college courses are strictly untechnical, the requirement of a small number of electives in certain subjects, as a condition for entering a graduate professional school, is not inconsistent with a liberal education. But I will acknowledge a prejudice that for a man who is destined to reach the top of his profession a broad education, and a firm grasp of some subject lying outside of his vocation, is a vast advantage; and we must not forget that in substantially confining the professional schools at Harvard to college graduates we are aiming at the higher strata in the professions.

The last of the aspects under which I proposed to consider the college is that of the relation of undergraduates to one another; and first on the intellectual side. We have heard much of the benefit obtained merely by breathing the college atmosphere, or rubbing against the college walls. I fear the walls about us have little of the virtue of Aladdin's lamp when rubbed. What we mean is that daily association with other young men whose minds are alert is in itself a large part of a liberal education. But to what extent do undergraduates talk over things intellectual, and especially matters brought before them by their courses of study? It is the ambition of every earnest teacher so to stimulate his pupils that they will discuss outside the classroom the problems he has presented to them. The students in the Law School talk law interminably. They take a fierce pleasure in debating legal points in season and out. This is not wholly with a prospect of bread and butter in the years to come; nor because law is intrinsically more interesting than other things. Much must no doubt be ascribed to the skill of

the faculty of the Law School in awakening a keen competitive delight in solving legal problems; but there is also the vital fact that all these young men are tilling the same field. They have their stock of knowledge in common. Seeds cast by one of them fall into a congenial soil, and like dragon's teeth engender an immediate combat.

Now, no sensible man would propose to-day to set up a fixed curriculum in order that all undergraduates might be joint tenants of the same scholastic property; but the intellectual estrangement need not be so wide as it is. There is no greater pleasure in mature life than hearing a specialist talk, if one has knowledge enough of the subject to understand him, and that is one of the things an educated man ought so far as possible to possess. Might there not be more points of intellectual contact among the undergraduates, and might not considerable numbers of them have much in common?

A discussion of the ideal college training from these three different aspects — the highest development of the individual student, the proper relation of the college to the professional school, and the relation of the students to one another — would appear to lead, in each case, to the same conclusion: that the best type of liberal education in our complex modern world aims at producing men who know a little of everything and something well. Nor, if this be taken in a rational, rather than an extreme, sense, is it impossible to achieve within the limits of college life? That a student of ability can learn one subject well is shown by the experience of Oxford and Cambridge. The educational problems arising from the extension of human knowledge are not confined to this country; and our institutions of higher learning were not the first to seek a solution for them in some form of election on the part of the student. It is almost exactly a hundred years ago that the English universities began to award honors upon examination in special subjects; for although the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge was instituted sixty years earlier, the modern system of honor schools, which has stimulated a vast amount of competitive activity among undergraduates, may be said to date from the establishment of the examinations *in Literis Humanioribus* and in Mathematics and Physics at Oxford in 1807. The most popular of the subjects in which honors are awarded are not technical, that is, they are not intended primarily as part of a professional training; nor are they narrow in their scope; but they are in general confined to one field. In short, they are designed to ensure that the candidate knows something well; that he has worked hard and intelligently on one subject until he has a substantial grounding in it.

For us this alone would not be enough, because our preparatory schools do not give the same training as the English, and because the whole structure of English society is very different from ours. American college students ought also to study a little of everything; for if not, there is no certainty that they will be broadly cultivated, especially in view of the omnipresent impulse in the community driving them to devote their chief attention to the subjects bearing upon their future career. The wise policy for them would appear to be that of devoting a considerable portion of their time to some one subject, and taking in addition a number of general courses in wholly unrelated fields. But instruction that imparts a little knowledge of everything is more difficult to provide well than any other. To furnish it there ought to be in every considerable field a general course designed to give to men who do not intend to pursue the subject further a comprehension of its underlying principles or methods of thought; and this is by no means the same thing as an introductory course, although the two can often be effectively combined. A serious obstacle lies in the fact that many professors, who have reaped fame, prefer to teach advanced courses, and recoil from element-

ary instruction, — an aversion inherited from the time when scholars of international reputation were called upon to waste their powers on the drudgery of drilling beginners. But while nothing can ever take the place of the great teacher, it is nevertheless true that almost any man possessed of the requisite knowledge can at least impart it to students who have already made notable progress in the subject; whereas effective instruction in fundamental principles requires men of mature minds, who can see the forest over the tops of the trees. It demands unusual clearness of thought, force of statement, and enthusiasm of expression. These qualities have no necessary connection with creative imagination, but they are more common among men who have achieved some measure of success; and, what is not less to the point, the students ascribe them more readily to a man whose position is recognized than to a young instructor who has not yet won his spurs. Wherever possible, therefore, the general course ought to be under the charge of one of the leading men in the department, and his teaching ought to be supplemented by instruction, discussion, and constant examination in smaller groups, conducted by younger men well equipped for their work. Such a policy brings the student, at the gateway of a subject, into contact with strong and ripe minds, while it saves the professor from needless drudgery. It has been pursued at Harvard for a number of years, but it can be carried out even more completely.

We have considered the intellectual relation of the students to one another, and its bearing on the curriculum, but that is not the only side of college life. The social relations of the undergraduates among themselves are quite as important; and here again we may observe forces at work which tend to break up the old college solidarity. The boy comes here, sometimes from a large school, with many friends, sometimes from a great distance and almost alone. He is plunged at once into a life wholly strange to him, amid a crowd so large that he cannot claim acquaintance with its members. Unless endowed with an uncommon temperament, he is liable to fall into a clique of associates with antecedents and characteristics similar to his own; or perhaps, if shy and unknown, he fails to make friends at all; and in either case he misses the broadening influence of contact with a great variety of other young men. Under such conditions, the college itself comes short of its national mission of throwing together youths of promise of every kind, from every part of the country. It will, no doubt, be argued that a university must reflect the state of the world about it; and that the tendency of the times is toward specialization of functions, and social segregation on the basis of wealth. But this is not wholly true, because there is happily in the country a tendency also toward social solidarity and social service. A still more conclusive answer is, that one object of a university is to counteract, rather than copy, the defects in the civilization of the day. Would a prevalence of spoils, favoritism, or corruption, in the politics of the country, be a reason for their adoption by universities?

A large college ought to give its students a wide horizon, and it fails therein unless it mixes them together so thoroughly that the friendships they form are based on natural affinities, rather than on similarity of origin. Now, these ties are formed most rapidly at the threshold of college life, and the set in which a man shall move is mainly determined in his freshman year. It is obviously desirable, therefore, that the freshmen should be thrown together more than they are now.

Moreover, the change from the life of school to that of college is too abrupt at the present day. Taken gradually, liberty is a powerful stimulant, but taken suddenly in large doses it is liable to act as an intoxicant or an opiate. No doubt every boy ought to learn to paddle his own canoe; but we do not begin the process by tossing him into a canoe, and setting

him adrift in deep water, with a caution that he would do well to look for the paddle. Many a well-intentioned youth comes to college, enjoys innocently enough the pleasures of freedom for a season; but, released from the discipline to which he has been accustomed, and looking on the examinations as remote, falls into indolent habits. Presently he finds himself on probation for neglect of his studies. He has become submerged, and has a hard, perhaps unsuccessful, struggle to get his head above water. Of late years, we have improved the diligence of freshmen by frequent tests; but this alone is not enough. In his luminous Phi Beta Kappa oration, delivered here three months ago, President Wilson dwelt upon the chasm that has opened between college studies and college life. The instructors believe that the object of the college is study, many students fancy that it is mainly enjoyment, and the confusion of aims breeds irretrievable waste of opportunity. The undergraduate should be led to feel, from the moment of his arrival, that college life is a serious and many-sided thing, whereof mental discipline is a vital part.

It would seem that all these difficulties could be much lessened if the freshmen were brought together in a group of dormitories and dining-halls, under the comradeship of older men, who appreciated the possibilities of a college life, and took a keen interest in their work and their pleasures. Such a plan would enable us also to recruit our students younger, for the present age of entrance here appears to be due less to the difficulty of preparing for the examination earlier, than to the nature of the life the freshman leads. Complaints of the age of graduation cause a pressure to reduce the length of the college course, and with it the standard of the college degree. There would seem to be no intrinsic reason that our schoolboys should be more backward than those of other civilized countries, any more than that our undergraduates should esteem excellence in scholarship less highly than do the men in English universities.

The last point is one that requires a word of comment, because it touches the most painful defect in the American college at the present time. President Prichett has declared that "it is a serious indictment of the standards of any organization when the conditions within it are such that success in the things for which the organization stands no longer appeal effectively to the imaginations of those in it." [1] We may add that, even in these days, indictment is sometimes followed by sentence and execution. No one will deny that in our colleges high scholarship is little admired now, either by the undergraduates or by the public. We do not make our students enjoy the sense of power that flows from mastery of a difficult subject, and on a higher plane we do not make them feel the romance of scholarly discovery. Every one follows the travels of a Columbus or a Livingstone with a keen delight which researches in chemistry or biology rarely stir. The mass of mankind can, no doubt, comprehend more readily geographical than scientific discovery; but for the explorer himself it would be pitiful if the joy of the search depended on the number of spectators, rather than on zeal in his quest.

America has not yet contributed her share to scholarly creation; and the fault lies in part at the doors of our universities. They do not strive enough in the impressionable years of early manhood to stimulate intellectual appetite and ambition; nor do they foster productive scholarship enough among those members of their staffs who are capable thereof. Too often a professor of original power explains to docile pupils the process of mining intellectual gold, without seeking nuggets himself, or, when found, showing them to mankind. Productive scholarship is the shyest of all flowers. It cometh not with

[1] "The College of Freedom and the College of Discipline;" *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1908, page 609.

observation, and may not bloom even under the most careful nurture. American universities must do their utmost to cultivate it, by planting the best seed, letting the sun shine upon it, and taking care that, in our land of rank growth, it is not choked by the thorns of administrative routine.

If I have dwelt upon only a small part of the problems of the university, if I have said nothing of the professional and graduate schools, of the library, the observatory, the laboratories, the museums, the gardens, and the various forms of extension work, it is not because they are of less importance, but because the time is too short to take up more than two or three pressing questions of general interest. The university touches the community at many points, and as time goes on it ought to serve the public through ever-increasing channels. But all its activities are more or less connected with, and most of them are based upon, the college. It is there that character ought to be shaped, that aspirations ought to be formed, that citizens ought to be trained, and scholarly tastes implanted. If the mass of undergraduates could be brought to respect, nay to admire, intellectual achievement on the part of their comrades, in at all the measure that they do athletic victory; if those among them of natural ability could be led to put forth their strength on the objects which the college is supposed to represent, the professional schools would find their tasks lightened, and their success enhanced. A greater solidarity in college, more earnestness of purpose and intellectual enthusiasm, would mean much for our nation. It is said that if the temperature of the ocean were raised, the water would expand until the floods covered the dry land; and if we can increase the intellectual ambition of college students, the whole face of our country will be changed. When the young men shall see visions the dreams of old men will come true.

EMOTION

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

In each pure rose of art, — earth's richest dower, —
Lives an emotion moulded to a flower;
In every soul that wins through valorous strife
Trembles emotion moulded to a life.

TREADMILL JUSTICE

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

In a memorable summary of the progress in the administration of justice during the Victorian period, one of the most scholarly and learned of modern English judges, the late Lord Justice Bowen, speaking of the reforms effected in judicial procedure in England, and their result, said, —

"In every case, whatever its character, every possible relief can be given with or without pleadings, with or without a formal trial, with or without discovery of documents or interrogatories, as the nature of the case prescribes — upon oral evidence or upon affidavits, as is most convenient. Every amendment can be made at all times and all stages, in any record, pleading, or proceeding, that is requisite for the purpose of deciding the real matter in controversy. *It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that it is not possible in the year* 1887 *for an honest litigant in Her Majesty's Supreme Court to be defeated by any mere technicality, any slip, any mistaken step, in his litigation.* . . . Law has ceased to be a scientific game that may be won or lost by playing some particular move."

This proud affirmation of judicial progress which a distinguished jurist was able to make twenty years ago as to conditions in England, is in strong contrast to a statement made by President Taft only a year ago when, in the beginning of an address in New York on the "Delays and Defects in the Enforcement of Law in this Country," he said, —

"If one were to be asked in what respect we had fallen furthest short of ideal conditions in our whole government, I think he would be justified in answering, in spite of the failure that we have made generally in municipal government, that the greatest reform which could be effected would be expedition and thoroughness in the enforcement of public and private rights in our courts. I do not mean to say that the judges of the courts are lacking either in honesty, industry, or knowledge of the law; but I do mean to say that the machinery of which they are a part is so cumbersome and slow and expensive for the litigants, public and private, that the whole judicial branch of the government fails in a marked way to accomplish certain of the purposes for which it was created."

The first impression of President Taft's statement upon the average reader is that it is an exaggeration: that while no doubt there is need of reform in legal methods, nevertheless, to give to the reform of legal procedure such transcendent importance, is to over-emphasize its relative value. But this first impression vanishes when we consider that but for the record — and that by no means perfect — of our poorest-paid judiciary, the judges of the federal courts, the ultimate failure of graft prosecutions and the punishment of rich men and dishonest corporations all over the country has been almost uniform; when we recall the humiliating collapses, elsewhere, of our criminal law, its demonstrated failure in so many cases to protect the public against crime by punishment of conspicuous public offenders; when we study, for example, the criminal law of Missouri and the frightful record of its inefficiency in the battle between the honest people of St. Louis and their plunderers; when we study the situation in San Francisco and see what bulwarks for crime can be found in California's higher courts, there can be no doubt that law

reform is a vital issue in America to-day.

No one can read the reports of the transactions of the National and State Bar associations in our country without being struck with the increase in law-reform propositions which are there found in the topics of discussion and in the subjects of papers read. The lawyers who conduct these discussions and prepare these papers, and appear in them as advocates of specific improvements in legal machinery, are, moreover, not the young and restless members of the bar, but the leaders of the profession, whose standing gives weight and authority to their advocacy.

In this movement there is no occasion for general attacks upon the judiciary. The yellow press, to which a technical judge and eloping parson are objects of equal interest, can be relied upon to misrepresent the actual condition of our jurisprudence without assistance from sober-minded lawyers or laymen. Many of the defects in our law which require a remedy are judge-made, no doubt. But the idea that the judiciary is responsible, and solely responsible, for all our troubles in the bad workings of over-complicated law machinery is at once absurd and unjust. The courts of New York, for example, never devised that monster civil code, of nearly thirty-five hundred sections, which governs by set rules everything but the home life of the lawyers and judges, and prescribes with inflexible precision a myriad matters which demand neither inflexibility nor precision. The judges are not responsible for obscure and badly written statutes, the interpretation of which requires the full powers of clairvoyants, few of whom, it must be admitted, are upon the bench. When the legislatures lay down fixed rules in statutory enactments for judges to follow, it is not the fault of the judge if his oath of office compels him to follow where he is far more fit to lead. Where, for example, the statute law of a state requires the judge in his charge to the jury not to discuss the facts of the case, but merely to hand to the foreman some abstract statements of law for laymen to apply as best they may, it is no fault of the judge if the applications of the law made by the jury are at times bizarre in the extreme.

The spirit of law reform which is healthful, and which is likely to effect results, must be one whose motive is not the placing of blame upon some scapegoat, — jurist or legislator, — but rather the correction of defects in machinery, however occasioned, and the evolution of a better system of justice.

It is entirely logical and proper that in our desire to reform our methods of legal procedure, we should study the effect of law reform in England. The main impulse toward law reform there, beginning over seventy-five years ago, came from the observation by discontented English critics of the salutary effect of law reform in America, for we took the first great forward step in abolishing cumbrous and antiquated machinery and substituting more direct methods. It is only fair therefore, when we in turn are taking thought as to still further reforms and improvements here, that we should look to England and see what suggestions she may have for us, in return for those which we made and she profited by over half a century ago.

Dealing in this paper solely with the machinery of civil litigation, one fundamental difference between English and American methods, which should be of interest to us, is the relatively greater importance attached there to what may be called the stopping-point in litigation. By this is meant something more than speed in getting to trial and being heard. It is speed not only in getting into court, but also in getting out of court, which the English have admirably provided for in their judicial system. With us this last feature has as yet received little attention. It is because, in the writer's judgment, our indifference to the litigant's right to stop is a fundamental and far-reaching defect of American judicial machinery, that this paper is written to discuss it,

and some of its most obvious and important consequences.

Two questions which are asked every day in lawyers' offices all over the world, are, how much it will cost, and how long it will take. It is of the highest practical importance, to both the lawyer and his client, that satisfactory answers be made to both of these queries. They can scarcely be answered separately. A law-suit which takes years to dispose of is bound to cost, in proportion, more than one which can be speedily brought to a termination. The English system recognizes this, and has adequate facilities for termination of litigation by a final judgment. A case can be heard and decided in the High Court a month after it has begun; and if an appeal be taken, it can be heard and finally decided and ended in the Court of Appeal five months later. Only a tenth of the cases tried in England in the High Court are appealed at all, and of the appealed cases very few are ordered re-tried.

Compared with the great dispatch characteristic of English litigation, the interminableness of our own makes an extraordinary contrast. One prevalent cause of that interminableness is the unlimited and senseless scope of the right of appeal. In Illinois there are six kinds of frequently occurring cases in which the delays of reaching a *final* judgment are extraordinary. The case is tried and decided first in the County Court. An appeal can then be taken to the Circuit Court, where the witnesses again must be called and the whole case re-tried as though no previous trial had taken place, and in complete disregard of the proceedings and judgment of the County Court. The defeated party may then again appeal to the Appellate Court, where the case is heard on a printed record; and from that court, on a similar printed record, if still defeated, he may go to the Supreme Court of the state. In case there has been no error committed in the court below, the law-suit, after having been decided four times, may come to an end in two and a half to three years after it was begun.

The folly of a system which permits a litigant to require a re-trial of the whole case, as though the first trial had never occurred, simply because the defeated party desires it, and without any proof whatever that any error or injustice was committed in the first trial, seems too patent for discussion. It is all the worse when this method of duplicate trials applies to the small claims of the poor for wages, and the like, and puts the poor litigant to the delay and expense of two trials before he can hope to get his rights. This is the case in Pennsylvania to-day. A claim under a hundred dollars goes to trial first before a magistrate. After his decision, the defeated party may appeal to the Court of Common Pleas, and the whole case then is re-tried as though the first trial never had taken place. The delay and expense of these trials are a burden on the honest creditor, and afford every possible opportunity for dishonesty and "beating" by debtors. By these re-trial methods, a solvent defendant who owes a hundred dollars or less in Philadelphia can put off payment if he wishes for two or three years.

Another and more general form of legal interminableness is of a different kind. It is caused by the re-trial of the same case over and over again, following reversals in appellate courts for "error," the effect of each reversal being to send the case back where it started, to be gone over again, the witnesses being reassembled in court and reëxamined as though no trial had ever been held.

Over a year ago the writer listened to a lawyer arguing an appeal in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in New York. It was a very uninteresting law-suit about the title to a small plot of land in the city. At the close of his argument, the lawyer said, "This case has been tried three times in the lower court by juries, has been heard on appeal in this court twice, and once in the Court of Appeals. The expenses of the litiga-

tion already have absorbed the value of this property in dispute. If there be some way which the court can find for deciding finally this dispute here in this court, without requiring it to be tried over again, it will be a blessing to all concerned."

This blessing the court found itself unable to confer, and six months later the case again was on the first round of the judicial ladder for a new trial in the lower court; and recently it has been once more decided in the Appellate Court, and is now on its weary way to the Court of Appeals. This is hardly an exceptional case. Interminableness in one form or another is a characteristic of our judicial method.

In one of the fairly recent volumes of the New York Court of Appeals Reports is contained the last chapter of a famous and extraordinary case, which is a gross illustration of this interminableness, and an extreme though characteristic example of its results. The court record of the last chapter of this law-suit is curt and obscure; hardly what one might expect for an extraordinary case. It consists of eight words: "Judgment and order affirmed with costs. No opinion." These eight words mark the close of a simple accident case involving no difficult questions of law, which had been in the courts continuously for twenty-two years! It had been tried before juries seven times. It had been argued in appellate courts ten times. The final bill of costs in the case, *not including lawyers' charges* or the cost of printing seven different volumes of testimony, each of from two to three hundred pages, as required in the appellate courts on the various appeals, and not including any of defendant's expenses whatever, is over two thousand dollars. A conservative estimate of the expense of this litigation *not including lawyers' fees* probably would be five thousand dollars.

This law-suit was one brought by a brakeman, named Ellis R. Williams, who had been employed by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western R. R. Company, to recover damages from the railroad company for personal injuries. He had been injured, in July of 1882, by striking against a low bridge as he went under it on top of a box-car. His suit against the railroad company was brought in December of that year. It was tried for the first time, in 1884, before a jury in the Supreme Court at Utica, and he obtained a verdict against the railroad for four thousand dollars.

Now, there are two courts in New York to which a defeated party to a law-suit can successively appeal. First comes the General Term, now known as the Appellate Division, composed of judges of the Supreme Court. There are no juries in this court, and the case is heard on the briefs and arguments of the lawyers and on a printed record containing the testimony of the witnesses in the court below. The defeated party tries to show this court that either the judge or the jury was wrong in the lower court. If he fails to convince the first of these appeal courts, he may again appeal to the highest court of the state, the Court of Appeals. The full course of a jury case in New York, where the trial in the original court has been held in accordance with the established rules of law, is one trial and two appeals. If it has not been so held, one or the other of the appeal courts usually sends the case back for a new trial — sends it back where it began, where it is tried again before another jury as though it had never been tried before. The whole process is like a child trying to climb a toy ladder with three rungs. He begins on the first, balances himself, climbs from the first to the second, loses his balance, falls back. He picks himself up, climbs upon the first rung, then to the second, then to the third, and comes down with a thump on the floor again. When he gets to the third rung, *and stays there*, the law-suit is over.

To give in detail the various trials, appeals, new trials, and new appeals, in Williams's case against the railroad com-

pany, which followed after the first verdict in his favor, would take more time and patience than any one but a well-feed lawyer would willingly give it. Condensing the story as much as possible, it is enough to say, that on the first appeal to the General Term, the railroad scored. Williams fell from the second rung of the ladder back to the floor. There had been a mistake in the way the case had been tried in the court below, and a new trial was ordered. On the new jury trial, Williams succeeded again. Once more the railroad appealed to the General Term, and this time it was defeated. No new trial was ordered and the railroad accordingly took an appeal to the Court of Appeals.

This portion of the law-suit, that is, up to the time when Williams first arrived at the third rung of the law ladder, — the Court of Appeals, — occupied seven years, so that the case even then was a fairly old one; and it would seem that, if there were some way in which a seven-year-old law-suit could finally be determined by the court and stopped, it would be a good thing for both parties. The court was in an excellent position to render such a final judgment. The record which it had before it, when this appeal was heard, contained all the testimony which either party thought was material to the dispute, and everything which had occurred at the trial. Among other things, it showed that at the end of the case, after all these witnesses had been examined and both sides were through with their testimony, the railroad lawyer had asked the judge to dismiss the case without sending it to the jury, claiming that, even accepting Williams's own story as true, he had no legal claim against the railroad company. The Court of Appeals, after listening to the lawyers and examining the printed testimony, decided that the railroad lawyer was right and the judge should have dismissed the case.

It reached this conclusion from reading Williams's own testimony. He admitted that he had been under the bridge many times on the top of box-cars, and knew that it was a low bridge and dangerous; yet he had turned his back to it as the car went under it on the day of the accident, and had been struck while thus walking toward the rear of the car. In view of this testimony of Williams himself, the Court of Appeals was of the opinion that the judge who presided at the jury trial had been wrong in not dismissing the case.

Now, to the mind of an ordinary business man, it would seem as if this was the logical place for this law-suit to stop. It would seem as if there was only one thing now left to be done, and that was, by some appropriate judicial red tape, to end the case in the railroad's favor. The Court of Appeals in New York is empowered, as the highest courts in other states generally are, "to grant to either party such judgment as such party may be entitled to." But instead of stopping a law-suit which then had been in the courts continuously for seven years, and on the full merits of which it had just decided, it started the wheels of litigation over again. It granted a new trial.

Now, Williams had been badly hurt, and his injuries were such as to appeal to a jury. During the seven years of this litigation he had twice had verdicts of sums which must have seemed large to him, and he probably had built many hopes on receiving the money the jury had awarded him. All these hopes were now destroyed. The Court of Appeals had decided, substantially *on his own story*, as he had told it to the jury, that he was not entitled to damages from the railroad company.

It is not in human nature to accept tamely and humbly such a killing decree without an effort to escape it. It is not in human nature for a man who has been for seven years fighting in the courts a hotly contested law-suit, which has twice been decided in his favor, to acquiesce without a struggle in a decree against him. Williams had been defeated in the Court of Appeals solely by his own testimony. If

he was to succeed on a new trial, there was one thing, and only one thing, which he could do. He did that thing. On the new trial *he completely changed his testimony as to all those matters on which the Court of Appeals had based its judgment against him.*

It is unnecessary for the purposes of this article to follow in detail the subsequent history of this law-suit. Suffice it to say that, after eleven years more of litigation, the plaintiff actually succeeded, by thus changing his testimony, in getting sizty-five hundred dollars of railroad money on the *seventh* new trial of his suit. The Court of Appeals acquiesced in 1904 in a verdict for that amount, twenty-two years after the commencement of the action and fourteen since that court had decided that Williams had no case and should have been put out of court.

The lesson of this extraordinary case is plain, and it is the importance of that lesson which is the writer's excuse for so long a consideration of it. A system of law which has not adequate terminal facilities must be judged by its results, and one of them is the creation of unnecessary temptations to perjury. The court which created that temptation in Williams's case has itself declared: —

"It *frequently* happens that cases appear and reappear in this court, after three or four trials, where the plaintiff on every trial has changed his testimony in order to meet the varying fortunes of the case upon appeal."

In every state where a similar system prevails — and there are many of them, — the Williams case can be duplicated. For human nature is the same in one state as in another, and the temptation to which Williams was exposed is the temptation of every litigant in a law case in which an unnecessary new trial is ordered by a court which is itself in a position, with all the facts before it, to render a just and final judgment.

The disadvantages to justice herself of the treadmill system are equaled only by those to the litigant. A grimly humorous illustration of one of the results to the litigant may be found in another New York law-suit which reached a final chapter recently in the Court of Appeals. It was a complex case against an insurance company on some policies of insurance, and each time it was tried it took from a week to two weeks' attention of court and jury. Owing to reversals and new trials ordered by appellate courts, it had to be tried nine times. It was in the courts from 1882 to 1902. The plaintiff became at last so sick and disheartened with his interminable law-suit that he abandoned it, refused to go to his lawyers to consult with them about it or to appear when the case was being tried. The lawyers had themselves spent over forty-five hundred dollars on fighting the case, and had worked on it for nearly twenty years. Their client having abandoned them, they settled the case for thirty thousand dollars, and took the money themselves for their fees. The last chapter of the litigation was an unsuccessful attempt by the receiver in insolvency of the plaintiff to make the lawyers give up some of their fees to their client's creditors. How much the twenty years' delay in the law-suit had to do with that insolvency it is impossible to say; but such an outcome, to the lay mind, seems hardly satisfactory as a result of twenty years of litigation, of nine trials, and seventy-two days' time of over a hundred jurors.

While these illustrations have been taken from the New York courts, this has been done merely for convenience, and not because the Marathon method, of the results of which they are extreme examples, is peculiar to that state. The courts of New York, through the learning and ability of their judges, have stood for a century at the very front of the American judiciary. The disregard of the litigants' right to stop is not confined to one state or section, but it is, with few exceptions, a general and characteristic defect in American justice. It exists through the courts, even when the legislatures have provided

adequate means for the termination of litigation. In Pennsylvania, for example, there was adopted some fifteen years ago a statute giving its appeal courts power to enter such judgment as would do substantial justice without sending the case back to the original court. One of the leaders of the Philadelphia bar testified, before the Law's Delay Committee in New York, that during twelve years in which the statute had then been in effect, the Supreme Court had exercised the power given by the statute only once.

There is not a recent volume of either the intermediate or highest of the New York appeal courts which does not contain some case which has been tried over again three or four times in the lower court, through successive re-trials ordered by higher courts on appeals taken. Such decisions cannot be duplicated in English justice. There the endless re-trial of the same case for "error" is neither required nor permitted. The fundamental importance, from practical considerations, of a system of justice with "terminal facilities," is recognized there, but not here.

Now, this difference in point of view is important not only in itself, but in its necessary consequences. It is entirely logical that a judicial organization which does not consider the stopping-point of a law-suit as at all important should be technical in procedure, and filled with pitfalls, delays, and interminable re-trials, and an extraordinary over-development of higher courts and appeal machinery. It is equally logical that a system which does consider the stopping-point of the law-suit as practically important should be one in which technicalities of procedure are absent, where new trials are ordered rarely and only for extraordinary reasons, and where the great strength of the system is expressed, not only nominally but actually, in its trial courts, the courts where the whole dispute is first heard and decided.

It is because of this fundamental difference in point of view that we have developed top-heavy appellate courts, with unlimited rights of appeal to them for delay as well as for justice. It is through the disregard of a stopping-point as a fundamental requisite of substantial justice that the appellate courts develop technical "error" and order new trials for trifles, till the difficulties of getting justice in the court of first instance are almost insuperable.

In England everything is done which can be done to make the first trial a conquest of substantial justice. In the court-room the judge has free play. He is fettered with no technical rules. He turns promptly out of court cases too flimsy to deserve the consideration of court and jury. He expresses his opinion on the facts freely. He is the keystone of the judicial arch. He has none of the terrors of reversal hanging over him for any technical error he may make, because the English law binding upon the appeal courts expressly provides: "A new trial shall not be granted on the ground of misdirection, or of the improper admission or rejection of evidence, unless in the opinion of the court to which the application is made some substantial wrong or miscarriage has been thereby occasioned in the trial." He is endowed with such judicial power because he is a part of a system which *expects* justice to be rendered at first hand in his court, and which considers speed in reaching a final judgment essential to its usefulness. The judge who in the first instance sees and hears the parties and their witnesses, who hears the case while it is a living thing, is there considered at his actual importance. A system which reduces his importance, which fetters him with rules so technical as to tend to make him afraid of his shadow in his own court, which deprives him of influence with his juries, which forbids him to dismiss cases too flimsy for judicial consideration, is and must be a system which does not expect justice to be rendered in the first court, but in some appellate court, or rather in some lower court after some appellate court has decided wherein the first lower court has

failed to meet the full requirements of the law. The over-development of appeal courts in America is largely due to this spirit.

The effect of the over-development and mis-development of appellate courts upon civil justice can be better explained perhaps by an illustration. The illustration chosen is taken from the history of a somewhat famous accident case in New York, which was tried over three or four times by juries, and was passed on twice by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court and once by the Court of Appeals. The plaintiff was a widow suing for the death of her son, who was killed by a street car. She had a verdict each time from the jury. The appellate courts were inclined to consider the plaintiff's case weak, and that the justice of the verdict was doubtful. The first time the case was tried, the judge thought the evidence was so meagre as to require a dismissal, and dismissed the case. When, on the appeal taken by the widow, the case first reached the Court of Appeals, that court established what was in effect a new rule for all such cases, and declared that however flimsy the plaintiff's testimony was, if it was such that if it were uncontradicted it would justify a verdict, the case must go to the jury, even if the evidence produced by the defendant was overwhelmingly greater and showed clearly that there was no justice in a recovery by plaintiff. On the re-trial ordered by the Court of Appeals the plaintiff had a verdict, and the case again went up on appeal taken by the railroad. The Appellate Court once more reversed it. The ruling it made was this. The trial judge had attempted to tell the jury how much care the little boy who was killed was bound to use in crossing the street where the cars ran, and had said that he was bound to use the care which a boy of his tender years would use in the same situation, and "would deem adequate thereto." The Appellate Court reversed because the trial judge had used the words quoted. They were held to be erroneous, and were assumed so to have influenced and misled the jury that they had brought in a bad verdict. Now, of course, the jury was not misled at all by this ruling, and a reversal on this ground was absurd. The situation, however, is quite clear. The Appellate Court, as a matter of fact, was influenced in reversing the verdict, not by the "error," but by the apparent injustice of the verdict itself. It placed its decision upon a highly technical ground because it found no other legal ground for setting aside the verdict.

But, by this and a multitude of similar decisions, it has rendered accident law, which in view of the nature of these cases ought to be fairly simple, a complicated and highly technical branch of legal art, and has multiplied enormously the difficulties of trial judges in managing these cases. Now, it may be that in this particular case it was proper to prevent the widow from recovering the verdict which had been awarded to her. There was some benefit to the defendant by this ruling, because the record shows that on the next trial she got a smaller verdict, so that the four erroneous words quoted cost her nine hundred and sixty dollars each. The question in its broader aspect, however, is whether the decision of the Appellate Court and others like it are worth what they cost. In other words, whether it is a good policy to make the general accident law, for example, so technical and difficult and filled with so many possibilities of legal error, that the trial judge is constantly nervous in trying to avoid making mistakes, and has his mind occupied with these technical rules rather than with the real merits of the case he is trying.

An old business man who for a quarter of a century has managed, with distinguished success, a corporation maintaining many departments, once said to the writer, "There is at least one demonstratedly wrong way to run a business corporation. That wrong way is to make every department chief feel that there

is not a dot or cross that he makes or a minor rule that he lays down, however unimportant, which is not likely to be changed in the president's office a day or so later. The surest way to spoil a good department manager is to make him think that the actual management of his department, not in general outlines only but in detail as well, is to be done in the president's office and not in his own." There is more efficiency lost to a big business by a top-heavy president's office, than in any other way. It can hardly be doubted that a top-heavy judicial system loses its efficiency in the same way. If the judge who presides at the trial of a case, who listens to the witnesses as the attorneys questions them, is made to feel that the detail of his work, as well as its general principles, is to be reëxamined and revised somewhere else, the judge, like the business manager, loses not only a certain freedom necessary for his full efficiency, but a proper sense of responsibility as well. That this policy of interference is a failure may be denied by appellate court judges and by lawyers familiar with the workings of the court. Technical decisions which multiply the uncertainty and delays of the law are the last thing that people want. Delays, uncertainties, new trials, and the absence of terminal facilities, are not aids to justice, but unwholesome substitutes for it.

There is a well-known historical objection to this method of trying to avoid injustice by multiplying technicalities. The technicalities of criminal law which mightily disgust the people to-day, and result so often in the escape of offenders justly convicted, had their historical origin in the efforts of English judges a century and more ago to avoid rendering judgments of death and outlawry for minor offenses, — sentences which a barbarous criminal law then required the judges to render. To avoid one evil they industriously created another. Because the criminal law was barbarous, they made it almost ludicrously technical. We inherited the technicalities and made them part of our more humane criminal law, and it is an inheritance which has been, and to a large extent continues to be, a stumbling block to justice and a shield for guilt. The development of technical law as a means of avoiding possible injustice in individual cases is a demonstrated failure.

One of the most serious results of a meddlesome over-control of trial judges by appellate courts, and their system of deferring final judgment by interminable re-trials directed over and over again on technical grounds, is the breaking down of the jury system. The number of cases increases perceptibly in which the judges of appellate courts set aside verdicts and order new trials, because they are convinced that the juries have brought in unjust verdicts. The theory of our law has always been that the jury is to pass upon disputed questions of fact, deciding which of the opposing witnesses is to be believed, but that the courts have the right to set aside verdicts when they are so contrary to the clear weight of the evidence as to show bias, prejudice, or passion, on the part of the jury. Why are the courts interfering so much more frequently than they formerly did with jury verdicts? Are the jurors of a lower order of intelligence than they were seventy-five years ago? Is the modern juror less just, more prone to passion and prejudice, and less open to reason? Any such deterioration in the quality of a juror will hardly be claimed.

There is another explanation which deserves more consideration than it has received. It is that the appellate courts are tacitly confessing that their method of managing trial judges is, in an increasing number of cases, working substantial injustice. It is the example of the effect of the lack of terminal facilities of our law upon the quality of the law. Under a system in which new trials are granted by appellate courts for trifling technical reasons, the conscientious judge at the jury trial must be doubly anxious to avoid

these possible "errors" which will result in the miscarriage of justice by a new trial granted in an upper court. A trial judge whose mind is focused on the avoidance of legal "error," whose charge is a desperate effort for correctness rather than clearness, is bound to lose his influence with the jury in handling the broad lines of the case. Charging a jury used to be considered a fine art, one requiring the highest type of judicial mind in marshaling the facts of a complicated case so as to make clear the bearings of the law upon them, to show the jurors the issues, the point which it is their province to decide. The average juror respects the judge, is sensitive to his opinion, is anxious to follow his rulings and to do justice according to law, provided, and always provided, he can understand what the judge is talking about. When the charge to which the jury listens is one-third vague platitudes and two-thirds undigested extracts from the opinions of the appellate courts laboriously collated by the opposing lawyers and charged by request, couched in legal phraseology which a lawyer would have to read twice to understand and which a jury is supposed to understand by intuition, the authority of the trial judge over the bewildered jury is gone, and the verdict which some appellate court reverses later is a reflection upon that court, a commentary on the results of its own methods far more than upon the jury system.

The weak spot in the American judicial system is in the so-called lower courts. This is true because the public has an exaggerated opinion of the importance of those tribunals where the judges sit in robes and austere dignity, and uphold the constitution, and write long and learned opinions which are printed in law books and sometimes published in newspapers. It is the weak spot because, through an indifference generated by this mistaken opinion, the public so often permits the election to the lower ranks of the judiciary of political henchmen and semi-incompetents, in the complacent belief, shared by many lawyers, that all will be well so long as these dignified upper courts remain to right, at least temporarily, the wrongs of the man with a purse long enough to get there. It is the weak spot because the appellate courts, in a meddlesome over-development of their own functions, tend to hamper and confuse the trial judge in his work by multiplying technical trifles to govern his conduct.

The undue subordination of the trial judge lies at the basis of the interminableness of litigation. The complaint is made often that commercial litigation has largely disappeared from our courts. Why should there be any? If simple accident cases, through technical slips and procedure, can be ordered re-tried three or four times, what chance have complicated commercial causes, involving difficult questions of law or fact, of reaching final termination with anything like promptness? Commercial litigation will not return to the courts solely by shortening the delay in getting to trial. The business man wants to know when he is likely to get out of court, and lacking any reasonable assurances on that score will settle his grievances or charge them up to profit and loss.

Interminableness is the great defect of civil justice in America. It is a defect which must be removed if the courts are to perform their proper functions. Justice at first hand is what the honest litigant wants. It is the only kind many suitors can afford. The causes which make our first-hand justice uncertain or ineffectual must be removed. The right of appeal must cease to be the means of denying and delaying justice. Complicated and inflexible codes of procedure must be made simple. The old Latin maxim which Blackstone knew, and which modern American law has forgotten, must be again recognized and its validity restored: "Interest rei publicæ ut sit finis litium." (It is to the advantage of the state that there should be an end to litigation).

THE HETERODOXY OF GENIUS

BY WILLIAM AUSTIN SMITH

WHEN Burne-Jones was asked to undertake the work of filling the four semi-domes below the great centre dome of St. Paul's, London, with mosaic, he, after careful deliberation, declined the commission. "It 's nonsense," he writes, "to put mosaic there — nonsense to try to do anything with it but let it chill the soul of man and gently prepare him for the next glacial cataclysm. It wants carpets hung about, and big, huge, dark oil pictures, and hangings of rich stuffs, and the windows let alone, no stained glass anywhere, no color except black and silver, no chilling surplices, Bach always being played, and me miles away — me miles away, if possible, and I 'll be content with it." And writing to a friend at this time regarding his impression of the great church, he continues, "I wonder if it crushed and depressed you as it does me; and if you could pray in it, and to whom; and if you had any hope that a prayer could get beyond the cornices."

In this æsthetic sensitiveness of the artist, we have a genuine piece of protestantism illustrating the mood of genius toward organized religion. When he has frankly exposed its limitations and has mourned its faults, one suspects that, were improvements ordered to suit his taste, his aggressive preference would remain as in the case of Burne-Jones, to say his prayers miles away from the renovated temple.

Such are the musings of one who, without presuming to speak intimately of dignitaries, has from time to time, in his experience as an Episcopal parson, cast covetous glances at genius seemingly going to waste outside parochial bounds.

Genius standing aloof — sometimes aggressively so — from confirmation classes and the counsels of the church, is the tempting morsel which generations of churchmen have coveted for the faith. Our inability to lure genius in appreciable numbers into the fold has caused grave searchings of heart and volumes of apologetics. We have felt it to be a silent reproach upon our faith that spiritual food, nourishing to us, the rank and file, should not be good enough for them. This solicitude is altogether commendable, for what loyal churchman can forbear reckoning the prestige which the allegiance of the ablest men of the community might lend to our creeds and churches. It suggests the fascinating picture of George Eliot early making her way to service and demurely finding the places for the clergy, instead of exposing our frailties in those charming causeries at the Priory with Spencer, Rossetti, and the intimates of her *salon*.

When we contrive to attract genius that tolerates us, we are likely to be unrestrained in our appreciation, so that the gentle conformity of a Pasteur and the militant loyalty of a Gladstone are overcapitalized for homiletic purposes. We treat their good-will and endorsement much like the haberdashers and victualers in England, exhibiting over their shops the gilded approval of some royal customer.

There is an abundance of clinical material in literature for studying the man of genius when in action against organized religion.

Edward FitzGerald is a typical case. The curate at Woodbridge called one day to expostulate with his distinguished parishioner for not appearing at church. The man, doubtless irritating in his assumption of authority, nettled the poet

into unvarnished frankness. "Sir, you might have conceived that a man has not come to my years without thinking much of these things. I believe, I may say, I have reflected upon them fully as much as yourself. You need not repeat this visit."

One recalls the incident which Henry James relates of the newly settled rector in the parish where Carlyle was living, calling one day upon his "doughty parishioner." To avert the calamity, which from an open window he saw descending upon him, Carlyle seizes his stick, dons his coat, and meets the rector on the doorstep. Not to be outdone, this representative of organized religion accepts the neighborly invitation to walk a piece. Part of the conversation along the road is to our purpose. "It is much, no doubt," said Carlyle, when the eager parson had ventured on volcanic ground, "to have a decent ceremonial of worship and an educated, polite sort of person to administer it, but the main want of the world, as I gather just now, and of this parish especially . . . is to discover some one who really knows God otherwise than by hearsay, and can tell us what divine work is actually to be done here and now in London streets, and not of a totally different work which behooved to be done two thousand years ago in old Judæa. I much hope that you are just the man we look for, and I give you my word you will strike dissent dumb if such really be the case."

Something of the same thought must have been in the mind of Emerson when, in the famous Divinity College address, made nearly a century ago in little Holden Chapel, he recalls a preacher who sorely tempted him to go to church no more. "A snowstorm was falling around us, the snowstorm was real, the preacher merely spectral. The eye felt the sad contrast in looking at him and then out of the window behind him, into the beautiful meteor of the snow. He had lived in vain, he had not one word intimating that he had laughed or wept, was married or in love, had been commended or cheated or chagrined. The capital secret of his profession, namely, to convert life into truth, he had not learned. Not one fact in all his experience had he yet imported into his doctrine. This man had ploughed and planted and taught and bought and sold; he had read books; he had eaten and drunken; his head aches, his heart throbs, he smiles and suffers, yet was there not a surmise, a hint in all the discourse, that he had ever lived at all."

But the restlessness of genius in the pew is not of modern origin. In the books of the Prophets may be found quite as biting denunciation of the whole solemn proceedings of the churches as has ever come from the heated pen of genius. The anarchic spirit surely is rife in the Prophets of Israel. Bernard Shaw never wrote anything more caustic about solemn evensong than he who said, "The new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with. It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting." It was sheer restlessness of genius in a constricting environment which made Savonarola start bonfires in Florence. The thing must be vitalized by some daring act of nonconformity. St. Francis's queerness, much of it, — his sermons to the birds, his settlement work among the lepers, his unconventional asperities, — was a safety-valve for the fidgety spirit of genius under the restrictions of conventional religion. Had he lived in other times, and had he not, besides being a genius, been a saint, he might not have gone to church at all.

But the clergy have a more personal grudge against genius than mere neglect. From Laertes berating the poor priest for doing his official duty by the body of Ophelia, to Ibsen's *Ghosts*, the parson has usually been made to act and speak like a fool when presented on the stage. One has the creeping suspicion that that is about the way he really appears to the man of genius and to a considerable minority who suffer us gladly. The smug

Anglican type in clerical garb before the footlights, in his guilelessness and bigotry, is the chastisement we are likely to receive at the hands of the playwright unless we choose our theatre-going with discretion. Now, the clergy might bear the rebuke with humility, did they not suspect that Pastor Manders and the Bishop of Lancashire are symbols of the Church's interpretation of religion, in the mind not only of Ibsen and Charles Rann Kennedy, but of a very considerable company of gifted folk. We may as well face the nauseous fact that we bore the genius, and while, perhaps, he shows a lively sensibility to all sorts of bores among his fellow men, yet he suffers us with a difference. He resents what seems to him our impudence in daring to analyze and define these expansive mysteries with which we deal. The light of the Temple is garish to these highly organized individuals, who imagine they feel more reverently the truths we handle with rough hands. Our blunt appreciation, our jaunty handling of crushing mysteries, our neat tabulating of certainties, all this irritates and shocks their squeamish reverence. They miss in us, too often, that nice restraint which one has a right to expect from those who enjoy an intimate survey of truth. They do not absent themselves from church and appear heterodox because they wish to dispense with religion, but, as Emerson hints, because our religion frequently seems profane to their delicate sensibilities. They seem to catch a false note in some of our garrulous devotion to truth.

Now, the difficulty of studying the attitude of genius toward organized religion is aggravated by the fact that the protests which come from men of exceptional ability, statesmen, artists, scientists, and men of large administrative talent, are as varied as their several temperaments. Sir Oliver Lodge, for example, in writing upon the alleged indifference of laymen to religion, bids the clergy study reality and sincerity; strive to say what they really mean, and to say it in such a way that others may know what they mean. He frankly confesses that he is bored by the length of the Te Deum, the repetitions of the Kyrie; he tolerates the creeds because he finds no reality about the procedure of saying them. Lodge here expresses the mind of a considerable company of men of ability who lack the taste and capacity for corporate worship of any sort. I suspect that no tinkering with the liturgy could conciliate this extreme type of nonconformity.

But running through the testimony of the men who will have none of us, is a single strand of protest which indicates the temperament. It is essentially nonconformist, genuinely protestant and intolerant. A genius can rarely be held in social groups in such first-hand matters as faith and worship. His directness and intensity of vision are themselves limitations which narrow the field of comradeship. He sees further, but sometimes not so much as common folk. His short cuts to reality make him impatient with the more orderly conventional routes. With less pretense to frequent converse with God, he approaches Him, nevertheless, with a certain ceremony of the spirit after a liturgy of his own. The clear sweep he gets on the outside, unobstructed by the details which belong to the office-work of religion, appeals to his romantic temperament. Offensive particulars like heresy trials, the fussiness of dignitaries, and church controversies, fret his spirit. Out he goes to gather his most excellent beauty by the way.

If the church, by virtue of being a social organism, is inherently conservative, it must take the snail's pace in adjusting itself to new conditions; but genius, on the other hand, is irritable and impatient with dilatory, palliative methods. Imagine Darwin compelled to sit in a pew and listen to a generation of the harmonizing of science and revelation, or Wendell Phillips to bide his time while the clergy are mired in Biblical exegesis in getting at the mind of God on the slave question. But what a horrid protestant over-em-

phasis! There are the sacraments! Yes, but here again is the temperament of genius with its own sacramental relationship to God! One recognizes that happy distinction between the prophetic and priestly function of the ministry, and in seeming to give undue prominence to the irritation of genius over our leanness of prophetic gifts, we would not excuse him for neglecting our priestly ministrations. But the romantic element in genius has rendered him no more plastic in the hands of the priest than of the prophet.

Is there a catholicity obtainable which can keep this energy of spirit from kicking over the traces? I do not believe it. The eternal "antithesis of the conventional and romantic" types, neither fully comprehending the other, prevents the two temperaments from keeping house comfortably together. We are a bit too aggressive, I believe, in our ideal of catholicity, and we worry ourselves needlessly over the clever folk who will have none of our ministrations. Why not leave these exceptional persons to get to heaven in their own way, accepting in good faith their service to the Kingdom of God? If there is a goodly company of virtuous and able folk who do not want to say our creeds, why worry about it? Why not leave them in peace as members of the great Invisible Church, where no one is asked to define his beliefs or talk about them to his neighbor, or say them over and spell them out on Sunday mornings, or sing them if he does not like to sing them, or pray them out in words if he does not choose to pray in words? We might leave these men and women to their broad pastures, and, without malice, bury them if they ask it, or burn them if the public good demands it; but let us not harass our nerves, forever angling after the men who seem able to get to heaven without our help, and are annoyed by our importunity.

I am certain that any setting of things to rights will not win over the class to which Sir Oliver Lodge belongs. To them, organized religion will always remain stupid and uninspiring. The minority who are grieved at this or that in the churches, and contend that if things were different they would find themselves in hearty accord, are frequently self-deceived. Their explanation seldom reveals the real cause of their impatience. Bernard Shaw would like to go to church if the services would stop and give him an opportunity to worship. George Eliot can retain her spiritual integrity only by staying away. Carlyle wants a church that assails contemporary devils. Lincoln once wrote, "Whenever any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, that church I will join with all my heart and all my soul."

It was doubtless measurably harder in Lincoln's day to find a relaxed theology than it is to-day, when one may select from the menu of the various churches a sufficiently genial diet; but I do not believe Lincoln, were he living, would be found heart and soul in accord with any of the easy-going creedless churches. Not every genius is so frank as Burne-Jones to admit that, while he likes to tinker with ecclesiastical decorations, even the carrying out of his scheme of color would not induce him to go to church. Genius has not fled in numbers to churches with an unoffending theology. It is not primarily a question of creed or liturgy, but incompatibility of temperament, which divorces a goodly number of persons from organized religion.

But the romantic temperament, insisting upon the free air of the Invisible Church, is frequently unjust to other spiritual climates, in which his brothers thrive. He forgets that conventional religion interprets the vision to the rank and file. When we are told with fervor that religion is not a creed or church attendance, but an expansive something else, we, who belong to the great middle class of the spirit, and go to church and say our prayers in uninspired fashion, may say that we have long known that; but why

overlook the psychology of the ordinary man, who, without a creed and a prayer-book, would perhaps have no religion at all.

It is, after all, not the business of the church to adjust itself to these unusual types. There is a certain carnal satisfaction to smaller minds in seeing a genius like Tolstoi, when he attempts, in *My Religion*, to organize his religious experience into a creed, nodding at times like ordinary laymen. The common man, when decently mellowed with humility, and willing to be conventional in his faith, is quite as likely to avoid saying foolish things about the mysteries of religion as these exceptional persons.

The average man has no wish to be niggardly with his creed. To believe more than is barely necessary to salvation, and to spread before the Lord a bountiful profession of faith, is his harmless indulgence in works of supererogation. Were we to cut him down to the meagre necessities of faith, we should cramp his willing spirit and rob him of the innocent pleasure of a generous gift of orthodoxy on Sunday mornings.

Organized religion, like organized education, must be democratic in its adjustment to the requirements of the majority. It prays as the average man would pray, worships as he would worship, and formulates its creed for his instruction, — else how should we explain the evolution of liturgies? Should we reorganize religion to key it up to the pitch of the rare spirits, we might divorce the rank and file, whose sorrows, burdens, and moral perplexities are reached by the evenly sustained tone of conventional worship. If the great majority find a congenial home in the churches, we may safely disregard the welfare of this distinguished remnant, who can be trusted to find God in their own unconventional way. The dream of including all humanity in one fold of orthodoxy is a high catholic ideal; but perhaps in the interim before the coming of the millennium we ought not to irritate our nerves because certain gifted persons do not require our ministrations.

Nevertheless the genius has a place in the economy of organized religion. We owe to his spiritual irritability and sturdy protestant temper that "variety" which, evolutionists tell us "is the indispensable element in progress." His insistent demand for freedom has developed, as it did with Isaiah, St. Paul, and Luther, new types of religion. Shall we complain that we cannot put the ecclesiastical bit into his mouth and harness his solid talents to drag our guilds, vestries, and diocesan conventions? The millennium would probably be no nearer were all nonconformists suddenly to become docile pew-holders, accepting the doctrine as the church hath received it. The genius, from the militant type of the reformers down to their kinsmen who administer the large affairs of the world, will ever remain the bulwark of protestantism to save us from sterile orthodoxy.

While we are solemnly debating Canon 19, the rubric and validity of orders, — all vital, no doubt, to social religion, — it is not for naught that this gifted company stand without, rebuking us by silence or disdain, and refusing to glorify our folly by sharing the debate. There is a tonic in the sight of able men holding critically aloof, abstaining from mental reservations, and telling us how it all looks to them. Were it not for them, religion again and again would have been sapped of its native vigor, and the reformation halted. Their protests in time become articulate in new creeds. Voltaire served us better laughing at us than paying dues to Peter's pence. No sham is secure while he is in Europe. The eviction of organized religion, in the person of the curate of Woodbridge, from FitzGerald's doorstep that day, though ungenerous and uncatholic in the seer and damaging to the pride of the man who believed he was speaking the whole mind of God, may have borne good fruit in after years in that Suffolk parish. For the rest of his ministry, perhaps, the curate struggled to fit the poet's

view into his scheme of salvation, an exercise by no means profitless to the clerical mind.

While we are affirming how "this church hath received the same," the genius dares to ask, "What of it? I happen to be interested, just now, in how my church hath received the same." Correlating the two revelations brings us a sane working basis for the average man.

This querulous foisting of a big ideal upon the priest's and prophet's vocation is not lost upon the cause. It curbs the arrogance of the priest, and stimulates the prophet. Perhaps the weekly sermon finds its highest incentive to excellence and reality in the protest of the man outside who refuses to hear it. He is the audience sometimes we try hardest to reach. I dare say we find that those five or six hyper-critical beings who are doing some of the world's best work, loyal men of the community, but who will have none of our sermons, have quite as much influence in keeping us to the right pitch as the receptive saint in the front pew who cherishes our very helpful discourses. This spiritual irritability, and this withal honest yearning for reality, are the solvent of much folly and uncritical certainty.

While we are militantly guarding our precious deposits of truth, it is good to think of the man who sits outside our doors, holding converse with the Father and from time to time reporting rapturous interviews with the God of things as they are. It is wholesome to be told that, for some wise and good men, our liturgies are not the final idiom of worship; that the creeds and prayer-books are only imperfect phrasings of faith; and that the church of to-day is not the sole agent of Christ in bringing in the Kingdom of God.

There is a place in the economy of the church for the man outside, with his insistent cry for reality, yet reverently conscious of human inability to attain it. Standing aloof, he goads us on till the thing we say is constant to the thing we mean; the symbol adequate to the fact; and the faith within us becomes articulate in creed, liturgy, canons, and organization, commensurate to the mystery and dignity of religious truth. Perhaps, as the church tries to satisfy this demand for reality, even though it fail to attain a catholicity which will include every temperament, it may divorce from its ranks only a minimum of gifted minds, while burnishing the faith for the rank and file

MARIA AND THE CONJURE-MAN

BY HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

FROM underneath the big china-berry tree, out by the quarters, where the wide-spreading branches made a grateful shade in the summer sun, came the sound of splashing water and of a voice uplifted in song:—

"Oh, Misto' Tukry Buzzud, len' me yo' wing,
Tuh fly 'crost de ribber tuh see Sally King."

Maria was doing her weekly washing in our back yard, with our soap and tub and wash-board, finding that arrangement more convenient and economical than to wash at home. As she worked she kept the half of one eye on Jacky, her charge, aged six, whom she pronounced "a nyoung vilyun" and "a debbil chile," and loved with all her heart.

"W'at kine o' ram-a-ting yo' call um a chicken?
Lib een de yahd, an' he all-e-time pickin'."

"Enty yuh 'shamed, M'ri' Hahpeh, all-e-tam singin' dem good-fo'-nuttin', worl'ly chune? W'y fuh enty yuh sing dem sperrituals, all-e-sem we?"

"Huh!" snorted Maria, scenting battle with her old-time foe, Big Lucy, the cook; "some folks wat I knows is got many face as a hick'y-nut: sing sperritual wit' one face an' play ole Satan wit' anurrah; an' wink at de niggehmahn wat dribe de groc'ry wagon wit' anurrah!"

"Hyeh, yuh 'omans, don' begin dat all-day squabblin' ergin. Cayn't git no res' count y'all quah'lin'. Des hesh right up!" The voice was that of Samuel Robert, the butler, a person having authority. "Yo' two 'omans kist an' made up no longer 'n yisteddy. Des remembeh dat w'en de hatchet buried yuh don' want tuh kick up de blade. Now go longer yo' wuk."

Big Lucy tossed her head, but retired to her own domain nevertheless; but Maria, the unregenerate, giggled and cast an admiring glance in Samuel Robert's direction.

Maria's full name was Josephine Maria Sophy Ann Sophia Foxhall Harper; but we called her simply "Maria," because life is short, and that name carries far when one is calling an absentee, which Maria frequently was, and always when we most wanted her. She had drifted into our yard from somewhere "down 'pon tap Edisto" when a half-grown girl, had attached herself to our ménage, as negroes will, and, in time, had become "Da Maria" to all four of our children. She was now employing her energies in looking after Jacky, the youngest. She had contracted a good-for-nothing, trifling husband, who generally loafed in the sun, along the water-front; but who, when last heard of, was actually working on a government dredge-boat along the Florida coast. They lived in one of the negro rookeries somewhere in the region of Princess Street: old courts and tenements as full of communicating passages, runways, and occupants as any rabbit warren; and Maria made daily pilgrimage to and from our house, always accompanied by a covered basket, which came empty and returned full.

"W'at kine o' ram-a-ting yo' call um a dawg?
Lib een de yahd an' he bite all de hawg,"

sang Maria, with a defiant glance toward the kitchen.

"Dar, now, dat's all dis one time, tanky Lawd!" Maria hung her last piece of dilapidated finery on the line. "Come hyeh, yo' Jacky. I dress yuh now, an' tek yuh up on de Bat'ry tuh play wit' dem odder chillens."

Two hours later, Jacky safely returned from the Battery, there was an outbreak

at the quarters, and Maria's voice, shrill with anger, rose above the babel.

"I'll git 'im! I'll git 'im! De good-fo'-nuttin' vilyun! An dem bes' clo'es jes' clean wash!"

"'W'at de matteh,' did yuh ax, Miss Molly? Matteh 'nuff! Some triflin', low-down niggeh mahn done t'ief all mah clo'es. Jes' natchally clum oveh de back fence an' clean de line; an' dese hyeh good-fo'-nuttin' niggehs ain't neveh see 'im. An' dese hyeh rags w'at I is got on mah back is ev'y livin' stitch w'at I is got lef!

"P'leece? No'm'. I ain't gwine hab no traffic wit' de p'leece; an' dey cayn't do nuttin' nohow. Tam dem p'leece done mek er move, dem clo'es 'ud be on some niggeh 'oman 'way oveh in Sawanny, lak as not. No'm, I ain't boddeh wit' no p'leece; I'se gwine right up tuh de conjuh-mahn, I is; an' den we see ef dat owdashus vilyun ain't git w'at comin' tuh 'im. Yas 'm, dat we will!" And off went Maria, in a fine African rage, to invoke the aid of the voodoo doctor.

Early next morning she burst into the house in triumph, laughing and chattering as she took charge of Jacky boy: "W'at I tell yuh, Mis' Molly? Conjuh-mahn done fix 'im. Enty! Dem clo'es out 'n de yahd dis blessid minute. Yas 'm', dey is so! All tie up een a bunnle. Conjuh-mahn fix 'im! Ain't no t'ief w'at kin keep dem clo'es afteh I set conjuh-mahn on 'im. No, ma'am!"

Sure enough, a bundle lay just inside the fence, where, apparently, it had been dropped from outside. We thought that the "grapevine telegraph," by which news moves so swiftly and mysteriously among the negroes, had warned the thief that the conjure-man was after him; but Maria and the rest of the servants knew that the spell of the voodoo had done its work. But Maria made no move to pick up the bundle.

"No'm, I ain't gwine tetch dem clo'es; not till de conjuh-mahn come. I done sont fer 'im now, ax 'im, say, please, suh, do come down hyeh. W'y I ain't tetch dem? Law, Miss Molly, yuh know dat! Chahm on dem clo'es, Mis' Molly. Niggeh mahn w'at t'ief dem clo'es done put a chahm on dem. Yas 'm, he shorely done dat ve'y t'ing! An' ef I puts on dem cloes dat chahm been on me. Yas 'm'! An' den, ef dat niggeh mahn hol' up he fingeh an' go dis-a-way, dey ain't nuttin' 'tall kin hol' me back; I jes' natchally got to pick up an' go whahebeh dat niggeh mahn is. Yas 'm, I does so! An' it don' matteh ef it day er night, day-clean er can'le-lightin', ef dat mahn hol' up he han' an' say, 'Come hyeh,' I bleeged tuh go. Yas 'm! An' ef I layin' een mah baid an' dat mahn say, 'Come,' I jes' gotto git up f'om dey an' go tuh 'im, no matteh wut tam, deep-dus' er hag-hollerin'; an' no matteh wey he is, King Street er oveh tuh Jim Islant; I is bleeged tuh go, hot er col', wet er dry, sto'm er shine, dry-lan' er watteh; an' w'en I is dey, I gotto do w'at dat mahn duh want. Yas 'm! —But hyeh come de mahn w'at kin fix dat chahm, dis ve'y minute. Yas 'm, dat de conjuh-mahn."

He was little and old and black, the ashy black of extreme age; the skin tight-drawn across cheekbone and jaw, dull and leathery, seamed with deep lines. His little sparkling eyes, mere beads of dark, set in yellow, were sunk in cavernous hollows, overhung by a scant fringe of eyebrow, startlingly white against the dark skin. An old silk hat, tilted back, covered his head until it rested on his protruding ears. He wore a long coat, buttoned close about his withered body; and his hands, lean and long, clasped a walking-stick, fantastically carved with a writhing serpent, emblem of the voodoo and relic of a primeval worship. As he leaned upon his staff and looked about him, peering from the deep wells of his eyes, he seemed immemorially old; his shrunken figure, his seamed face, his snow-white wool, all were old, old beyond the years of man; he might have been a remnant of another age.

From the group of servants, huddled together by the kitchen door, there came

respectful, awe-subdued greeting, and Maria began an explanation of her need; but he took no notice of greeting or story, and they fell silent, following at a cautious distance as he walked slowly toward the spot where Maria's bundle lay. His lips moved with one knows not what incantations of a far-off day in far-off African forests, and three times he paced slowly around the tied-up clothing. His mutterings became louder, but in an unknown tongue — the mysterious, uncanny gibberish of voodoo spells. The frightened servants drew farther back. Who knew what spirits of evil, what hags and devils, might be hovering near?

With his snaky staff, the conjure-man drew a circle in the dust about the clothing, muttering still. From some inner recess he drew forth his snake-skin "conjure-bag," and out of it took a vial of white powder, which he scattered over the clothing, his bony hands outstretched, the serpent on his staff seeming almost to writhe and twist as he passed it to and fro in cabalistic signs, his incantation rising to a shrill chant. With a tremulous feather he found the direction of the faint breeze, and moved to windward of the circle in the dust. Stooping, he extended his hand, and at once the circle was filled with flames, green and blue, twining and leaping in the air. A frightened murmur came from the group of dusky watchers as the flames sprang up, and a thick, white smoke hid the bundle in the centre.

"'Tan' de-dey!" commanded the conjure-man, pointing with his staff, and the servants shuffled nervously to the spot indicated. "No 'tan' een 'moke. Chahm cyar' een 'moke. 'Moke tetch yuh, chahm ketch yuh, all-e-sem lak put on clo'es. 'Tan' 'way bahk."

The blue flames leaped and ran; the incantation rose louder; the snaky staff writhed and twisted. Then the smoke lightened, blew away, disappeared; the flames dropped; the incantation ceased; the snake grew quiet. On the ground, where the clothing had been, was only a little heap of grayish ash and a circle in the dust. The conjure-man departed as silently as he had come; the servants drew a long breath, and a babel of chatter began, all talking at once.

Above the din rose the voice of Maria, shrilly triumphant: "I don' keer ef dey is gone; dat niggeh mahn ain't got mah clo'es, an' neiddeh is he got no chahm on me!"

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE ERA OF PREDIGESTION

ECONOMICALLY, we live in an age of electricity; morally, in an age of pepsin. A mania for predigestion has laid hold of our generation, and we have simply got to reckon with it.

We began by pepsinizing the instruction given in our schools. When you and I, my fellow antique, were children, we were expected to work. A problem was stated, which we were to find our own way of solving; or a page in a book was named, the substance of which we were to commit to memory, the function of the teacher in those days being to supply the digestive stimulant which would help us to assimilate what we had taken into our intellectual system in its crude form. To be sure, that required of us two processes; for the teacher, if he knew his duty, did no more than set the internal machinery in motion: we exercised the memory first, and the understanding faculty afterward; but although it meant, in a way, more wear and tear on the mental mechanism, it also meant increased strength and a more highly energized power of absorption and adjustment. The old system produced some pretty sturdy human material, too. Who ever heard of Gladstone, or Tyndall, or our own Mark Hopkins, having to cut loose from his larger activities to weather an attack of our now universal disorder, nervous prostration!

Under the "improved" system, the teacher does all the hard work, and does it in advance. The ideal is to make childhood, including the school period, a prolonged play spell. Far be it from me to cast reproach upon anything which renders life happier for any class of human beings; but are ease and happiness always synonymous terms? The champion of the new system insists that the old one was economically wasteful, since to walk over well-cleared paths conserves force which would else be profitlessly expressed in hacking one's way through a jungle. Granted; and by the same token there is a shocking waste in our ordinary mode of eating and drinking, so why should not the whole race subsist on concentrated tablets and quench its thirst with vaporizers? Show me the person who has made such an experiment in scientifically sifted alimentation, and I will present him as a "horrible example" to illustrate the other side of the argument. When Dr. Tanner went a step further, and proved that a man could live for forty days with no food at all, he did so at the cost of a set of teeth, and some other sacrifices which few of us are yet prepared to make. If the end sought is the reduction of the problem of living to its simplest terms, why not model upon the wild Indian and be done with it?

What began in the schools has spread through every domain. Reading the advertising pages of a popular magazine, one is forced to conclude that the world is reaching the point described in the epitaph of the tired woman:—

> Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never,
> For I 'm going to do nothing forever and ever.

Here are a mechanical washer which will enable your wife to sit in a rocking-chair and read her *Atlantic* while the family linen is cleansed and wrung out automatically; an attachment to her sewing-machine which will absolve her from further thraldom to the treadle, and another with which she can mend your hose without handling needle or darning-ball; a vacuum cleaner which, in the hands of your youngest child, makes sweeping and dusting a fascinating pastime; a mop

which wrings itself, so that the woman using it need not wet her fingers; and a fireless cooker which renders you almost independent of Bridget.

Have you longed for a summer home in the country? Why waste money on a lot, and time on planning a house, when you can buy a portable cottage that you can put up or pull down when and where you will? The interior finish need not bother you, for here is a wall surface ready made which you can buy by the square yard and place in position as you need it, free from the nuisance of lath and plaster.

Is your work largely clerical? Provide yourself with a machine on which the bookkeeper has but to press a few buttons and his columns are footed; and a shorthand instrument with a phonetic keyboard, which prints pothooks as a typewriter prints letters. Even the daily trip to the bank may be cut out, now that we have banks which transact all kinds of business by mail.

Are you a genius? Behold an agency which advises you what to invent, procures a patent for your invention, markets the products, and collects the royalties; or another which, if you are of a literary turn, tells you how to write, edits your manuscript, and peddles it to the publishers; or still another which will read all the newspapers for you and sift out the articles on subjects that specially interest you.

Of course, you take more or less recreation? Look at this apparatus which will convert your row-boat into a motor launch in five minutes, and save you further slavery at the oars. If you are a wheelman, here is a motor-cycle which runs itself so that a legless man can ride it at his ease. Perhaps you have a fancy for photography? Buy this book and you need no practice, but become an expert in exposure at one reading; and in it is an address to which you can send your exposed films and have them developed and prints made from them for a mere trifle.

Possibly you have inherited a fortune. Well, you can escape the worry of hunting investments, by availing yourself of the information gathered by a company whose trade is the investigation of all sorts of enterprises. Or, if you are a man with an enterprise but no capital, read this book, and learn the whole secret of financing your scheme. Nay, let us go still further back, to the stage where you have neither money nor ideas, and here stands a professional "vocationist" ready, for a consideration, to tell you exactly what occupation you are best fitted for; while from a dozen sources — elaborate textbooks, or university extensions, or correspondence schools — you can acquire, in the shortest time and with the smallest expenditure of effort, a facility in your chosen calling which in the old days would have cost you a long and toilsome apprenticeship.

Why multiply illustrations? Are not here enough to show that the world is by degrees getting ready to lie abed all day and transact its business, from feeding the body to earning an income, by pressing a button or consulting a book? By and by will come a master mind which will invent an automatic reading apparatus, and a device for transmuting thought into force so as to do away with the need of even reaching for the button. The male citizen will then be able to buy his political conclusions already moulded, and have his vote cast for him by a patent polling machine; while for the mistress of the house will be contrived a set of appliances for driving tacks without the aid of her hair-brush, and opening tins when her embroidery scissors are mislaid.

THE ETHICS OF MISQUOTATION

THERE are certain persons abroad in the critical land who are bold to insist that the practice of misquotation has a charm not connected with the more scholarly habit of transcribing exactly whatever words of another may be used in an essay or bit of informal scripture.

When Montaigne, bathed in the Pierian springs of Latin literature from his youth on, turns his back upon duty to his readers and misquotes Lucretius or Livy; when Lamb, a very spirit of the fountain of Elizabethan drama, shortens at his sweet wayward will a passage from *The Mourning Wife;* when Hazlitt, that learned Gentile, plays pitch-and-toss with lines from Chaucer or Wordsworth, the contention is, that these stumblings are not the fault of absconded memory, but the smile-provoking, friendliness-encouraging oversight of minds in which great familiarity has bred a scorn of carefulness. O Accuracy, how art thou relegated to the cold study of the scholar, and asked to dwindle, peak, and die in attendance upon his studious pale! How art thou despised upon the public mountains where roving winds do shrilly pipe! Would that he might come who would chant thee a song of fullest praise!

If it should happen, indeed, that an essayist, some Robinson Crusoe of letters, were immured in a lodge in a vast desert, he might be forgiven for misquoting. For that matter, it is not impossible to allege on behalf of Montaigne and Lamb and Hazlitt and others who err, that they could not always verify the suggestions of a drowsy recollection. But for those who, in our day, steal phrases from their proper locality, unhinge the skeleton of sentence, — in short, transfer white gems to Ethiop ears, there can be no such defense. Is not Bartlett's *Quotations* in every library? Do not concordances spread like the banyan (the only genuine roof-) tree? No; misquotation will never do.

Even quotation is a dangerous expedient, and, as a result of its undue use, authors are becoming workmen in mosaic; but misquotation is a damsel who, as in Jenny's case, ought hardly to be named. Yet that she may not suffer summary salvation in both soul and body, it were well to indicate very soberly the point of ethics involved. Quotation can be introduced only to serve one of two purposes: either to adorn the discourse with borrowed plumes, or to give readers the pleasure of recognition, — the source, as Plato says, of joy in art. In neither case need barriers be raised to the practice, if it exists only in a moderate degree.

A wise modern, who has no very handsome wit, but a servant memory, can often make his pages glow with the Orient pearl-and-gold of the masters who had a crown prince's share of both. When he finds the iron of his thought too cold to be hammered to the cutting edge that good phraseology demands, he can borrow. If his sentence will not soar, his rhythm will not heave, with the slow grandeur of multitudinous seas, or pant with the sweet unrest of "my fair love's budding breast," then he can seek aid in the prose of Milton or the verse of Shelley. If his thoughts grow prosy under a flagging afflatus, he can bring in the stimulus of a pungent stranger jest, or the magic of a jewel four words long. He must know his limitations well, and be a worthy pioneer in the morose voyage of discovery for virtues which he assumes, having not; thus he may achieve prose of distinction. The unique desideratum is a slender thread of something to say, with which he may begin. After that, his thoughts — or rather, the thoughts of his essay — will vary directly in excellence as his power to ransack. It is then a manifest presumption if he misquote. He thus advertises his belief that the emendation is a betterment. But he chose it because it was better than he could do. Sad, fatal inconsistency!

Or if, on the other hand, he will to present to his readers old precious stones in a new setting that they may joy in the re-vision, he is still within the bounds of propriety. However suggestive his own words may be, he knows that they have not the mellow ring of age, or the green ivy of familiarity that ancient saws possess. When his words are read, they do not conjure up the attendant fantasies that wait on the words of mighty poets

now long dead. When we read these, we remember pleasant orchards, or sleepy gardens, or cobwebby garrets, or arboreal sieges, or leather-smelling libraries, where our reading hours were spent, long ago. Once more we hear the tinkling bridles of old romance, the horns of hunters on the hill, the songs of bearded sailors home from the Spanish Main. We, we — half-scornful boys again, or girls whose foolish little hearts go jumping at the brave words spoken, — stand looking on at Henry and Emma plighting an endless troth under an aged oak. There are odors of Araby the Blest, the incense of heroism and devotion. At intervals come faintly through this murmuring seashell of the past which reminiscence has set to our ears, the part-discordance of merriment — for the gentlest humor was not always all welcome, — or the droning maxims of that sage experience which in subsequent events often proved to have had a prophetic strain.

Reading to-day as we do in this smart new book from the most modern press, we catch sight, through the sober words, — now all that restraint allows, — of older books and older pictures; and they are seasoned with the best sauce, the hunger with which we read when we did it still for pleasure, and were not doctors of philosophy who must perforce plough, wade, or swim through all the works of this or that dull poetaster whom it is our fate to explain to an age quite passive in the matter, already languid from much perusal. O ye who quote for recognition's sake, if ye would lift the drooping head of our interest again, tamper not, I pray, with those winged words that hover about the gates of the field where we once wandered, all readers, and none bored. Only for our sake do ye quote, that we, seeing again old familiar faces, may live again old familiar days! But if ye bring those faces masked or distorted, ye admit the wicked fairy to an otherwise perfect festival. When ye quote, be this your whole commandment: —

Thou shalt quote with all thy care, and with all thy skill, and with all thy judgment; and thou shalt not misquote, lest thou in turn shalt have visited upon thy head the like iniquity.

THE SORROWS OF A SCRIBBLER

THIRTY or forty years ago I wrote a set of verses — four stanzas of four lines each, as well as I remember — and sent them to a Boston newspaper. Being more or less modest by nature, and, for a wonder, considering my age, somewhat uncertain of my quality as a poet (a state of mind from which I soon recovered, and thereupon ceased rhyming), I appended to them a pair of innocent-looking initials, the first that came into my head, with no thought that they happened to be those of a well-known writer. It was only my second attempt at versifying, and its result, like that of the few experiments that followed, speedily passed, as I supposed, into lasting oblivion. But a few days ago I received a letter from a noted divine inquiring whether I was the author of these same verses, which, it appeared, to my great surprise, were still extant. They had been "widely attributed" to Bayard Taylor, he told me, but one of the copies contained in the Boston Public Library had my name penciled on the margin, and as he proposed to insert them in a hymn book soon to be published, he had thought it no more than fair to ascertain if perchance I was indeed their author. He desired to give me credit for them, as I understood, though not, I hope, being an old bookkeeper, on the principle of our too generous base-ball editors, whose charitable habit it seems to be (for I am a diligent reader of this department of current literature [1]) to "credit" a player with his "strike-outs" and "errors," no less than with his "put-outs" and "base hits." "I think it is one of the most

[1] Not included, I regret to notice, in President Eliot's courageous list of an intellectual man's literary requisites.

beautiful hymns that we have," he was polite enough to add. That was too much for my natural humility before mentioned (strange how perfectly sincere such compliments always sound to a modest writer!), and on the impulse of the moment, before my normal diffidence had time to reassert itself, I wrote a hasty note claiming the verses and authorizing him to append my name to them in his compilation.

So far so good. But presently came a second letter, in which my correspondent mentioned, as a thing of which he had supposed me cognizant, that these same verses had already been printed in a certain hymnal with the name of Bayard Taylor subscribed to them. The editors had been "misled by the initials," he supposed; a quite natural mistake, of course. Any man of a really judicial temper would almost certainly have come to the same conclusion. He would have reasoned thus — how *could* he help it? Bayard Taylor wrote verses; his initials were B. T.; these verses are signed B. T. *Ergo:* Nobody except Bayard Taylor could have written them.

Men less confidently logical in their mental processes, to be sure, might have been troubled by a doubt. After all, they might have said, how do we know but B. T. stands for Betsey Thompson, or Beatrice Titmarsh, or Benjamin Todd, or any one of a dozen "mute, inglorious Miltons," of whom the world is not worthy; mute and inglorious only because the obstinate editors of our best magazines refuse them a hearing?

For it is an interesting and encouraging fact that this great money-loving, success-worshiping country of ours is brimming with poets, as all editors of American periodicals can testify. In my own inglorious career in that capacity, now happily ended, I remember a day when one of my associates brought me a batch of ninety-four poems received that morning from a single new contributor; and a young lady of some literary pretensions not long ago remarked casually to a friend of mine, himself a magazine poet of no mean quality, that she expected to be rather closely occupied for the next two or three days, as she contemplated writing a century of sonnets.

Oh, yes, the country is alive with poets, however prosaic life may look to the man in the street; and the poets, if the expression be allowable, are alive with poems; so that our hymn-book compilers might profitably consider that a simple coincidence of initials is hardly sufficient proof upon which, without an *if* or a *but*, to charge a great man's reputation with a small man's work. Jumping at conclusions is well enough on occasion; it has even been taken before now for a mark of genius; but there is such a thing, in logic, if not in athletics, as jumping too far.

But all this is not exactly to the point. I have cause for deep personal regret, I said, or meant to say, and let me hasten to state it; for though the cynical reader is certain that he already knows what it is, I would wager anything within reason that he has not yet hit the trail. Cynics are fairly shrewd judges of men of their own sort, but modest and generous natures (how many of my readers must have noticed it!) are apt to lie pretty much out of their ken.

Bayard Taylor's name is a good one. I have nothing whatever to allege against it, though the only metrical composition of his that I can recall at this moment is the "Bedouin Love Song," and even of that it must be confessed that there are many poems (not my own) which I read with greater frequency. But anyhow, be the name never so good, I still feel myself defrauded. It is poor philosophy, I think, to be satisfied with the good when, simply for the taking, one might have had the best.

For consider! if I had only had the wit, or the luck, to sign my verses — my "hymn," as I must accustom myself to call it — not B. T. but A. T.! It could have been done so easily. Only the change of a letter, a single step back-

ward in the alphabet, just the swap of a consonant for a vowel. And then these wonderful hymn-book men could have reasoned in only one way: Alfred Tennyson wrote verses. His initials were A. T. These verses are signed A. T. *Ergo:* Nobody but Alfred Tennyson could have written them. The evidence would have seemed (to these editors, I mean) absolute and conclusive; and not unlikely they would have been able to detect sundry striking resemblances between this newly discovered hymn (discovered by *them*) and certain of the choicer lyrics (" Crossing the Bar " and others) of the titled laureate. A theory, especially an original theory, as we all know, is an amazing help to perspicacity.

And now let the reader, if he can, imagine me in church — or " at meeting," as we used to say in my time and place — on some fine Sunday, my thoughts intent upon nothing more important than the lovely new hat of a charming young lady two or three pews in front of me (the present waste-basket style having gone out), when all at once the minister announces hymn number So-and-so. I turn to the place, and my astonished eyes fall upon my own youthful, almost forgotten verses (some things can never be *quite* forgotten) and the next moment upon the subscription in lovely capitals, " Alfred, Lord Tennyson." Let the reader, I say, imagine my emotions. The minister might have taken for his morning text, " Blessed are the meek," but neither text nor sermon would have meant anything to me. I should have been listening to the angels; and after meeting I should have walked home with my head in the clouds, and pride, delightful pride, welling up in my heart. Meekness be hanged, I should have said, my verses are ascribed to Alfred Tennyson. And the very next day, since such work could not legally be done on Sunday, I should have added a codicil to my will, instructing my executor that my copy of that best of all hymn books, which long before that time would have come to open of its own accord at a certain place, was to be buried with me.

And all this glory and beatitude I have missed by the width of a single letter. So cruel a thing is fate. So suddenly doth tribulation fall upon the sons of men. Hitherto I have had a happy life, as human lives run. But now, as by a breath, my candle is gone out. As a poet of the olden time said, with less reason, " I go mourning all the day," murmuring to myself as I go, —

> **Of all sad words of tongue or pen,**
> **The saddest are these, It might have been.**

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JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN

EDITED BY ELIZABETH BISLAND

GREAT letter-writers, like other artists, must needs have the original birth-gift; but this gift, to ripen to complete fruition, requires certain fostering circumstances. Without these propelling forces, possessors of this charming art let it languish for want of constant use. Some loneliness of character or of circumstance there must be to make it a needed resource. Either shyness, or a lack of the power of oral expression, drives the letter-writer to his pen for the expression of his intimate self; or lack of sympathetic companionship obliges him to send his fancies far afield for that echo without which his thoughts seem to him as unresonant as "ditties of no tone."

Madame de Sévigné and Lord Chesterfield were both reputed stiff and dry in conversation. FitzGerald was exaggeratedly diffident. Lamb's family sorrows forced him to turn to others for intimate intercourse; and the same was true of Thackeray. Stevenson's long exile made his pen his best means of fellowship.

All these conditions combined to make of Lafcadio Hearn a creator of famous letters. His shyness was extreme. His life, from his nineteenth year, was a sojourn in foreign lands. Without family ties for twenty years, those ties, when formed in middle age, bound him to aliens in race and tongue. He never mastered Japanese sufficiently to express his thoughts freely and completely in the language of his wife and children. Though, as with most of the great letter-writers, literature was his profession, the writing of books is a formal expression: an episode in which the artist walks on cothurns, and speaks through a mask to a large and dimly realized audience. Intimate communication, mental companionship, could be had only by letters. Through this medium only could he find an adequate outlet for the crowding flood of his emotions, observations, and reflections. And through this vent he let them flow with astonishing fullness and intensity.

In one who wrote with such conscientious labor, such almost agonized care, the number and fluent richness of his letters is the more surprising. At times he wrote to some one of his correspondents almost daily, and at great length. After a day of teaching, or of many hours of drudgery at uncongenial journalism, he would bend himself to further long hours of intense toil at creative work, and at the end of all throw off page after page to some friend, describing his travels, retailing the touching or amusing incidents of the life about him, or discussing the books recently read; analyzing the condition of public affairs (some of his political predictions have been curiously verified), the trend of education, the characters of his associates. Little vignettes of men he had known would be sketched in a few lines of subtle and conclusive portraiture. Reminiscence of past impressions and experiences, philosophic speculation, daring psychological conjecture, criticism, comment, suggestion, were poured out, according to his mood, without stint or haste — as only the born

letter-writer can, or will, pour them out.

His insatiable intellectual curiosity, the large range of his interests, made these letters so delightful to the recipients that, with unstudied unanimity, they preserved every one of those many little bright yellow pages, covered with nervous delicate chirography, — no matter how brief or long the letters might be.

When, shortly after his death, a biography was planned, the usual search was made for such of his letters as might have survived the chances and changes of time. Such a wealth of material rewarded this quest, so great in bulk, so illuminative in quality, that it compelled a complete change of the plan of his biographer. He had told the story of his life, his work, his character, and of his mind, so fully and brilliantly in his correspondence that the work of a memorialist was reduced to little more than arranging and explaining the rich material ready to hand.

The reception of this self-told memoir by the public set him at once in the foremost rank among the great letter-writers. Since its appearance new stores of his correspondence have come to light, sufficient material for a third volume.

So unflagging was Hearn's zest, so instinctively did he turn to each of his friends a different phase of his mind, that these new letters have none of the quality of those " sweepings " so often put forth to dim a writer's fame after his best has been garnered.

The following extracts have been chosen only from his correspondence with Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, to whom, more than to any, he gave of his richest. And in them is shown, perhaps better than anywhere else, the wide scope of his mental excursions, the dignity and beauty of his character, and how inexhaustible to this " literary monk " was the delight and inspiration of intimate communion, of intellectual fellowship.

Professor Chamberlain, his favorite correspondent, had been one of his first and most helpful friends in Japan. Famous himself for his many works upon that country, — grammars of the language, compilations of colloquialisms, guide-books, studies of the Shinto and Buddhist religion, — and deeply interested in its folk-lore, superstitions, all Japan's traditionary records, — to him Hearn could write with full assurance of comprehension and sympathy. The following letters were sent in most part from Kumamoto, where Hearn was teaching in the Government schools, and was becoming acquainted — much to his own disgust — with the newer, occidentalized Japan. He was revising those first delighted impressions received in the old-world Izumo, where the feudal life of the pre-Meiji period still lingered, with its honorable simplicities and sweetnesses. He was meeting again the hardnesses of modern competitive life, from which he had awhile escaped in Izumo: an all too brief faery episode, in which he for once had found himself at home and at peace.

KUMAMOTO, *January* 17, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

I'm writing just because I feel lonesome; is n't that selfish? However if I can amuse you at all, you will forgive me. You have been away a whole year, — so perhaps you would like to hear some impressions of mine during that time. Here goes.

The illusions are forever over; but the memory of many pleasant things remains. I know much more about the Japanese than I did a year ago; and still I am far from understanding them well. Even my own little wife is somewhat mysterious still to me, though always in a loveable way. Of course a man and woman know each other's hearts; but outside of personal knowledge, there are race-tendencies difficult to understand. Let me tell one. In Oki we fell in love with a little Samurai boy, who was having a hard time of it, and we took him with us. He is now like an adopted son, — goes to school and all that. Well, I wished at

first to pet him a little, but I found that was not in accordance with custom, and that even the boy did not understand it. At home, I therefore scarcely spoke to him at all; he remained under the control of the women of the house. They treated him kindly, — though I thought coldly. The relationship I could not quite understand. He was never praised, and rarely scolded. A perfect code of etiquette was established between him and all the other persons in the house, according to degree and rank. He seemed extremely cold-mannered, and perhaps not even grateful, — that was, so far as I could see. Nothing seemed to move his young placidity, whether happy or unhappy his mien was exactly that of a stone Jizo. One day he let fall a little cup and broke it. According to custom, no one noticed the mistake, for fear of giving him pain. Suddenly I saw tears streaming down his face. The muscles of the face remained quite smilingly placid as usual, but even the will could not control tears. They came freely. Then everybody laughed, and said kind things to him, till he began to laugh too. Yet that delicate sensitiveness no one like me could have guessed the existence of.

But what followed surprised me more. As I said, he had been (in my idea) distantly treated. One day he did not return from school for three hours after the usual time. Then to my great surprise the women began to cry, — to cry passionately. I had never been able to imagine alarm for the boy could have affected them so. And the servants ran over town in real, not pretended, anxiety to find him. He had been taken to a teacher's house for something relating to school matters. As soon as his voice was heard at the door, everything was quiet, cold, and amiably polite again. And I marvelled exceedingly.

Sensitiveness exists in the Japanese to an extent never supposed by the foreigners who treat them harshly at the open ports. In Izumo I knew a case of a maid servant who received a slight rebuke with a smile, and then quietly went out and hung herself. I have notes of many curious suicides of a similar sort. And yet the Japanese master is never brutal or cruel. How Japanese can serve a certain class of foreigners at all, I can't understand. Possibly they do not think of them (the foreigners) as being exactly human beings, — but rather *Oni*, or at best *Tengu*.

Well, here is another thing. My cook wears a smiling, healthy, rather pleasing face. He is a good-looking young man. Whenever I used to think of him I thought of the smile, I saw a mask before me merry as one of those little masks of Ohokumi-nushi-no-kami they sell at Mionoseki. One day I looked through a little hole in the *shoji*, and saw him alone. The face was not the same face. It was thin and drawn, and showed queer lines worn by old hardship. I thought " he will look just like that when he is dead." I went in, and the man was all changed, — young and happy again, — nor have I ever seen that look of trouble in his face since. But I know when he is alone he wears it. He never shows his real face to me; he wears the mask of happiness as an etiquette.

Do you remember that awful Parisian statue, a statue of which I forget the name, though the name might be, Society. A beautiful white woman bends smiling above you in stone. A witchery is that smile of hers. After admiring her awhile face to face, you turn about her, to see more of the artist's work. And then, lo and behold! the face you looked upon turns out not to be a face at all; it was a Masque; you now see the real head thrown back, in a distortion of unutterable pain. I think such an Oriental statue might also be made. This Orient knows not our deeper pains, nor can it ever rise to our larger joys; but it has its pains. Its life is not so sunny as might be fancied from its happy aspect. Under the smile of its toiling millions there is suffering bravely hidden and unselfishly borne; and a lower intellectual range is counterbalanced by a childish sensitiveness, to

make the suffering balance evenly in the eternal order of things.

Therefore I love the people very much, more and more the more I know them.

Conversely, I detest with unspeakable detestation the frank selfishness, the apathetic vanity, the shallow vulgar scepticism of the New Japan, the New Japan that prates its contempt about Tempo times, and ridicules the dear old men of the pre-Meiji era, and that never smiles, having a heart as hollow and bitter as a dried lemon.

And with this, I say good-night.

Ever most truly,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, *January* 26, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN:—

English self-suppression is certainly a marvellous quality. Yet it is something so different from this Eastern self-control. Its pent-up vital force moreover finds vent in many ways unknown to the Orient, and foreign to its character. And lastly, is it not considerably one-sided? Is it not confined to the outer repression of everything suggesting weakness or affection, — not to the masking of other feelings? Think of Heine's Englishman, with a black halo of spleen cutting against the sunny Italian sky! But, jest aside, see the faces of London (I remember them still), or the faces of any English crowd. There is such pain and passion there. Again, the extraordinary mobility and development of the facial muscles shows something totally different to the Buddhist Jizo-calm of these Japanese masks. If we could draw a line at all I would say it lies here: we suppress the amiable facial expression, and expose the aggressive and the sorrowful and the painful feelings, while the Japanese cultivate the former, even as a mask, and suppress, in physiognomical play, everything representing the latter. Of course the peculiar nakedness of the American face greatly exaggerates the harder side of physiognomy, as we know it in Europe. America is the country of terrible faces; Fourier ought to have lived in it before writing his chapter on the physiognomy of the *civilisés*. One other thing in the way of opposites, I think, is that we suppress certain forms of action more than their expression by physiognomy; while the Japanese repress the facial exhibition more than the action which would be the ultimate possible result of the feeling in question. A Western man would (unless belonging to a very artificial class of society) be apt to look serious before killing himself. But even the average Japanese would smile more pleasantly, and act more kindly than usual, just before cutting his throat or lying down in front of a railway train. Hard and fast lines, however, are difficult to draw. Nothing is so hazardous as to attempt to make any general statement, — and yet no temptation is stronger.

Ever with best wishes,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO (no date).

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

. . . . . .

Here I may say something Bourget has defined in my head, — I doubt the spirituality of the Latin races. They seem to me essentially materialistic. The emotional life of them seems to be in the nerves, even their most exquisite sensations. Taine has well shown how debauchery and vice are contrary to the Northern nature in a sort, — how the English instinctively recognize they can't be immoral without becoming brutal. On the other hand, the French seem unable to become philosophical without becoming grossly materialistic. They talk forever of "*abimes;*" yet which of them dive to the profundities or soar to the heights reached by the Genius of the North? Imagine a French Goethe! Or a Spanish Richter! Or an Italian Emerson or Carlyle! Compare even their realism with Northern realism, — say Kipling with Maupassant. Find anything resembling what Clifford calls a

"cosmic emotion" in their positivism. Even Renan is a Breton, — not a Latin. Fancy a Frenchman writing anything with a sustained ghostly charm of intellect in it like *The Soul of the Far East.*[1] The nearest approach to soul in French books is an extreme sensual refinement, — a vibrant sense of nature in relation to the body; and this quality (easily mistaken for something higher) vanishes with youth, and the dulling of the nerves, — and there remains the ashes of the commonplace.

Then what force in a Scandinavian or Russian novel, compared with a Latin one! For morbid pathology, Bourget is a child to Dostoievsky; — for another sort of story, compare Tolstoi's *Cossacks* with the best work of Merimée, — say *Carmen* or *Colomba.* I rather think it desirable that Europe should "become Cossack." We are growing too nervous and tired and enervated in the West, — a general infusion of barbarian blood would greatly assist, and improve literature. Our morbid Englishman is Mallock. I read and detest him; his work is symptomatic. If you have no liking for him, give the book to some friend who may. By the way, do you know Sascher-Masoch? I have sent for his novels. If you have not read *La Mère de Dieu,* you will have a treat. I think he is a Jew; and I am very fond of the Jewish novelists. The best are Slavs, — or at least from the Slavic side of Austria.

. . . . . .

I am charmed by your delightful suggestion of faith in future possibilities beyond scientific recognition, — though too much of a Spencer-lover to think of Spencer as dogmatic. We know that memory is inherited, — only in the process of transmission it now becomes transmitted into instinct and impulse, — into vague unaccountable shrinkings and aspirations, loves and fears. But why should we hold it must always be so. As the spectroscope reveals the existence of color-scales invisible to our imperfect vision, there may well be psychic facts undreamed of yet awaiting discovery. The time may come when the fable of the Bodhisatta's memory will prove a common truth, — when with each advance in development there will lighten up recollections of past existence, and one can say, "What a fool I was to do that thing five thousand years ago." Remembrance of all the past in all its details might be horribly unpleasant, but also incalculably useful. And I can imagine (illegitimately, perhaps, but still imagine) a condition of developmental activity in which time and space would have no relative existence, — and a thousand years be as a day. There is one grim fact about our new philosophy. We know that we are approaching slowly a degree of equilibration which means happiness; but we also know that the dissolution of a solar system is as certain as its integration. Everything evolves only to dissolve, — so far as known facts teach us. After all, we have reached no further than the unscientific but strangely inspired thinkers of India, with their ancient theory of cycles. Buddhism and Spencer, before the Ultimate, stand upon the same ground. And I think of your wise saying about taking one's faith ready made. Assuredly it seems the most rational, and beyond doubt it is the prudent, course for those who can devote their minds to more momentous and useful things. Then I would say: For me, Buddhism.

Mason said a delightful thing in his last letter to me, about the effect of Japanese art in teaching him to see and feel the beauty of snow. I have had the same experience. European art does not seem to me to have ever caught the Soul of Snow as the Japanese art has, — with its fantasticalities, its wizardisms. And the Japanese fancy has its "Snow-women" too, — its white spectres and goblins, which do no harm and say nothing, only frighten and make one feel cold. I can see the beauty of snow now, but still it makes me shiver. I think the Yukiouna,

[1] *The Soul of the Far East.* By PERCIVAL LOWELL.

sometimes when I am asleep, passes her white arm through a crack of the *amado* into my sleeping room, and in spite of the fire, touches my heart and laughs. Then I wake up, and pull the *futons* closer, and think of palm trees, and parrots, and mangoes, and the blue of the tropical water. What a delight it would be to follow the birds south every autumn. — But I forgot, you dislike heat, and blazing sun, and perspiration.

Ever most truly,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

P. S. What you said about railroads and Christ is admirable. I am beginning to doubt very strongly the ultimate value of our boasted material progress, — to doubt " civilization " as a human benefit.

KUMAMOTO, *February* 6, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN:

Your letter about the method of composition has come, — far more lucid than my rather vague epistle on the same subject, which I now find requires some further explanation. Of course I did not mean printed pages, — only MS. pp. like this. I could not make 150 good printed 12mo pages in less than four months, under very favorable circumstances and with the hardest work. Besides, I was speaking of forced composition. Inspirational work, emotional work, is just twenty times harder, if it can be measured at all. Too much importance cannot be attached to the value of an emotion, — the " kernel," as you so aptly term it. But this comes only as a feeling. To perfectly disengage it (*le dégager*), develop it, discover its whole meaning, focus it, is killing work. There is delight in looking at the result; but that is obtained only by actually giving one's blood for it. I am talking now, perhaps, as if I were a big instead of a very small writer; but the truth is that the cost is greater in proportion to the smallness of original power. I have had to rewrite pages fifty times. It is like a groping for something you know is inside the stuff, but the exact shape of which you don't know. That is, I think, also the explanation of the sculptor's saying that the figure was already in the marble; the art was only to " disengage it."

Didactic work is one of the hardest, of course. Nothing is harder to write than a primer. Simplicity combined with force is required; and that combination requires immense power. (There I reverence Huxley, for example.) And as you excellently observe, the effect of the work is in direct ratio to the pains taken to produce it by a master hand. This takes no small time to learn. What apparent ease in writing really means, I regret to say that I only learned a few years ago; if I had learned sooner, it would have done me much good.

Otherwise your method is in all points like mine. I have to do much excision of " verys," " thats " and " whiches," — to murder adjectives and adverbs, — to modify verbs. Every important word seems to me to have three qualities: form, sound, and color. After the first and last have been considered, follows the question of the rhythm of the sentence. This I think may approach blank verse, at the termination of paragraphs, if a strong emotion be expressed. It may be smooth as oil if the effect to be produced is smooth, — or rough, — or violent as may be. But all this is never done by rule, — only by instinctive feeling, half unconsciously. In the body of a paragraph too much flow and rhythm seems to hurt the effect. Full force is best reserved for the casting-throw of the whole thought or emotion. I should like now to go through many paragraphs written years ago, and sober them down.

Print, of course, is the great test. Color only comes out in proof, — never in MS. I can't get anything perfect in MS. A friend is invaluable. You are very lucky to have Mason. I have nobody in Japan to read to, or to ask advice of; and I feel the void very much. Why a man of such delicate taste as Mason does not himself write charming books, I don't know. Perhaps you could make him try.

Then I keep note-books. I have no memory to speak of, since my experiences with tropical fevers and other sickness. I note down every sensation or idea, as you say *au vol.* And I have classified note-books, — with indexes; must show you some one of these days.

Now I am just going to "lie fallow" for six months. Indeed I can do nothing else; for there is nothing to see, hear, or feel in Kyushu, I think. And I want to learn something thoroughly, so as to try to write stories or sketches of a better sort. I want sensations too. But out of Japanese life I fear no strong sensation will ever again come to me. I feel fizzed out. "*Mon âme a perdu ses ailes.*"

Many thanks for your kindness in writing to Batchelor. My friend is really worth the trouble. I would like you to know him. If you ever visit Matsue, you will like him.

Faithfully ever,
LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO (no date).

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

. . . . . .

To return to older topics, an idea is growing upon me about the utility of superstition as compared with the utility of religion. Indeed the latter is but an elaboration of the former, and both have truth at the bottom of them. Superstition in Japan has a sort of shorthand value in explaining eternal and valuable things. To preach to people (who know nothing) about sociological morality, — or the relation of cleanliness to health, — or other things of that kind, — would certainly be waste of breath. A superstition serves the purpose infinitely better. But I think the superstition is in many cases developed after the practice begins. Some practices must have originated simply in the will of political or religious rulers. After the force of their command had spent itself, it was continued and revived by new beliefs. The beliefs that to drop nail-parings in a *hibachi* will cause madness; that not to shave the hair and eyebrows of Samurai children will cause them to have misfortune in war; that to lay the *futon* unevenly will cause a quarrel between husband and wife; that to make the *shoji* of a room overlap to the left instead of to the right is to invite misfortune; that to leave a room unswept is an invitation to Bimbogami; that to touch a pillow with the foot is displeasing to the gods; that to tread upon or crumple either written or printed paper, or writing of any kind, is wickedness, — all these and a hundred others are so closely related to practical truths of a much larger character than themselves, that one feels a new respect for superstition in analyzing them. Is n't it the same with much of our Western religion? Why, it was only the other day that the proposition for the teaching of sociological morality was made for the first time in America; in other words, it is only at the present day that we are able, in our very highest educational institutions, to rationalize morals and scientifically illustrate the relation of actions to consequences. Hell and damnation, angels and devils and myths, have certainly had incomparable value as shorthand religious moral teachings. Fancy trying to get into a peasant's head the whole reason why adultery, incest, or murder are punished as crimes.

. . . . . .

Faithfully ever,
LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, *April* 13, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

. . . . . .

We were talking about education the other day. I have been thinking that the deficiencies of educational systems will have in the future to be met by means which it is now impossible even to imagine. Perhaps one would be the abolition of schools, — as too mechanical and wasteful of time. (Herbert Spencer, I believe, never went to school at all.) But here is the difficulty, — always growing, — which the future must face. Accord-

ing to the present system, one-fourth of life at least must be devoted simply to preparation. Another fourth must be given to the struggle to live and maintain a family. At least half of life must go to the mere effort of preparing for life. This, I know, is commonplace. But all the sciences, enormously expanding and subdividing into branches, are outgrowing the institutions established to teach them, and must continue to outgrow them with ever increasing rapidity. (Who for example, can now pretend to be a good general physician? one must take a branch, and make it a life study.) The enforcement of specialization into even rudimentary educational systems could only meet the difficulty for a certain time, — it is one that never can be buried. And already the result of much high education is only a smattering of much with a knowledge of nothing, — for the average student. Our brains eat up our lives and the life of the world, — and yet are starved or fed with ornamental bric-a-brac. Progress is leading us to a future in which it will require half a century to merely prepare a brain for work; and unless the Elixir of Life be discovered, what is the use? *Inkyo* would scarcely be possible in the West. The parents (except among the really wealthy) die long before their children are able to do anything. I can't escape the conviction that an enormous part of what we now imagine to be education must be pitched overboard to lighten the ship. And we shall never, never have any more time to enjoy the world.

Ever faithfully,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

P. S. "Ah!"

(1) Statistically, it has been admirably shown that education does not decrease criminality. The superstition of the West has been that the lower classes should be educated to keep them from being dangerous. But education has made them much more dangerous than they ever were before.

(2) Buckle pointed out years ago that, on the other hand, the extremely high culture of a superior class, so far from enabling it to elevate the class beneath it, actually exiles it from all other classes, — as in Germany, where even the language of the scientific classes had become totally unintelligible to all others. Since Buckle's time, the same might be said of the highly cultivated classes of other countries, — their thoughts, their words, their books, are hieroglyphics to the multitude.

(3) A world of extraordinary possible results can be imagined from the future aggravation of both states of things.

(4) The government of the Ancient Orient, "founded upon benevolence," resolved the difficulty unconsciously in a much better way. The education of the people shall be moral only, — shall be the teaching of eternal truths, — the relations of the family, the duties of children and subjects. And he who says anything new shall he put to death. Also he who invents inventions shall be killed. Both laws I find in the sacred books of China. They are good laws, from one point of view. And, after all, the matter is brought back to a celebrated maxim of Spencer's, —

That the object of all education should be simply to make good fathers and mothers.

Here the ancient Orient agrees with Mr. Herbert Spencer.

But how can people be educated to become good fathers and mothers, if the largest part of life must be devoted merely to learning that which is of no practical use, — and if, for the really learned, marriage becomes more difficult with every generation?

The imposition of Chinese laws upon the West for a time might not be so very bad.

"Let him who says anything new, or him who shall invent anything new, be put to death."

I send a couple of Masoch's volumes of stories for you and Mason to while away dull moments with.

KUMAMOTO, *April* 28, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

. . . . . .

Your criticism on my letter is penetrating. But in the interval an audacious idea has been taking visible shape in my mind, — definitely, strongly, — upsetting all my other ideas about the future of West and East. Perhaps I may venture to bring it out some day. But it will be a hard piece of work, — as I must give scientific records for every point taken. It is this: — That the larger brained and nervously more complex races of the West must give way at last to the races of the East, — and that Buddhism in some form will exist after Christianity and Christian civilizations have vanished.

The argument must be based, first of all, upon the enormous cost of individuation to the West, compared with the future cost of equally efficient (for sociological purposes) individuation to — say the Chinese. Vast races of highly complex creatures have already disappeared from the world simply because of the enormous costliness of their structures. The evolution of machinery furnished certain parallels for study in the question of economy of force and economy of expenditure. Then there will be artificial conditions to consider, as set in antagonism to purely natural, but equally efficient conditions. Of course the question of the survival of races is that of the survival of the fittest. But are we, as you suggest askingly, are we the fittest? The fittest life is that capable of meeting all exterior influences inimical to it by interior adjustments of its own powers. Are we most able to do that? I think we are now, — but *only because we avail ourselves of artificial means to oppose to natural forces.* We do this by intellectual cunning. But that intellectual power is obtained by us only at so vast a cost, that it can only belong to a very few. Given the same powers to the select of a race to whom the cost of being and thinking has been made by nature and habit infinitely less, — and what will we be in the competition? Less than nothing. The forces of national expansion are aggressive forces and very costly ones. But they do not represent the highest of our powers. The highest of our powers are of no use or meaning in self-preservation and race-contest. And the aggressive powers in our races are the most easily imitated and acquired by those nations we call inferior and barbarous. But that's enough to bore you with. I only suggest an outline of what I mean. In that case Japan ought to tie her future to China, when circumstances render that possible. Buddha will be safe anyhow.

Goodbye, with sincerest wishes that you take the best possible care of yourself for awhile,

Ever,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, *May* 12, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN:

In the dead vast and middle of last night there came a telegram from Lowell, saying that he had sent a letter sixteen days ago, and to enquire therefor. I enquired as soon as possible, sending my little boy to the P. O. When he had delivered his message, instead of replying, the P. O. asked: —

"What is your name?"

"Kumagae Masayoshi."

"Naruhodo! And you are in the house of the Sensei?"

"Yes."

"Naruhodo! And of course you speak much English?"

"No."

"Naruhodo! But you are not of Kumamoto?"

"No."

"Naruhodo! You are from the West?

"Izumo."

"Ya! The people of Shimane are curious people. There is one in our P. O.; you know him."

"No, I do not."

"Naruhodo! The people of Shimane say, 'fubachi, futatsu, fugashi;' they say,

'jiji; ji-roku;' — they say 'sanji' for 'sanjui.' Ah, yes!"

"But the letter?"

"The Sensei received a telegram."

"Yes."

"The letter was sent — when?"

"Sixteen days ago."

"Naruhodo! Then it could not possibly have come to Kumamoto. To come to Kumamoto and not be quickly delivered is, for a letter, exceedingly difficult. We know all about the letters of the Sensei; we count them. Exceedingly very many there are. He gets letters daily. To-day, as know, he got one?"

"Yes."

"Then the reason of the not seeing of the letter the Sensei desires is not difficult to understand."

"It is difficult."

"Oh, not. It is not difficult. The reason is simply that the letter never came to Kumamoto."

"Ah!"

"For having once come to Kumamoto it should have immediately been delivered."

"Ah!"

"But since it did not come, it could not have been delivered."

"Thanks."

"And therefore, not having been delivered, the Sensei did not receive it."

"Thanks."

"What have I done, etc."

To dispute the premises would have been quite useless, — so accepting the conclusion I prepared an elaborate telegram. The address upon Mr. Lowell's telegram was simply "Kokumeikwan." Masa trotted off again to the heart of the town. The telegram man disputed the address. Such an address would not suffice, — would give at the other end of the line enormous tribulation. For to send a telegraph to Kokumeikwan was like unto sending a telegram to Tokyo, — to Japan, — to the whole Orient, — to the whole of this vale of tears. And I suppose it best to address you on the subject as you have an address of a sharply defined character. I think you told me that Lowell, like many another literary man, dislikes writing letters. I am especially sorry therefore for the mystery of the letter in question; it is discouraging and demoralizing, and would justify him in swearing by the eight hundred myriads of the Gods never to write another letter again for the rest of his life.

I have your kind letter about "Chita," etc. That you could read the book at all, is some encouragement, — that is, persuades me that at some far-distant time, by toning down the thing, some of it might be preserved in a new edition. But I feel it is terribly overdone. You are right, too, about Miss Bacon's severe and rather dry style. It has power, and it never tires, if the subject be of interest. A poetical style is only justifiable in the treatment of rare, exotic subjects. Those are the subjects I most love, however; how I envy my cousins in India, who will never write a line in their lives. I would give ten years of life for one year in India; — I can't ever hope to get it. But a host of small relations, to whom it is a mere source of living, can not only get any number of years in India, but can blaspheme the Gods at being obliged to live in such a blasted country.

What an education the Orient is! How it opens a man's eyes and mind about his own country, about conventionalisms of a hundred sorts, — about false ideals and idealisms, — about ethical questions. But it is a bitter life. I am ashamed to say, I feel worn out. Ancestral habit and impulse are too strong in me. I never understood how profoundly a man can be isolated even in the midst of an amiable population. I get letters from relations in England that make my soul turn, not skyblue, but indigo. I must be able to travel again some day, to alternate Oriental life with something else. And I am not without hope that will prove some day possible.

I wonder if I am right in thinking the Tempo men larger brained than the present University men. Somehow or

other, the most highly educated Japanese strike me as pitiably small when it comes to thinking about any subject whatever: — they talk like boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age. They have no grasp of questions, — no conception of relations. It is impossible to talk with them at all. Now the old men whom I have met were of a larger breed. They thought in a narrow circle, but fully, and originally, and well, so far as I could divine from interpretation. They gave me ideas. The class I am now in contact with have no ideas. Under such studies as they have made, their brains seem to have shrivelled up like kernels in roasted nuts. When they try to talk there is only a dry rattle. Perpetual questions about things that a new-born babe ought to know; and withal a conceit as high as the moon: — an ineradicable belief that they have mastered all the knowledge of the nineteenth century, — and that a foreigner is a sort of stupid servant to be used, but never to be treated as a real human being.

The other day I wrote a long article about Japanese students, intending to send it to the *Mail*, a plea for them; but reading it over I came to the conclusion I did not know enough about the subject of educational organization. Everything is kept concealed as much as possible from a foreign teacher. Some day when I get more information, I may try to develop the theme in another way. I think the present system is dead wrong; — I think so by its results. The boys are overworked. The standard is low; the years are wasted. But who would thank me for proving it?

We had a curious contradiction in official theories the other day. One minister tells the Governors if there be trouble in their provinces they are responsible. The other minister tells students if they are dissatisfied the fault is their own. That the perpetual change of governors and teachers and directors — the general flux of national disintegration — must lead to large troubles, never seems to occur to these great statesmen. They are pitiably small, to judge by their idea of applying law to results instead of remedies to deeply seated and ever increasing causes. For the first time I feel like saying, "D——n Japan!" After all, the loss of her nationality might not be the worst fate for her. What a blue letter. I am ashamed.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO (no date).

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

You have heard of Composite Photographs, and know their value. Here is a composite composition, — the closing examination theme. I have made no changes, — only taken sentences from various compositions.

The Story of Tithonus.

"Tithonus was a youth very handsome and polite.

"Aurora was the rosy-fingered Goddess of the Dawn, — a very fine young lady with rosy fingers.

"She was used to get up in the earlier morning every day, and she was very studious.

"She follen in love to Tithonus, and by her chariot taked him up to the sky.

"One day she ask to him that, — 'Sir, I can give you all thing you want.' Then he ask to her that, — 'Please give me the eternal life.'

"Hoping to enjoy the eternal life of her husband, Aurora ask to Zeus, Father of all the Gods;

"And soon the eternal life was bestow on Tithonus.

"But Aurora forget to request for the eternal youth; therefore Tithonus have the only eternal life.

"Gods have the eternality of youth as well as life.

"Tithonus came to become thirty or fourty years of age.

"He became every day more old.

"He become TOTALLY old.

"And felt the miseration of this life.

" He became grieving and very confusing for weakness of the old.

" Whenever he saw down from the seat of the sky a burial in mankind, he desire to die.

" He became old till only the bones and skins have remained — like a wet paper was put over the wood.

" Aurora asked to Zeus to give her husband only one escapement of his torment by to die, — but in vain.

" Now Tithonus begged to the God to make him enable to die; but he was repulsed, — on that the God could not ever change his words.

" To the last desire he begged the God to make him a glasshopper and to hop on the ground.

" So for pity the God changed him into a glasshopper, which could hop about our world.

" And he is hop about the ground even now, and bears the dry looking.

" So from a man becomed the husband of the Goddess, and then to be changed into a vile worm!

" This should teach us well to ask never the inconsistent things."

KUMAMOTO, *June* 19, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

. . . . . .

A funny story for you. At Kumamoto, they are vulgar folk — all the women play the *samisen*. Instead of calling in geisha, the poorer folk make their own music. Near us a family yesterday proceeded, after necessary delays, to celebrate the birth of a child. The wife played the *samisen*, the mother-in-law the drum, and the father danced to please the guests.

As all this was quite extraordinary to Izumo people, my folks went to look at it. It was night, and the gates were closed. A new servant alone was left to guard the front part of the house, while I guarded the rear. But the man thought he might also go to see just for a moment. He went to what he believed to be the gate of the street, opened it, and found himself in absolute darkness. There was neither moon nor stars. He returned, said a prayer to the Gods, and tried the gate again. Black as a coal! Then he came back and waited.

When the family returned he naïvely asked, " Was there any light in the street when you went? " " Plenty of light! " all said, " lamps and a big moon." " So! " exclaimed the servant triumphantly, " *I knew it was a fox!* "

Now the truth of the matter was that he had opened the gate of the wood-house, mistaking it for the smaller street gate, which it very much resembles, — and finding himself in the dark he was convinced that a fox was trying to deceive him. We all laughed; but he said, " It would not have been the first time that a fox put his hand before my eyes."

My old Kurumaya has fox stories enough, but none of his own experience. He brought to the house, however, a young Kurumaya who told us that one evening a military officer engaged him to take him to a house near the Hanaokayama. He took him there. The officer went into the house, — a superb residence, — bidding him wait. He waited until 3 A. M. Then he suddenly saw there was no house, and that his Kuruma was gone. He got no money, and only found his Kuruma two days later, — in a gorge.

Ever,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, *June* 27, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

. . . . . .

I read part of your last letter with remorse. I am now all at one with you on the subject of Buddhism; and my first enthusiasm for Shinto, I fear, was wrong. I thought I saw in Shinto the soul of Japanese Loyalty, — self-sacrifice, etc. I wrote enthusiastically about it; — I fear you will justly condemn my views. Perhaps I shall be able to modify some of them in proof. Yes, Buddhism makes an appeal to the human heart, and Shinto only to tradition and race feeling.

There is, however, a power, — a mighty power, in that, too. I can't remember now where I read a wonderful story about a Polish brigade under fire during the Franco-Prussian War. The French batteries are directed upon it; the fire of the mitrailleuses is atrocious. The Polish brigade stands still under the infernal hail, cursed by its German officers for the least murmur, — " Silence! you Polish hogs! " — while the ground is being strewn with blood and brains and entrails. Hundreds fall; thousands! and the order is always, " Close up, you Polish hogs! " Just one instant with the bayonet, — one chance to retaliate, to die like men! But the iron order is to wait. Men sob with rage. " Silence, you Polish beasts! " And then, at last, old Steinmetz, smoking his pipe in the carnage, gives a signal, — the signal. The bugles ring out with the force of Roland's last blast at Roncesvalles, the air forbidden ever to be sung or heard at other times, — the national air — (you know it) — " *No! Poland is not dead!* " And with that crash of brass all that lives of the brigade is hurled at the French batteries. Mechanical power, if absolutely irresistible, might fling back such a charge, but no human power. For old Steinmetz, smoking his pipe, had made, Schopenhaueresquely, the mightiest appeal to those " Polish brutes " that man, God or devil could make, — the appeal to the ghost of the Race. The dead heard it; and they came back that day, — the dead of a thousand years.

And then you know the tremendous story of the Cuirassiers at Reichshoffen, dying to a man to cover the retreat; each regiment charging in turn over the torn bodies of those who had formed the first regiment. That was a grand failure and a grand sacrifice. But what is not a failure is the annual ceremony, when, in the great camp, the roll-call of the dead is called, and every buried Cuirassier answers " Present! " — through the mouth of the living, because the grand dead never die.

Now, old Steinmetz smoking his pipe, waiting for the right moment; the French people, keeping alive the memory of the heroism of Reichshoffen, — both have the same thought, — the thought that moved Carlyle to say that not pleasure and happiness, but pain and misery and death, are the greatest attractions to men's souls, — that which they seek in preference to all else. (Carlyle puts it crookedly; but there is a thought there.) The race feeling is the most powerful of all impulses; stir it deeply, — and to the living the value of life and fame and love and all else disappear like smoke; and the dead become the masters; and the living only the instruments. Now, do you not think something of the magic by which that feeling can be stirred, is possessed by Shinto? If it is, then Shinto is mighty. If not, then Shinto is like a sacred awabi-shell, empty and full of holes.

But my letter is too long. Tomorrow I will write you about the *o-fuda* book, and other things.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

THE CONVENTION OF BOOKS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

Once upon a time there was an Old Librarian who, attending a convention of his profession, closed his eyes. This was not because the papers were uninteresting; nor was it because they were not important if true, for they were both important and true. But the papers were many and the librarian was no longer young; therefore he closed his eyes that he might more easily follow the thought. So he followed the thought until he was out of hearing of the somewhat too even voice of the gentleman who was reading.

Suddenly he found himself in a convention of books. Now, the librarian had always loved books, and had cared for their safety, and had planned to extend their usefulness. But in the country to which he had been transported the conditions are reversed. The books assume responsibility for the care of their readers, and arrange them in order and decide upon their merits. For the books in their own country set great store by their readers. When a book misplaces its readers, or loses them, it is looked upon as unskillful. It is no small achievement for a book to look after a large collection of miscellaneous readers, and to select those that are valuable.

When the Old Librarian arrived, the convention hall was almost full. There were books of all sizes and ages, all engaged in animated conversation. There were venerable folios, grave middle-aged quartos, flashy young duodecimos. Blue-blooded classics were elbowed by pushing "best-sellers." Shabby odd volumes shambled about, looking for members of their family circle from whom they had been separated for years. Now and then a superannuated Text-Book, lean and haggard, would ask for information from a pert young fellow who had once been his pupil. A slight willowy Poem would trip along with a look of vague inquiry in her innocent eyes, as if she were seeking some one who would tell her what she was all about. She would draw her dainty singing robes around her to avoid the touch of some horny-handed son of prose with the dust of the Census Bureau yet upon him. There were grave, learned books who were spoken of with bated breath as "Authorities;" and there were "Original Sources," aristocrats of long lineage, who still clung to the antique garb of their youth.

There were few in the company who ventured upon any familiarity with these worthies. It was however whispered by an enterprising Thesis, who had made their acquaintance, that some of them, in their own day and generation, had been rather common.

Near the doors were groups of half-grown pamphlets who had not yet reached the dignity of full book-hood. They formed a disturbing element, and it was a question whether they should be admitted to the floor, it being very difficult to keep these unbound hobbledehoys in order.

The Old Librarian was not one of those indefatigable persons who can sit through all the meetings furnished by conscientious programme-makers. He was glad that so many papers were provided at all hours, but there was a touch of altruism in his nature, so that he rejoiced in the thought of the information which the minds of others received while his own lay fallow. After the convention had been opened, he wandered in a leisurely way from one section to another, listening to such of the discussions as interested him,

and observing how the books conducted their business.

There was much wrangling over the report of the Committee on Credentials, as there was a great difference of opinion as to what constitutes a book. It is an old controversy between the strict constructionists and those of more democratic tendencies. In this case the strict constructionists were outvoted, and the Old Librarian noticed a number of volumes taking part in the proceedings, to whom he would not have given the privileges of the floor.

There was one general subject for discussion, "The Care of Readers," but each section considered its own questions of technique. Never had the Old Librarian been so impressed with the sense of the importance of readers. The president in his opening address declared that the reader could no longer be treated as a negligible quantity. Readers might be said to be almost essential to the existence of books. It was a great satisfaction to the Old Librarian to hear this, for he had often been grieved at the haughty airs of certain of the more learned books who had refused to make any allowance for the natural infirmities of their readers. They would lead them into verbal labyrinths and heartlessly leave them there, laughing with erudite glee at their confusion. But this was not the spirit of the convention.

The Old Librarian listened with much interest to a paper on "The Classification of Readers." The readers were classified according to the natural method, —

The readers who read through,
The readers who read at,
The readers who read in,
The readers who read round about,
And the well-beloved readers who read between the lines.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* said that he was accustomed to divide readers into two classes, the herbivorous and the carnivorous. The herbivorous reader is a quiet, ruminating creature who likes to browse in a library. He could best illustrate the characteristic of the carnivorous species by quoting a note that he had made of Dr. Johnson's way of reading. "He seemed to read it ravenously as if he devoured it. He knows how to read better than any one . . . he gets at the substance of a book directly, he tears the heart out of it. He kept it wrapt up in the table-cloth in his lap the time of dinner, resembling (if I may use so coarse a simile) a dog who holds a bone in his paws in reserve while he eats something else that is thrown at him."

"How shocking!" said Mrs. Hemans's *Poems*, shuddering.

"Do not be alarmed, madam. I was only using a figure of speech."

A paper was read on "The Treatment of Ephemeral Readers; how they may be catalogued to be made available during their lifetime and retired with the least time and labor."

There was some difference of opinion as to what constitutes an ephemeral reader. Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* defined him as one who never got beyond the title-page. He never felt that a reader was worth cataloguing unless he had got into the first chapter. He was sorry to say that most of his readers belonged, not to the class that reads in, but to that which only reads about.

Royce's *The World and the Individual* remarked that he had noticed a good many of these second-hand readers of Kant lying around in the colleges.

"I wonder," said *The Spectator*, "why so many readers insist on forcing themselves into the company of books that are above their station in life. They must know that they would be happier with those of their own class."

"I remember a remark of Dr. Johnson which may throw some light on the situation," said Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. "It was one day when we visited the Pantheon in London, then newly opened as a place of entertainment. I said, when I had paid the entrance fee, 'There's not a half-guinea's worth of pleasure in seeing this place.' To which Dr. Johnson re-

plied, 'But, sir, there's half a guinea's worth of inferiority to other people in not having seen it.' "

" It's lucky that so many readers have that amiable weakness," drawled Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*. " Those big-wigs over there," pointing to the World's Classics, " would n't be dressed in full morocco if it were n't that every blessed reader is willing to give his guineas to be saved from the inferiority of not knowing them."

Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* rose from his chair with some effort, to resent what seemed to him an unworthy fling at the readers whose reading was done by proxy.

" I have been highly esteemed and kept in good reputation by successive generations that have taken me on trust. They slap me on the back and call me 'Good old Burton,' and 'Quaint old Burton,' and quote somebody who quoted somebody I quoted. I have no doubt but that they will keep it up for several hundred years longer. Is n't it just as well as if they actually took the trouble to read me? They certainly have kept up a pleasant speaking acquaintance."

The *Complete Works of Josephus*, neatly attired in calf, arose to testify to his approval of the philosophical remarks of his young friend. Two hundred years is a short time in the life of a book. As for himself, he was approaching his second millennium, and he was happy to say that his circulation was still good. Since his first publication no generation had arisen that knew not Josephus. He attributed his longevity to his regular habits. He had very early got himself talked about in learned and semi-learned circles. Works dealing in a popular way with Hebrew history are accustomed to say to their readers, " See *Josephus*."

" Do the readers see you? " asked a thin, anxious-looking commentary.

" That is immaterial," answered the *Complete Works*. " They like to have me near at hand, so that they can see me in case of emergency. If one is asked to address a meeting of Sunday-school teachers it is a great convenience to be able to say, 'Herod Antipas must not be confounded with Herod the Tetrarch, as is well known by every reader of *Josephus*.' Now, every one is liable to be asked to address a meeting of Sunday-school teachers at some time or other, and it gives a feeling of security to have me at hand. Of course a narrow-minded person may deny that readers of this kind should be included in the card catalogue, but I should not know what to do without them. But for them I should be as lonesome as my old friend Philo of Alexandria. He had a great reputation in his day, but he is now known only to scholars. There is no distinction in that, for scholars are willing to know anything."

The *Letters of Junius* said that he had spent a great deal of time in the study of readers, endeavoring to find out what became of them. The more he looked into the matter, the more the mystery deepened. It was not merely the fugitive reader that disappeared. He supposed that every book here that had made a collection could tell of serious losses.

Friendship's Garland, a single volume of uncertain age, said that she had been greatly troubled in this way. All her readers had mysteriously disappeared without fault of her own. Far be it from her to cast suspicion upon her fellow books, but she feared that, if an investigation were made, it might be found that some of them had readers that did n't belong to them.

Rollin's *Ancient History* said that once he had a large number of readers that he had collected with much industry. They had disappeared one by one. He supposed that it was now too late to recover them. Works of Fiction had at one time been accused of purloining readers from unsuspecting Histories. He had noticed a gang of Historical Romances loafing in the vicinity. They were suspicious characters living without visible means of support. Many years ago *Thaddeus*

of Warsaw had borrowed some of his readers and had never returned them. He had, however, been told that of late there had been a reformation among Works of Fiction and that they are becoming quite serious.

"That is true," said a sad-faced problematic novel. "There is no danger to be apprehended from us. We are poor but honest."

Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* remarked that while such petty larcenies as those of which *Thaddeus of Warsaw* was accused were to be reprehended, we must push the investigations to the books higher up. He himself had lost some valuable readers. "We must protect ourselves from the depredations of certain malefactors of great literary wealth."

As he sat down he cast a searching glance at the Waverley Novels.

"I hope that all questions involving property rights in readers may be submitted to arbitration," said Disraeli's *Quarrels of Authors*. "It would save much ink-shed."

"As for the losses of our honorable friend the *Decline and Fall*, perhaps another explanation might be given," said Horace Walpole's *Letters*. "It may only be that his readers are mortal. There was a remark of my Lord Chesterfield that was famous in its day. When he and his friend Lord Tyrawley had been missed from the gay society in which they had been ornaments, my Lord explained, 'Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we don't choose to have it known.'"

"Do you know," said James's *Pragmatism*, "that I sometimes think that we books take ourselves too seriously. Why should n't our readers slip away from us if they can? It shows their sense. Just because we are bound volumes and sport a table of contents, we think there must be something in us. Sometimes there is, but the relation between printed matter and mind is variable. There is a great deal of superstition in the assumption of our educational value. It is far from absolute. I should n't wonder if we were some day put out of business by the fifteen-cent magazines."

"Hear! hear!" cried Poole's *Index*.

"It all depends," said *The Strenuous Life*, "on the man behind the book. Now in Africa —"

"Speaking of Africa and of educational values," interrupted Mungo Park's *Travels in the Interior of Africa*, "I have seen a good deal of them both. If you don't mind my repeating myself, I will tell you of a little experience I had. It was some time after I had escaped from Tiggeity Sego, and I was taking leave of the Dooty of Dingyee. I had stayed over night with an old Foulah whose name I now forget. In the morning, as I was about to depart, he, with a great deal of diffidence, begged me to give him a lock of my hair. He had been told that a white man's hair made a *saphie* (charm) that would give the possessor all the knowledge of white men. I had never before heard of so simple a mode of education, but instantly complied with the request; but my landlord's thirst for learning was such that with cutting and pulling he cropped one side of my head pretty closely, and would have done the same with the other had I not signified my disapprobation by putting on my hat and assuring him that I wished to reserve some of the precious merchandise for a future occasion."

"I must make a note of that," said G. Stanley Hall's *Adolescence*, taking out his fountain pen. "It is a very interesting variation in pedagogy. Here is Mr. Mungo Park who tells us that in Wassiboo it was supposed that a liberal education could be obtained by cutting off the hair of any traveling gentleman of the Caucasian race. The candidate for a degree evidently followed a strict curriculum. In our colleges, on the other hand, our adolescents firmly believe that a liberal education may be obtained by allowing the hair to grow long and thick about the time of the autumnal

equinox. This is a survival of the ancient cult of the gridiron, which is connected with human sacrifices."

" After all," said Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, " there is a good deal to be said in behalf of this capillary theory of education. It indicates that even in modern times the primitive notion is preserved that education has something to do with the head. The only dubiety is as to whether the educational process shall go on internally or externally. This is but a detail. The superstition that is more common is one by which we books profit. There are those who attribute to us a magic which produces results altogether independent of any activity either within the cerebral cavity or on the superficies of the cranium. They imagine that a book is a perfect substitute for the fatiguing process of cerebration. Such readers would consider it a work of supererogation to use their own heads. I would admit that this superstition is less rational than that to which our friend *Travels in the Interior of Africa* refers, but the question is, Should we disturb it? We books must live. Of course we know that we are not really wiser than the people who write us, and we may know no more than the people who read us, but should we take the public into our confidence? "

At this point Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* arose and inquired anxiously whether any reporters were present. On being assured that there were none, he said that he would venture to remark that every book is as wise as he looks and every reader as wise as he feels.

" Still," said Hill's *Rhetoric*, " we must remember that we all make mistakes. No book is a hero to his own proof-reader."

Pope's *Essay on Criticism* asked to be allowed to correct his learned friend the *Vulgar Errors*, who had accused certain passive readers of not using their heads. It was only fair to say that they allowed their heads to be used free of charge. They were useful as storehouses. Miscellaneous material left in cold storage was never interfered with, and when called for was found in the same condition in which it arrived. He would therefore repeat the tribute which he had given some time since to

> The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
> With loads of learned lumber in his head.

" In behalf of some of the most respectable books here present, I would return thanks for such repositories."

Marie Corelli's *Works* then read a paper entitled " A Heavy Plea for Light Readers." She argued that the economic law of supply and demand should be more fully recognized in high critical circles. She also argued against government by injunction. A bench of critics had no right to enjoin light readers who were engaged in the pursuit of happiness.

In the discussion that followed, complaint was made that the most troublesome reader of the lighter sort was the humorous reader. He was always finding in a book something which the author had not intended to be seen.

In order to weed out such readers, it was moved that a committee be appointed to be composed of the clerical members of the convention. It was hoped that their professional gravity might have a restraining effect on those addicted to the lighter vein.

The chair appointed the *Wit and Wisdom* of the Rev. Sydney Smith, *A Sentimental Journey* of the Rev. Laurence Sterne, the *Lyrics* of the Rev. Robert Herrick, and the *Complete Works* of the Very Reverend Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. The *Dunciad* called attention to one " who sits and shakes in Rabelais' easy chair," and said that it should not be forgotten that Rabelais was of the cloth. The chairman declared that it might as well be forgotten, and that he would so rule.

By way of interlude, Chesterton's *Essays* consented to entertain the company as a prestidigitator. He was not

he explained, a prestidigitator, but that made no difference.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the *Essays*, "I will not flatter you by saying 'a penny for your thoughts.' I never pay more than the market price for such articles; but I will ask you to lend me a few thoughts, if you happen to have any about you. Any simple little thing will do; all I ask is that it shall have been long enough in your possession to make you think that it is your own."

Several truisms were handed up, together with one or two brand-new paradoxes.

"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen; be sure not to take your eyes off your thoughts while they are in my hands; something might happen to them. I suppose you want them back? Certainly, you shall have them. They are of no value except to the owner, but I understand your feeling about them, they have associations. Here they are! By my faith, they do look different.

"Here, madam, is your Orthodoxy, which you handed me just now. It's the newest thing out. So original! How did you happen to get an idea that nobody ever happened on before? It's a great find, and yet you were so demure about it I was deceived at first: you seemed to take it as a mere matter of course. And here, sir, is your Heresy which you allowed me to examine. If you take a good look at it you will see the name of Athanasius stamped on the right-hand corner. It's genuine old-fashioned fourth-century orthodoxy, sixteen hundred years old, if it is a day. It's greatly to your credit that you have it in your possession, for I trust you came by it honestly.

"Will any other lady or gentleman lend me a thought?"

Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* handed up "And things are not what they seem."

"Quite so," said the *Essays*, "that's what people generally suppose, but of course the fact is just the contrary. Things are things, and that is just what they seem to be. It is you who are not what you seem. You seem to be philosophizing on the nature of things, but if you would stop to consider you would be convinced that you are doing nothing of the kind."

The *Familiar Quotations* acknowledged that this was perfectly true.

"There must be some trick about all this, I can but think," said a small thin book who stood at the back of the hall.

"Did I hear correctly?" asked the *Essays*. "Did you assert, 'I can but think'? Why, my dear sir, that is the one thing you cannot do.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I suppose some of you have by this time got the idea that I am quite clever and original because I have so many ideas that are different from your own. I assure you that you are altogether mistaken. It is you who are clever, having so many ideas that I can differ from. I am only a plain, plodding, literal-minded person, who cannot understand your brilliant paradoxes. I have contracted the habit of contradicting them at sight, and in nine cases out of ten it turns out that I am right. The results are monotonous, but I can't help that."

The Old Librarian shook his head doubtfully, for he had always enjoyed the *Essays*, and in spite of his disclaimer he felt that he was really very clever after all. He remembered an illuminating remark of his: "I never in my life said anything because I thought it was funny; though of course I may have had ordinary human vain-glory and may have thought it funny because I said it.

"It is one thing to describe an interview with a gorgon or a griffin which never existed; it is another thing to discover that a rhinoceros does exist, and then to take pleasure in the fact that he looks as if he did n't."

"I think we owe a great debt," said the Old Librarian, "to one who makes a specialty of the things which are true and which look as if they were n't. When the mind gets sluggish from lack of suf-

ficiently varied exercise, and can move only one way, I believe there is great benefit in going to some one like the *Essays* for vigorous osteopathic treatment."

The spirit of the convention was thoroughly democratic, and yet there was a tendency for certain congenial books to get together. Various groups were thus formed by their natural affinity for certain readers. No greater pleasure exists for the reader than to select the book friends in whose company he has spent many hours, and the books have the same feelings. They always think that their own readers are the best. The Old Librarian had some compunction of conscience when he remembered that he had been compelled to force so many volumes into unnatural and irksome companionship, and to bring them together according to subjects instead of according to personal likings.

He fell in with Sir John Lubbock's *Best Books*, and the *Heart of Oak*, and many *Select Libraries*. There were little groups gathered around veterans who were giving reminiscences of readers they had known. Homer's *Iliad* told about nights he had spent with Alexander the Great. After the battle they two would refresh their souls with talk about Achilles and windy Troy. Plato's *Republic* recalled the converse with Hadrian and Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, when they were doing all that heroic rulers could do to arrest the decay of the Roman Empire. When that plan failed he had communed with Augustine in regard to the City of God that was to be the new spiritual empire. After the invasion of the barbarians, he said, he had taken several centuries off, leaving his friend Aristotle to wrestle with the ignorance of the times. About the fifteenth century he had returned to active life much refreshed, and since than he had known intimately all the men of light and leading. He had, however, little time to dwell upon the past, as the Twentieth-Century problems were so interesting, and there seemed so little time in which to get ready for the Twenty-first. Whereupon he began to talk with all his old-time enthusiasm about the future.

Machiavelli's *Art of War* talked in a breezy fashion of his experience in Virginia, where he had gone in company with his inseparable friend Captain John Smith. Many were the times when they discussed the question whether the tactics that proved effective in the valley of the Po, or in the passes of the Apennines, would be successful against the Red Indians.

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* told of a reader he had met in a backwoods cabin. He was an unformed lad named Abraham Lincoln, who had little acquaintance with books. "I liked him none the less for that. I used to tell him of Mr. Greatheart and Mr. Honest and Mr. Valiant-for-the-Truth. One night I told him how Giant Grim and his lions blocked the way of the pilgrims and said that they could go no further along the King's highway. Now Mr. Greatheart was a strong man, so he was not afraid of a lion. And he said, 'These women and children are going on a pilgrimage, and this is the way they must go, and go it they shall, in spite of thee and the lions.' I thought by the light in the boy's eyes that some day if he should meet Giant Grim and his lions he might prove another Greatheart; and so, I am told, he did."

"Is n't it remarkable," said the *Rubaiyát* of Omar Khayyám, "what little incidents will turn the whole current of our lives? I was over seven hundred years old before I learned English, which I speak now better than I do my native Persian. I fell in quite by accident with a European named Fitz-something-or-other, who introduced me to a new circle, so that I am now living a most exciting life. I find that my most enthusiastic readers live — not in Ispahan, but in Chicago. I have a reader who every evening is suspended from a strap and hurled through

space in a machine invented by a malignant whirling dervish. As he sways back and forth, he murmurs to himself, —

A book of verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness,
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

The Old Librarian was convinced of the wisdom of those who urged the over-ambitious readers to make the intimate acquaintance of a few good books who would stay by them through life. For their own pleasure and profit they must make a choice of friends, and a few real friends are worth a host of ill-assorted acquaintances. He was not therefore disturbed by the good-natured chaffing which always accompanies the attempt at bringing together those who ought to know each other.

There are little jealousies among books, and it is impossible to please all of them. He was conscious of this when, in a corner of the hall, he saw a number of books chosen for their especial serviceableness being seated on a divan five feet long. Each as his name was called came forward with a look of modest merit, while betraying a momentary surprise as he glanced at his neighbor. This is only book-nature. John Woolman's *Journal*, finding himself seated next to the *Arabian Nights*, was ill at ease.

" Friend, I fear thou art one of the world's people, being decked in gay apparel. I warn thee against vanities."

He was reassured by seeing one of William Penn's works in close converse with Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*.

Five feet, though ample to accommodate any one reader's intimate book friends, is rather a small space, and however wise the choice, some excellent candidates are sure to be left out. This necessarily causes criticism.

When *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* was invited, there was some hard feeling among the other works of Robert Browning. *Saul* maintained a dignified silence, and *Sordello* looked on with enigmatic calm, but *Pippa Passes* whispered pettishly to *The Ring and the Book*. Some people, she said, were just as good as some other people.

Most of the invited books were quite sober, but *Tam O'Shanter* was evidently a little intoxicated by his success. " Sorry that you've been left out," he said to Wordsworth's *Excursion*, slapping him on the back. " But we don't think any less of you because you are not in our set. As a friend of mine said, 'a book's a book for a' that and a' that.' "

" When it's so crowded," answered the *Excursion*, " you have the advantage over me in being rather slight."

" Good-morrow! " said Walton's *Compleat Angler* to Emerson's *Essays*. " It's pleasant to see new faces. We old fellows find such occasions a little sad. So many old friends drop out. I'm the only survivor of Dr. Johnson's list of serviceable books. You know he made out a list for young Mr. Astle of Ashbourne in Derbyshire, brother of the learned and ingenious Thomas Astle, Esquire. It was the first time that my name had been mentioned in this way. No other honors have ever given me such pleasure. Perhaps you would like to know some of my companions at that time. I have the list in Dr. Johnson's own handwriting. Among them are Puffendorf's *Introduction to History*, Carte's *History of England*, Clarendon's *History*, *The Duty of Man*, Watt's *Improvement of the Mind*, Sherlock's *Sermons*, Law's *Serious Call*, Prideaux's *Connection*, Shuckford's *Connection*, *Nature Displayed*. I could hardly believe it when I found myself in that distinguished company, actually seated between Law's *Serious Call* and Sandys's *Travels*. This, I said, is fame."

The *Compleat Angler* was almost overcome by his emotion.

" Excuse me," he said; " if some one will hold this seat for me for a few minutes I will go down on the floor and see if I can't find some of the old crowd and arrange for a reunion. Ah! I see Clarendon's *History*. He's still extant, though he looks a little lonely. I see the *Serious*

Call, but where's *The Duty of Man?* I wish I could come across Sandys's *Travels*. And here, last and not least on Dr. Johnson's list, are *Some Commentaries on the Bible*. I wish I could remember which they were. I wonder if I shall recognize them. There is such a strong family resemblance among commentaries. I am afraid I should not know *Nature Displayed*, though I have a vague recollection that he was a great swell in his day."

At last they were all seated.

"Rather a tight squeeze," said Plutarch's *Lives*.

"Yes," said Bacon's *Essays*, "reading maketh a full man."

"Where's Shakespeare's *Works?*" inquired Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*.

"You may search me," said Bacon's *Essays*.

They were so pleasant and cheery that the Old Librarian was impelled to go about and seek out his own cronies and bring them together in some little space. They were good friends whom he was always happy to meet. It was only when he got them together that he was aware what a miscellaneous collection they were. The only thing which they had in common was his liking for them, but this it proved was a sufficient bond.

It was quite late when a party of gay young volumes of fashion, who had been attending a coming-out party of one of their number, passed through the corridors. As they looked into a tiny room, they saw the Old Librarian seated in the middle of a circle of cheerful old volumes. They were singing, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and the days of auld lang syne."

"I wonder," said the youngest of the party, "whether any of us will ever give so much pleasure."

BE COMFORTED, MY LITTLE MUSE

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

I

Be comforted,
My wistful little muse;
Lift up thy head;
To pipe thy slender strain no more refuse.
Poor creature, could'st thou choose,
Great themes thou would'st indite;
Scorn thy kind bed,
And pacing the dim valley all this night,
A POEM write;
A poem lovely in its sound
As Lycidas, or L'Allegro;
And in its thought a trump to blow. —
A sword to wound, —
A banner under which to fight!

II

But turn and see,
My foolish little muse,
What young Theocritus is he
Who walks by yonder "fountain Arethuse"?
A schoolboy loitering home at even
With face as bright as the far western heaven;
Walking apart,
And thinking of the Greeks at Marathon,
Or Richard of the Lion Heart; —
The English barons and King John,
Or farmer troops at Lexington.
Oft, in the meadows round his home,
He sees the colonnades of Rome, —
Sees Holyrood, and London Tower;
Or, waking at the midnight hour
On some chill evening of spring,
He sees the fairy lanterns swing,
And hears a chime of magic bells,
And feels the waft of many a tiny wing
Through the lone farmhouse where he dwells.
Then, on a Sunday morning calm,
Hearing in church some mighty Psalm,
He lifts his joyous head on high,
And in his heart for some great cause would die.

Dost thou not see,
Poor little muse of mine,
Melpomene
Walk by his side, and leaves of laurel twine?

THE RELIGION OF THE PAST

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

THE religion of the future is occupying men's minds. They are right to think of it, to talk of it, and hope for it; their leaders, as leaders toward the new have always been, are men of the pioneer sort, animated by a need of room, eager to avoid and escape from the restraining bounds, the narrow quarters, in which the old centuries have lodged us. They are brave; they set their faces toward the new, and feel the fresh salt breezes of the unknown sea blow full in front. Their courage is none the less praiseworthy because at times it seems to shine the more from contrast with the dull hues of a sicklier liver; nor is their self-reliance less to be admired because it is quickened by a knowledge of the self-helplessness of others. They are leaders; their business is to lead, and one of their duties is to prod the laggards and the stay-at-homes. They have so much right upon their side, that they may well be excused for thinking they have it all.

The need of change, of cutting away old, time-eaten parts of religion, of replacing that which is cut away by modern notions, of substituting dogmas that will stand the hammers of logic and science for those that dissolve impalpable before a child's knowledge of physics and history, is and may well be ample justification for a wide sweep of the pioneer axe. They, however, by the very thoroughness of their devastation, force the issue of the value of this thoroughness. Their trenchant ploughshares uncover our holes and crevices, and stir the dispossessed "Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous" acceptors of old ideas into an attitude of asking for further proof of this light-hearted confidence in the new. Is there not some small remnant of religious use left in the old home? Have the emigrants got it all stowed away in their lockers?

For if, by this uncompromising thoroughness, they raise a comparison between themselves and us, if they vaunt their riches in contrast to our poverty, they must be scrupulous to measure, and set apart the things that are theirs on one side and the things that are ours on the other. There must be no confusion. The produce of the new land whither they go is theirs; the produce of the old home and its garden belongs to us. Let us divide clearly and mark the division.

The new religion has a "god;" but at the very outset we may ask, What right have they to take our name? How can they strip that name of a hundred associations that come thronging,—the belief of good men, the hopes of the unhappy, the trust of the valiant, the passion of those who set their hearts upon the things that are not of this world? What is their "god"? They feel the pulse and throb of countless forces, they feel their sensibilities played upon, their consciousness awake and receptive, their fires of life fed with fuel; they assert that all these unknown commotions, these stirrings, waves, fluctuations, movements, are the results of contact with innumerable manifestations of one primal force, and they say he is their god. But this very zeal for unification, for oneness, for an all-embracing whole, is of our creation; we of the past have created that. They of the future have only a vast aggregate of like elements, if even they have that. They combine and mould together in one form these inorganic, intolerant forces, and then they wrap this moulded image up in

our emotions, in the reverence and awe that we of the old home have made. Reverence, awe, love, are the makings of the past, the handiwork of ignorance, of superstition, of belief, of faith; they are ours to deck our altars and our idols.

The "god" of the future is but a concatenated aggregate of unknown forces, and both aggregation and concatenation are assumptions. They claim reverence for the reign of law, with its uniform and measured impartiality, in place of the arbitrary and tyrannical actions of a jealous God; but they have no right to reverence. Even if they will kneel to the downward fall of an apple, and the elliptical orbits of the planets, even if they will sing hymns to the swell and ebb of the tide, and praise the union of hydrogen and oxygen, they have no right to take our words, our associations, our frippery of old thoughts and emotions. Unless they are prepared to bestow an adequate allotment of ecstasy on each electric volt, they have no right to clap all the volts together in one symbolic whole and bow down before them. The only rational attitude toward the "god" of the future is distrust. That god must be utterly dehumanized and given its due, no more, no less. "It" should inspire such amazement and respect as generalizations of the human mind, made in the laboratory or the lecture-room, are entitled to. "It" must be charged with whatever sin and suffering, whatever pain and distress, there may be throughout the universe. "It" may well be feared by the timid and should be defied by the bold. "It" cannot attach to itself any of the emotions that the religion of the past has called into being. We are men, and the relation of humanity toward the universal forces is one of enmity. We must conquer or die. We must outwit them, control them, counteract them, or they will beat us down under their feet. There is no evidence of any friendliness toward us; those forces, for which the reign of law is emotionally claimed will destroy us according to their laws unless we can control them. We are human, they are non-human; this is all we know.

In this respect the reformers have taken from our stock what belongs to us; by their own doctrine they may not take a word, — the word of words, — transfer it to their stock, and then pretend that they have taken a mere term of dialectics, as if they could leave behind the connotation which is its essence, and strip off all vestiges of those yearnings which *semper, ubique et ab omnibus* have given the word god all its significance. Then on this borrowed word they seek to build the religion of the future.

What attribute of religion can they hang upon it, they who have cut themselves loose from all the network of affection that man's history has woven about the God of the past? They cannot take duty. Their god has nothing in common with duty; the two conceptions are antagonistic. Their god acts on motives that we can neither know nor conjecture; this present manifestation of contemporaneous phenomena that we call our universe comes from we know not where, and goes we know not whither. All is dark. But duty is plain and readily understood. Duty is a human conception, a means for human good, a human contrivance in the long war of humanity against the forces of evil that encompass us on every side. Good is that which is good to humanity; evil is that which is evil to it. The unconscious forces that nourish germs of disease, that rob us of health, of happiness, of life, that cause untoward heat and cruel cold, that "hurl the lightnings and that wing the storms," that create venomous reptiles and poison-bearing insects, that cool the old earth and threaten our race with a miserable end, are to our human desires wholly evil. They are all law-abiding, and in them as well as in us lies a portion of the dignity of the universe; and yet we hate them. Our duties are toward our parents and children, toward our wives and husbands, toward our fellow townsfolk, toward such as chance may render our

neighbors, toward our horses and our dogs. Out of earthly relations our duties are begotten; but out of what shall we create a notion of duty toward this "god," or how shall we, except by making ourselves mere fate-led puppets, identify duty with its will? Our human duties, our sense of solidarity, our consciousness of common joys and sorrows, are not affirmations of this new "god," but a denial of it. If we shall awake, as the reformers say we shall, to a keener appreciation of the need of standing by one another, of working together, it will be because we perceive that we are alone, unaided, sailing in one great ship over an unknown sea. The sense of human duty may grow stronger as we shall cease to rely on outside help, we may become more self-reliant under the new gospel; but self-reliance is not religion.

II

The religion of the past is of a different order. It was born of ignorance and superstition, nursed by credulity and need, fostered and tended by evil times, by misery, disappointment, fear, and death. Nothing could be further from a rational and scientific explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon, life, than the God of old. He grew with the growth of our race, he acquired attributes as we progressed, he gradually became high, holy, and loving; and, when, in our deeper need to feel communion with Him, He put on human shape and shared our common human experiences, man loved Him passionately. He is the creation of many great hearts; and because humanity has made Him, we love Him. Humanity has loved its beautiful creation; and, rounding out the allegory, created a human mother for its offspring. We feel our weakness, our ignorance, our incapacity to stand alone, and we cling to that which we have created.

Yet because we can see no further than our own handiwork, because we seem to have been creating something out of nothing, is it necessarily so? And if it is so, was the handiwork a waste of labor and of love? Is the image of a loving God with a human heart, botched and marred though it is by the glosses of churchmen, necessarily an unserviceable illusion? How are we to know that it is an illusion? What is this world? What are illusions, what is the line that divides them from other impressions, and are not illusions as worth while as other things? Are they not oddly like reality, and have they not their special uses? What is our conscious life, but a storehouse of illusions, and what are our senses but mechanical doors to let more illusions in? Why should we not, for our comfort, our well-being, our ennoblement, create one illusion the more?

Or ought not our old religion to be called a work of art rather than a cluster of illusions? Is it not the incomparable work of the imagination, upon which, as upon speech, all men have been at work? Here and there, indeed, great men have altered the design, remodeling sometimes the fundamental plan; while all the time, here and there, according to their personal tastes and capacities, the mass of believers have been adding touches: filling in the background, heightening the color, strengthening a line, or deepening a shadow. Is not this work of art a beautiful thing in itself, with all its rudeness and crudity; and is it not so entwined and entangled with the history of the human race that any divorce between them must be a maim?

They may prove without any great fear of opposition that the tribal god was a barbarous conception, that a rational god is at times an irrational and mischievous hindrance to the progress of civilization. But why not proceed, as nature does, from seed to shoot, from shoot to stalk, from stalk to trunk, drinking in from sunshine and rain new properties and powers, till the climber climbing to its topmost bough sees ever further and further? If we have grown, the tribal god has aided our growth. In the home,

in the school, in the counting-room, in the court-house, on the battlefield, or in the penitential cell, he or his successors have helped men and women, boys and girls, to fight the good fight. When Israel conquered Moab, when Greece defeated Persia, when confederate Europe beat back the Huns, when a high-aspiring soul has turned away from temptation, were not these victories touched at least with the glory of divine achievement? It is important for the right to prevail, even if in the doubtful balance the right leans to one side only by the least fraction of a scruple. Whenever the side impregnated with a greater degree of high purpose and aspiring will has overcome the other, that has been a victory for the divine cause. Whenever a man has sacrificed himself or what he loved most, in obedience to the command of what he held holy, whenever he has renounced the easy pleasure for the hard denial, whenever the little persistent instincts of sympathy and human fellowship have triumphed over his passions, there the tribal god, the national god, the sectarian god, or the human god, has been by his side, helping, sustaining, encouraging. Wherever men have felt that the issues before them were fraught with a significance greater than the balance and adjustment of appetite and expedience, there one of the old gods was at work. The old God was human, He cared for men, their tears, their endeavors, their love, their obedience; but the god of the future is to have no human sympathies. From now on, man is not to rely on god but on himself, and we are now to watch the deceitful vapors, that have set themselves together in the shape of walls, bastions, ramparts, and bannered citadel, dissolve in the white light of disillusion. The real and the non-real must be set sharply apart.

The old religion had a mass of additions, accretions, agglutinations, gathered to it as it rolled along the path of history. These were unjustifiable in any logical system of theology; but why should we adopt a manner of judgment that judges according to origins? Why should we not judge according to results? That has been an old habit of mankind. When men felt a relief, an enlargement, a revival, a more potent energy, a new and kindling vigor, they ascribed these accessions of life to an animating power of goodness, and fell upon their knees and worshiped it. They invented the word *sacred* to define, as well as a single word might do, these animating influences; and when, after an habitual association of the felt effects and the imagined causes, they desired to experience again the remembered blessings, they invoked the symbol of these casual circumstances and hastened on the consequence. They established ceremonies in the hope of putting themselves and their children in the way of receiving the benignant gifts of the Spirit. They kept old traditions, usages, terms, and practices, as a grown man calls his father and his mother "papa" and "mamma;" and by unreasonable association of sentiments they swelled childish emotions into manly deeds. It may even be that these superstitious imaginings of the past were instinctive recognitions of forces uncomprehended, happy reachings out for spiritual sustenance, and erroneous only in the explanation of their nature; that they really found a way to draw upon secret sources of power and life.

What is less reasonable than baptism? But if a man has been baptized, and his father, and his father's father, and his again, then the memory of these repeated dedications of young life, — the memory of young and radiant mothers praying and smiling as they prayed, — from a time back beyond all records, renders the ceremony more potent in its effect upon the imagination than any argument drawn from common sense. Such ceremonies do not square with reason; they quicken deep emotions and bring their rude barbarian strength to the support of right doing. Men who stroll across the fields of Gettysburg and mark the contours of the hills, the slope of the falling ground,

and feel their feet press the very sods pressed by the dead and dying on those three great days, do not ask whether on that summit a factory might be built, on this meadow grain planted, and along that ancient line of fence a highway laid out; they stop, and highly resolve to quit themselves like men on whatever field the battle of life may chance to range them.

If men are moved to adhere to the cause of right because of visions and dreams of other men who died long ago, if they are cheered and emboldened because they wear a uniform, follow a flag, and tramp to the rolling of sticks beaten on taut pigskin, why not keep these beneficial supports, irrational though they are? A thousand chances every day remind us that we are not creatures of reason, but act willy-nilly in response to innumerable stimuli that prick us from we know not where.

Marriage under the new dispensation will not be a sacrament. But is not this a question of words? How is a man, in the full flood of romantic passion, going to formulate with any pretense of fitness the sentiments that draw him high above the meannesses of life, unless he calls on God to witness, and vows to love, honor, and cherish forever? These rites are stammering efforts to give expression to sentiment. Never again is God revealed so present to man and woman, never again is a moment in their wedded lives so sacred. No man knows a sentiment except at the moment when he feels it; the most vivid imagination falls hopelessly short of another man's passion or even of his own remembered emotions. If passion is to be expressed in form or word, it must be by him whom the passion at the moment possesses; and to him love is of God and eternal.

In the new religion there are to be no intermediaries between God and man, none to whom, by self-dedication and long ministration, the habits of self-sacrifice, of aspiration, of willing unworldly things, of obeying high impulses, shall have become a power and an authority fit to help those whom the common occupations of life encumber; none to whom music, poetry, gratitude, and love are daily cares, to whom the old trappings of holiness are especially dear. God will be so immanent in nitrogen and carbon, in drop of water and puff of smoke, that nothing else will be necessary; we need no intermediary to feel heat or cold, to catch waves of light and sound, and such other vibrations as do not elude us. The alderman will register the names of our children, the mayor witness our contracts for the reproduction of our kind, the sheriff's deputy may superintend the cremation of our bodies. Churches, purged from superstition, fetiches, and idolatry, will be turned into parlors for summer lectures, as in the golden age swords were beaten into ploughshares; and chapels will become reading-rooms with scientific tracts on the tables and the best literature on the shelves. Surgeons, physicians, dentists, and other health officers of society, will satisfy the rational needs of mankind; and the ignorant yearnings, the unintelligible appetites, that have cried aloud for a draught that shall satisfy them, will atrophy for lack of pampering.

III

Above all, in this new religion there shall be no mystery. Along the periphery of this luminous spot, which our five senses shine upon, we shall, to be sure, still continue to come into direct contact with the dark and the unknown; but we shall let it alone. Like well-behaved children, we shall not concern ourselves with what is not set on the table before us. The old, foolish, passionate cry, demanding to know why, why, why, do I suffer pain? why am I called out of the tranquil insentient mass into this sentient being, merely to feel my nerves quiver and shrivel in the fires of grief, disappointment, sorrow, jealousy, and shame? Why, oh, why, am I? And what

art Thou, dread power by whose will I live? These futile questions, obviously asked far too often, will be dropped. In fact, mystery is to be ignored. Men, who in love and longing fling themselves away from the things they know on the bosom of mystery, stretching their arms toward the great dark, are no longer to be tolerated. All the correlatives of mystery — awe, reverence, holiness — must depart together with mystery. And yet what is knowledge, what at any moment and how large is the content of consciousness? Are we to live, incurious islanders, forever satisfied to turn our faces inland and forswear the long encircling beach, where the waves of mystery forever beat and ocean winds bend the fringing trees, shaking their tops to sibylline utterance?

And is our reasoning self the most intimate part of us, the most permanent and central? Is that the axis of our revolving life, to which moment by moment new sensations are fastened, and from which memories are sloughed off? Is that the tube through which the wind of life passes, catching its melody from chance stops by the way? Why then does the call of a bird, or the note of a violin, stir us so profoundly? There is a pleasure in the dark, a joy in the night, a relief from the inadequacy of waking, a freedom from the thralldom of sight and speculation. It is only through mystery and in mystery that man has the feeling of buoyancy, of an all-embracing being that bears him up, of an imagined contact with something unfathomable. In the light of day, staring at the outward aspects of such things as are within his horizon, he feels the littleness of his possessions, of his interests, of himself and his universe, he feels their insipidity and futility.

All the phenomena that astronomy, physics, chemistry, open their windows on, derive their qualities from man. The stars and the interstellar spaces are glorious and awe-inspiring, because man is here to feel the glory and the awe. The minutest elements that reveal themselves to the chemist are marvelous because of our ignorance. This universe, unreflected in any intelligence, moving unknown, unthinking, and unthought, would be an immeasurable *ennui*. It is the human relation that flatters the mountain-tops of science and gilds its discoveries with heavenly alchemy. The marvelous is merely our first acquaintance with the unfamiliar. But mystery is out of the category of the marvelous. Man, in face of that which transcends his intelligence, experiences a rest from effort, a peace; he feels the impotence of vexation and of striving. A pervasive calm that cannot be shaken wraps him round; he is free from the importunity of his senses. Neither sight, nor sound, nor movement, nor dimension, nor scope for activity, disturbs him; nothing is present but a fading consciousness that self seems slowly drifting from him. As when a long-drawn note upon a violin is held until the hearer no longer hears whether it continues or has ceased, and this uncertainty fills his attention; so man, confronting the mystery that encompasses all existence, absorbed and self-forgetful, insensibly doubts whether it and he are or are not. As the mind is refreshed and inspired by sleep, by exile from things and images, by submersion in self-unconsciousness, so, too, in the presence of mystery, loosed from the oppression of the familiar and the known, lifted above the friction and the fret of petty cause and consequence, the mind, grasping nothing, touching nothing, feeling but freedom, is refreshed and inspirited.

From this bath of his soul, man comes back to earth and daily life purified and ennobled. The trivial has a glint of some far-off meaning, the common loses the texture of its commonness, and our animal life — the needs and appetites of the body — becomes the symbol of something that shall justify toil and sacrifice. It is for this that creeds have gone beyond the verge of common sense and practical understanding in their endeavors to find

some symbol to express the incomprehensible. And if you once grant the significance of mystery, — that it transcends experience and cannot be classed in this order of phenomena or in that, — then why not let each man adjust his relations with it as he thinks or feels to be the best for him? Let him express his approach, his envisagement, his reactions, all his relations with mystery, in such forms and ways as he pleases; let him take such aids to further what to him is a desirable state of being as his experience shall counsel. There is still, for some people at least, in the vaulted nave, in the exultant, heavenward leap of the pointed arches, in the glory of color, in the long, deep rolling of the organ, a power that awakens dormant capacities for worship. Even in the little wayside church, where friends have met together for years, where the last words have been said over the well-beloved dead, where vows have been plighted, where babies have cooed at the minister while the young parents gazed proudly at each other, there is a touch of poetry that pushes back some bolt in the heart, and opens the door to higher purposes. "Open wide the door of my heart that Thou mayst enter in," said St. Augustine. What matter, so long as the door is opened, whether it is music, liturgy, ritual, the blending sweetness of sad and happy memories, or some rational key, that opens the door?

Another distinction between the old religion and the new is the attitude toward pain. Under the old, often, oddly enough, it is true, pain was regarded as the gift of God, something to be accepted with humility and resignation. Death, disease, disappointment were, if not marks of special favor, marks of special interest. Under the new religion, pain is a base inconvenience, an ignoble discomfort, to be removed speedily and completely. Nobody will quarrel with the attempt to remove pain as speedily and as completely as possible. Pain hinders living and loving, and is an evil. But we have not yet succeeded in removing pain, and there is no prospect that we shall. Death, disease, discontent, the coolness of lovers, the indifference of friends, the broken promises of life, are not to be got rid of. How had we best look upon such pains while we endure them? Shall we regard them as a tear in a garment, a leak in a pipe, as a mere base inconvenience, or may we do as the old religion teaches, and try to climb up on them as steps to a fuller and larger life? The place of pain in natural philosophy, whether it be a link in the chain of human action or a mere register to record a backward step, is not of great consequence to us. If from pain we can call forth resolutions that free us from the bonds of lust, of gluttony, or other bestiality, if we can use it as a background from which the colors of life stand out in greater charm, or as the death of old life from which newer and better life springs up, why should we not let the gains shine back upon that liberating and fertilizing pain, and dignify it with the name of blessing? Why not deem it good in its own bitter way as the Christians do, and let gratitude cluster about it, and praise it as a condition and a help to the birth of higher life?

To reject this old use of pain because it is superstitious in origin, to refuse to make it our servant because we cannot banish it, is wasteful, and, being wasteful, blameworthy. Does not the desirable future, the happy land beyond the horizon of the present, show more clearly to the spirit in pain? Does it not see — purified from the distractions, the temptations, the misconceptions that dog the steps of happiness and content — what is right, what is just, what is good? To strike from human history the records of pain, the refinement, the ennoblement of man by suffering, when that has been accepted as a means of grace, would cheapen that history indeed. Self-sacrifice, too, must go. Its remote prototype, human sacrifice, its closer analogies, the holocaust of beeves, the blood of goats,

the burning of incense, are common arguments to show us how superstitious the practice is.

The new theology is surely right in this: We must either reject or accept the principle of sacrifice. If we reject the principle, we commit ourselves to the doctrine of the right of each to the fullest enjoyment of life that he can attain. No man is to make way for anything less strong than himself, or to sacrifice himself, or anything that is his, for another's good. If we accept the principle, we can ill justify our course by reason. For we cannot consistently stop at arbitrary limits to sacrifice, as for the good of a higher being, of the community, of society at large, saying that so far sacrifice is good but no further. And if we carry it out to logical completeness we also run foul of reason; for it is contrary to reason to sacrifice every member of a society for the sake of all; and it is still more absurd for each generation to sacrifice itself for the sake of the next; for then the long results of sacrifice would accumulate for the ultimate descendants of the human race, until the last man should finally experience the last satisfaction in solitude.

We can justify sacrifice only on the principle that there is in sacrifice some element of good for the sacrificial victim, some breath of a larger life, some draught of a nobler existence, some light from a higher sphere, if only for a time, how short soever. Society may, indeed, punish its members who refuse to sacrifice themselves for the common weal, so sternly that they shall be afraid to disobey; but then the doctrine of self-sacrifice will be destroyed. Or, society may inculcate by education a willingness to die or suffer for the general good, but that is by an appeal to superstition and bigotry of an order wholly analogous to those religious superstitions which the new theology rejects. Unless we become pure egotists, we are forced to come very close to the Christians; for what reason is there for preferring altruism to egotism other than the witness of experience that to common men altruism offers a deeper and more intense emotional life?

Under the old religion, sacrifice was not judged by its origin. It was regarded as justifying itself. For, if what was sacrificed was a mere passing pleasure, a desire, an ambition, then, the appetite once passed, the sacrifice left barely a ripple on the memory, and the sense of self-mastery, of an easy wheel that lightly turns the ship, amply repaid the loss. If the sacrifice was serious, even to death, it was an oblation to duty and to the God from whom duty emanated. Sacrifice was not a loss; it was at most a displacement, a changing about, a shift; it added a more than compensating increase of power to some other member of the mystic body of which the willing victim was a part. He served his God, and his God blessed him. When the soul labors under an overwhelming emotion, words are idle and music is weak, and there is no voice to express the joy and rapture of love and worship, except sacrifice. It sounds unreasonable, but if we delve deep into human nature we find strange correlations, odd fellowships of experience and sentiment.

This fresh rejection of the notions of sacrifice, of holiness, of mystery, of sacraments, of a divine presence, of the spiritual uses of pain, is a recurrence of the familiar attempt to put human life on one plane, to reduce it to one scale of values, to render it intelligible, subject to demonstration, to a final philosophy. It is the working of the positive mind, which is impatient of the skeptical and the undecided, and, out of desire to have things settled, inclines to any law rather than to anarchy, to any order rather than chaos, to any scheme of reason rather than to superstition. It proceeds from a bent for action; it must be up and doing, it must have a course, it must hoist sail and away, with chart, compass, and pole-star. But the sea-captain, however great his experience, however wide his knowledge, is obliged to stay upon

the watery floor between the sea beneath and the air above. He is out of his element when he transfers his reckonings to religion. There are so many sides to life, so many sorts of experience, so many kinds of character, disposition, and temperament, so many different conceptions of what constitutes happiness and the value of life, that one might well leave the slow adjusting mind to continue to piece and patch the old constitution of his belief, changing it here and there, mending and tinkering, but preserving the main fabric which for centuries has procured him peace or victory and honor. Old conditions, the easy, rambling, comfortable habitation of the human heart, overgrown with memories and affections, if pulled down to make way for a modern structure, would leave desolation and barrenness. The lares and penates would not come to the new hearth.

IV

This discord between the old religion and the new is really, in one aspect at least, a reappearance of the contention over fact and poetry. To some men poetry is idle, deceitful, tending to sentimental mooning, a hindrance to doing, a barrier to achievement, and beneficent only in its sterner aspects, as filling the soul with Miltonic images and a high disdain; to other men poetry — the poetry of childhood, of romance, of daring and delicacy, of far-off scenes and idolized images, of unattainable visions and momentary dreams, of lights and shadows that never were on land or sea, of hopeless causes and impossible beliefs — seems the best justification of life, and the old religion is poetry. And poetry is a word of far-reaching meaning. The poet is a man upon whom the throbs of human experience beat with a clearer and more melodious resonance than upon other men. His imagination, led by a happy craving for harmony between these resonant experiences, selects and arranges, creating a melody; then, proceeding from melody to melody, he constructs a synthesis of sweet, concordant strains, and to these, as the echoes swell through his brain, an ideal significance attaches. The flush of color when dawn kisses the earliest clouds, the wave of sound when the breeze stirs the ripples and bends the rushes, the sensation of touch when hand meets hand, do not and cannot of themselves satisfy the yearnings they awaken; echoes, circling and rising, proceed onward and upward — till the memory of each, almost divorced from its origin, becomes to the exultant imagination a message from the infinite.

This ideal metempsychosis comes over all the great experiences of life; ideas, thus begotten, like some divine pollen, leaven as they permeate, and give a new aspect to common joys and pains, to right and wrong, to love and duty. Emotion, skillful musician, touches notes which in themselves are idle, until the hearer is banished from the world of bald experience into an ideal world of transcendent values. This ideal world becomes more important, more real than the phenomena of daily experience, lightly undergone and lightly forgotten. It is the dreamer's dominant habitation, it becomes his home; and by it he explains the trivial sequences of physical sensations. Because in this ideal universe there is a God, because there is an immortal life, because right is right forever, and wrong wrong, therefore human life, the relations of man to man, the satisfactions and discomforts of conscience, the success or failure of the soul, are matters of mighty consequence.

This ideal world is the world of religion. This is what the poetic needs of mankind have done with facts and imaginings picked up almost at random. Christianity, for instance, seized on many harsh and grating notes, as well as on sweet sounds, — the legends of Chaldæan shepherds, the traditions of wandering sheiks, the chronicles of barbarous chieftains, the rites of fanatical priests, the

prophecies of unpoised minds, as well as on the story of a beautiful and holy life, rendered more beautiful and holy by its remoteness from European experience, and on many another note, in itself odd and seemingly unfit for religious use; and out of them it has created a religion, which, with all its defects, is permeated with poetry. The figure of Christ, the image of Mary, the stories of the Apostolic age, the Gregorian chants, the Gothic cathedrals, the Divine Comedy, the vesper bells, are all parts of this irrational poetry. And the defects are for the greater part due to the practical minds who desire to bring these strange, incongruous elements into a rational union, — rational according to an unpoetic interpretation of the experiences of life. And if one says that Christianity is permeated with poetry rather than with truth, it is because truth is of two kinds: scientific truth, which is the accumulated experience of the senses, ranged and sorted according to reason; and poetic truth, which is the sorting and arrangement of recorded images (exalted and illumined by an emotional hunger as they dwell in the memory), in accordance with the poetic needs of mankind. One satisfies the mind, the other satisfies the soul. And as the soul is vague, elusive, uncertain, tremulous, and passionate, it has never yet, at least with the masses of men, accepted the conclusions of reason. Its values do not coincide with the values of reason. Its satisfactions do not tally with the satisfactions of reason. Therefore rationalism and religion do not agree. Religion can take strange symbols, strange doctrines, strange dogmas, at which the scientific mind stares with amazement — sin, redemption, an incarnate God, a Trinity, a heaven, and a hell; because for religion these things do not rank as rational facts: they are symbolic causes, the least unsatisfactory explanation for the emotions and imaginings of the soul; they are the least unsympathetic evasions of the question, *Why am I?*

One may criticise Christianity, one may find it irrational or transcending human experience in almost every detail, one may be repelled by its superstitions, dull to its poetry; but, on the other hand, one cannot be rational and create a new religion. Religion is an emotional assumption to explain the world of reason. Poor humanity, it cannot have all that it would like. In our present stage of knowledge, at least, an adequate expression of emotional life can only be through poetry and religion. Poetry and music, love and hope, life and death, these persuade men that religion, however formulated in superstition and irrational dogma, is near to truth.

> State contenti, umana gente, al *quia*:
> chè, se potuto aveste veder tutto,
> mestier non era partorir Maria.

If rationalism could satisfy the soul we should not need a God or a religion.

A GIFT FROM HIS YOUTH

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

THE sense of relief that came with the telegram lasted all through his lonely dinner. He had been dreading the freezing Christmas journey to New Hampshire as, in the last three months, he had dreaded all physical exertion. When he left the hotel for a stroll up Broadway he was almost buoyant. He felt like doing something. What, he did not know; but all kinds of impulses were riddling the surface of his lethargy. A week or two of such a mood, he reflected, conscious of his invigorating quality, would set him up completely. He might even bring himself to consider the offer of the British Columbia people.

It was a beautiful night, nipping, but clear and still after a windy day — an ideal Christmas Eve. The air was electric; it seemed as if it must crackle and sparkle as he drew it through his nostrils. Wind-polished to an abnormal brightness, the stars glittered coldly like cut silver. In contrast, the golden window-lights, the notes of Christmas color, green wreaths and crimson ribbons, offered an agreeable warmth. Broadway hummed with belated shoppers — women worn but eager, men irritated and perplexed. On their faces lay the look of the Pursuit of the Gift. Everybody carried too many bundles, but the sprays of holly and mistletoe protruding from them made festival of this inconvenience.

George Daly moved slowly. Because he sauntered, most of the crowd looked once. Because of other reasons, many looked again. Erect and soldierly at sixty-nine, the combination of his extreme height and his handsome old face, still hawk-eyed and weather-beaten, was a striking one. The keen air whipped his face full of color, so that the lack-lustre look of his sleeplessness, the lined look of his weakness and fatigue were, for the moment, wiped out.

He walked to Fifty-Ninth Street before his feeling of exhilaration began to evaporate. It came first in an inexplicable sense of detachment from the scene. He had all the provincialism of the naturalized New Yorker. New York belonged to him, and he to New York. It had never occurred to him that any aspect of the city could seem alien. But to-night it turned a cold shoulder on him. He could not feel a part of it. Why, he wondered.

Suddenly the reason came to him. He was not only on the outside of the scene but of the festival. Everybody else rushed. He strolled. Everybody else had an object. He alone was aimless. Worse, he was lonely.

He paused irresolutely on a corner, and in the interval his buoyancy went from him. His desire to do something dwindled. The mood of the last three months came back, blighting every impulse; came back with a throbbing sense of desolation; came back with one of his hopeless rebellions against old age. It was an earmark of senility that it could not handle freedom, he reflected bitterly. He had been at last released from an obligation that was irksome to him; and now he did not know what to do with himself. He was the foolish old slave of his habits — take one of them away and he had not initiative enough to fill the gap. It was dreadful to be lonely, but it was worse to be old. He looked questioningly down the crowded street. It might have been a vista in Mars for all the relation he felt to it. A panic came over him. He turned and walked swiftly back to the hotel.

From a distance it seemed a haven of refuge.

But, once inside, a distaste for a lonely Christmas Eve in his room enveloped him. What could he do, he wondered listlessly. He did not want to make calls. Christmas Eve seemed a family festival as sacred against intrusion as Thanksgiving dinner. The theatre did not appeal to him. He wandered into the bar. One look was enough — a line of well-dressed riff-raff from the Tenderloin playing at enjoyment. Because nothing else offered, he went to the hotel register in the dim hope of finding a familiar name, perhaps one of the world-roving friends that he was always finding in unexpected corners. He scanned one column of new arrivals with an avid interest. Not even an acquaintance. He turned the page. And there he came upon what, after fifty years, made his blood leap faintly. It was a woman's name, written in a woman's hand — a tremulous but still characteristic handwriting.

"Mrs. Josephine Rumwill, San Francisco, Cal."

Josephine Rumwill! He read "Josephine Rumwill," but he thought "Jo Jackson." He stared at it for a long moment in which he lived through a half-decade of memories. And he smiled as a multitude of little red slippers seemed to dance upon the page. He roused himself and turned to the clerk.

"Is this Mrs. Rumwill an old — an elderly person?" he asked.

"811 — let me see — yes, about seventy, I should say," the man answered.

"What time did she come?"

"Early this morning."

"Know how long she's going to stay?"

"She leaves in the morning."

Daly considered these answers gravely. Then, like one in a dream, he went to a writing-desk and scratched off this note:

MRS. JOSEPHINE RUMWILL:

Dear Madam, — If you are the Jo Jackson that I used to know in California fifty years ago, and if you have a moment to spare anywhere, do let me come and see you, for I'm the loneliest old codger in the whole city to-night.

GEORGE DALY.

He called a boy and sent the note to her room.

He found himself, while he awaited the reply, pacing back and forth in an impatience that gave the lie to old age. Jo Jackson! What golden days the name brought up! He must see her. And unless she were a much-changed Jo, she would be as delighted to see him as he to see her. Jo Jackson! He wondered what she looked like now, after fifty years. He must see her. She was attractive enough when Peter Rumwill sent for her. *Petite*, pretty, *piquante;* of all feminine types to introduce into a womanless mining-camp, she was the most provocative. Active as a child, full of spirits, bubbling with a coquetry that was half her insatiable energy, yet with the home-making instinct latent in her mothering type, she had brought the whole camp to her feet. But she was as straight as a die. Whatever matrimonial temptations more successful men had held out to her, she had kept her promise to poor, dreamy, easily-discouraged Peter Rumwill. And what a home she had made for him! Jo Jackson! He must see her.

But the boy had come — with a note. He tore it open with the fervor of a hero in melodrama.

DEAR GEORGE, — Give an old woman an hour's time to make herself look as young as possible, and then come here and spend the evening with me. How I want to see you! Goodness, is n't it strange!

Yours affectionately,
JO JACKSON RUMWILL.

P. S. Please make yourself look young, too. O George, how I *hate* to be old!

His heart beat high when he knocked at her door. He had schooled himself to sustain the shock of her appearance, but

he had not anticipated the apprehension with which he listened for her voice. It came almost with a girl's accent, and he heard the quick rustle of her skirts as he opened the door. She stopped short of the threshold, held, as he was, by the wonder of the moment. Tears flooded to their eyes. But she was a woman and could speak, although her voice was half whisper.

"Oh, Georgie!" she said, and lifted her face to his kiss as naturally as on the day of her wedding.

It seemed a long time before he could speak. His heart was sinking slowly. For she showed every one of her seventy years. All the roses had died on her cheeks. All the blue had washed out of her eyes. The last glint of gold had bleached from her hair. Her face, shadowed by the sadness of reminiscence, looked sunken, looked dead.

"I've brought you some California, Jo," he said at last. He put a big white bundle into her arms.

She unwrapped it with a kind of nervous haste as if she wanted to find respite from something. And now she did not look at him. Was her heart, too, sinking with sadness?

"Manzanita!" she exclaimed. "Manzanita! Where on earth did you get it? Now it really feels like Christmas. But I should be homesick if you were n't here, Georgie." She held the big scarlet bunch at arm's length and looked at it. "What a beautiful color! You see everybody's sent me red things, knowing I'd be alone this Christmas Eve; but, of course, nobody in the East would think of manzanita."

He was conscious of a profusion of red Christmas decorations that took the curse off the florid hotel furnishings — holly and poinsettia everywhere. But he did not look about. Hungrily watching her moving figure, he found himself bombarded by a bewildering series of impressions.

She was old: white hair, sunken contours, faded surfaces — time had branded her with all these; and she was not old; there was something that time had left untouched, had augmented; no, time had created it. As in her girlhood, her brisk staccato talk flooded her face with light, and her feet tapped the floor in eager little dashes of energy when she walked. Her figure was still straight, still slender as a wand. But even the sum of these left much unaccounted for. The extra thing was the extraordinary vitality that she exuded. And yet it was not vitality. What was it — personality, magnetism? He could not get it.

"I've come to meet my daughter, Marion," went on her explaining chatter. "She gets in from Europe on the Cedric to-morrow. Then we go to Boston on the noon train. That's how I happen to be alone here, Christmas Eve."

He had scarcely acknowledged his perplexity to himself before another impression came — an impression of — what was it? Ah, it came from her clothes. He examined each detail just as, when a boy, he had drunk down every girl-element in her pretty eastern finery. A scarf of Mexican lace, pure-white, tenuous, fluted in soft folds about her face. The pale-hued silk that she wore took silver lustres from the light, and fluttered noiselessly. He noted its cut that made as few concessions to age as a graduating-gown; diamonds of the purest water, in fragile, unobtrusive settings, pinning the scarf-ends to her shoulders: diamonds on her taper, well-kept fingers; and at last a faint perfume of white roses. There seemed a coquetry in all this — a delicate coquetry, redolent of lavender and old lace, that etherealized in the crucible of her age and his. Yet none the less was it deliberate, punctilious. It brought his spirits up.

"I wanted to bring you a pair of two-and-a-half red slippers, Jo," he laughed, "but I did not dare."

"I would have worn them," she said gallantly. "And I *could* have worn them," she added with a flash of pride. Something glittered at the tip of her skirts: she

was lifting brilliantly-buckled ankles to a foot-stool. "See, I've grown old and wrinkled, but my feet are just as small as then. Sit down, Georgie!"

Her tone slipped into the imperiousness with which she had always treated him.

Perhaps it was that note in her voice which whiffed away the last figment of disillusion. For Jo Jackson had come back. It seemed to him that through the mask of faded coloring and sunken contours, the girl of twenty, rosy-cheeked, azure-eyed, coquetted with him.

"Jo Jackson, you have n't changed a particle," he said — and believed himself.

"You have!" She examined him with open mischief now. "You're better-looking." Which was true. "Why, Georgie, you're as handsome as a picture!"

She was not disillusioned, then. His spirits took another leap.

"When I read your name on the register — Lord! you don't know what it brought back — hundreds of things. But, mainly, the old bar and that little red satin slipper perched up over it — the one you sent Peter the year before you came out. Do you remember it? It was the first taste of a woman that some of us had had for five years. When Peter set it up there, men came from twenty miles round just to look at it. It nearly made a drunkard of me — buying drinks just for the chance of seeing it. It was such a dainty little thing! To this day I never see a red slipper anywhere without thinking of you. Lord! Jo, we were all crazy about you before you got out there. Why, we came near changing the name of the camp to Red Slipper; but something prevented, I've forgotten what. But we always insisted that it would bring us luck. And, sure enough, we struck it in the Red Slipper in a month."

"Peter always thought that slipper was his mascot," Mrs. Rumwill said, with a practical woman's indulgence for a crotchet of sentiment. "He would never go anywhere — not even on a vacation-trip — without it. If it ever got lost — well, I wish you could have seen him. Why —"

She stopped and her eyes wandered to her trunk. She seemed to be considering something. But it came to nothing except the little mischievous smile, that, merely curling her lips at first, broke out finally into a laugh.

He laughed too, but not with her. He had been thinking.

"Jo, do you remember the time you had teaching me to dance?"

"Do I remember! Why, George, I used to be black and blue from it."

"I believe it." He chuckled.

"My very youngest grandchild knows about George Daly, and how I used to steal out of camp to give him dancing lessons."

"Grandchildren," Daly repeated. "Great Scott, Jo Jackson, what do you mean by having grandchildren?"

"What do you mean, George Daly, by not having them?" she retorted with spirit. "Grandchildren! I should say I had. My oldest grandson graduates at Stanford this spring. I've got to get back for his Commencement. His sister's in Vassar."

"Just think of it! Just think of it! How many children did you have, Jo?"

"Four. Mark, Daisy, Marion, and Willie."

"I remember Mark and Daisy. How I loved Daisy!"

"Daisy died — did you hear?" Her brooding look at him seemed to ask more than the question.

"Daisy — I never heard. That was tough, Jo."

"O Georgie — you don't know. I guess it was because Peter took it so hard that I did n't have any time to think how I felt. Daisy was Peter's favorite — the apple of his eye. But when I got to be an old woman, and the children all grown up with children of their own, I lived it all over again. That's the worst thing about old age; it gives you time to think and mourn. I miss her now more than I ever did. She was the loveliest little thing

— such hair, long and thick and golden — and such eyes. You remember her eyes — dove's eyes, you always called them. She always kept that look in them. She was only sixteen when she died. Peter was never the same man afterwards."

"I don't wonder. She sure was the sweetest little girl. It hurts me a lot to hear that, Jo." He paused. "And Peter — How long?" he ventured.

"Peter's been dead twenty years."

"Is it as long as that? Poor Jo." He thought for a long, concentrated interval, in which he seemed to take account of many things. But it could not have been of any one of them that he spoke; his air seemed to betray a mental cant sideways. "Where's Mark now?"

"In Seattle. It's Mark's oldest son that's in Stanford."

"And where are the other two?"

"Marion! She's my other daughter. She's married and living in Boston, though she's been abroad for three months. Marion's never had any children — she's the one I'm going to visit. My other son, Willie — he was the baby, you know — Willie's in Buenos Ayres. He's not married yet. I have n't seen Willie for five years." She sighed; but, as if with a determined briskness, she turned to the brighter aspect of the situation. "He's a good boy — writes me regularly, the longest, jolliest letters." Deliberately, it seemed, she let talk of herself slip away in the following pause, during which she dropped her eyes from his face to her own hands. "You never married, Georgie," she began.

"No. I was engaged once. But she died. I never felt like marrying after that."

"My poor lad," Mrs. Rumwill said. Her eyes came back to his face. But with an exquisite deftness she did not touch his wound. "I've followed your career as closely as I could," she veered away from it. "It used to make me so proud when Peter'd read me about the big engineering things you were doing. It was exactly as if you were my oldest boy. I always had a mother's feeling for you, I guess."

"You might well take all the credit of it — if there is any credit. I worked at first only to gain honor in your eyes."

He stopped. A change — soft, subtle evasive — illuminated her face; another instant he saw that it was her faded blush. But she smiled in the same frank, clear-eyed way in which, as a girl, she had smiled through rose surging over deeper rose.

"Of course," he went on scrupulously, "later I worked to please another — Emmeline. Her name was Emmeline Purcell."

He paused as he pauses who presents a gift. Mrs. Rumwill's face softened to the compliment.

"I always wondered what she would be like — and yet when you never married — I used to wonder and wonder —" What it was she wondered she never told. Instead, "Have you her picture?" she asked with a kind of abruptness.

From a pocket he took a faded photograph, *carte-de-visite* size. Mrs. Rumwill examined with a long fixity the pensive oval of a face rising on a delicate neck, from slender, bared shoulders.

"She's lovely," she said, "lovely — angelic." A wistful note lay, a little sad, in her appreciation. Her eyes bent again to the picture, but she seemed to look through it to other vistas.

"I tried to please her," Daly said, "but I never knew. She died suddenly before I won my spurs. I hope I did."

"Of course you did," Mrs. Rumwill protested. Her fervor rounded her voice out like the note of a bell; it killed the sadness in it. "How could you help pleasing her? You were the purest, loveliest boy a woman ever saw. I tell you she died proud. And she's proud now — as I am." She linked her name to that of his dead sweetheart with a smile, mutely apologetic. "You don't know how proud I am of you. Why, Georgie, you're wonderfully preserved. I guess you don't know how splendid you are — especially if you have n't had any women-folks to

tell you so. It makes me happy, for I know you've lived the kind of life I wanted you to live. I used to be so afraid for you! How I brooded after you left the Red Slipper — you, motherless at sixteen and adrift in the world at twenty-one. I hated to let you go, but I knew it would be wicked to keep you tied to my apron-strings there. But I always thought you would have stayed if I'd asked it. Would you?" she inquired with a suddenness almost strange.

"Stay! Stay! Of course I would have stayed. I only went because you made me. How I hated to leave you. It was the worst wrench I ever had but one. O Jo, you were so good to me!"

"Was I good?" she asked with the eagerness of a self-questioning long suppressed.

"Good? You were an angel! Heavens, you gave me my start! She — she was your kind of woman. It was something in her reminding me of you that first drew me to her."

She took this in with a trembling smile, prolonged in the soft physical flutter that was her blush. But it seemed to plunge her into a deep reflection.

"Did you tell her about me?" she asked unexpectedly, out of it. And at his smiling, "Oh, yes," she asked suddenly, "Did you tell her *that?*"

He seemed to know exactly what she meant. Again smiling, he again answered, "Oh yes."

"And what did she say?" Her interrogation came this time with a haste almost breathless.

"She said she must always love you as much as I, because you made me for her."

Mrs. Rumwill studied this, her head bent. "What a woman to lose!" Her comment was almost whispered.

"Do you wonder the light faded out of the world?" A spasm of his old pain crumpled his face; the deep note of his old despair fought its way to his voice. The animation had died out of his look. The last vestige of the mirth of an instant ago had gone with it. He was exhausted-looking, wan, old.

She looked at him with a scrutiny the softest and tenderest. "Georgie," she said simply at last, "something 's wrong. When you came in, I thought you looked fine. But now that I've had a better chance at you, I see you're not well. Tell me about it."

"It's nothing." He made an attempt at a smile. "Just growing old, I guess."

Her gaze grew acute with a compelling sympathy. "Tell me about it, Georgie." Again her girl's voice rang imperiously in her brief order. "I want to know every word of it."

He gave a short, embarrassed laugh. "Oh, I don't know that there's anything to tell, Jo. It's just as I said; I'm growing old. Not growing old. I *am* old. I'm done. I would n't admit it to myself, but it's come upon me at last. Why, up to three months ago, I felt young — "

His voice grew querulous as his indignation with his own impotence flowed into it.

"I felt young with the best of them. Oh, I don't say as young as twenty, but, certainly, as young as forty. Young, at least, as that first great change. You know, the one that comes about forty?"

She nodded.

"It's an awful blow — that feeling. A man would n't go on after forty if he did n't find capabilities in himself that take the place of the things that have passed. I did find them — plenty of them. It was my second wind. I could do things that I did n't know it was in me to do. Things that seemed so big to me that I never regretted my youth. And, as sure as I live, I never had another feeling of that sort until three months ago. Then it all came over me like a flood."

She nodded again. But she did not speak. She listened, tense.

"It's been awful — awful — this last three months. Why, Jo, I have no more interest in my work than you have. I, who have always been so proud that I seemed to keep my standing after younger men

had gone out — that I've held my own with boys. For a month I've been trying to make myself close with an offer some British Columbia people have made me. And Jo — this is God's truth. I want to do it. It's a big piece of work — it would be the rounding-out of my career. I want to do it. How I want to do it! But, before God, I can't. I can't make myself. I'm as weak as a sick cat. I'm all in. I'm a dead one. I'm old and done, and I wish I were out of it."

She had been following this confession with a look growing from interest to intense concentration. But, strangely enough, she punctuated the last of it with smiles of comprehension, not with the tears that, the moment he stopped, he was regretfully fearful of drawing; with little bird-like nods of her head; with sudden, half-inarticulate twitters of sympathy.

" Oh, I know all about it," she said in a burst, catching it up with his last word. " I know so well. Why I've been through it all myself, within two years. Georgie, listen to me. It began three years ago, after Willie went to Buenos Ayres. Willie and I had planned that I was to go to Seattle to live with Mark's wife, or come on here to Boston to be with Marion, either or both as I pleased. But suddenly something came over me and I could n't get up the gumption to do either. I wrote Mark and Marion that I'd come later; and although I put them off and put them off, I don't think either of them suspected what I went through in those two years. I look back upon it now, and wonder how I lived through it. I shut myself up in the big San Francisco house, and never went anywhere and never saw anybody. Often I thought I was going to die. I had moments when I wanted to kill myself. I got the idea in my head that I was so old I was no use to anybody and that the best thing to do was just to stay there and die. But Georgie — "

She paused and her voice lowered impressively as if she were about to give him the inner secret of this spiritual crisis: —

" I never lost my feeling that I wanted to go on if I could only make myself. And then, one morning last spring, I woke up — and everything had changed in the night. That awful depression and melancholy had gone. What it was, or how it came, or why it went, I shall never know. But gone it was. And how different I was! — I felt as light as a flame. My body was old — I had to take care of that — but my spirit could move mountains. Why, Georgie, I felt young. And yet, it was n't youth either. I had n't the strength of youth, but I had something else. I knew I could go on. Do you know what I did? That very day I sat down and wrote Mark that I'd come up to Seattle for the summer and fall, and Marion that I'd come here for the winter. And then what do you suppose I did? "

Amusement at her own action brought back an old-time radiance to her smile.

" I just went right out and bought me all the clothes I could think of — Why, I got a regular trousseau — silk gowns, laces — jewels, even." Her hands made unconscious parade of their diamonds. " Why, I had let myself go until I was positively shabby — and worse. I made up my mind that Paul and Marion should n't be ashamed of me. I made up my mind that I was going to be as well-dressed as I knew how until I died."

Her smile faded a little.

" But ever since that experience I've been trying to study it out. And this I know, Georgie. There's a kind of youth in old age that young people know nothing about. Or, at least, there's no such thing as old age so long as you want to go on. If you've got the instinct to go on, the strength will come. You just wait for the impulse. It will come. I'm sure of it. I know, as well as I know my name, that you'll have to take that British Columbia job. You'll have to. Old age has nothing to do with the spirit. Some people are old at twenty because they've given up wanting to go on. Some are born old

— they never wanted to go on. But you're young at sixty-nine because you still want to go on. And you will. I know it."

George Daly woke up Christmas morning with a laugh on his lips. The laugh came at the end of a wonderful dream that burst like a bubble in his memory even as he tried to recall it. But, thinking hard, he seemed to catch a flittering glimpse of it, — enough to know that its scene was the Red Slipper Mine. Of course it had evolved out of Jo Jackson's talk. How she had talked that jolly two hours that closed the evening he spent with her! The wit of her! The joy of her! The sheer charming femininity of her! How she had talked — it was really more wonderful how she had laughed. It came to him now — the secret of her strange vitality. It was not of the flesh, but of the soul; the energy that in her tempestuous youth leaped high, sank low, had changed to spirit; it burned in clear, bright flame, a steady, deathless thing.

Flashes of her reminiscences came back to him. She had recalled everything from the moment she struck the camp — the wonder of the redwoods and the rain shooting down in silver files between their straight boles; her surprise at the doorless cabins; her delight in the reception that the shy, overawed, dazzled men had given her — to the day, long after, when she went away with Peter. Then the comedies of the life into the queenship of which she had so easily slipped! Why, she had remembered every last foolish bear-story of its history. He had forgotten them all. Even about that inquisitive bruin who had broken into a flour-barrel and, driven out of camp, lumbered along the trail, a ghostly figure that shed a tangible aura. He roared at the picture. And then the gossip she had collected! She seemed to know what had become of everybody. She had kept on the track of each one of her subjects, following him as long as he was in sight, with her interested sympathy. Oh, the stories she had told him! He recalled one after another. He laughed again.

The sound of this third burst of laughter waked him completely. Waked him to much more than the new day. Waked him to a sense of a new feeling. He felt happy. He felt strong. He had sloughed off his old mood completely. Why, he felt young! He wanted to do something. His muscles tingled with strength. His eager spirit quested the future, looking for its opportunity. He could do anything. Oh, thank God, the British Columbia offer was still open. He'd do that last big thing yet. Jo Jackson's words came back to him. "There's no such thing as old age as long as you want to go on." He wanted to go on now. His mind was hungry for its old problems. His very fingers itched.

A knock at the door interrupted. It was a bell-boy. "The lady in 811 went away this morning," he said, "but she told me to be sure and give you this, Christmas."

From the extended hand, Daly took a narrow bundle, done up in white tissue-paper, tied with red Christmas ribbons, stuck with red Christmas berries. He opened it eagerly. It gleamed red as he unfolded it, but he did not guess what it was. From the last covering dropped into his hand a tiny slipper.

Of satin, faded and scarlet, of a quaint cut and curve, with a ridiculous, narrow, high heel — he knew it at once.

She had sent him the Red-Slipper luck. She had sent him Peter Rumwill's luck. Tears came to his eyes. He smoothed it with a tender hand, recalling many things. And he marveled, pondering how much that delicate girl-thing had had to do with the course of his life. But whatever it had done for the past, it was going to do more for the future. It seemed to symbolize to him that new hold on life and ambition which she had breathed into him. He sat for a long time holding it.

THE COÖPERATIVE FAMILY

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

We may lay it down as a general principle that the first symptom of the approaching settlement of a social or ethical question is its serious discussion by persons who recognize that it has two sides worth presenting. As long as one view of it is alone in evidence, its definite decision is as far off, for all practical purposes, as when it lay dormant in men's minds, unrecognized as a possible problem. This is what inspires a faith in some of us that we are in a fair way to get to the bottom of the divorce question, and to hear the last word on the question of woman's right to the ballot. But there is a perennial topic for papers read at women's clubs and contributed to women's periodicals that involves a nice question of domestic obligation, the adequate settlement of which may be fraught with peace and happiness for hundreds of households, yet on which nothing is heard save on one side, — the side of complaint against conditions as they exist. I refer to the subject of the wife's interest in the family exchequer.

For years I have not seen in print any general discussion of feminine affairs without coming across some allusion to the uniform habit of husbands of doling out to their wives sundry small sums at uncertain intervals for necessary expenses, and to the universal desire of wives to receive a regular allowance, however modest, of money which they could use for such purposes, with the privilege of keeping for their own whatever balance might remain. If any champion has espoused the cause of the husbands, or even ventured to express a doubt of the wisdom of granting the prayer of the wives for an allowance, it has escaped my observation. The question raised has gone undebated, and the habits of the husbands have continued without change. In the hope of breaking the spell of this mortal apathy, and advancing the prospect of some sort of a solution, I propose to inquire whether there is not another view of the subject worth considering.

Let me set out with the assertion that I am a strong individualist in property matters. I believe that a married woman has as good a right as a married man to hold what is hers in her own right, and to have her say, if she so wishes, about the disposal of it. If she comes into an inheritance, for instance, why shall she not spend it as she chooses? The consequences ought to be fairly laid before her by some one who presumptively knows more of the sordid world than she does, so that her choice of courses in any given situation may be intelligently made; but, that done, I can see no reason why she should not be as free to save her substance or to waste it as anybody else. We educate a boy in the handling of business by letting him handle some; why not the married woman, especially if the principal sufferer from any mistakes she makes is going to be herself? If she exercises her discretion by turning over a part of her property to her husband because she prefers to do so, that is of course her privilege; but what a vast difference there is between such an act of grace and the same thing done under compulsion or by way of yielding to unendurable importunities! The husband with any chivalry in his soul treats such a grant as a sacred trust, and would sacrifice everything he owns rather than let anything impair the interests of his ward.

Now, reverse this order and suppose the money to be, as it commonly is among

the class whose income depends upon their own efforts, on the husband's side: why should any different rule apply? Will compulsion, browbeating, pressure, or wheedling, be as effective for promoting a fair division, with good feeling, as leaving him to be governed by his generous impulses? In other words, would not a fixed stipend, extorted from a man by force, either legal or moral, be obtained at a cost of something beside which all the money, and all the satisfaction resulting from its possession, would dwindle into worthlessness? There is that in every man who deserves the name, which revolts at any attempt to dragoon him into a gratuity of a single dollar, though he may stand ready to give thousands in a cause which appeals to his business sense. As this question of an allowance is not one of abstract right, but one of preference or expediency, it cannot be considered from the same point of view as some of the other questions affecting family or sex. The woman who argues for liberal divorce laws has at least the excuse of working for the protection of herself and her children; one who claims such recognition of her equality as is conveyed by admission to the polls can base her logic upon the ideal of non-discrimination between citizens; but does not she do more to postpone the day of concession than to advance it, who berates her husband as unjust because he does not choose to set apart a certain portion of his income every month as capital for her free use? For is not this an effort to force him to be generous — a paradox in terms?

That the indifference of husbands in general to such demands is not due to any settled objection among men to the liberal treatment of wives, is obvious from the prompt response called forth by every such appeal as that clothed in the farm ballad, "Betsy and I are Out." The mass of the people, who are not finical in their literary tastes but who love best a theme and expression which touch their own inner experience, are full of the spirit which animated that bit of verse. A good many years ago I was interested in some litigation which involved the sale of the property of an old Mohawk Valley farmer, and was present when his attorney questioned him as to the disposal of the proceeds. He was an unlettered man, and, from what we drew from him later, it was plain that he knew no more of Will Carleton than of Ben Jonson or Edmund Spenser. "What are you to do with the money?" he echoed; "why, give half on 't to me and half on 't to her" — meaning his wife.

"But it all belongs to you," interposed the lawyer, "and I did not know whether you wanted it paid to you in cash here, or mailed to you in a draft."

"P'rhaps the law does give all on 't to me," persisted the old man; "you know more 'bout that 'n I do. But it ain't my way 'v lookin' at it. All I got in the world she helped me save up, 'n' if the law don't give her half on 't, then the law ain't fair."

Nothing could modify his conclusion on this point, and he had the satisfaction of hearing his learned counselor say, as they shook hands at parting, —

"Mr. B——, the law is as I stated it; but I agree with you that the law is not fair when it leaves the wife's sacrifices out of account."

I did not care to mar so sympathetic an understanding, so I forebore to obtrude my views. If I had, I should, as a moralist, have put in a word of excuse for the law; for to have compelled a division of profits under such conditions would have rendered impossible the charm of that voluntary surrender.

Human nature is much the same wherever we find it. In its original form the federal statute providing for the allotment of lands in severalty to Indians assigned a double acreage to the head of a family, on the theory that, their unmarried offspring having been separately cared for, every married Indian would recognize his obligation to use his farm for the support of himself and his wife, and that such an arrangement would

tend to cement their union. Had the authors of this provision been familiar with conditions actually existing in the Indian country they would have been more cautious, for when an Indian divorced his wife, with or without reason, she was left with nothing. So the statute was amended to give the husband an allotment of normal acreage and the wife a separate one of equal extent. Meanwhile, however, a good many married male Indians had received allotments under the original dispensation, and it became necessary to induce each of these to relinquish one-half his farm in favor of his wife. The interesting feature of the case for present purposes is the ready response of the husbands to the suggestion that they deal generously with the women concerned, regardless whether they still held them in marital bonds or not. Indeed, the only grumbling I have heard on this score has been at the government's compelling them by law to accept the smaller acreage so that the women could have each a big piece of land. What they were universally willing to concede as a free gift, these men seemed loath to grant under the rule of " thou shalt."

So much for what we may term the externals of the topic. Now, what effect has the allowance system upon the wife? It is a familiar psychological law that an arbitrary limitation is a constant temptation to extremes. The creditor who has been almost willing to forgive a debt feels a sudden craving to collect it, on discovering that the date when the statutory bar will apply is close at hand. One fence, marking a trespass line, arouses an appetite for fruit in the boy who could pass a dozen unprotected orchards without thinking of apples. In like manner, the notice to a beneficiary that he will have a thousand dollars to spend next year, but not a cent more, is a pretty sure forecast of the expenditure of that sum and a deficit or a debt of some hundreds besides. As a college student, I was myself put on an allowance; and although it was yearly increased because the last year's amount seemed to have fallen short, I never succeeded in keeping my expenses within it; and I knew scores of other boys, no more conscious spendthrifts than I, whose experience was the same.

Since I have had children of my own, I have listened with interest to the confessions of other fathers. Said one to me, " My daughter is on an allowance which is supposed to cover everything but her 'clothing;' but I notice that she includes in this category her jewelry, her toilet appliances, and numberless other things which contribute indirectly to her presentable appearance in public. All told, they swell by twenty or thirty per cent the sum I had figured on." Said another, " I have a boy at college who is supposed to take care of himself on a fixed stipend exclusive of tuition, books, and furniture. But he crowds into his book list two or three hundred dollars' worth of what he calls 'supplementary reading;' and every time a table or a desk shows any marks of hard usage it goes to the auction room, and I am expected to replace it with a new article while he pockets the proceeds of the sale." These men and others who have told me similar stories candidly faced the fact that they were dealing, not with a personal idiosyncrasy, but with a widespread human trait; and instead of holding their children to a strict responsibility they charged to profit-and-loss the difference between expectation and realization, and thanked Heaven that it was no worse.

Moreover, when we set boundaries to anything which is to be enjoyed by another, even as a privilege, we are apt to establish in his mind the correlative idea of a right. At first it is merely an inchoate impression, but time hardens it into a principle which we cannot question, much less violate, without exciting him to defensive resistance. No one who has had much to do with charitable relief work has failed to discover that a definite service offered once in a spirit of benevolence is usually expected thereafter with almost automatic certainty, either period-

ically or whenever the same conditions recur. The court records teem with stories of families wrecked because, having lived in prosperous times at the rate of so many thousand a year, they have been unable in a period of financial stress to cut their expenditures down to half that amount. The trouble with all of us is that whatever is good and pleasant and profitable in our lives we come to count upon as sure to continue forever; and the more clearly fixed are the limits of this enjoyment, the more our innate optimism reaches over them in the hope of getting something yet better.

Now, whoever enjoys a bounded privilege asserts therein an interest adverse to the interest of some one else, for the only limitation on our freedom is the line that marks the beginning of the rights of others. Hence it seems to me worth inquiring whether, when the bread-winner binds himself to set apart a certain proportion of his estimated income each year as a gratuitous allowance to his wife, he does not by that act call into being an interest adverse to his own, and endow with it the one person who ought to be in the highest sense his partner? And if this concession is wrested from him in contempt of his preferences, by persistent importunities or thinly veiled rebellion, does it strengthen or weaken the tie between the pair?

But on such a subject an argument which is not constructive as well as destructive is of little value, and I can well understand the reader's demand to know what plan I would offer as a substitute for the allowance system to which I find so many objections. In a family with whose internal affairs circumstances have made me uncommonly familiar, and whose head I will designate, for the purposes of this paper, the Philosopher, a practice prevails which thus far has developed no weak points, but fits into the general scheme of things with a cleanness that speaks much for its logical basis.

When the Philosopher married, he reasoned that a woman who was worthy to be trusted with his happiness in a partnership for life was at least as fit to share his cash balance as some man whom he had tied to his fortunes by written articles of agreement. Besides, he had a squeamish sense that the marriage ritual meant something, and that, when a woman pledged herself to love, honor, and obey him as long as they both should live, in response to his endowment of her with all his worldly goods, the one promise in the compact was just as binding as the other. So, as his wife felt the same way, they clubbed their modest belongings in a common fund, opened a joint bank-account, and set themselves up in the business of home-making and family-building as partners, in the broadest acceptation of that term.

Like most young women of her time brought up in a household with father and brothers, the wife had not been trained in practical affairs. She did not know how to draw or indorse a check, to fill out a draft or a note, to buy a bond or sell a share of stock. She had never even purchased a railway ticket or checked a trunk. From the bottom up, therefore, the Philosopher had to undertake her instruction in such matters. Naturally, she made a good many mistakes at first, but they were trivial; and she was so grateful for a chance to learn, and he was so patient, that these primary lessons seemed almost like a renewal of their honeymoon. In later years his work carried him away from home for a considerable period now and then, and during his absences she had to pay the bills of their little establishment, negotiate with the landlord and the coal baron, as well as with the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, and, in short, be for the nonce the man of the house. Again and again the wives of her husband's friends came to Mrs. Philosopher in distress: their lords had gone away, the modicum of money left with them for expenses had given out, and they were faced with the alternative of borrowing from their neighbors or telegraphing for remittances.

It was then that she felt the greatest pride in her husband's solution of the domestic fiscal problem, and this stimulated afresh her sense of responsibility for the trust reposed in her. She would have gone without the fondest luxury on her list at any time rather than disappoint him in her administration as the " resident partner " of the firm.

In due course, children came. With the birth of each, or as soon thereafter as the baby was named, the Philosopher opened in the savings bank a hundred-dollar account for John or Emily. That was to be the nest-egg for the little one. And as the children grew into recognizable boys and girls, were they put upon an allowance? By no means. From the time that they began to show any capacity whatever for practical usefulness, they were offered a chance to do something, and paid for it at the same rate that an equal service would have commanded for an outsider. The money thus earned was their own, to do with absolutely what they pleased. No demon of a penny bank brooded over the mantelpiece; no such miracle menaced the young capitalists as is sometimes witnessed on a farm when Sonny's calf grows into Papa's cow. If one boy wished to save his earnings till he had enough to pay his way on a hunting expedition, he was free to do that; if his brother preferred to hie to the candy-shop the moment a dime came into his possession, he was equally free. Whatever lessons were learned as to the consequences of wise or foolish acts in their small financiering were not memorized as precepts, but driven home by experience, and " stayed learned."

Presently the young folk passed from childhood into the adolescent stage where the higher education made too severe demands upon their time to permit of their longer earning their pin-money. Did the allowance come into play then? No. The Philosopher reasoned that the family, not the individual, is the unit of our social order; that the boys and girls were now sufficiently mature to be able to do some pretty fair thinking; and that, having been bred in an atmosphere of mutual love and confidence, they would recognize their responsibility to and for each other, not by any cold intellectual process, but by an unconsciously cultivated instinct. So the family purse was kept in common, and every member understood that it was not plethoric. Each knew — and, what was better, felt — that anything he took for himself meant the reduction, to that extent, of the resources open to the rest, so that an extra bonnet at Easter for Bessie might require Ann to refurbish her last year's walking suit. The lad at college joined in the rational pleasures of his class, but excesses of frivolity were checked by the remembrance that there were partners at home. The tendency of the whole system was to put all the brothers and sisters upon their mettle, to think first of the others' interests; and their satisfaction at seeing their instinctive little acts of self-denial bear fruit was greater, I venture to say, than the pleasure they would have got from spending double the family income on themselves.

Yet I would not leave you with the impression that they were prigs in any way whatever. On the contrary, their small sacrifices were sometimes so cautiously planned that no one suspected them for years afterward. It was the real thing they were after — not the superficial show; and they were as far from goody-goodyism on the one hand as from smugness on the other.

Thus the group grew up, and some of its members have laid foundations for homes and households of their own. The family bond is as strong as ever, and any of them would to-day gladly deny himself the most cherished desire of his heart to insure the happiness of the others. What one has is at the command of any of the rest who need his help. The social gossips will never be treated to an account of the quarrels of these brothers and sisters over money matters, broken wills, or punitive codicils. Is not theirs a

pleasant picture to look upon, if only as a relief from another sort which is continually forced under our eyes? I leave it to carry its own moral.

This does not mean that I am unprepared for the comment which will come from a dozen sources at once: that I have ignored the human equation, and outlined an ideal state of things which could not be duplicated in one family out of every hundred. Not so fast, friends! Have I set up a single condition which any of you would condemn as impracticable in your own case? Then, I regret to say, you must confess to a bad failure somewhere in your domestic career. Perhaps, sir, you do not think your wife could be trusted with the freedom of a common check-book? Do not you trust her with your honor, which you value more than all the wealth that could be piled in all the banks? Are you so doubtful of her judgment, dismissing any question of her honesty, that you have warned your tradesmen against selling her anything on credit without your special authorization? If not, she has substantially *carte blanche* now by tacit consent of all parties; pray, then, in how much greater peril would you stand if you enabled her to draw, as her needs require, upon a fund kept in bank in your joint names and for your joint benefit?

Responsibility feeds on freedom. That tailor of Sheridan's knew human nature, who, after dunning the easy-going playwright for a year to liquidate his I O U, tore up the note in his presence, and received the cash at once, because the debt at law had thus been converted into a debt of honor. The man, woman, or child who is incessantly kept under restraint, whether it be mamma's apron-string, or the forbidden night-key, or the banknote irregularly doled out, or even the stated periodical allowance, will never learn to stand up straight and walk a right line for the mere satisfaction there is in being one's own master.

Or suppose, madam, that that daughter of yours appears to be incapable of comprehending the value of money or cultivating any common sense in spending it: are you going to make over her entire nature by inducing her father to give her a certain stated sum each year, beyond which she is not to let her self-indulgent whims have play? Depend upon it, if she seems bound to waste every dollar she can lay hands on, you are not going to teach her better manners by telling her just how many dollars she may waste in a given period. If she is past your power to change, she will find some means of getting hold of more, or of running the family into debts which you will rather pay out of court than in it; but if, on the other hand, she has in her any right instinct, — no matter how far down in her soul it may be hidden, — she will respond far more promptly to an appeal to her affection for you and her father than to any threats or warnings of arbitrary restrictions with which you may be tempted to beset her.

That better conditions are possible, I have shown you by a true story of a single family. You will hardly be rash enough to deny, without the test of a trial, that it can be repeated in other families similarly situated. All the experiment requires is that the husband shall carry into his married life the same unquestioning faith he carried into his courtship; that the wife shall cease demanding as a right a limited privilege which at best could be granted only as an act of grace, and approach her husband on the side of his generosity, his chivalry, and his confidence in her; and that both, if children come, shall do for them willingly, and in time to influence their whole future lives, what it may otherwise be necessary to do at a later stage in order to save the good repute of the family. Is it too much to ask that any reader, who is faced with the domestic exchequer problem, give these tentative suggestions a little sober thought, and see what sort of programme for his own life he can work out of them?

SOME PLATITUDES CONCERNING DRAMA

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"THE moral" is the keynote of all drama. That is to say, a drama must be shaped so as to have a spire of meaning. All human life and character have their inherent natural moral; and the business of the dramatist is so to pose the group as to bring that moral poignantly to the light of day. Such is the moral that exhales from plays like *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*. But such is not the moral to be found in the great bulk of contemporary drama. The moral of the average play is now, and probably has always been, the triumph at all costs of a supposed immediate ethical good over a supposed immediate ethical evil.

The vice of drawing distorted morals has, in fact, always permeated the drama to its spine; discolored its art, humanity, and significance; infected its creators, actors, audience, critics; too often turned it from a picture into a caricature. A drama which lives under the shadow of the distorted moral forgets how to be free, fair, and fine; forgets so completely that it often prides itself on having forgotten.

Now, in writing a play there are, philosophically speaking, three courses open to the serious dramatist. The first is to set definitely before the public that which it wishes to have set before it: the views and codes of life by which the public lives, and in which it believes. This way is the most common, successful, and popular. It makes the dramatist's position sure, and still not too obviously authoritative.

The second course is to set definitely before the public those views and codes of life by which the dramatist himself lives, those theories in which he himself believes, — the more effectively if they are the opposite of what the public wishes to have placed before it, — presenting them so that the audience may swallow them like a powder in a spoonful of jam.

There is a third course: to set before the public no cut-and-dried codes, but the phenomena of life and character, selected and combined, *but not distorted*, by the dramatist's outlook, set down without fear, favor, or prejudice, leaving the public to draw such poor moral as nature may afford. This third method requires a certain detachment; it requires a sympathy with, a love of, and a curiosity as to, things for their own sake; it requires a far view, together with patient industry *for no immediately practical result.*

It was once said of Shakespeare that he had never done any good to any one, and never would. This, unfortunately, could not, in the sense in which the word "good" was then meant, be said of most modern dramatists. In truth, the good that Shakespeare did to humanity was of a remote, and, shall we say, eternal nature; something of the good that men get from having the sky and the sea to look at. And this was because he was, in his greater plays at all events, free from the habit of drawing a distorted moral. Now, the playwright who supplies to the public the facts of life distorted by the moral which it expects, does so that he may do the public what he considers an immediate good, by fortifying its prejudices; and the dramatist who supplies to the public facts distorted by his own advanced morality, does so because he considers that he will at once benefit the public by substituting for its worn-out ethics, his own; in both cases the advantage the dramatist hopes to confer on the public is immediate and practical.

But matters change and morals

change, men remain — and to set men, and the facts about them, down faithfully so that they draw for us the moral of their natural actions, may also possibly be of benefit to the community. It is, at all events, harder than to set men and facts down, as they ought, or ought not to be. I am far from meaning to say that a dramatist should, or, indeed, can, keep himself and his temperamental philosophy out of his work. As a man lives and thinks, so will he write. But this I do say, that to the making of good drama, as to the practice of every other art, there must be brought an almost passionate love of discipline, a white heat of self-respect, a desire to make the truest, fairest, best thing in your power. And that to these must be added an eye that does not flinch. Such qualities alone will bring to a drama the selfless character which soaks it with inevitability, and convinces its audience.

The word "pessimist" is frequently applied to the few dramatists who have been content to work in this way. It has been applied to Euripides, to Shakespear, to Ibsen, among others; it will be applied to many in the future. Nothing, however, I venture to think, is more dubious than the every-day use of the words pessimist and optimist: for the optimist appears to be he who cannot bear the world as it is, and is forced by his nature to picture it as it ought to be; and the pessimist, one who can not only bear the world as it is, but loves it well enough to draw it faithfully. However this may be, a remnant of insane persons insist that the true lover of the human race is the man who can put up with it in all its forms, in vice as well as in virtue, in defeat no less than in victory; that the true seer is he who sees not only joy but sorrow, and the true painter of human life one who blinks nothing. It is possible that he is also, incidentally, its true benefactor.

In the whole range of the social fabric there are only two impartial persons, the scientist and the artist, and under the latter heading all dramatists who desire to write not only for to-day, but for to-morrow, must strive to come.

But dramatists being as they are made, — past remedy, — it is perhaps more profitable to examine the various points at which their qualities and defects are shown.

The plot! A good plot is that sure edifice which slowly rises out of the interplay of circumstance on temperament, and temperament on circumstance, within the inclosing atmosphere of an idea. A human being is the best plot there is; it may be impossible to see *why* he is a good plot, because the idea within which he was brought forth cannot be fully grasped; but it is plain that *he is a good plot.* He is organic. And so it must be with a good play. Reason alone produces no good plots: they come by original sin, sure conception, and instinctive after power of selecting what benefits the germ. A bad plot, on the other hand, is simply a row of stakes, with a character impaled on each — characters who would have liked to live, but came to untimely grief; who started bravely, but fell on these stakes, placed beforehand in a row, and were transfixed one by one, while their ghosts stride on, squeaking and gibbering through the play. Whether these stakes are made of facts, or of ideas, according to the nature of the dramatist who planted them, their effect on the unfortunate characters is the same; the creatures were begotten to be staked, and staked they are! "I like a good plot!" is a saying not unfrequently heard. It usually means: "Tickle my sensations by stuffing the play with arbitrary adventures, so that no one need be troubled to take the characters seriously. Set the persons of the play to action, regardless of time, sequence, atmosphere, and probability!"

Now, true dramatic action is what characters do, at once contrary, as it were, to expectation, and yet because they have already done other things. No dramatist should let his audience know what is coming; but neither should he

suffer his characters to act without making his audience feel that those actions are in harmony with temperament, and arise from previous known actions, together with the temperaments and previous known actions of the other characters in the play. The dramatist who depends his characters to his plot, instead of his plot to his characters, ought himself to be depended.

The dialogue! Good dialogue again is character, marshaled so as continually to stimulate interest or excitement. The reason good dialogue is seldom found in plays is merely that it is hard to write. It requires not only a knowledge of what interests, or excites, but such a feeling for character itself as brings misery to the dramatist's heart when his creations speak as they should not speak, — ashes to his mouth when they say things for the sake of saying them, — disgust when they are " smart."

The art of writing true dramatic dialogue is an austere art; denying itself all license, grudging every sentence devoted to the mere machinery of the play, suppressing all jokes and epigrams severed from character, relying for fun and pathos on the fun and tears of life. From start to finish, good dialogue is handmade, like good lace: clear, of fine texture, furthering with each thread the harmony and strength of a design to which all must be subordinate.

But good dialogue is also action. In so far as the dramatist divorces his dialogue from action, he is stultifying τὸ δρᾶμα — the thing done; he may make pleasing disquisitions, he is not making plays. And in so far as he twists character to suit his moral or his plot, he is neglecting a first principle, that truth to nature which alone invests art with handmade quality.

The dramatist's license, in fact, ends with his design. In conception alone he is free. He may take what character or group of characters he chooses, see them with what eyes, knit them with what idea, within the limits of his temperament. Once taken, seen, and knitted, he is bound to treat them like a gentleman, with the tenderest consideration of their mainsprings. Take care of character; action and dialogue will take care of themselves! The true dramatist gives full rein to his temperament in the scope and nature of his subject; having once selected subject and characters, he is just, gentle, restrained; neither gratifying his lust of praise at the expense of his offspring, nor using them as puppets to flout his audience. Being himself the nature that brought them forth, he guides them in the course predestined at their conception. So only have they a chance of defying Time, which is always lying in wait to destroy the false, topical, or fashionable, all — in a word — that is not based on the permanent element of human nature. The perfect dramatist rounds up his characters and facts within the ringfence of a dominant idea which fulfills the craving of his spirit; having got them there he suffers them to live their own lives.

Plot, action, character, dialogue! What subject for a platitude is left? *Flavor!* An impalpable quality, less easily captured than the scent of a flower, the peculiar and most essential attribute of any work of art! Flavor is the thin, poignant spirit which hovers up out of a drama, and is as much the differentiating essence of it as is nicotine of tobacco, or caffeine of coffee. It is, in fine, the spirit of the dramatist projected into his work in a state of volatility, so that no one can exactly lay hands on it, here, there, or anywhere. This distinctive essence of a play, marking its brand, is the one thing at which the dramatist cannot work, for it is outside his consciousness. And this is the chief reason why speculations, periodically indulged in, as to whether dramatists ought, or ought not, to consider their public, are superfluous; and why, too, it is somewhat futile to lament that authors often deliberately produce work beneath their best powers. For, in reality, though that work may vary in

interest, in intellectual attainment, or in carefulness — in the supreme quality, flavor, whether it be written to boil a pot, or regale a stage society, the work of a dramatist does not vary. A man may have many moods, he has but one spirit; and this spirit he communicates in some subtle, unconscious way to all his work. It waxes and wanes with the currents of his vitality, but no more alters than a chestnut changes into an oak, or an elm into a plane tree.

I like to look on dramas as if they were trees, springing from seedlings, shaping themselves inevitably in accordance with the laws fast hidden within themselves, drinking sustenance from the earth and air, and in conflict with the natural forces round them. So they slowly come to full growth, until, warped, stunted, or risen to fair and gracious height, they stand open to all the winds that blow. From each dramatist springs a different race of trees; and he is the spirit of his own sacred grove, into which no stray tree can by any chance enter.

One more platitude. It is not unfashionable to pit one form of drama against another: holding up the realistic to the disadvantage of the epic; the epic to the belittlement of the fantastic; the fantastic to the detriment of the realistic. Nothing can be to less purpose. The essential meaning, truth, beauty, and irony of things may be revealed under all these forms. Vision over life and human nature can be as keen and just, the revelation as true, inspiring, delight-giving, and thought-provoking, whatever fashion be employed, — it is simply a matter of doing it well enough to uncover the kernel of the nut. Whether the violet come from Russia, from Parma, or from England, matters little. Close by the Greek temples at Pæstum I once came on violets that seemed redder and sweeter than any ever seen — as though they had sprung up out of the footprints of some old Pagan goddess; but the next April, in a Devonshire lane, the little blue scentless violets there had captured every bit as much of the spring. And so it is with drama, — no matter what its form, — it need only be the "real thing," need only have caught some of the precious fluid, *revelation*, and imprisoned it within a chalice to which we may put our lips and continually drink.

And yet starting from this last platitude one may perhaps be suffered to speculate as to the particular forms that our renascent drama is likely to assume. For our drama is renascent, and nothing will stop its bursting the old bottles. It is not renascent because this or that man is writing, but because of a spirit in the air. This spirit is no doubt in part the gradual outcome of the impact on our home-grown art of Russian, French, and Scandinavian influences; but in the main it springs from an awakened humanity in the conscience of our time. It is part of what is, below the surface, a religious movement; part of a slow but tenacious groping toward a new form of vital faith — the faith of "all for one, and one for all." A faith so far removed from, and so much bigger than, party politics, that it may and will ever increasingly be an integral part of the life of all our little sects, from Tories to Anarchists, from Church of England folk to Quakers. It is a great visiting wind, sweeping into the house of our lives through a hundred doors, of which the drama is one, and not the narrowest.

What then are to be the main channels down which the renascent English drama will float, in the coming years? To me at least it seems that these main channels will be two in number, and situate far apart. The one will be the broad and clear-cut channel of naturalism, down which will course a drama poignantly shaped, and inspired with high intention, but faithful to the seething and multiple life round us; a drama such as some are inclined to term photographic, gulled by a seeming simplicity into forgetfulness of the old proverb, "Ars est celare artem," and unable to perceive that, to be vital, such drama is in every respect as depend-

ent on imagination, construction, selection, and elimination — the main laws in fact of artistry, — as ever was the romantic or rhapsodic play. The question of naturalistic technique will bear, indeed, much more study than has yet been given to it. The aim of the dramatist employing it is obviously to create such an illusion of actual life passing on the stage as to compel the spectator for the moment to lose all sense of artifice, to think, and talk, and move with the people he sees thinking, talking, and moving in front of him. A false phrase, a single word out of tune or time, will destroy that illusion, and spoil the surface, as surely as a stone heaved into a still pool shatters the image seen there.

But this is only the beginning of the reason why it is the most exacting and most difficult of all techniques. It is easy enough to *reproduce* the exact conversation and movements of persons in a room; it is desperately hard to *produce* the perfectly natural conversation and movements of these persons, when each natural phrase spoken and each natural movement made, has not only to contribute toward the growth and perfection of a drama's soul, but also to be a revelation, phrase by phrase, movement by movement, of essential traits of character. To put it another way, naturalism, when alive, indeed to be alive at all, is simply the art of manipulating a long procession of the most delicate symbols. A technique which employs an inflated, semi-poetical, invented form of speech for the portrayal of every-day life is by many degrees less exacting. Fine writing — so-called — is the easiest of all writing, and the first that the real workman will tear up.

It should be the aim — as it is the justification — of naturalistic technique to secure a presentment of the dramatist's vision, so gripping, and permeating, through eyes and ears, the minds of an audience, as evermore to convince each one of them that the vision has been part of his own experience, something lived through, or seen, in real life, and not merely watched as a show. This effect can be achieved only by complete austerity, and those delicate strokes and continual significant touches which establish a perfect intimacy between the audience and the figures on the stage. Many plays, written in the naturalistic vein, fail to enrich us with any sense of actual experience gained at first hand. And this either is due to want of self-restraint in the dramatist, or is because, not *feeling* the life of his characters, he cannot really make us intimate with them. No amount of "strong" situation or cleverness — good things both — will atone for the want of that utter intimacy which is the essential quality of good naturalistic drama. In the struggle to perfect this form of technique there must, of course, be presented much photographic stuff. The naturalistic drama is not, because of that, to be regarded in other than its true character — as the most fastidious and poignant of all dramatic forms. This main channel of naturalistic drama will be concerned with men, not floating on two boards far out to sea, accompanied by a passion, but anchored to land in their natural environments. Its service will be the swaying and focusing of men's feelings and thoughts, in the various departments of national life. It will be like a steady lamp, held up from time to time, in whose light things will be seen for a space clearly and in due proportion, freed from the mists of prejudice and partisanship.

And the other of these two main channels will, I think, be a twisting and delicious stream, which will bear on its breast new barks of poetry, shaped, it may be, like prose, but a prose incarnating through its fantasy and symbolism all the deeper aspirations, yearnings, doubts, and mysterious stirrings of the human spirit; a poetic prose drama, emotionalizing us by its diversity and purity of form and invention, and whose province will be to disclose the elemental soul of man, and the forces of Nature, not perhaps as

the old tragedies disclosed them, or in epic mood, but with a certain freakish beauty, and the spirit of discovery.

Such will, in my judgment, be the two vital forms of our drama in the coming generation. If I am right, we must guard against crude unions between them: they are too far apart; the cross would be too violent. It is this ill-mating of forms that has killed a thousand plays. We want no more bastard drama; no more attempts to dress out the simple dignity of every-day life in the peacock's feathers of false poetry; no more straw-stuffed heroes or heroines; no more rabbits and goldfish from the conjurer's pockets; nor any limelight. Let us have lamplight, starlight, moonlight, sunlight, and the light of our own self-respect. Whatever the main forms of drama in the near future, let them keep austerely to their own high destinies, borrowing from none, and breathing out, each, its own romance. Let them go forward, in all eagerness, but in all serenity, and replace the forms which we have outgrown.

TO THE RISING SUN

BY O. W. FIRKINS

THE sorrows of long ages thou hast known:
Sad Egypt with vain toil and crossed desire;
Judea wailing with her captive choir;
Greece, and the Turk that scaled the Parthenon;
Rome with her fading laurel; Stamboul won;
And Venice treading in the steps of Tyre:
Ages are moths that wither in thy fire,
And empires, gnat-like, flutter, and are gone.
What are earth's trophies in thy conquering glance?
Shall bubble fane or mushroom pyramid
Dim thy clear eye or vail thy haughty lid?
Thou call'st in challenge through the azure plain
To zoned Orion, bidd'st the Pleiads dance,
And chid'st Auriga for his lingering wain.

THE STORY OF THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

I

"In November, 1809, three men by the names of Smith, McClanahan, and Patterson, under the guidance of a Spaniard, Manuel Blanco, left St. Louis for Santa Fé. Nothing further is known of them."

Thus, in its issue of the first week of October, 1810, the *Missouri Gazette*, the earliest newspaper which appeared west of the Mississippi, the progenitor of the present *St. Louis Republic*, referred to a commerce between the State of Missouri and the capital of New Mexico which was beginning to engage the attention of adventurers on the United States frontier. This commerce, which Pike's explorations of 1806–07 may be said to have incited, and which was opened as a regular branch of trade in 1821–26, developed by Kit Carson and many others who were prominent in the annals of the Southwest, and enlivened by the forays and ambuscades of the Osages, Arapahoes, Pawnees, Kiowas, Cheyennes, Comanches, Apaches, and other red raiders, constitutes the Story of the Santa Fé Trail.

Romance and daring, however, had been busy in that region long before the persons here named were born.

> In the half forgotten era,
> With the avarice of old,
> Seeking cities that were told
> To be paved with solid gold,
> In the kingdom of Quivira,
> Came the restless Coronado,
> To open Kansas plain,
> With his knights from sunny Spain,
> In an effort that, though vain,
> Thrilled with boldness and bravado.

The reference in these lines by Eugene F. Ware, the Kansas poet, is to the dash by Charles V's *conquistadore*, Coronado, from Culiacan, on the Pacific coast of Mexico, up to the present Kansas, in 1541, two-thirds of a century before Captain John Smith and his associates established at Jamestown, Virginia, the first permanent colony of the English-speaking race on the American continent; seventy-nine years before Carver, Bradford, and the rest of the Mayflower's passengers landed at Plymouth; and eighty-five years before Peter Minuit, the Stadtholder, the representative of Holland's Frederick, bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for sixty guilders ($24) in beads, ribbons and bright-colored calicoes, and started the career of New York City. At many points Coronado passed over the course on which the Santa Fé trail was to be traced in the after time. It was about sixty years later that the Spaniards founded La Ciudad Real de la Santa Fé de San Francisco (the Royal City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis), a designation which our busier day has shortened into Santa Fé.

But it was two and two-thirds centuries this side of Coronado that the trade between the American settlements and Santa Fé began. The latter was still Spanish territory. In 1804 William Morrison, a merchant of Kaskaskia, Illinois, sent Baptiste Lalande, a French creole, to Santa Fé with a small stock of goods, with the intention of opening a trade with that place. Lalande went up the Missouri to the mouth of the Platte, where the present Omaha stands, proceeded along the Platte to the Rocky Mountains, traveled south to the New Mexican capital, disposed of his goods at a profit there, and liked the people so well that he remained, pocketing Morrison's money. Lalande was the advance courier of the

army of commercial travelers, or "drummers," who are diffused through the country in our day. He was perhaps the first man in the United States to start out to sell goods by sample.

Some of the Indians also began to take part in this traffic, although they never entered it in a large way. James Purcell, a Kentucky adventurer of a type familiar to the American frontier of that day, drifted to St. Louis in 1802, went up to the head of the Osage River with a few companions to trap and hunt, was driven into the Rocky Mountains by a large body of Sioux, captured by them, and sent with a few Indians to Santa Fé to ask the Spaniards to trade with them. Liking his white neighbors better than his red associates, Purcell, like Lalande, remained in the New Mexican capital. Pike met him there in 1807.

From these unpromising beginnings nobody could have dreamed that the traffic between Missouri River points and the Spanish-Mexican settlements would reach two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a season by 1830, and touch seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars by 1843, the year in which President Santa Anna, believing that war with the United States was pending, shut the American traders out of New Mexico. Yet such was the fact. The commerce grew because the New Mexicans were as eager for it as were the Americans. Vera Cruz, the entering point for all foreign goods for New Mexico and Chihuahua, was farther from Santa Fé than Santa Fé was from the Missouri River, the time of transit was longer, and the cost of conveyance was greater. Under any reasonable tariff the Americans could sell their goods in Santa Fé — which was the distributing point for a large part of New Mexico and Chihuahua — and make a handsome profit.

Franklin, in Howard County, Missouri, which was swept away by the Missouri River afterward, was the American terminus of the trail until 1831, when the necessity for saving as much land travel as possible transferred that point westward eighty miles to Independence, which was four miles south of the Missouri; and in the trail's latter days the outfitting point was shifted ten miles farther west, to Westport Landing, at the mouth of the Kaw, on the site of the present Kansas City.

Draw a line from Independence, Missouri, southwesterly into Kansas to the present Ellinwood, in Barton County, on the Arkansas River. Let the line follow the north bank of the Arkansas (which stream was part of the boundary between the United States and the territory of Spain and Mexico until the close of the war of 1846–48) to a point about twenty-five miles west of the present Dodge City, in Ford County. There, at what was called the Ford of the Arkansas, carry the line across the river southwesterly to the Cimmaron, continue it along the valley of that stream to the southwestern corner of Kansas, push it down into New Mexico to Las Vegas and San Miguel, and swing it northwestward to Santa Fé.

This was the route followed by most of the traders during the most flourishing days of the trail. By that course the distance from Independence to Santa Fé was about eight hundred miles, half of which was in Kansas. Some of the traders, however, in order to escape the sixty miles of desert between the Ford of the Arkansas and the Cimmaron, continued along the Arkansas into Colorado to Bent's Fort, which was erected by Charles and William Bent in 1829, near the present La Junta, from which point they proceeded southward till they struck the principal route where it crossed the Mora, in New Mexico. This was called the mountain branch of the trail — the branch which is followed by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway to-day.

The starting time of the caravans from the Missouri River was usually between the middle of April and the middle of June, and the length of the downward journey ranged from fifty to eighty days,

while the return, with its lighter loads, was generally made in quicker time. But the length of the trip, or the decision as to whether there would be a trip at all, depended largely upon the temper of the Indians who infested the trail from 1825 onward, — especially from the Ford of the Arkansas down to the Rio Gallinas, — and upon the number and courage of the whites who were present to fight them.

II

Immediately behind Lalande and Purcell, who represent for us the Santa Fé trade in its adverse beginnings, came the man who was to give the United States and the world their first authentic account of the people and the conditions in New Mexico and much of old Mexico, to point out the possibilities for profit in a traffic which could be carried on between Missouri and that region, and to suggest the line along which it could be conducted. This was Captain Zebulon M. Pike — the Pike for whom the Rocky Mountain summit near Colorado Springs was afterward named, the General Pike who, as commander of the Americans at the battle of York, now Toronto, in the war of 1812, was killed by the British while leading his men to victory.

On July 15, 1806, Pike, with Lieutenant Wilkinson, son of General James Wilkinson, the commander at St. Louis, and sixteen soldiers, a surgeon and an interpreter, started from the cantonment at Belle Fontaine, a few miles north of St. Louis, near the confluence of the Missouri and the Mississippi, ascended the Missouri by boats to the mouth of the Osage, went up that stream to the Osage village, to which he escorted a party of Osages and Pawnees, and thence pushed westward overland through the present Kansas and Colorado.

Under the instructions given to him by General Wilkinson, Pike's mission was to endeavor to bring peace between the Osages and the Kansas tribes, and also between the Yanktons and the Comanches; to urge the chiefs of all those Indians to visit Washington and call on President Jefferson; and to " ascertain the direction, extent and navigation of the Arkansas and Red rivers," which were part of the boundary between our newly acquired Louisiana province and Spain's territory of New Mexico. Pike was cautioned to " move with great circumspection " when he arrived in the neighborhood of New Mexico, " so as to avoid giving alarm or offense, because the affairs of Spain and the United States appear to be on the point of amicable adjustment."

These were the written orders which Wilkinson gave Pike. It is believed that Pike also had secret orders from Wilkinson to find a pass through the mountains by which Santa Fé could be reached readily and Mexico invaded. Spain in those days was a very disagreeable neighbor to the Americans. She held the province of Louisiana from 1763 until Napoleon coerced her into ceding it back to France in 1800, when he intended to utilize it, but the stress of a new war between him and England caused him to sell it to Jefferson. Spain also held the Floridas, comprising not only the present state of that name, but the southern ends of Alabama and Mississippi; and thus, in the whole region between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, barred the Americans' way to the Gulf of Mexico. As the owner also of part of the present Kansas and Colorado, and all of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, and California, Spain was obnoxious not only to the restless spirits in the Mississippi valley, but also to many conservative people in the thirteen original states. Clashes with Spain, both in Florida and the Southwest, were often threatened.

Although wearing the American uniform, and in command of the most important military post in the West, General Wilkinson was in the pay of Spain, and had been for years. That affiliation did

not hamper him, however, from conspiring against Spain whenever his interest, or imagined interest, might be promoted thereby. At that moment he was deep in Burr's plot to separate some of the Western states from the Union, to unite them with Mexico, and to take Mexico from Spain and erect an empire or a republic there, with himself at the head.

Pike, who was a loyal and gallant soldier, was undoubtedly ignorant of Wilkinson's treasonable dealings with Spain, and also of his connection with Burr's designs. The telling of all this, however, may throw a light on Pike's movements in Colorado, and may explain why it was that his report of the things which he saw in Spain's territory was so interesting to his countrymen.

On November 14, four months after he left Belle Fontaine, he, as his journal tells, discovered a summit "which appeared like a small blue cloud," and then his party, "with one accord, gave three cheers for the Mexican Mountains." The "Mexican Mountains" which he saw were the Rocky Mountains, and the towering, cloud-like point was that which is now known as Pike's Peak. Pike then crossed the range, struck the Rio Grande, which he supposed was the Red River, and was thus in Spanish territory, near the site of the present town of Alamosa, in southern Colorado. In the mean time Burr, having been betrayed by Wilkinson, and his expedition dispersed, was arrested on the Tombigbee, in the State of Mississippi, by order of Jefferson.

Lieutenant Salcedo, with one hundred dragoons, arrived, on February 26, 1807, at the stockade which Pike had erected, and demanded his surrender for trespassing on the territory of Charles IV. He and his men were marched to Santa Fé and he was brought into the presence of General Allencaster, the Governor of New Mexico, to explain his presence in Spain's domain. Although a prisoner, Pike was treated with distinguished consideration. From Santa Fé he was taken to Chihuahua, to be examined by the military commandant of the territory, at which place he was liberated. He was then conducted through Coahuila and Texas, which was part of Mexico, and at Natchitoches, in the State of Louisiana, he touched United States soil. This was July 1, 1807, almost a year from the time when he started from the mouth of the Missouri.

On the theory that Pike had secret instructions from Wilkinson to trace out a route from which Santa Fé could be entered from the direction of the Missouri River, he may not have been as ignorant as he pretended to be that he was on Spanish territory when captured by Salcedo. He found a route to that capital, and his journey through Mexico to Natchitoches gave him the opportunity to study the people, the resources, and the topography of that region, and to gauge the sort of resistance which the Spaniards could make to attack from within or without. All of this information was set forth in his report to General Henry Dearborn, Jefferson's Secretary of War.

In this report Pike cited a large number of articles which entered into the trade between Santa Fé and the other important towns in its locality; declared that Mexico surpassed all the other countries of the world "for riches in gold and silver, producing all the necessaries of life and most of the luxuries;" said that, notwithstanding these advantages, it had more beggars than any other country on the globe; and added that Spain was feeble, and also was hated by the people. As an evidence of their desire for independence, he mentioned a demonstration in which one hundred and thirty thousand people in the City of Mexico hailed the Count of Galves, the viceroy of Charles IV, as "King of Mexico." Galves refused the honor, but he was poisoned shortly afterward, showing, as Pike said, that "it is dangerous to serve a jealous tyrant." The priests, according to Pike, all wanted a "change of government," and he declared that if Napoleon should seize the Spanish crown it would be the duty of

the United States to drive Spain out of Mexico.

Just as Pike was penning these lines in 1808, Napoleon was deposing Ferdinand VII, Charles IV's successor, and Napoleon's brother Joseph was then placed upon the throne at Madrid, and ruled until 1814. And as an illustration of the attitude of the clergy, just as Pike's words were going through the press, Don Miguel Hidalgo, a priest, started a rebellion, which soon spread over a large part of Mexico; but after many victories he was captured and executed.

Raids into Mexico by Guiterrez, Kemper, Taylor, Lafitte, Long, and other adventurers, American and foreign, in the next few years, were the response to Pike's disclosures of her wealth and the weakness of Spanish authority. Several years later Pike's story sent Moses Austin to Mexico, where he obtained permission from Spain's representative to plant a colony of Americans in Texas, and his son, Stephen F. Austin, began to establish settlements there in 1822, just as the Mexicans were expelling Spain and winning their independence. Thus was started the chain of events which led to the inevitable divergence in race, language, and politics of the Texan Americans from the Mexicans, to the rebellion by the Texans, to San Jacinto and independence in 1836, to the annexation of Texas to the United States in 1845, to the Mexican War in 1846, and to the placing of New Mexico and California under the stars and stripes.

III

Unknown to captive and captors alike, manifest destiny marched with Pike into Santa Fé on that day in early March, 1807, when Salcedo escorted him before the grand inquisitor, General Allencaster, to tell what his mission was in the territory of his Catholic majesty Charles IV. It was the traders, however, and not the filibusters, and not even the empire-builders, Austin, Houston, and Rusk, who were destiny's advance couriers. The men in the caravans on the Santa Fé trail americanized the people of New Mexico long before Zachary Taylor's shot on the Rio Grande in April, 1846, started the Mexican War. And one little passage in Pike's report, one which probably received no attention from Pike, President Jefferson, Secretary Dearborn, or General Wilkinson, showed a phase of life in Spanish territory which probably aided, more than any of those personages could possibly have dreamed, in making the trade attractive to many of the Americans who engaged in it.

"Send this evening six or eight of your handsomest young girls to the village of St. Fernandez, where I propose giving a fandango for the entertainment of the American officers arrived this day.

"Don Faciendo."

This is a request which was sent to the alcaldes of several small villages by Lieutenant Don Faciendo Malgares, the officer who commanded the escort of Spanish troops who conveyed Pike from Santa Fé to Chihuahua. Pike mentions this ball as an illustration of the "degraded state of the common people." He concedes, however, that at it "there was really a handsome display of beauty." Pike's fellow countrymen, among the traders of the after-time, were not quite so puritanical as he was. As a diversion in New Mexico's principal towns, particularly in Santa Fé, the fandango not only remained throughout Spain's and Mexico's days of ascendancy, but lingered almost to the advent of the railway in 1880. The bright garb and the graceful movements of the women who engaged in it, and the sound of the guitar, the tambourine, and the castanet which were its accompaniments, gave a dash of color and gayety to life in that ancient community, especially from early June to late September, from the arrival to the departure of the caravans. And during that time, in a direct and emphatic de-

gree, the American visitors were a part of that life.

Pike's report, published in 1810, and Hidalgo's insurrection in that year, which promised to subvert Spain's authority in Mexico and abolish her prohibitory tariffs, sent Robert McKnight, Samuel Chambers, James Baird, and a few companions from the Missouri to Santa Fé in 1812; but by that time Hidalgo had been executed and his revolt suppressed. McKnight and his associates were seized by the Spaniards as spies, their goods were confiscated, and they were thrown into prison in Chihuahua, where they remained until the revolution, under Iturbide, drove Spain out of Mexico in 1821. Auguste P. Chouteau and Julius De Mun of St. Louis, with a few companions, tempted fate in 1815; but they were tried by court martial in Santa Fé, and their wares, valued at thirty thousand dollars, were appropriated by the authorities. With one horse each, which was allowed them by the Spaniards, they made their way to St. Louis, and appealed to Congress for the relief which a committee of the House said was due them, but which they never received.

When the news of the expulsion of Spain reached the Missouri, the tidings dispatched parties of traders, at different dates and by slightly different routes, under the direction of Jacob Fowler, Hugh Glenn, Braxton Cooper, and William Becknell, to Santa Fé, with small stocks of goods which they disposed of at a profit. These were the first successful ventures of Americans there, and they make 1821 notable in the annals of the trail.

Encouraged by this good fortune, Becknell, with twenty-one men, three wagons (the first wheeled vehicles which appeared on the trail), and five thousand dollars in goods, left Franklin, on the Missouri, in May, 1822, successfully ran the gauntlet of the hostile Osages between that stream and the Arkansas, and encountered trouble of a more serious sort just afterward. Intending to make a short cut to Santa Fé this time, and avoid the détour westward along the north bank of the Arkansas to the mountains, Becknell and his party forded that river at "The Caches," five miles west of the present Dodge City, Kansas, and struck a direct line southwestward across the desert toward the Cimmaron. However, the stock of water in their canteens and kegs was soon exhausted, and they were forced to kill their dogs and cut off their mules' ears in order to drink the blood. At last, tantalized by mirages, half crazed by thirst, and almost exhausted, they were compelled, although at one time close to the Cimmaron without knowing it, to make their way back to the Arkansas. This they followed westward for several days, then pushed southward by way of Taos, and reached Santa Fé without other serious mishaps.

In the next few years the trail's activities rapidly expanded, and among the participants in them, in addition to those mentioned in the preceding paragraphs, were Marmaduke, St. Vrain, and the Bents. And now appears a person whose name has traveled farther than any of these, and written itself in more languages.

"Notice is hereby given to all persons that Christopher Carson, a boy about sixteen years old, small for his age, but thick-set, with light hair, ran away from the subscriber, living in Franklin, Howard county, Missouri, to whom he had been bound to learn the saddler's trade, on or about the 1st of September last. He is supposed to have made his way to the upper part of the state. All persons are notified not to harbor, support, or assist said boy, under penalty of the law. One cent reward will be given to any person who will bring back the said boy.

"(Signed) DAVID WORKMAN."

This advertisement in the *Missouri Intelligencer* of Franklin, Missouri, in the issue of October 12, 1826, is Kit Carson's

introduction to the country. In the forty-two years between his advent upon the scene and his death he played many parts, but his first appearance on the world's stage was as a mule-driver in the caravan of Ceran St. Vrain on the Santa Fé trail. Neither David Workman, himself a mountain and overland trader of some note, nor the town of Franklin, saw Kit Carson again until many years after this time, and the saddler's shop knew him no more.

But neither his new employer nor his old could have dreamed of the large rôle which that boy was to assume in the coming time. Let us take a glance at a few of its episodes. In a circuit of three thousand miles through the present New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, and California, in 1828–29, with Ewing Young's party of hunters, Carson made a reputation as a trapper, Indian fighter, and leader which obtained him an engagement from Thomas Fitzpatrick, of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, in the latter year. In that company's service, and independently, in the next few years, he trapped along the more important rivers of Nebraska, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Utah, and Colorado, fighting Blackfeet, Crows, Sioux, and Utes, and coming into companionship with Ashley, Henry, Bridger, the Sublettes, Fontenelle, and other prominent plainsmen. Induced by Charles Bent to become hunter for Bent's Fort on the Arkansas in 1834, it was his duty to provide meat for a garrison of from twenty to thirty hungry men, with such frequent guests as the Santa Fé trade and the exigencies of Indian warfare cast into that post. And he did his work so well that it was with keen regret that Bent permitted him to leave his employ in 1842.

Now Carson enters the service of the government, in which he remains, with one or two short interruptions, until his death. After blazing the way for Frémont, in the exploring expedition of 1842, from the Missouri to South Pass, he, from 1843 to 1846, found paths for that "pathfinder" from the Rockies to the Pacific. He was active in the fighting in 1846 under Frémont, and Commodores Sloat and Stockton, in which the Mexicans were driven out of Northern California; and in September of that year, in command of fifteen men, he started on horseback for Washington with dispatches to tell President Polk of the empire which had been won on the Pacific.

Meeting General Kearny near Santa Fé, just after that officer's conquest of New Mexico, Carson was induced to hand his message to another courier, to be carried to Washington, while he placed himself at the head of Kearny's column in its march westward. At the battle of San Pasquale, in Southern California, when Kearny was outnumbered and surrounded, Carson went to the rescue. Making his way at night through the cordon of Mexican sentinels, he traveled on foot to San Diego, from which place Stockton sent a force to Kearny's relief. With dispatches, he left California in March, 1847, dodged some Indians and Mexicans and fought others, reached Washington in June, and shortly afterward, as bearer of a message, he crossed the continent westward, and arrived at Monterey in October. Appointed Indian agent in New Mexico in 1853, he held that station to the end of his days, dealing out Solomonic justice in the feuds between red men and white, and red men and red. In an intermission he fought Confederates and Indians in the Civil War, in which he attained the rank of brigadier-general. At his death at Fort Lyon, Colorado, in 1868, there departed as heroic, and also as modest, a spirit as the American frontier had seen.

By an odd coincidence the Indian fighting on the Santa Fé trail began just after Kit Carson's arrival. In 1828 Samuel C. McNees and Daniel Munroe, while asleep on the bank of a stream, which was afterward called McNees Creek, a branch of the Cimmaron, in southern Kansas, almost within sight of their comrades,

who were returning from Santa Fé, were killed by a party of Pawnees. Many traders had had horses, mules, and other property stolen from them by Indians, but so far as is known, these were the first murders committed by red men on the trail.

The comrades of the dead men, meeting a band of innocent Indians a day or two later, killed all except one, who escaped to his band, which retaliated by attacking the culprits. These escaped with their lives, but they lost all the proceeds of their trip to Santa Fé, including one thousand horses and mules. A few days afterward the same Indians fired on a party of twenty-five whites, who were returning from New Mexico but who had had no hand in the crime committed by the friends of McNees and Munroe. One of them, Captain John Means, was killed, and the horses and mules belonging to the rest were stolen. The other men, after "caching" their money, managed to escape.

Thus began the vendettas which, for the next forty years, etched in red the entire trail of prairie, desert, and mountain pass, from the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas to the Rio Mora. Through Senator Benton of Missouri, the traders induced the government to furnish escorts for them; and in 1829, from the newly established Fort Leavenworth, Major Bennett Riley, for whom the present Fort Riley in Kansas is named, with four companies of infantry, convoyed a caravan commanded by Charles Bent. Riley stopped at the Arkansas, the national boundary, but Bent was attacked by Comanches just south of that stream, and Riley was compelled to go to the rescue. Several times afterward also the government furnished aid of this sort. In general, however, the traders were compelled to rely on themselves, and this necessity forced them to go in large parties, and well armed.

For several reasons 1831 is memorable in the annals of the trail. The principal outfitting point had by that time been shifted to Independence. That year saw the largest and best equipped expedition which had yet appeared in the trade. One of its members was Josiah Gregg, who remained on the trail for many years; his book, *The Commerce of the Prairies*, published in 1844, gives by far the best account of that traffic ever furnished by any participant in it. His description of his first trip is remarkably vivid.

IV

Bustling, swaggering little Independence saw, on May 15, 1831, as gay and stirring a scene as the frontier had ever beheld. Straggling for miles over the daisy-dotted and butterfly-bespangled prairie, all headed southwesterly, were dozens of wagons, — the conestoga, canvas-top, "prairie-schooner" variety, so familiar on the frontier until the frontier vanished, — heavily loaded with calicoes, ginghams, velvets, cotton goods, cutlery, firearms, and other light articles, each drawn by four or five pairs of oxen, or in some cases by mules, with scores of men, some on horseback, others on foot driving the wagons, and a few in dearborns and other small vehicles. With the party were some ladies belonging to a Spanish family who had been driven out of Mexico two years earlier by the authorities, but who, the ban against them having been raised, were now returning home. The air rang with the jingling of bells, the clattering of ox-yokes, the pistol-like cracking of the long swinging lashes of the whips of the drivers, the vociferous leave-takings of relatives or acquaintances at the outskirts of the town, and the singing and the shouting of the muleteers and camp-followers in anticipation of the adventures and the delights of the eight hundred miles of journey which were ahead of them. The armament, consisting of rifles, yagers, fowling-pieces, pistols, and all the other weapons then extant, was as miscellaneous as the dispositions and the costumes of the members of the expedition.

The rendezvous of the caravan was at Council Grove, one hundred and fifty miles southwest of Independence, in the present Morris County, Kansas, on the banks of the Neosho, one of the tributaries of the Arkansas. This point was reached on May 26. Council Grove was so named because the commission appointed by the United States government in 1825 to mark out a course to Santa Fé (which, by the way, the traders refused to follow, because it was too circuitous) met the Osages in council there, and induced them to agree to let all Americans and Mexicans who were engaged in this traffic pass through their territory unmolested. For many years all the detached parties of traders met there, chose officers and adopted military usages and discipline, so as to be able to combat the perils which were just ahead of them. No village was there. In those days there was not a habitation of white or red men on the trail between Independence and Las Vegas, within fifty miles of Santa Fé.

On this occasion "a gentleman by the name of Stanley, without seeking or ever desiring the office, was unanimously proclaimed captain of the caravan." So Gregg, the Xenophon of this Anabasis, relates. And the story of this "journey to the interior" registers the experience of scores of expeditions through all the years of the trail.

"Catch up! Catch up!"

This command by Captain Stanley and his aides, on May 27, aroused a hallooing of wagoners, and a hurried hitching of oxen and mules.

"All's set." "All's set," was the response from every direction.

"Stretch out."

Chaos slowly wriggled itself into two files, each about a mile long and two hundred feet apart, to be shortened and broadened into four files when approaching the danger-point at Pawnee Rock a few days later; and the caravan of two hundred men, two six-pounder cannons and one hundred wagons, carrying two hundred thousand dollars of merchandise, and preceded by half a dozen horsemen, the largest outfit which had yet appeared on the trail, swung away from Council Grove, and headed for New Mexico's capital, six hundred and fifty miles distant.

Gregg, middle-aged, refined, and an invalid, quickly found, as did all the others in the train to whom the experience was new, that the prairie's sunshine, its ozone-laden winds, and its wild, free life, had reversed the cycle of the years. Before they reached Cottonwood Creek, a branch of the Neosho, two days out from Council Grove, he left his carriage, mounted his horse in youthful glee, joined with the others in helping to pull the wagons out of quagmires, took his turn promptly and cheerfully in mounting guard at night, ate the buffalo meat and the coarse food with a relish which dainties could not have excited before he left Independence, slept on boxes under the wagons in rainstorms, and on clear nights lay down upon prairie or desert with nothing but his mackinaw blanket between him and Vega and Arcturus.

After passing Cottonwood Creek, and near the present Emporia, a wild dash was made at a buffalo herd by nearly everybody in the caravan. Several fat cows were killed, the meat from which was dried in the sun, and the odor from which, in cooking, brought a coyote serenade round the camp. Close to the Pawnee, a branch of the Arkansas, the sight of embers of recent fires, the bones of buffalo meat cooked upon them, old moccasins, and other Indian "sign," brought the command from Stanley which threw the train from the two-file into the four-file formation, hoppled the horses, mules, and oxen inside the wagon corral at night, and increased the number and vigilance of the camp guard.

"Fill the water-kegs."

The Ford of the Arkansas, twenty-five miles west of the present Dodge City, in

southwestern Kansas, had been crossed on June 14, and the Cimmaron desert, a barren prairie with a succession of low sandhills and beds of dry streams stretching to the North Fork of the Cimmaron, sixty miles away, was now to be traversed.

"Catch up."

The caravan was off again. Neglect to take a sufficient supply of water in crossing the desert was at that moment bringing fatal consequences to a party a few days in advance of Stanley and Gregg, headed by Jedediah S. Smith, David E. Jackson, and William L. Sublette, mighty hunters all of them of the northwestern prairies and mountains, but all of them new to the southwestern trade. After they had lost their way and had exhausted the contents of their kegs and canteens, Smith started in search of water, with the hope of rescuing his comrades. Lured by a mirage to a branch of the Cimmaron, which he found to be dry, he was scooping a hole in the sand in its bed in an attempt to get water, when he was pierced by a score of arrows from a band of Comanches who had crept up behind him. The news of his death, which was one of the most notable of the tragedies of the trail, did not reach his associates until several weeks later. In the mean time, after terrible sufferings, and with further loss of life, they extricated themselves, and at last reached Santa Fé.

On the desert, Gregg's expedition met eighty well-mounted Sioux on a piratical tour; but the Indians, finding this particular outfit too strong to be attacked and too vigilant to be stolen from, told them, by signs, that great numbers of other Indians were just ahead. Next day, June 19, as the caravan was entering the Cimmaron valley, large bands of mounted Blackfeet and Gros Ventres, with a sprinkling of Comanches and Arapahoes, suddenly dashed out from the shallow ravines in the front and on the flank, and, with wild yells, swept down upon it. Instantly the wagons were thrown into a square, with the animals and men on the inside, the cannon were swung into position, and the men were at their posts ready to fire. The Indians galloped back, but immediately pressed forward again, though in less hostile array. Then the calumet was produced by one of the chiefs, a peace-talk was had, by signs, and the warriors gradually and sullenly retired, joining the squaws, who swarmed in great numbers across the hills, and soon the valley was dotted with five hundred lodges, containing four thousand persons, over one thousand of whom were warriors. To these Indians probably belonged the band which had killed Smith a few days before. Though the presence of the squaws and papooses showed that, primarily, this was not a war-party, its great strength made it dangerous, and the whites put on double guards at night, and attempted, by rising before the sun, to escape. For two or three days the Indians hung round them as they traveled, the squaws and children begging and stealing little articles, and the warriors making away with a few stray horses and inciting many day and night alarms of threatened attack. At last the red men made it known that a peace pact is never binding until it is ratified by presents, whereupon the traders handed over a few blankets, knives, and trinkets, and their tormentors vanished.

Toiling on into New Mexico, crossing the Rio Mora, the Rio Gallinas, and other streams, past Wagon Mound, Las Vegas, San Miguel, and other places through which the traveler on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé dashes in 1909; greeted at San Miguel by lance-bearing cibeleros (buffalo-hunters), and convoyed for the last few miles by a company of Mexican soldiers and some customs officers, to prevent smuggling, the caravan, skirting the base of the mountains, ascended to a tableland, and saw, in the valley to the northwest, a collection of low, unburned brick houses strewn on both sides of a small stream which

flowed into the Rio Grande, twenty miles away. This was the point toward which they had journeyed for ten weeks. This was Santa Fé.

"Los Americanos." — "Los Carros." — "La entrada de la caravana."

The outfit had been discovered as it descended the declivity, and men, women, and children rushed out and gave it a clamorous welcome. Down along the narrow, crooked streets, which appeared to lead anywhere or nowhere, through crowds of shouting men and boys, and women waving hands and scarfs, the caravan strode, with bells jingling, the horses and horsemen in the advance holding their heads high, the strutting and halloing drivers, with new "crackers" on their lashes, swinging their whips ostentatiously, into the *plaza publica*, and onward to the palace and custom-house, where the tariff on the goods was assessed and collected.

Any one who has seen the hilarious welcome which a circus gets on entering a country town may form at least a faint conception of the wild delight which the members of the caravans, their months of hardship and peril ended, exhibited when filing into Santa Fé, and of the enthusiastic greeting extended to them by the people of that place, particularly the women.

Now, for the owners of the merchandise, came sale, exchange, barter. For their attachés and the camp-followers came days and nights at fandangoes, with drinking, gambling, wild carousal, and barbaric abandon. Then came the leave-taking and the long, perilous journey homeward.

With sharp fluctuations, the trade over the trail increased till 1843, when it amounted to four hundred and fifty thousand dollars with Santa Fé, and three hundred thousand dollars with other points in the territory. That was the end of the traffic until after the expulsion of Mexico in 1846, for President Santa Anna, foreseeing the war with the United States which was just ahead, and foreseeing also that the Americans were making social conquests in New Mexico, closed all the ports to them.

V

Along the trail in the summer of 1846 the "réveillé" and "boots and saddles" sounded. War between the United States and Mexico had begun. Down that thoroughfare, from the mustering point at Fort Leavenworth, went Sumner's dragoons of the regular army, Doniphan's regiment of Missouri mounted volunteers, Clark's artillery, and Aubery's infantry. It was the army of the West, under General Stephen W. Kearny. Down by way of Pawnee Rock, Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, and the Spanish Peaks, through the Raton Pass, over the divide which separates the waters of the Purgatoire, the Cimmaron, and the Rio Colorado, past the Rio Mora and San Miguel, along the paths blazed many years earlier by the traders, the column marched; and it entered Santa Fé on August 16. Immediately the stars and stripes were raised over the palace, from which Governor Don Manuel Armijo, commanding three thousand Mexican troops, had just fled: the palace, from which, for centuries, Spain gave the law to that part of America; the palace to which Pike was summoned in 1807 by General Allencaster.

"New Mexicans! We have come among you to take possession of New Mexico, which we do in the name of the government of the United States. . . . We have come as friends, to better your condition, and to make you a part of the American republic. . . . Armijo is no longer your governor. His power is departed. You are no longer Mexican subjects, but have become American citizens, subject to the laws of the United States."

The voice was Kearny's, but the deed was merely the completion and ratification of the work begun by Becknell, Fowler, Bent, St. Vrain, Marmaduke, Gregg, Kit Carson, and their associate

traders long before President Polk dispatched General Zachary Taylor, in the early months of 1846, through the disputed territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande.

Annexation, which was proclaimed by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of February 2, 1848, brought practically all of the present New Mexico and Arizona, the southwestern sections of Kansas and Colorado, and all of California, Nevada, and Utah, under the American flag, and immediately and rapidly extended and diversified the activities of the trail. With the custom-house embargo lifted at Santa Fé, the commerce with that region quickly expanded to figures never closely approached in the days of Mexico's ascendancy. In the later sixties and early seventies from five to eight million dollars in merchandise passed over the trail annually, for New Mexico and California.

In 1848 the mail and passenger stage-coach, the coach being made water-tight so that it could be transformed into a ferry boat in crossing streams, made its appearance, and was a familiar object on the trail till the end. Starting in 1849, eager parties of gold-seekers, on horses, mules, or in stage-coaches, began to surge down the trail to California, hurrying past the slow-moving ox-trains of the traders. By 1850 home-builders began to move into New Mexico, and some of them continued onward to Texas and California; and the stream of these immigrants along that national pike expanded in volume when, under the Douglas Act of 1854, Kansas, including Colorado, was separated from the "Indian country," and thrown open to settlement.

In the mean time life along the trail did not lose any of its old spice of peril. Pawnee, Comanche, Arapahoe, and Apache were more active and pervasive for many years after the Mexican War than they had been before, for the provocation and the temptation were larger. Moreover, a new and more versatile and persistent enemy had made his advent by 1849. This was the brigand, or road-agent, whose favorite object of ambuscade and attack was the returning trader and argonaut.

Nevertheless, despite the dangers which remained with it to the end, some of the old-time attraction of the trail was lacking. The element of the alien, the mysterious, and the unknown, had vanished. Possession, familiarity, and the advent of American settlers along its line and at its western terminus, few and far apart as these were previous to 1860, robbed it of much of the charm which it had when Becknell, Gregg, and Kit Carson first saw it. Never again could the trail have the color, the contrast, and the romance which surrounded it in the days before the Gringo came.

And now enters a factor which eventually abolished the trail and its red, white, and yellow raiders. This is the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway. Pushing onward through Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico, with the eastern terminus of the caravans retreating before it, and making a stand, successively, at Hays City, Kit Carson, La Junta, El Moro, and Las Vegas, that railroad reached Las Vegas in 1879, while, by a branch line from Lamy, the locomotive dashed into Santa Fé on February 9, 1880, and the career of the trail had ended.

In the Kansas counties of Ford, Gray, Haskell, and Grant, comprising part of the Cimmaron desert of the old days, — the desert upon whose horizon the mirage painted its fantastic pictures of forest, oasis, and river, — deep ruts made by the wagon wheels of the traders may still, in some places, be traced for distances of many miles. And as the passenger on the Atchison railway in 1909 — the passenger with an imagination, who is also familiar with the story of the trail — hears the stations Big Bend, La Junta, El Moro, Raton, Wagon Mound, and others called out by the conductors, he will, in fancy, see before him a vast procession of great figures, stretching from St. Vrain, Chouteau, and Pike, back to Coronado.

THE WORKER IN SANDAL-WOOD

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

I LIKE to think of this as a true story, but you who read may please yourselves, siding either with the curé, who says Hyacinthe dreamed it all, and did the carving himself in his sleep, or with Madame. I am sure that Hyacinthe thinks it true, and so does Madame, but then she has the cabinet, with the little birds and the lilies carved at the corners. Monsieur le curé shrugs his patient shoulders; but then he is tainted with the infidelities of cities, good man, having been three times to Montreal, and once in an electric car to Sainte Anne. He and Madame still talk it over whenever they meet, though it happened so many years ago, and each leaves the other forever unconvinced. Meanwhile the dust gathers in the infinite fine lines of the little birds' feathers, and softens the lily stamens where Madame's duster may not go; and the wood, aging, takes on a golden gleam as of immemorial sunsets: that pale red wood, heavy with the scent of the ancient East, the wood that Hyacinthe loved.

It was the only wood of that kind which had ever been seen in Terminaison. Pierre L'Oreillard brought it into the workshop one morning, a small heavy bundle wrapped in sacking, and then in burlap, and then in fine soft cloths. He laid it on a pile of shavings, and unwrapped it carefully; and a dim sweetness filled the dark shed and hung heavily in the thin winter sunbeams.

Pierre L'Oreillard rubbed the wood respectfully with his knobby fingers. "It is sandal-wood," he explained to Hyacinthe, pride of knowledge making him expansive, "a most precious wood that grows in warm countries, thou great goblin. Smell it, *imbécile*. It is sweeter than cedar. It is to make a cabinet for the old Madame at the big house. Thy great hands shall smooth the wood, *nigaud*, and I, I, Pierre the cabinet-maker, shall render it beautiful." Then he went out, locking the door behind him.

When he was gone Hyacinthe laid down his plane, blew on his stiff fingers, and shambled slowly over to the wood. He was a great clumsy boy of fourteen, dark-faced, very slow of speech, dull-eyed, and uncared for. He was clumsy because it is impossible to move gracefully when you are growing very big and fast on quite insufficient food; he was dull-eyed because all eyes met his unlovingly; uncared for, because none knew the beauty of his soul. But his heavy young hands could carve simple things like flowers and birds and beasts, to perfection, as the curé pointed out. Simon has a tobacco-jar, carved with pine-cones and squirrels, and the curé has a pipe whose bowl is the bloom of a moccasin-flower, that I have seen. But it is all very long ago. And facts, in those lonely villages, easily become transfigured, touched upon their gray with a golden gleam.

"Thy hands shall smooth the wood, *nigaud*, and I shall render it beautiful," said Pierre L'Oreillard, and went off to drink brandy at the Cinq Chateaux.

Hyacinthe knew that the making of the cabinet would fall to him, as most of the other work did. He also touched the strange sweet wood, and at last laid his cheek against it, while the fragrance caught his breath. "How it is beautiful!" said Hyacinthe, and for a moment his eyes glowed and he was happy. Then the light passed, and with bent head he shuffled back to his bench through a foam of white shavings curling almost to his knees.

"Madame perhaps will want the cabinet next week, for that is Christmas," said Hyacinthe, and fell to work harder than ever, though it was so cold in the shed that his breath hung like a little silver cloud and the steel stung his hands. There was a tiny window to his right, through which, when it was clear of frost, one looked on Terminaison; and that was cheerful and made one whistle. But to the left, through the chink of the ill-fitting door, there was nothing but the forest, and the road dying away in it, and the trees moving heavily under the snow. Yet from there came all Hyacinthe's dumb dreams and slow reluctant fancies, which he sometimes found himself able to tell, — in wood, not in words.

Brandy was good at the Cinq Chateaux, and Pierre L'Oreillard gave Hyacinthe plenty of directions, but no further help with the cabinet.

"That is to be finished for Madame on the festival, *gros escargot*," said he, cuffing Hyacinthe's ears furiously; "finished, and with a prettiness about the corners, hearest thou, *ourson?* I suffer from a delicacy of the constitution and a little feebleness in the legs on these days, so that I cannot handle the tools. I must leave this work to thee, *gâcheur*. See it is done properly. And stand up and touch a hand to thy cap when I address thee, *orvet*, great slow-worm."

"Yes, monsieur," said Hyacinthe wearily.

It is hard, when you do all the work, to be cuffed into the bargain; and fourteen is not very old. He went to work on the cabinet with slow, exquisite skill; but on the eve of Noël he was still at work, and the cabinet unfinished. It meant a thrashing from Pierre if the morrow came and found it still unfinished, and Pierre's thrashings were cruel. But it was growing into a thing of perfection under his slow hands, and Hyacinthe would not hurry over it.

"Then work on it all night, and show it to me all completed in the morning, or thy bones shall mourn thine idleness," said Pierre with a flicker of his little eyes. And he shut Hyacinthe into the workshop with a smoky lamp, his tools, and the sandal-wood cabinet.

It was nothing unusual. The boy had often been left before to finish a piece of work overnight while Pierre went off to his brandies. But this was Christmas Eve, and he was very tired. The cold crept into the shed, until even the scent of the sandal-wood could not make him dream himself warm, and the roof cracked sullenly in the frost. There came upon Hyacinthe one of those awful, hopeless despairs that children know. It seemed to be a living presence that caught up his soul and crushed it in black hands. "In all the world, nothing!" said he, staring at the dull flame; "no place, no heart, no love! O kind God, is there a place, a love for me in another world?"

I cannot endure to think of Hyacinthe, poor lad, shut up despairing in the work-shop with his loneliness, his cold, and his hunger, on the eve of Christmas. He was but an overgrown, unhappy child. And for unhappy children no aid, at this season, seems too divine for faith. So Madame says, and she is very old and very wise. Hyacinthe even looked at the chisel in his hand, and thought that by a touch of that he might lose it all, all, and be at peace, somewhere not far from God; only it was forbidden. Then came the tears, and great sobs that sickened and deafened him, so that he scarcely heard the gentle rattling of the latch.

At least, I suppose it came then, but it may have been later. The story is all so vague here, so confused with fancies that have spoiled the first simplicity. I think that Hyacinthe must have gone to the door, opening it upon the still woods and the frosty stars. And that the lad who stood outside in the snow must have said, "I see you are working late, comrade. May I come in?" or something like it.

Hyacinthe brushed his ragged sleeve across his eyes, and opened the door wider with a little nod to the other to enter. Those little lonely villages strung

along the great river see strange wayfarers adrift inland from the sea. Hyacinthe said to himself that surely here was such a one.

Afterwards he told the curé that for a moment he had been bewildered. Dully blinking into the stranger's eyes, he lost for a flash the first impression of youth, and received one of some incredible age or sadness. But this also passed, and he knew that the wanderer's eyes were only quiet, very quiet, like the little pools in the wood where the wild does went to drink. As he turned within the door, smiling at Hyacinthe and shaking some snow from his fur cap, he did not seem more than sixteen or so.

"It is very cold outside," he said; "there is a big oak tree on the edge of the fields that has split in the frost and frightened all the little squirrels asleep there. Next year it will make an even better home for them. And see what I found close by!" He opened his fingers, and showed Hyacinthe a little sparrow lying unruffled in the palm.

"*Pauvrette!*" said the dull Hyacinthe. "*Pauvrette!* Is it then dead?" He touched it with a gentle forefinger.

"No," answered the strange boy, "it is not dead. We will put it here among the shavings, not far from the lamp, and it will be well by morning."

He smiled at Hyacinthe again, and the shambling lad felt dimly as if the scent of the sandal-wood had deepened, and the lamp flame burned clearer. But the stranger's eyes were only quiet, quiet.

"Have you come far?" asked Hyacinthe. "It is a bad season for traveling, and the wolves are out in the woods."

"A long way," said the other; "a long, long way. I heard a child cry — "

"There is no child here," answered Hyacinthe, shaking his head. "Monsieur L'Oreillard is not fond of children, he says they cost too much money. But if you have come far, you must be cold and hungry, and I have no food nor fire. At the Cinq Chateaux you will find both."

The stranger looked at him again with those quiet eyes, and Hyacinthe fancied his face was familiar. "I will stay here," he said. "You are very late at work and you are unhappy."

"Why, as to that," answered Hyacinthe, rubbing again at his cheeks and ashamed of his tears, "most of us are sad at one time or another, the good God knows. Stay here and welcome if it pleases you; and you may take a share of my bed, though it is no more than a pile of balsam boughs and an old blanket in the loft. But I must work at this cabinet, for the drawer must be finished and the handles put on and these corners carved, all by the holy morning; or my wages will be paid with a stick."

"You have a hard master," put in the other boy, "if he would pay you with blows upon the feast of Noël."

"He is hard enough," said Hyacinthe; "but once he gave me a dinner of sausages and white wine, and once, in the summer, melons. If my eyes will stay open, I will finish this by morning, but indeed I am sleepy. Stay with me an hour or so, comrade, and talk to me of your wanderings, so that the time may pass more quickly."

"I will tell you of the country where I was a child," answered the stranger.

And while Hyacinthe worked, he told — of sunshine and dust, of the shadow of vine-leaves on the flat white walls of a house; of rosy doves on the flat roof; of the flowers that come out in the spring, crimson and blue, and the white cyclamen in the shadow of the rocks; of the olive, the myrtle and almond; until Hyacinthe's slow fingers ceased working, and his sleepy eyes blinked wonderingly.

"See what you have done, comrade," he said at last; "you have told of such pretty things that I have done no work for an hour. And now the cabinet will never be finished, and I shall be beaten."

"Let me help you," smiled the other; "I also was bred a carpenter."

At first Hyacinthe would not, fearing to trust the sweet wood out of his own hands. But at length he allowed the stranger

to fit in one of the little drawers. And so deftly was the work done that Hyacinthe pounded his fists on the bench in admiration. "You have a pretty knack," he cried; "it seemed as if you did but hold the drawer in your hands a moment, and hey! ho! it jumped into its place!"

"Let me fit in the other little drawers, while you go and rest a while," said the wanderer. So Hyacinthe curled up among the shavings, and the stranger fell to work upon the little cabinet of sandal-wood.

Here begins what the curé will have it is a dream within a dream. Sweetest of dreams that was ever dreamed, if that is so. Sometimes I am forced to think with him, but again I see as clearly as with old Madame's eyes that have not seen the earthly light for twenty years, and with her and Hyacinthe I say "Credo."

Hyacinthe said that he lay among the shavings in the sweetness of the sandal-wood, and was very tired. He thought of the country where the stranger had been a boy, of the flowers on the hills, of the laughing leaves of aspen and poplar, of the golden-flowering anise, and the golden sun upon the dusty roads, until he was warm. All the time through these pictures, as through a painted veil, he was aware of that other boy with the quiet eyes, at work upon the cabinet, smoothing, fitting, polishing. "He does better work than I," thought Hyacinthe; but he was not jealous. And again he thought, "It is growing towards morning. In a little while I will get up and help him." But he did not, for the dream of warmth and the smell of the sandal-wood held him in a sweet drowse. Also he said that he thought the stranger was singing as he worked, for there seemed to be a sense of some music in the shed, though he could not tell whether it came from the other boy's lips, or from the shabby old tools as he used them, or from the stars. "The stars are much paler," thought Hyacinthe, "and soon it will be morning, and the corners are not carved yet. I must get up and help this kind one in a little moment. Only I am so tired, and the music and the sweetness seem to wrap me and fold me close, so that I may not move."

He lay without moving, and behind the forest there shone a pale glow of some indescribable color that was neither green nor blue, while in Terminaison the church bells began to ring. "Day will soon be here," thought Hyacinthe, immovable in that deep dream of his, "and with day will come Monsieur L'Oreillard and his stick. I must get up and help, for even yet the corners are not carved."

But he did not get up. Instead, he saw the stranger look at him again, smiling as if he loved him, and lay his brown finger lightly upon the four empty corners of the cabinet. And Hyacinthe saw the little squares of reddish wood ripple and heave and break, as little clouds when the wind goes through the sky. And out of them thrust forth the little birds, and after them the lilies, for a moment living, but even while Hyacinthe looked growing hard and reddish-brown and settling back into the sweet wood. Then the stranger smiled again, and laid all the tools neatly in order, and, opening the door quietly, went away into the woods.

Hyacinthe lay still among the shavings for a long time, and then he crept slowly to the door. The sun, not yet risen, sent his first beams upon the delicate mist of frost afloat beneath the trees, and so all the world was aflame with splendid gold. Far away down the road a dim figure seemed to move amid the glory, but the glow and the splendor were such that Hyacinthe was blinded. His breath came sharply as the glow beat in great waves on the wretched shed, on the foam of shavings, on the cabinet with the little birds and the lilies carved at the corners.

He was too pure of heart to feel afraid. But, "Blessed be the Lord," whispered Hyacinthe, clasping his slow hands, "for He hath visited and redeemed his people. But who will believe?"

Then the sun of Christ's day rose gloriously, and the little sparrow came from his nest among the shavings and shook his wings to the light.

A PARLIAMENT FOR CHINA

BY PAUL S. REINSCH

THOUGH history repeats itself, it does so only in the great outlines of events. There is no iteration of concrete facts, and as the pageant of history passes, we behold an unending variety of incident. Thus, while the events which have happened in the political world of China during the last three years may be expressed in the general form of ideas with which we are abundantly familiar, such as political agitation and constitutional reform, the actual facts of the situation in China in detail are unprecedented. They constitute an entirely novel eventuality in the history of the world.

The change which China is undergoing at present may be expressed by saying that Chinese society is becoming political. Hitherto it has lived from generation to generation by custom, with no consciousness of political aims or purposes; nor has the government itself been influenced in its action by definite policies. Secure in its authority, it has selected its servants on the basis of examination tests, reinforced by such favor as promising candidates might be able to obtain through *douceurs* of various kinds. Now, all of a sudden, the political impulse is strongly awakening in the breast of the Chinese people. They see before them the nations which are consciously guiding their policy from the point of view of national life and national interests. It will no longer do to drift, to let customs take care of themselves, to deal with foreign nations from day to day in compromises, which never go to the root of a policy, but simply gloss over the difficulties of the moment. The intellectual and responsible among the Chinese people are feeling a deep need for a conscious expression of national policy, and for the use of careful reason and long-headed foresight, as well as calm firmness, in the management of their national affairs.

The impulse came from without. Chinese self-complacency suffered a rude shock in the Japanese War of 1894. On account of the lack of centralization and of a common patriotism, this shock would probably have remained without a deep influence upon Chinese life had it not been followed by other and more serious catastrophes. It was, however, the signal for inroads upon China by all sorts of political and economic influences from without. The division of China impended. The masses of the people, at first vaguely restless, were soon deeply moved by fears and passions akin to panic, unrestrained, yes, even assisted, by high officials who were themselves not clear in their political aims. So they rushed headlong into new trouble by attacking the foreigners and their legations. Again China was to receive a poignant impression of her own weakness. This warning was accentuated when Russia made herself at home in Manchuria, and refused to listen to Chinese demands. The militant and political genius of Japan evinced itself; by contrast with Japanese victories and diplomatic successes, the Chinese at last came to perceive the depth of inefficiency to which their national life had sunk. Most touchingly this feeling expressed itself in the formation of "national humiliation societies." Hundreds of thousands became members, and women gave up the wearing of rings, with the exception of one upon which were engraved the words "national humiliation." Thus was China shocked into a feeling of her own weakness, and of the

dangers that beset her on account of the absence of a strong national political spirit.

The question was how to escape from this humiliating condition. That some change was necessary was recognized even by the most conservative, but the remedies suggested went all the way to the revolutionary proposal of the establishment of a republic. The government was fully impressed with the seriousness of the situation. It tried to find its path to a policy of national reform. It abolished the artificial system of education under which the officials of China had hitherto been trained, established public schools, and provided for instruction in science, law, history, and politics. It sent study-commissions to foreign countries to gather accurate information suitable to Chinese conditions, from all the countries of the world. The reports of these embassies were published in large editions, and were eagerly read by the educated throughout China, forming a basis for political information.

The task of reform before the government was, indeed, an appalling one. To transform the easy-going system of administration, under which the Empire had lived for centuries in time of peace and in the absence of all foreign competition, into a centralized, modern engine of national action, is in itself an undertaking that calls for the greatest originality and statesmanship. But the educated people of China were not satisfied to have the government concern itself with the administration alone. They instinctively centred all their demands about the cry for a national parliament. How could the nation be one before there had been created an organ to express its national public opinion? It was argued that, as all efficient countries are provided with parliaments, as Japan had strengthened herself by creating such an institution, the establishment of a national assembly must be the first step of actual reform. Thus reasoned reformers of all degrees of radicalism.

The government recognized the justice of these demands. It understood that in the great movement for public efficiency which it had undertaken, it ought to be able to count upon the coöperation of the Chinese people and of the natural leaders of Chinese society. What better institution could be conceived for gathering up all this powerful social support than a deliberative assembly? But the government was as yet by no means decided as to the character and form which should be given to this institution. By the highly important decree of September 1, 1906, it, however, put itself on record as favoring a constitution and the participation of the people in matters of government.

The last three years have been full of nervous action and reaction. Attempts to arrive at clear ideas with respect to great questions of policy have been interrupted again and again by personal controversy, court intrigues, and the panicky fear of revolutionary movements. The forces which the government has to deal with are complex in the extreme. The imperial clan itself, being non-Chinese, must avoid the appearance of following a mere family or clan policy. The privileged position occupied by Manchu officials had long been irksome to the influential Chinese. The mitigation of these jealousies, the unification of these two elements in the official world, or at all events the adjustment of their mutual claims, was therefore one of the first problems to be faced. The Empress Dowager always had reason to fear that the great national renaissance in China might take an anti-dynastic direction. The efforts of high Manchu officials to avoid such a result led them, in 1900, to make common cause with the Boxers. From the point of view of the imperial house, it is a most serious question how far the nationalist enthusiasm and tendencies can be harmonized with continuance of Manchu domination. That the true solution lies in the absorption of the Manchus by the mass of the

Chinese people, and in the suppression of artificial privileges, is recognized by the government, many of whose recent measures have been based upon such a policy.

The government, acting through its high Chinese and Manchu officials, has to deal, further, with all the interests, desires, and tendencies among the four hundred million people of the eighteen provinces and of the dependencies. That the desire for a unified national life and for an effective expression thereof has become so strong that resistance to it would invite revolution, is fully recognized; but, as elsewhere, the people is composed of many elements, discordant and confused in their aims and ideas. The masses of the people, the peasants, tradesmen, and coolie laborers, have not as yet come into political consciousness. They are simple-minded, easily guided this way or that by their leaders, but also apt to run into sudden frenzies of anger or panic, which, when once unloosened, have all the force of an earthquake or typhoon. The intellectual class, on the other hand, composed of men of education and of commercial and industrial importance, is, as that class usually has been, desirous of placing the institutions of the country upon a basis less broad than that of a pure democracy. Only the most radical reformers clamor for universal suffrage. The middle class is merely demanding parliamentary institutions through which the intellect of the nation may manifest itself in politics. On account of the constitution of Chinese society, the influence of these men on their own neighborhoods is greater even than that of the middle class in other countries. It is they who do the political thinking, and whose ideas are willingly followed and supported by the less educated. If the government could appeal directly to the masses of the people, it might ignore the middle class; but it seems impossible to organize the Chinese state on an efficient basis, to concentrate all the vast human energy which it contains, without taking into account the desires of these natural leaders in the various communities.

The government has definitely embarked upon the policy of parliamentary institutions. Foreign as this conception is to the inherent character of Oriental authority, the exigencies of political life have prevailed, and the great counselors of the empire have placed the institution of a parliament among the leading reforms which are to give China a new vitality. By imperial edict in September, 1907, it was decreed that the constitutional government of the state should rest upon the principle of mutual counsel. Two houses of Parliament are held the necessary foundation of government; and, though the time is not yet ripe for the creation of both, as a basis for the future institution the decree established a council of government to be known as *Chih Cheng Yuan*, or the Department of Constitutional Study and Investigation. The Manchu prince, Pulun, and a high Chinese official, were appointed respectively president and vice-president. Other members were from time to time appointed by the throne. This department, in the beginning, is to be concerned with the work of investigating foreign institutions, and the conditions and needs in the provincial and national life of China. On the basis of its findings, it is to make suggestions to the throne with respect to fundamental laws which it may deem advisable to have promulgated. Its character at the present time combines, therefore, the functions of a commission of inquiry, and those of a legislative body. It is intended that gradually this body shall grow into what will be the upper house of the Chinese national parliament.

The majority of the present members of the council consist of high Chinese officials, whom the government has long known and trusted. But in the spring of 1908, an appointment was made which indicated the desire of the government to have a representation also of the more

advanced views among the reformers. The appointment was that of Yang Tau, a man who had lived abroad as a student, and a follower of Kang Yeu Wei, the original reform leader of China. While loyal to the dynasty, he represents most advanced views on institutional reform. His firm attitude in political matters was preserved by him in his official position. Shortly after his appointment, he delivered an address of five hours before the council, in which he discussed twenty measures of constitutional legislation which had been suggested. In his peroration, he declared that he had come up to the capital not for office nor for honor, but for the settlement of this life-and-death question for China. If he could not assist the government in forming the assembly, he would rather leave and help the people in various provinces to obtain it, regardless of whatever danger he might himself incur. He is firm in his unqualified belief that the assembly is the condition of all other reforms. In May, 1908, a vote was taken in the council as to how soon a constitution should be granted. Yang Tau and three others voted for the shortest period — two years. Seven counselors favored a period of five years, eight a period of seven years, twelve a period of ten years, and one believed it wise to defer the grant of parliamentary institutions for twenty years. It is interesting to note that the members who voted for the shortest period had been educated according to the old school, or in Japanese institutions, while those who had an American or a European education generally voted for a longer term, in most cases that of ten years.

As was to be foreseen, the government sided with the more conservative view, and in its edict of August 27, 1908, it decreed that during the next nine years reforms should be undertaken step by step which would prepare for the granting of a constitution by the year 1917. The edict proceeds: " The Constitutional Laws will then be definitely decided upon by us, and the date for the opening of the parliament will also be announced by that time." A detailed scheme for the reforms referred to in the decree had been worked out by the Council of Constitutional Study, and was promulgated at the same time. It indicates, with considerable definiteness, the parts of the reform which are to be accomplished every year. Thus the work is to begin, in the current year, with the promulgation of regulations concerning the local self-government in cities, towns, and districts, and of regulations for a census; the Ministry of Finance is to reform methods of taxation and accounting; citizens' readers on government are to be published; codes of civil, commercial, and criminal law are to be edited.

The work of administrative reform is to go on gradually, until, during the last of the nine years, there are to be promulgated the Constitution itself, the laws of the imperial household, and the rules and regulations of the parliament and of elections. There is likewise to be created a special council of imperial advisers, probably suggested by the Japanese Privy Council (composed of the *Genro*), and a national budget is to be prepared. It is therefore to be expected that when parliament comes into being, the new administrative machinery will already be in running order, and the government will have the political situation well in hand. In the preparation of the various measures of reform, the administrative departments are to coöperate with the Council of Constitutional Study. The latter body thus becomes the central organ for a great amount of legislative activity of a constitutive character. When the parliament at last assembles, most of the important questions of organization will already have been settled. Throughout the preparatory era, special attention is to be given to public education, to the end that, by 1917, one-half of the male population of China shall be able to read and write. The government has always insisted that representative institutions should not be granted before the people

had acquired sufficient knowledge to understand their nature and to use them properly. Education is evidently looked upon as a conservative, as well as enlightening, influence.

The decree of 1907 with respect to the Central Council of Constitutional Study was followed, within a month, by an edict establishing in the various provinces similar bodies, which were to deal with all proposals for provincial legislation. These bodies were to be appointed, by the provincial governors, from among the notables and heavy taxpayers of the provinces. It was also indicated that the members of the national council might be selected from these provincial bodies. The policy of this edict was reaffirmed and made more definite by an edict issued in July, 1908, which also introduced the elective principle. The decree runs in part as follows: "The consultative council is an institution in which public opinion will be ascertained, and from which the members of the central council may be recruited. Let our people point out clearly through the councils what are the evils that should be abolished in their respective provinces and what are the reforms that they desire. But let them also remember the duty which they owe to the court and to the country. Violent discussion should be prevented, lest the order and safety of society might be disturbed."

The plan worked out by the Council of Constitutional Study determines with considerable detail the qualifications which must be possessed by members of the provincial council — such as official and scholastic status, property, etc. The councils will be consultative merely, and will be largely under the influence of the provincial officials. The electorate is limited to those who possess the qualification of experience in public office, a high-school degree, or the ownership of property worth five thousand dollars silver. The first provincial elections took place in the spring of this year; they did not, of course, elicit so much popular interest as would have been shown in the case of national elections. But the very fact that the principle of elective representation has thus been introduced into Chinese political life in a quiet and orderly manner is of supreme importance.

In order to advance the cause of parliamentary institutions in China, there have been formed a number of political associations. Such are the Association for Preparing Constitutional Citizenship, the Association for the Study of the Constitution, the Constitutional Discussion Society, etc. The expression of public opinion in China has been facilitated through these associations. They started a movement as a result of which sixteen of the provinces sent representatives to Peking during the summer of 1908, for the purpose of presenting memorials to the throne favoring the establishment of a national parliament. These associations devote themselves to the discussion of public policies, both foreign and domestic. Political problems are considered, and proposals are worked out for legislative action. This activity is merely one of the indications of the aptitude of the Chinese people for public discussion. They have, indeed, in the past not been without training for this purpose; and in creating a national assembly and provincial councils, the government is not building in the air.

Though in theory the Chinese government is absolute, its representatives and agents have never been able to disregard the public opinion of the community in which they were working. It is practically impossible to impose any new tax without conciliating the opinion of the leading men of the neighborhood. Should any official neglect to put himself in touch with these forces, his decrees would be disregarded. The Chinese have always been accustomed to take communal action. Rather than pay a tax to which they had not consented, they would close their business houses and engage in a boycott or strike, until their grievances had been listened to, and the

matter in controversy had been adjusted in accordance with their own sense of equity. The Chinese people are grouped in various guilds and associations. The affairs of these bodies are managed by discussion in the meetings of the guild officials and members. The demand for a national assembly is therefore the natural outgrowth of a practice which is deeply ingrained in Chinese social life. The political associations which have been mentioned would readily grow into political groups and parties, were a parliament once established. It is of course a question how far party action could be made a valuable and potent political force in China. Bitter struggles may be expected before the true functions of political parties have been determined, and permanent groupings established. The experience of Japan teaches us how difficult it is to adapt party action to a system of highly centralized authority.

When the people of a Chinese neighborhood resist the imposition of a new tax until certain grievances have been adjusted, they are exercising the essential function of parliamentary government. The powers of the "Mother of Parliaments" grew up in this manner, and the financial functions of parliamentary assemblies are always the centre of their action. It is here that the whole question of Chinese parliamentarism hinges. In order to carry through the vast reforms planned in the administration, in the school system, in the construction of railways and roads, in the maintenance of a modern army and navy, the Chinese government needs money in quantities that increase in a geometrical progression. The burdens of a foreign debt imposed upon China in 1894 and 1900 must also be considered. Altogether it is plain that, even with effective fiscal reforms, the present sources of public income in China are inadequate. Compared with the taxes in such countries as Japan, India, or the Philippines, those levied in China are very moderate indeed. Sir Robert Hart expressed his belief that it need not cause any particular difficulty to increase the income of the Chinese government tenfold. But no matter how rapidly the Chinese people may be developing a strong and devoted patriotism, they will continue to resist as much as ever the arbitrary imposition of new taxes. In order to provide itself with the necessary funds, the Chinese government must reconcile the opinion of the nation to its policies. If this is to be done through the multitude of local officials distributed over the Empire, the results will be inadequate, and official action will be constantly embarrassed by great friction and outbreaks of violence. Altogether the simplest and safest method of dealing with the nation in this matter would be through a body of representatives. As the kings of England commanded the knights of the shires to come together for the purpose of adjusting taxation, so the Chinese government could well afford to command the provinces and prefectures to send their representatives, in order that mutual arrangements might be made for adequately supplying the ever-increasing financial needs of the empire.

The Chinese government is evidently determined to solve the problem of institutional change on the basis of the ascertained needs of China and in relation to the existing institutions of the empire. Among the constitutions of modern civilized states, that of Japan has most of suggestiveness for the Chinese legislators. The dignity and importance of the imperial office is there maintained. The Japanese parliament is given a great latitude of discussion and coöperation, but the real power of government is in the hands of the council of the elder statesmen. The parliament, indeed, has the sole right of authorizing new levies of taxation; but while at times the government has been seriously embarrassed by the lack of funds, in the long run it has been able to obtain a vast increase of taxation. With all the bickerings in the Japanese parliament, it has on the whole assisted

in binding the nation loyally to the government, and it has certainly brought about a stronger national feeling. But China differs from Japan in being a federal state. The Chinese provinces, vast nations in themselves, could never be reduced to the level of mere administrative circumscriptions, like the Japanese *fu*, or the French prefecture. In this matter, the constitutions of such countries as the United States, Germany, and India, have much to teach the Chinese. It is indeed one of the major problems in Chinese legislation to-day how to adjust the relations of the provinces to the strong central authority which is being created. So far very little headway has been made in working out a definite and clear system of the relations between the provinces and the central government. The constitution of Germany is much admired in China. What makes it attractive is the importance of the imperial office, as well as the fact that the federal relation is effectively elaborated, and that the popular element in the state is reconciled with the demands of a powerful central administration.

One of the special problems much discussed in China relates to the best basis upon which the representation in a national parliament may be founded. We have already seen that the introduction of universal suffrage is not contemplated at present. The government originally favored councils appointed from among representative men, somewhat in the manner in which the councils of the Indian government are made up. The idea of representation of interests has also been strongly put forward by Chinese publicists. The government ordered a special study to be made of the Austrian system, under which special representation in the *Reichsrath* is accorded to urban and rural communes, to industrial and commercial associations, and to universities. It is possible that some such plan may ultimately be adopted in working out the details of the Chinese constitution. This would take account of the communal feeling existing in such districts as the *fu* and *hsien*, as well as the associative relations of the guilds and of industrial companies. If the system is not directly founded on this basis, a similar result will probably be obtained by an adjustment of the qualifications for electors.

So far as the general policy of the Chinese government at the present time may be determined, stripped of temporary vacillations and of the merely hortatory elements so common in Chinese documents, it may be expressed in the following rough outline. Governmental authority must be maintained, but the officials must govern in accord with public opinion, though not in detail dependent upon it. The character and *morale* of official methods must be improved. The tests for appointment to office must be based upon modern science and practical efficiency, while the character and personality of the candidate too must be taken into account in making selections. Salaries will be increased in order that the officers of the government may not depend upon illegal fees and exactions. The general efficiency of the system is to be improved through the enforcement of stricter responsibility, and through scientific accounting. In all this work, the people should assist the government and give it their confidence. Such representation as will be accorded them ought to strengthen the state by enlisting popular sympathy and coöperation. But a constitution cannot be imported from without, it must build upon the living forces in the nation and utilize them for the general ends of the state. The government, therefore, must be allowed to take time to feel its way, in order that the institutions, once introduced, may actually fit into the political and social life of China.

The Chinese government would, of course, be reluctant to give up the substance of power to a representative assembly. This fact is made the basis of the argument advanced by the ultra-revolutionary forces that China can be

endowed with true national institutions only through a revolution in which the dynasty would be utterly overthrown and a purely elective government established. But it would seem that in the Chinese situation at the present time, Burke is rather a safer guide than Rousseau. The government would, indeed, defeat its own purposes, and might bring on even sadder catastrophes than China has already suffered, if it should attempt to dam up the great forces of public opinion that are now seeking to express themselves. A national parliament must be created; and it must, moreover, be a body truly representative of the intelligence and energy of the nation. We ought of course not to expect too much of such an institution, as parliaments are not ideal in any part of the world. But when public opinion has thus been enlisted, there will have been created an inquest of the nation, through which the government may readily ascertain the feeling of its subjects throughout the empire. New imposts of taxation will be given authority by acceptance through representatives, and the financial administration of the empire will benefit through parliamentary control.

But all this is only a beginning. An institution like a parliament brings with it new difficulties, party controversies, the introduction into political life of personal ambitions, although on a far higher plane than that of court intrigue. So the difficulties of China will not vanish by the creation of this organ. China will, indeed, have endowed herself with an instrument that may be used toward bettering her general condition. But the real work of reform must be done in the administration. There the confidence of the people must be won. The corrupt methods which have obtained in the past must give way to strict accountability, and to the maintenance of just and legal charges. The great public works which the government is undertaking call for unusual capacity and devotion in the public service. Should there be over-centralization, the development of the provinces would suffer; and yet these great units will have to submit to a more direct, centralized control than they have felt in the past, in order that the nation may act as one body and bring to bear its concentrated energies. Thus it is clear that, with the achievement of parliamentary institutions, the real work of China will have just begun. But if these institutions can be so adjusted that they will constitute the expression of a true union between the government and the people, the solution of the other difficulties and problems will have been rendered far easier than it would have been in the hands of an administration working at cross purposes with an independent public opinion.

CAN AMERICA PRODUCE MERCHANT SEAMEN?

BY A BRITISH MARINE OFFICER

With the completion of the Panama Canal at a comparatively early date, and the growing and natural desire of America to possess a mercantile marine of her own, it is safe to prophesy that, before another twenty years have passed, America will own a fleet of merchant ships of sufficient size to carry at least her own produce over the seas. The question then naturally arises, "Who will man her ships, American or foreign seamen?" To secure a satisfactory answer, it will be necessary to make comparisons between certain conditions which exist in European maritime countries and conditions in America.

I

Education being of primary importance when deciding upon one's profession, let us look into this question first, and see how it affects the making of merchant seamen. It is a well-established fact that the laboring classes of America are better educated, and possess a wider knowledge of things in general, than the corresponding classes in any European country. Instead of being taken away from school and apprenticed to a trade, as the majority of English boys are, — provided their parents can afford to apprentice them, — the average American boy of fourteen or fifteen years usually enters a high school, which is on a par with what in England is termed a "grammar school." The subjects taught in the latter are quite beyond the scope of the primary and grammar schools in America, and of the board or elementary schools in England, where they are considered "too advanced" for a boy who intends working at a trade, or sitting on an office-stool as an ordinary clerk. Not so in America! Provided a boy's parents can afford it, the time devoted to obtaining such an education is not considered wasted, but is looked upon as a good investment. The cost is borne cheerfully even if, after school-days are over, a boy follows an occupation for which he is really over-educated. In addition to what might be called "academic schools," there are in America business and technical colleges which prepare boys for the trades or professions they have decided to follow. In England these colleges are few and far between, and are generally attended by those who have already done a day's work at a bench or in an office. In general, they resolve themselves into night schools; for the practice of sending boys to a training college before launching them out on the world is not followed to any appreciable extent. The average English boy's education is considered complete when he has passed through his elementary training — generally at the age of thirteen or fourteen.

In America, too, the average man is richer than the average Englishman, and can better afford to keep his boy at school for two or three extra years. Labor conditions also demand that an English boy should become a wage-earner as soon as the school-board authorities are satisfied that he has a fair knowledge of the three R's; so that, no matter what the nature of the school or college an American boy enters, be it scholarly, business, or technical, by the time he is turned adrift to shift for himself, he is older, better educated, and more fit to choose a sensible career.

"But," the reader may ask himself, "what has education got to do with the question whether America can pro-

duce merchant seamen?" Just this! The classes which supply the greater part of European sailors, though of the same social standing as the corresponding classes in America, do not come up to the level of the latter in matters of education or intelligence; while even in maritime England, the natural home of sailors, now that the results of compulsory education are becoming more apparent, the number of boys choosing the sea as their calling is growing smaller every year. Indeed, this falling off has reached to such an extent that the matter has been the subject of much debate in Parliament, where several plans have already been adopted to induce boys to follow the sea.

But the sea as a profession is becoming more discredited every year, and parents now think twice before allowing their sons to follow it. Even with the moderate education these boys receive to-day, and notwithstanding the congested state of the labor market, it is possible for them to do better by working ashore. Instead of Britishers manning British ships as in former years, it is the exception nowadays rather than the rule to find a vessel manned entirely by native sailors, "Squareheads," Dagoes, Chinamen, and coolies in great numbers, being found in their stead. And when we consider the life of an able seaman in a modern freight steamer's forecastle, we do not wonder that a man even of moderate education does not find before the mast adequate compensation for his learning.

Let us take, for instance, an ordinary freight steamer of about three thousand tons register, such as the future American mercantile marine will be chiefly composed of. Vessels of this class carry about six able seamen. The men are usually housed in a room (forecastle) which is situated in close proximity to chain-lockers, paint-lockers, and the more objectionable quarters of the ship. The forecastles are usually evil smelling, badly lighted and ventilated, and privacy cannot be obtained anywhere. The watch-and-watch system prevents sailors from getting more than three and a half hours' consecutive sleep at any time while the ship is at sea. Food must be eaten in their watch below, and thus at least one hour is subtracted from the time that ought to be devoted to sleeping. The food is of the coarsest and poorest quality, and the amount allowed per man is just sufficient to keep body and soul together, with the aid of a stout belt. It is badly cooked and badly served, and is usually more fit for pigs than humans.

The work a seaman performs may be considered unskilled; and, in comparison with labor ashore, is fairly well paid. At sea, it is one continual round of steering, swabbing, and scaling and painting iron-rust. In port, it is varied by a bit of driving winches and cleaning holds. As in days gone by, so will it be in the future. Sailors on American ships will be better fed, better housed, and better paid, than seamen in ships of other nationalities, but the work will remain the same. The improved conditions are not in themselves sufficient to alter the monotony and drudgery of a sailor's life aboard a modern cargo steamer. The life depicted here is described by one who has had sixteen years' experience in all classes of British merchant ships, — sail, tramps, and liners. Nothing described is outside the truth, but the worst that may be said must be reserved till a little later in the argument.

Is there any possible chance for a fairly well-educated man to use his intelligence and bring his knowledge to bear in advancing his prospects? A little. In time he may reach the rank of boatswain, and if he still keeps at it and is studiously inclined, he may eventually reach command. But it is safe to say that long before he has qualified for boatswain, he will have thrown the sea up in disgust, looking upon it in the only way a sane person can — as a life fit for dogs and fools only.

No, a seaman's life offers no induce-

ments to the average American with an average American education; therefore, looking at it from an educational point of view alone, it is the writer's opinion that the future American mercantile marine will be manned chiefly by foreign seamen, who are but indifferently educated, and can consequently be satisfied with existing conditions. We must remember, too, that the sailor's work corresponds to unskilled labor ashore; and it is only necessary to look about us to find out whether it is the American or the foreign-born who performs the unskilled labor in this country.

II

Almost as important as education is the question of industrial development. During the past twenty years America has been so engrossed in developing her vast natural resources and industries, that she has barely allowed herself time to look much beyond her own borders.

In fact, she might well be accused of being "too self-centred," were it not that her central aim has been to make her people practically independent of all other countries. The end is not yet in sight either! Great stretches of land, sparsely populated, and rich in mineral wealth and agricultural possibilities, demand more people. In the course of time — taking into consideration the number of immigrants who enter the United States annually — the land will get the people it requires. Congested Europe will send over her surplus, and America will be the gainer. It will take years yet before the natural wealth of America is tapped to the full. Years also must elapse before it will be a vital matter with her to find a market for her surplus goods, for at present she can consume nearly all that she manufactures and produces. The time must come, however, when her supply will greatly exceed her demand, and when she will have to look elsewhere for her markets. When such a time arrives, the United States will enter the field as a competitor in the supplying of the world's needs to a much greater extent than she has done in the past, or is doing at present. And should she bring into play the same energy and business foresight which she has shown in the developing of her national industries and natural wealth, the greater share of the world's markets must inevitably fall to her lot. In striking contrast to the conditions as existing at present and the possibilities which are in store for America in the future, are the conditions of labor in Europe.

England — though not so effete as Americans fondly imagine — finds the number of her unemployed increasing to an alarming extent. No vast stretches of valuable land are to be found there awaiting development. Her trades are crowded to overflowing, and the supply of labor far exceeds the demand. In the finding of markets for her manufactures, she has two strong rivals to compete with — America and Germany. The proud position she once held — the market of the world — has been lost to her.

In the case of Germany, though her internal developments have been as remarkable as America's during the past few years, yet, with her great and increasing population, the congested state of her labor market, and her limited possibilities in the future, as compared with those of America, the scope afforded to her inhabitants must indeed be small. Her trades and professions, as in England, will be overcrowded; and her sons must look beyond her borders for the means to live.

Scandinavia — Norway and Sweden — though unworthy of comparison in regard to her internal industries, must, for the purpose of this article, be brought forward. Considering her geographical position, population, small natural wealth, and the meagre share she has in the world's trade, it is only reasonable to suppose that, even after allowing for the great number of emigrants who leave the country yearly, her trades also will feel the results of overcrowding.

Though Scandinavia is not so densely populated as England or Germany, and though, as in America, great stretches of thinly populated country are to be found there, yet this surplus land offers no return to the people. It is rich neither in mineral wealth nor in agricultural possibilities, but merely so much barren and frost-bitten waste. Her exports, chiefly timber and steel, are small; therefore she must look outside for the greater part of her domestic needs.

The three countries which I have briefly contrasted with the United States may be regarded as typical maritime countries: Englishmen and Scandinavians are natural sailors, with the "call of the sea" in their blood, while the Germans are sailors through accident. None of these countries can offer to their sons the scope which America possesses. There is room yet within her boundaries for millions more. The development of her natural resources has just begun. Except in cases of transient depression, America's unemployed are comparatively few, and they would be much fewer if many were not afraid of soiling their hands or bending their backs. Labor is well paid, and the high cost of living better within the means of the different classes. With these advantages, and with a better education, there is no need for the American youth to turn his face seaward. There is room in plenty for him on dry land, and there his possibilities are boundless. Should he be energetic and get ahead in his business, he will earn more in one month ashore than he would do in six afloat. Should he for the sake of experiment take to the sea, then, unless he be the son of some web-footed Britisher or Scandinavian, he will soon throw it up never to return to it more.

III

The next question of importance is that of training boys for the sea. In America, so far as the writer's knowledge goes, there are very few training ships to supply the needs of merchant vessels.[1] In the present state of America's shipping there is little demand for them, but in future, when an American mercantile marine actually exists, will the coming of it bring into existence the training ships it will require if American ships are to be manned by American-born seamen?

In England, anchored in every harbor or river of importance, can be seen old wooden three-deckers converted into training ships. These old "die hards" nearly all took part in the great naval fights of the early part of the last century. Being converted into training ships, they suit the purpose admirably, having the masts, sails, and yards necessary to teach boys work aloft. Leaving out naval training ships, the vessels may be divided into three classes: cadet, charity, and reformatory ships. Cadet ships might also be left out of the question, as the boys trained aboard them are usually the sons of gentlemen or well-to-do parents, the object of their training being to fit them as officers, and not as able seamen. The object of the "charity ship" is to train orphan boys, and boys of poor but respectable parentage, for a sea life. Boarding the ships at ages ranging between nine and fourteen years, the boys receive a sound elementary schooling in addition to their technical training. When sent to sea, they are given a good kit of clothes, and are put aboard a good ship. These boys turn into good seamen, and as a rule sail in the best class of merchant ship. They seldom, if ever, bring disgrace upon

[1] For many years the State of Massachusetts has sustained a sea-going steam cruiser as a school-ship for the merchant marine. The city of New York supports another ship, and the State of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia a third. These vessels train boys distinctively for the merchant service, and not for the navy. Most of these boys doubtless aspire to be officers, but nearly all begin their careers in subordinate capacities. Furthermore, all American steamships carrying United States mails are compelled to carry a certain number of American boys as apprentices. — THE EDITORS.

themselves, or the ship which trained them.

With the " reformatory ship " boys the case is different. Except in rare instances, these boys are the rakings and scrapings of slums and police courts. Incorrigibles in every sense of the word, after appearing before a magistrate several times for stealing, and so forth, it appears that the dry land is considered too good for them, and they are packed aboard training ships with the idea of reforming them into able-bodied seamen. The training they receive is the same as the charity boys, but as seamen they prove rank failures. Afloat or ashore, they give trouble, and help to fill jails. The sea, though not the honored profession it used to be, still calls for " men," and not such scum.

Attached to many training ships are small sea-going sailing brigs. These sail round the coast, and are manned forward entirely by boys, the officers being the only grown men aboard. The cruises, usually lasting from six to eight weeks, give the boys their first taste of " blue water," and they are afforded the opportunity to put into real practice the seamanship learned aboard the parent ship.

In addition to training ships, there are many training homes on shore, but as their purpose is the same as that of the ships, they need no description.

Germany also possesses many training ships, though not in such great numbers as England, and the training the boys receive aboard them must be very complete, since after very little deep-water experience they turn into as good seamen as can be found.

In the making of seamen, one of the chief points to remember is to catch boys when they are young. Waiting until they have reached the age of twenty, will, in nine cases out of ten, spoil them for the sea. The question then is, " Can the American boy be caught and bottled up in a home or training ship for about five years? " European boys between the ages of nine and fourteen can be managed with ease, in comparison to an American boy of the same age. The spirit of democracy seems to have got firm hold of the average American youngster. Restraint is irksome to him. He resents even parental authority if laid on too thickly, and he cannot be expected to submit to five years' restraint at a time when his precocity is at its height.

As for instituting a system of charity ships in this country, the case is hopeless; though poverty must exist on a small scale, it is kept in the background, and one hardly sees the necessity of calling such a system into existence. The number of boys taking up a seaman's life through this cause will be very small indeed.

Reformatory ships in America would be of little greater use than charity ships. The juvenile courts will deal successfully with the reformatory problem which in England drives boys to the sea. And if such courts existed in England, those Britishers who have their country's interest at heart would be spared many a humiliating sight in foreign countries, when some " reformatory " boy brings disgrace upon their country. And so it is that if, in future years, America has deep-water merchant ships of her own, and her social conditions are unchanged, such institutions as charity and reformatory ships cannot take root, and consequently America must find other ways and means to increase the number of her native seamen.

IV

Let us look further into life on the rolling wave, and see what it has to offer in the way of romance and adventure; and in order to illustrate my point, it is well to make some comparison between the old and the new, — sail and steam, — and also between the navy and the merchant service.

In the days when steamers were not so numerous as now, life afloat certainly had something to appeal to men and boys of

adventurous spirit. The very fact that a sailing ship is subject to the whims of the elements gave the life a degree of uncertainty that was certainly interesting. When working aloft in fine weather, a man always took a keen delight in doing the work in hand well, knowing that when bad weather struck the ship it would be put to the test — the test very often meaning the difference between life and death.

Instead of the usual routine work on a steamer, — paint-washing, and so forth, — the work on a sailing ship varies widely. It may be making or shortening sail, bending or unbending fine or heavy-weather canvas, squaring in or bracing up the yards, tacking or wearing ship; and no matter what the labor, one always has the satisfaction of seeing the result. The speed and sailing qualities of a vessel were things to be discussed with interest, as well as the length of the passage. In bad weather, when excitement ran high and cursing was considered quite in order, struggling up aloft with wet or frozen canvas — one hand for the ship, and the other for yourself — on a dark, dirty night, put a man on his mettle; and should the foresail be handled or the main-topsail settled, and the cry of "splice the main brace" be heard, — well, one felt at peace with the world.

In the tropics, catching sharks, harpooning dolphins and porpoises, singing, dancing, telling yarns, and reading over old love letters, are diversions not easily forgotten by those who have experienced them. Being becalmed in the tropics on a beautiful moonlight night brought home to one the beauties and wonders of nature, and the existence of a God with whom one felt in closer touch on such nights as those.

Arrived in port, sailing ships were not rushed out to sea again before they were properly made fast to the wharves. The crews had leisure to look around and take in the sights, and they had time to become acquainted with the girls and make love to them. Boat-racing — with sails or oars — between the crews of the different ships in port was often indulged in, especially in Australian waters. On the west coast of South America, when ships lay at anchor in the bays, ship-visiting between the captains, officers, apprentices, and seamen was one of the frequent diversions. To old sailing-ship apprentices, West Coast days will always be looked back upon with delight. Gathered together on the half-deck, songs were sung, yarns told, wind and weather and length of passages compared, and sometimes when some of the boys had had a "wee drap" too much to drink, the meetings ended up in "rough houses."

In comparison with all this, what has steam to offer as compensation? On a steamer a man's work does not return him interest; the toil is soul-killing and mind-destroying; there is no time for study or recreation; singing and dancing are unknown.

Let us take the Mediterranean trade as being perhaps the most interesting from a historical point of view. When a steamer has come to anchor, or has tied up, stern to the mole, hatches are opened and the work of loading or discharging begun. The work goes on night and day, Sunday or Monday, Christmas or any other day. No day is held sacred in the modern freight steamer. It is possible to go the round of the Mediterranean ports without once placing a foot on shore. Very often the cities are never seen by daylight, steamers entering port and leaving the same night or very early in the morning. In British ships especially, — and American ships will be the same, — Sunday, unless the cost of working be too great, is seldom if ever held sacred. If one felt inclined to worship one's God by attending church, it would be impossible to do so. No; the modern sailor must not indulge in such luxuries as a God, a soul, prayers, or Sundays. If he does, then it must be in his watch below or when he has signed off the ship's articles. For the time being it is essential, if he is to be called a good sailor, for him to remember that he is a

brute; and to remember also that for turning himself into a brute on Sundays or any other holy day, he gets paid sixpence an hour extra by his generous owner. If any prayers are necessary, the ship-owner will do all the praying required; but the prayers will not be for the sailors' spiritual welfare, but for better freights and quicker dispatches. Yet again, on the west coast of Africa can be seen ships flying the British flag carrying on the work of loading or discharging cargo on Sundays, while in full view can be seen mission stations and churches, with their attendant ministers preaching to a bunch of Negroes, exhorting them to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, and to respect the Sabbath and keep it holy. What mockery!

In fairness it must be admitted that German and Scandinavian vessels seldom work cargo on Sundays. In fairness to the men also, the following questions need answering: " Is it possible for them to retain their self-respect under such conditions? " " Can one blame them when they get ashore for trying to forget their dog's life in debauchery and drink, when they are not afforded time even to worship their God? "

In comparing a seaman's life on board a naval ship with that of a seaman aboard a merchant ship, the naval man has all the advantages on his side. In the first place, the uniform, if not the man, commands respect. Next, the service has traditions which keep alive his patriotism and force him to play the game. The work — gunnery, torpedo, and battle practice, and so forth — is highly interesting and instructive, and calls into play his energy and intelligence. Officers, whether in work or play, take a keen interest in their men. Their food and accommodation are wholesome, and the life throughout is a clean one. It is possible for a naval seaman to get " somewhere " if he devotes a little time to study. Throughout, the life tends to elevate him, and does not allow him to grow dissipated as it does a merchant Jack. To sum up, a naval seaman respects himself because he knows that he is not looked upon as a pariah. Especially is this so in America.

From this brief comparison it is easy to see that a naval seaman is better off than his marine brother. The question then is, " Will the everyday American, with his high standard of living, put up with such conditions as are described here? " The writer will leave this question to be answered by his readers, they probably having a better knowledge of the more subtle points in the American character than he has.

V

Obedience to those in authority over them is an essential in the " make-up " of a seaman. Taking this fact into consideration, the following question presents itself: " Are Americans individually or taken as a whole amenable to discipline? " Judged from a European standpoint, Americans, individually or collectively, are the most lawless people among civilized nations.

State laws as they exist at present are a convincing proof that each section of the country wants to be a law unto itself. What is legal or constitutional in one state, may be illegal or unconstitutional in another. What the federal government considers unconstitutional, certain state governments consider the opposite. A man may do in one state what he may not do in another. Federal laws, if there is the remotest chance of its being done successfully, are ridden over by state laws. Looking at the question from a European standpoint, the laws of America seem to be in a hopeless muddle, and to encourage lawlessness.

Again, the American as an individual seems to demand that his recognition of the law should have the force of a policeman's club at the back of it. Somewhere in his make-up there is a sneaking regard for brute strength instead of moral force. (This is also evident in his sports.) Whether the spirit of democracy fosters

such ideas, the writer, not being an American, cannot say. Disregard for the law seems to be common to all classes and all communities. Graft, whether applied in buying or evading the law, makes the foreigner occasionally wonder if such a thing exists as an honest American in authority.

In the Southern States, when a negro, and sometimes when a white man, is lodged in jail, the people very often will not allow the law to take its course, or even to prove beyond a question of doubt whether the prisoner is guilty or not. Jails are forced; and the criminal, instead of being allowed an opportunity partly to redeem himself by walking to the scaffold like a man, thereby purchasing the right to be hanged with such decency as the law and the occasion demand, is dragged ruthlessly by the mob to the nearest tree, hanged, set on fire, and his body riddled with bullets. The night-riders of Kentucky, the necessity for calling out the state militia so frequently, and "arguments with the town marshal," such as Frederic Remington so picturesquely depicts, all point to the American's disregard of the law.

Taking this characteristic into consideration, is it possible to make a merchant sailor out of individuals who make up such a whole? Brute force in ships is a thing of the past. Discipline must be maintained by moral force alone. Helping a man to see your point of view with the weight of a six-pound iron belaying-pin halfway in his skull is out of date, and nowadays considered low. An old nautical Americanism: "Come aft and be introduced to the third mate" (the third mate resolving himself into an inanimate piece of wood shaped like a club, or perhaps a sling-shot), is out of date also. Along with it went the old way of hurrying a man along with a heavy sea-boot somewhere in the vicinity of his stomach. A mercantile marine, being a purely commercial concern, cannot have the force of the law at its back in maintaining discipline in the same way that the army and navy have. Insubordination and disobedience to lawful commands cannot be punished with the severity usually meted out to soldiers and naval seamen when found guilty of such offenses.

Democracy, as interpreted in America, tends to make Jack believe that he is as good as his master. Well, aboard a ship Jack never was, and never will be, as good as his master. Familiarity between master and man can never exist, if discipline is to be maintained. All the world over, "familiarity breeds contempt." The Tom-Dick-and-Harry style of addressing men, so dear to American ideas of democracy, will not hold for a moment. While ships exist, the line of demarcation between the men abaft the mast and those before must be recognized and respected. Taking into consideration the (after all) lovable cussedness which is inherent in the native-born American, his absolute contempt for the law and rule by moral force, his very often mistaken notions of true democracy, and the conditions under which the modern steamboat sailorman lives, there seems little possibility of his ever being licked into shape as a man before the mast in the present-day freight steamer. Conditions will not change for the better to such an extent as to suit the American temperament. The change must come from the opposite direction. American temperament must alter to suit conditions if the number of native-born Americans taking up a life on the briny is deserving of consideration.

VI

In support of what has already been said, perhaps an inquiry into the nationalities of the crews who man American coasters — both sail and steam — will bring out the most convincing argument yet brought forward. In the forecastles of many of the giant fore-and-aft schooners found in the American coastal trade only, it is the exception rather than the rule to find a native-born American of white stock.

Southern States Negroes, who man a great many of them, though American-born and bred and entitled to the same privileges that are granted to American-born whites, cannot for the purposes of this article be considered truly American. But, as a factor in the manning of the future American mercantile marine, their qualities as seamen must be taken into consideration, seeing that they are to be found in such great numbers aboard coasting schooners.

As a coasting sailor, the Negro, barring his natural laziness and hatred for work, seems to fill all the requirements demanded, and, technically speaking, may be called a good sailor; but as a deep-water (foreign-going) man he is a rank failure. In the first place, he is a sentimentalist and a dreamer. His thoughts, instead of being directed on practical things, are invariably centred on his "old Kentucky home," and watermelons, any long absence from which makes him the most uninteresting person on board any ship. His usual light-heartedness disappears until the time for arriving home draws near. He is essentially a " land crab," and cannot be depended upon on long voyages. His capacity for work under conditions obtaining at sea is small. No matter how well paid he may be, or how favorable the conditions under which he serves, there is nothing in his make-up that will allow him to do an honest day's work for an honest day's pay unless he is watched all the time.

In comparison — at least aboard a ship — a white man will do a job in half the time it takes a negro to do it, and the work will be carried out without the singing and dancing so dear to a negro's heart. Hustle is the word in deep-water ships, especially in port; and hustle is just what a negro will not do unless on the verge of starvation: an active bone being an unknown quantity in his anatomy.

Many schooners and the majority of American coasting steamers are manned fore and aft entirely by Scandinavians. The merits of Scandinavians as seamen are known all the world over, and comment here would be superfluous; therefore we must now take a glance at the really true American sailor and see what is to be made of him.

In holding up the fisherman of the New England coast as a sample of the true American seaman, and considering him as a factor in the manning of future American deep-water ships, we have touched upon the worst material in the world for our purpose. Taken individually or as a whole, there is nothing in their make-up that will allow them to serve as seamen before the mast. Their destiny is a higher one. With traditions for bravery and endurance such as they possess, and which they uphold year in, year out, in all weathers and under all conditions, is it possible for these men to sink their individuality and lose sight of their glorious reputation as " real men " by serving as able seamen in a modern freight steamer's forecastle? Individually or collectively, they are born to command or to hold positions of authority, even though they be of minor importance.

As all cannot hold these positions at sea, then, rather than submit to the drudgery of a seaman's life in a merchant ship, they stay in their own fishing schooners, where their position is at least one of equality, comparatively speaking, if they do not stay ashore to earn a living. And who, knowing them, can blame them? Though poor in world's wealth, yet their glorious traditions for bravery make them to be envied by all who care the least bit about pride of race.

The writer, though not an American, would deem it one of the greatest losses which could happen to America, and also to the world in general, if in future years these men were to find their way into steamers' forecastles. But such a thing cannot be, for to-day they will not ship as seamen on American coasters, although wages, food, and in fact everything connected with a seaman's life on a coaster, are more attractive by far than

all that is offered by life aboard a fishing schooner.

As officers only will they serve in merchant ships. Nothing less will suit their splendid personalities; therefore, as a factor in the manning of her ships in the future, America cannot for a moment count on her fishermen to fill her forecastles, but may look to them to mount her bridges as officers.

To sum up, the writer, after a varied experience with men and ships, is of the opinion that the future American mercantile marine will be manned chiefly by Scandinavians and officered by New England men. The causes which attract Scandinavians toward British ships — wages and the like — will also attract them toward American. These men in the course of time will become naturalized Americans, and may be trusted to bring honor to the Stars and Stripes. They will marry and rear families in the country of their adoption, and their children of the first generation will take to the sea in great numbers.

"The call of the sea" is too strong to become neutralized in one generation. The losses caused by death, and so forth, will be met by fresh recruits coming over, and the supply of good men will always be found adequate to meet the demand.

The question, "Can America produce merchant seamen?" is not intended to refer to officers, but to the men before the mast. A factor as important as the supply of seamen is the supply of firemen and coal-trimmers; but, as conditions surrounding them aboard a ship are still worse than those for seamen, it seems hardly likely that Americans born and bred will reject a sailor's life to follow these occupations.

Reference having been made so often to the American character throughout this article, the writer hopes that his American readers will not take amiss what has been said. He does not assert that his observations are "actually so," but states them merely as they appear to him after traveling round the world for sixteen years with his eyes open and many a chance to learn.[1]

[1] In the face of the author's rather discouraging statements, it can be asserted that there is not only an absolute, but a relative increase in the number of American citizens earning their livelihood in the American merchant service. In 1899 there were in this service, according to the United States Commissioner of Navigation, 23,108 American citizens, or 31 per cent of the total number of seamen of all nationalities. In 1908 the number had risen to 80,778 and the percentage to 49.5. These figures are not, of course, restricted to the native-born. — THE EDITORS.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

VII

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

ALL up and down Wilderness Run, all over the tilled fields of the Lacy farm and the old, gullied, pine and brier-tufted ones uplifting east of the run, little fires are blinking as they burn low. Some are those of batteries, some of trains, and some, at the top of the ridge, those of the hospitals of the Fifth Corps, where the surgeons, with rolled-up sleeves, are at their humane tasks in the operating tents; instruments by them which they handle with skill and mercy, as one after another the mutilated and perforated bodies of the boys who had been willing to risk their lives for the country were brought in and laid on the table before them, their anxious eyes scrutinizing the surgeon's face for a sign of hope as he examined their wounds and felt their fluttering pulses. Heaven bless their memory, all of them, and wherever the dust of one of them lies, I know the feeling mother earth holds it tenderly.

Aides were still coming and going to the Lacy house and to army headquarters, in quest of or carrying instructions of one kind or another. For before Hancock's attack on Hill had ceased, Grant through Meade had ordered that the battle be renewed all along the line at 4.30 the next morning. These orders were issued at 8 P. M., and formations, ammunition, and everything, had to be got ready. Meade, in transmitting them to his corps commanders, directed them to send their train-guards to their troops; that every man who could shoulder a musket must be in the ranks by daylight; adding that staff officers should be sent at once to his headquarters to learn from the chiefs of departments the location of their special trains and conduct the guards to the front. This order took a deal of hard night-riding to fulfill, and some of those who carried it did not get back to their respective headquarters till long after midnight; for the main trains were scattered about Chancellorsville and along the Ely's Ford Road wherever they could haul off into an opening, and on account of the darkness were hard to find.

Meade had asked his corps commanders to come and see him in reference to the movement in the morning; and, having had quite a conference with them, at half-past ten he sent Lyman over with this message to Grant: "After conversing with my corps commanders, I am led to believe that it will be difficult, owing to the dense thicket in which their commands are located, the fatigued condition of the men rendering it difficult to rouse them early enough, and the necessity of some daylight, to properly put in reinforcements. All these considerations induce me to suggest the attack should not be made till six o'clock instead of 4.30." Grant had retired, was aroused, and changed it to five; and says in his memoirs that he was sorry that he made the change, and I am sure that he was right. In view of the fact that the sun rose in a clear sky at 4.47 that morning, and, as every one knows, dawn at that season begins at latest by four o'clock, — I remember its coming on, scattering light like the sower it is, at every step; for we breakfasted early that morning; the mist that had gathered during the night was lifting and all but a few of the stars had

faded and gone, — I have always wondered why Meade made this request that the attack should be postponed until the sun was well above the treetops. But Colonel Lyman's notes, I think, disclose the reason.

It will be recalled that Burnside unfortunately had a separate command; his Ninth Corps was independent of Meade, and all his orders had therefore to emanate from Grant. Accordingly Grant sent his orders for the morning's attack to him direct through Colonel Comstock of the engineers, one of my instructors at West Point, a tall, sedate man, and Grant's most modest, able, and confidential aide. They were in these terms: —

HEAD QUARTERS
Armies of the United States,
Near Wilderness Tavern,
May 5, 1864, 8 P. M.

Lieutenant-General Grant desires that you start your two divisions at 2 A. M. tomorrow, punctually, for this place. You will put them in position between the Germanna plank road and the road leading from this place to Parker's Store, so as to close the gap between Warren and Hancock, connecting both. You will move from this position on the enemy beyond at 4.30 A. M., the time at which the Army of the Potomac moves.

C. B. COMSTOCK,
Lt.-Col. & Aide-de-camp.

It seems that Burnside came to Grant's headquarters after the receipt of this order, and then joined Meade. At the close of his interview with Meade and the other corps commanders, he said, as he rose, "Well, then, my troops shall break camp by half-past two." He had a very wise, oracular air. After he was out of hearing Duane, Chief of Engineers with Meade, who had been with the Army of the Potomac since its formation, said, "*He* won't be up — I know him well!" — I can see Duane's face, hear his quiet voice, see his hands slowly stroking his full, long, rusty beard, as he says, "*He* won't be up — I know him well!" — And apparently that was the opinion of them all, that he would n't be up by 4.30 — for they all knew him well, too, and recognized what Lyman says of him, that he "had a genius for slowness." Moreover, each one felt the importance of his joining them before they tackled Lee again, for they had had about all they could do to hold their own that afternoon. So, fresh troops being very desirable, and knowing Burnside as they did, they wanted to make sure of them by allowing him an extra hour and a half. And I suspect that, as they did not feel at liberty to go to Grant, almost a stranger to all of them, and give him their individual opinions of Burnside — they were too good soldiers for that, — they made use of thickets and want of daylight, instead of his "genius for slowness." It turned out just as they had predicted.

Burnside belonged to the well-formed, handsome, California-peach class of men, — affable, with lots of small talk, and dignified good-humor, most admirably fitted for a military attaché at a foreign embassy, or for the head of a banquet, but utterly brainless on a battle-field, — yet could and did look wonderfully wise. He was affectionately called "Old Burn," and died with hosts and hosts of friends.

Roebling at 11.30 rode to Grant's headquarters to confer with Comstock in relation to Burnside's movements in the morning, and prepared to meet him at four o'clock and lead his troops to carry the Chewning Ridge, considerably to the right of Wadsworth, which he and Comstock had decided was the best thing to do.

And now, reader, it is drawing late. Great, majestic, and magnanimous Night has come down, covering the Wilderness and us all in pervading, mysterious silence. Let us take a couple of these folding camp-chairs and go out and sit in the starlight on the lawn of the old Lacy house. Here is my tobacco-pouch; fill your pipe, and I'll try to tell you the situation at this hour on the field, and then

we will turn in. There are one or two incidents that I'd like to tell you also, and if I forget to mention them as I go along, I wish, before I get through, that you would jog my memory.

Meade's commodious living tents are pitched on the east side of the Germanna Road, directly opposite the knoll which he and Grant have occupied all day. Grant's are at the foot of the knoll, and a big, swelling-topped cottonwood or poplar waves over the spot still. They are about two hundred yards apart, and Caton's little Warrior Run is between them. Their headquarters tents, flaps thrown back, are indicated by colored lanterns on poles in front of them; and in them a candle or lamp is burning, and on a camp-chair before them, or writing at a table within, is an adjutant general on duty for the night. Couriers are standing about with their horses saddled, and out where the Germanna Road meets the Pike, is a mounted orderly to point the way to aides coming in from the lines, who have occasion to visit headquarters. And let us hope that Sleep, which knows no battle-front, but wings noiselessly in from a land of softer fields, found her way without the aid of the sentinel at the Pike to the tents of both Meade and Grant.

There is no moon, the stars are dim, and all is hushed. The night air is permeated with the odor of freshly-burnt-over woods, for the fire spread widely and is still slumbering and smoking in chunks and fallen trees. Here and there it has climbed up the loose bark of a yet standing dead trunk, and aloft throws out little tremulous torch-like flames from their scraggly-limbed tops, now here, now there, over the dark woods. Single ambulances are still coming and going, and now and then one is making its way slowly and carefully with its suffering load across the dark fields.

Up the Pike, barely visible by the light that falls from the starry maze, from those lamps that are hung to show our minds the way to another's headquarters far, far above Grant's and Meade's, both armies are lying behind their newly-thrown-up breastworks, which stretch from Flat Run well across the Pike toward Chewning's, and are more or less parallel and close. On Sedgwick's and some of Warren's front they are within pistol-shot of one another, and all along between them are many dead and wounded, whose cries and moans can be heard, but cannot be relieved, so persistent is the firing. Sedgwick's headquarters are on the Flat Run Road not far from where it joins the Germanna. Upton, Brown, Russell, Shaler, Morris, and Seymour of his corps, like Griffin, Ayres, Robinson, and Bartlett of Warren's, are up in the woods close behind their troops, blessed, I hope, with refreshing sleep.

Ewell has his headquarters bivouac on the Pike, and I suppose his flea-bitten gray, Rifle, that Major Stiles claimed resembled him, — if so, Rifle must have been a lank, serious-looking horse, with a high broad forehead, rather bony eye-sockets, and lean, scooped-out cheeks, for such were the prominent features of Ewell's face, — Rifle, more or less visible on account of his chalky color, is not far away, tied to a sapling; and, as his rider has lost a leg, he, out of sympathy or weariness, is probably resting one hind leg on its toe and dreaming. Ewell's general hospital, his surgeons as busy as our own, is back near Locust Grove, whence at an early hour in the evening a batch of our prisoners, about twelve hundred in number, most of them from Warren's corps, had set out for Orange Court House. In the middle of the night they met Ramseur and Mahone hurrying toward the front. Had I been one of the unfortunate prisoners I know that I should have wished over and over again, as I trudged along that night, that I was lying dead back on the field with my fellows, rather than about to face a long term in Confederate prisons, so greatly did I dread them after seeing the wrecks that came down the James from Richmond when I first went to Fort Monroe.

Hancock is bivouacked on the Plank Road a short way east from the Junction, and he may or may not be asleep, for, at his interview with Meade, the latter cautioned him to keep a strict lookout for his left in the morning — hinting at the possibility of Longstreet's striking him in the Stonewall Jackson way.

The situation along his front at the close of the fighting has been referred to, and it may be assumed that his lines, as well as those of the enemy, are fairly straightened out by this time, and that Birney and Wheaton have been told to lead in the morning. Sheridan is at Chancellorsville; Wilson and Gregg are so encamped as to cover the roads that come in at Todd's Tavern.

On the Widow Tapp field, that is dimly lit by the faint shadowy starlight and is silent, save that now and then a traveling cry from the wounded in the woods passes over it there, Lee, Hill, and Wilcox are camped close up to their well-fought, tired troops, and their headquarters are not far apart. Hill is described as sitting alone at a late hour before a little fire, made of a few round, crossed-over sticks, near one of the guns whose right wheel is just on the edge of the road, facing Birney. Wilcox has been to see Hill and asked for permission to withdraw his lines so as to reform them, and the little, punctilious man, who is not very well, has told him to let the men rest.

The reason why Wilcox made this request is explained by the adjutant of the Eighteenth North Carolina in his account of the Wilderness. It seems that when Miles or Brooks struck Lane's brigade, the Eighteenth was badly shattered, and, breaking, disappeared in the darkness. The adjutant, while seeking it, got lost, suddenly found himself within our lines, and, cautiously making his way to avoid this body of men and then another in the woods, all at once struck the Plank Road, knew where he was, followed it up to our pickets, and then, staking his life against captivity, dashed ahead through them. On reaching the edge of the woods he saw a white horse standing out in the Tapp field and, going closer, recognized it as General Wilcox's. He sought the general and told him that there was nothing, absolutely nothing, between his lines and ours. Wilcox was cross, and would not listen to him, dismissing him sharply with an aside that there was a brigade in front of his line. The adjutant at last found his regiment, told his fellow officers his story, and they, in view of the danger, went to Wilcox and assured him of their adjutant's truthfulness and good judgment. Thereupon Wilcox made his visit to Hill. Later he tells us that he went to see Lee in reference to the same matter. When he entered Lee's tent, Lee broke into compliments on the conduct of Wilcox's and Heth's men and said, in effect, holding up a note, that Anderson had just sent him word that he had bivouacked at Verdierville, and that he had instructed him and Longstreet to move forward, and that the divisions which had been so actively engaged would be relieved.

Longstreet at that hour was bivouacking at Richard's shop on the Catharpin Road. When we first entered Richmond the following April, the diary of an officer of his corps was picked up in the street by some one of our men, and in it is this entry: —

"Thursday, May 5th. Marched at three o'clock this morning. Rested after marching thirteen miles, and cooked some rations. After resting a while resumed march, marched 20 miles and camped at dark five miles from the battlefield." That made a total of thirty-three miles, and as the day was exceedingly hot, especially in the woods, the men must have been very tired.

Lee's orders to Longstreet were to move at 2 A. M., the same hour as that Grant had set for Burnside. Longstreet had a mile or two farther to march, but, unfortunately for us, he had not, on this occasion at least, "a genius for slowness," and was on the very nick of time. Some of his men, who had marched thirty-three miles the day before, and five already

on the 6th, came the last mile or two at the double quick. As heretofore told, Ramseur and Mahone are on their way to reinforce Lee's lines, and Ferrero, my old West Point dancing-master, is tiptoeing along with his colored division to reach Germanna Ford and swell Burnside's Ninth Corps.

And that now is the story of the night.

"But you have not told me," exclaims the smoker, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "of the personal incidents you asked to be reminded of." Well, do not fill your pipe again, I'll promise not to be long. There is the body of a young officer lying alone in the woods pretty well south of the Plank Road. It is that of Colonel Alford B. Chapman, age twenty-eight years, of the Fifty-seventh New York. There is a little pocket note-book beside his lifeless hand, and on one of the open leaves he has written his father's name and address and these words: "Dear Father: I am mortally wounded. Do not grieve for me. My dearest love to all. Alford." I do not know, but I doubt if Death anywhere in the Wilderness has met more steady eyes than those of this dying, family-remembering young man. He was brigade officer of the day, and his duties had called him into the engagement very early; and when, toward sunset, his regiment advanced to fill a gap on account of the lines being extended southward to meet the overlapping of Lane's big North Carolina brigade, it came across Chapman's body, the first it knew of his fate.

And while we are on this part of the line let me refer to Hays, and, if ever you go along the Brock Road, you will come to a cast-iron gun standing upright on a granite base and surrounded by an iron picket fence. It marks the near-by spot where he fell, and is on the right-hand side of the road about where the swampy head of Wilderness Run crosses it, a little this side of the Junction. He was a very gallant officer, and his lonely monument will appeal to you. There is something illustrative of the man, and mysteriously prophetic, in a letter he wrote the morning of the day he was killed: "This morning was beautiful," said the letter, "for

> "Lightly and brightly shone the sun,
> As if the morn was a jocund one.

Although we were anticipating to march at 8 o'clock, it might have been an appropriate harbinger of the day of regeneration of mankind; but it only brought to remembrance, through the throats of bugles, that duty enjoined upon each one, perhaps before the setting sun, to lay down a life for his country."

It was a translation worthy of the prophets of old that he gave to the notes of the bugles; and the reverential, kindly mood — and to think it was his last! — hailing the sun as the harbinger of the day of regeneration of mankind! Oh! the sanity and spread of the primary emotions!

The other incidents are these, one of which was referred to early in the narrative, namely, the relief of one of our men by a Confederate officer. The circumstances were as follows: the Confederate, touched by the cries of our men, — he had been trying to sleep, — crawled over the works on hands and knees in the darkness, till he reached a wounded man, who turned out to be a lieutenant of a western regiment, and asked what he could do for him. "I am very, very thirsty, and I am shot so that I cannot move." The good Samaritan crawled to the little brook, — it wimples still across the old Pike, — filled a canteen and came back with it, and, after propping the wounded man's head, went his way. A little while afterwards another Confederate came prowling toward the wounded man and, thinking he was dead, began to feel for his watch. The lieutenant remonstrated, but the hard-hearted creature took the watch, saying, "You will be dead before long, and will not need it." Here we have the extremes of our natures. I know the name of the prowler; but of the other, the noble fellow, I do not. If I did, it should appear on this page and live

as long as I could make it live. This story I got from my friend, Mr. Jennings of the Wilderness, who had it from the lips of the western lieutenant himself, who, a few years ago, came back to the old battle-field, and the first place he visited was the little brook; and I have no doubt it murmured sweetly all through that night, full of a native happiness at seeing once more its acquaintance of other days.

The other incident is found in the diary of Captain Robert E. Park, Company F, Twelfth Alabama, Rode's Division. "Crawled over the works with two canteens of water to relieve some of the wounded, groaning and calling aloud in front of the line. Night dark, no moon and few stars, and as I crawled to the first man and offered him a drink of water, he declined; and, in reply to my inquiries, told me that he was shot through the leg and body and was sure he was bleeding internally. I told him that I feared he would not live till morning, and asked him whether he was making any preparation for leaving this world. His reply was that he had not given it a thought, as his life had not been one of sin, and that he was content. He was about twenty years of age, and from a northwestern state." Guides of the upper world! I have only one request to make, that you point out to me that boy; for I should like these earthly eyes to rest upon the calm depths of his heroic and innocent face; and I have no doubt his kind benefactor, Captain Park, will be there too.

And now it is near midnight, and all is very, very still. "Hark, what is that I hear?" you ask. It is some staff officer's horse at a brigade headquarters up in the woods just back of the lines, neighing for an absent companion. Let us turn in.

Knowing that at 5 o'clock battle was to be renewed by vigorous attack all along the line, every one was up early, while some of the stars were still glowing in the sky. The little colony of orderlies, cooks, and teamsters, were already astir, and belated detachments from the train-guards were still coming on to the field on their way to their respective commands, moving through the disappearing mist that had stolen into the Wilderness, and, as we would fain believe, to moisten the cheeks and eyelashes of its living and dead as they slept, and to wrap the latter in its cool, gray shrouds. Up near the woods, dimly visible, were a couple of brigades — the Marylanders among them — which Warren had had assembled there during the night as a reserve behind Griffin, to whom, as on the day before, the initiative of the serious work was entrusted. The places of these troops in line had been made good by closing Crawford to the right and abreast of Griffin, on the assumption that Burnside would be up and take the ground he had occupied, that is, across the Parker's Store road near where it leaves Wilderness Run for the rolling plateau of the Chewning farm.

Kitching's brigade of heavy artillery had just arrived from Chancellorsville, and the men were resting near the Lacy house, most of them between the run and the road. It was a big, fresh brigade, over twenty-two hundred strong, and while its regiments were preparing for the night march — their orders were to move at 1 A. M. — the Colonel and a score or two of his men held a little service, and all kneeling, he led them in prayer. Around the kneeling group were the shallow graves of those who had been killed the year before; and the one who narrates the circumstance says that solitude's dreariest choir, the whip-poor-wills, of which there were hundreds, and maybe thousands, were repeating their night-long mournful chant. Possibly the earnest student of the battle would have preferred to have been told why they were serving as infantry, — they were three battalion regiments, — their order of march, and exactly the distance they had to make; but I wonder which is the more enduring and significant fact, the young colonel with palm to palm pouring out his heart to God under the starlight, or whether Blank's battalion moved

first and kept its distance, or how Major Thunderbolt's voice rang down the line, " Keep closed up! Don't let it happen again!" Thunderbolt, you are a gallant old fellow, and I've heard you more than once, " Eyes *right!* Eyes *left!* As you *were!*" Military and soldier critics, don't apply this as a reflection on the profession; it is only meant to renew your memories pleasantly of the Thunderbolts you and I have met in the service, and to suggest how all mere military detail of battle fades away as we lift on the tides of the heart. Student of war, let me suggest that once in a while you take Imagination's offered hand; she will lead you through simple height-gaining paths till at last fife and drum die away and lo! you are in a blessed company charged to convert what is earthly into what is spiritual.

But to return to the morning: day was coming on fast; bodies of woods, solitary trees on the ridges, and vacant distances sky-arched, were stealing into view as we hastily breakfasted. Our horses were saddled and ready, and those of us who had had a kind word for the colored cooks and waiters found in our saddle-bags a snack of one kind or other wrapped up in bits of paper. Nowhere in this world does it pay better to show consideration for the low in estate, and above all to those of the colored race, than on a campaign. They will look after you faithfully and, if you should be sick or wounded, will stand by you to the last.

Although a great many years lie between now and then, yet across them all I can see Warren mounting his heavy dappled iron-gray, and wearing his yellow sash. His saddle-blanket was scarlet, and a few days afterward at Spottsylvania, when this horse was shot, I waited near him while saddle and blanket were stripped from him by an orderly. The shot that hit him was aimed at Warren, and possibly fired by the same sharpshooter who the next morning at almost the identical spot killed Sedgwick. Warren was watching Robinson's men, who were briskly engaged along and to the right of the Spottsylvania road, trying to carry the enemy's position at the old scattered orchard of the Spindle farm. I was directly behind him. We had been there but a short time before I heard the ping of a passing shot. From the same direction soon another went directly over our heads, and in a little while another, and this time so much nearer that I said, " General, that man is getting the range on you." The sharpshooter was in the woods beyond the rather wide and deep ravine that makes northeastward from the Sedgwick monument. Warren said nothing but shortly started to move to the right, when down went the horse.

The first duty I had after breakfast was to go to the intersection of the Pike and Germanna Ford roads and wait there till Burnside should arrive, and then offer to show him the way up the Parker's Store road to his position. My assignment happened in this way: Roebling at half-past eleven the night before had been called in conference with Comstock of Grant's staff, in relation to the position Burnside's corps should take. In his notes he says, " Two opinions presented themselves, either to go and join Wadsworth by daylight, or else obtain possession of the heights at Chewning's and fall upon the enemy's rear by that route. If successful in carrying the heights, the latter plan promised the greatest results; if not, it would fail altogether. Then again it was thought that when Wadsworth joined the Second Corps, the two together would be sufficient to drive the enemy. General Grant then decided that the Ninth Corps should go to Chewning's, and I prepared to accompany them at 4 o'clock in the morning." Accordingly, at that hour, he and Cope went to the Pike and waited for Burnside. I suspect that Warren, the hour for attack coming on, and Burnside not appearing, and feeling the need of both Roebling and Cope, who really were his right-hand men, sent me to take their places and wait for Burnside. They both hurried off to join Wadsworth.

On my way to the Pike I passed the engineer battalion marching in column of fours to report to Griffin. It was the first time in all their history when, as a body, this aristocracy of the rank and file of the army was called on to take a hand as infantry, as common "dough-boys" in the actual fighting. I knew all the officers well: they were the ones I had dined with when I announced my readiness to take command of the Army of the Potomac. Their duties hitherto had been confined to the dangerous business of laying the pontoon bridges, and at other times to repairing roads or to selecting and laying out field works — the officers meanwhile familiarizing themselves with the lines and all the natural features of the scene of operations. But we all recognized the grind of fighting as infantry, and broad grins were exchanged as I rode by them. Fortunately, they were not called on to assault, but were put to throwing a new line of entrenchments across the Pike in rear of Griffin.

The head of Burnside's leading division, Potter's, came on the field about half-past five, and Duane's oracular observation of the night before, "He won't be up, I know him well," had been verified. The head of his column should have been at this point at least an hour and a half earlier if they were to be on time to move to the attack with Hancock and Wadsworth. Meade and the corps commanders had reckoned just about right in allowing him till six to be on hand. As a matter of fact, Burnside himself did n't get up to the Pike, let alone to the ground Crawford had occupied, till after six. When he came, accompanied by a large staff, I rode up to him and told him my instructions. He was mounted on a bob-tailed horse and wore a drooping army hat with a large gold cord around it. Like the Sphinx, he made no reply, halted, and began to look with a most leaden countenance in the direction he was to go.

It was the first time I had ever seen him, — he had commanded our old Army of the Potomac, he was a famous man, I was young, — and my eyes rested on his face with natural interest. After awhile he started off calmly toward the Lacy house, not indicating that my services were needed, — he probably was thinking of something that was of vastly more importance. I concluded that I was n't wanted, and was about to go my own way, when I caught sight of Babcock of Grant's staff coming at great speed just the other side of the run. He had been out with Hancock, and as he approached, I called, "What's the news, Babcock?" Without halting he replied, his kindly, open face gleaming, "Hancock has driven them a mile and we are going to have a great victory," or words to that effect. I do not believe my heart was ever more suddenly relieved or beat freer, for somehow or other from my youth the forebodings of the worst happenings have always presented themselves first. And now to know we were gaining a victory! I went back to the Lacy house happy, very happy indeed.

Shortly after arriving there, Meade's instruction through Warren for Wadsworth to report for orders to Hancock while detached from the Fifth Corps, was given me to deliver. And with an orderly I started with it. We rode first up Parker's Store road, encumbered with Burnside's troops moving sluggishly into position. By this time it was about 8 o'clock. The General had passed through them to the front where Potter was deploying, but he had no sooner arrived there than his big staff caught the eye of a Confederate battery somewhere away off on the right of Ewell's line, and it opened on them, making it so uncomfortable that they had to edge away. When I came about where the uppermost eastern branch comes in, I set off through the woods in the direction of the firing, and had not gone a great way when my orderly, a German, riding behind me, said, "Lieutenant, you are bearing too much to the right, you will run into the rebel lines." I sheared off a little to the left; here and there were

wounded, and at a point alongside the run, propped against a beech tree, his head resting on his right shoulder, his cap on the ground beside him, was a dead fair-faced boy, eighteen or nineteen years old, holding in his bloodless hand a few violets which he had picked. A shot had struck him in the arm, or the leg, I have forgotten which, and he had slowly bled to death. I fancy that, as he held the little familiar wild-flowers in his hand, his unsullied eyes glazed as he looked down into them, and his mind was way off at home. After passing him, the orderly again cautioned me, but this time I paid no attention to him and went on.

The woods were very thick, and unknowingly we were approaching quite a little rise, when suddenly came the command, "Get off that horse and come in." I lowered my head to the left, and there along the ridge within a few rods stood a heavy skirmish line with uplifted guns. It did not take me one second to decide. I suspect I did not think at all. I gave my horse a sudden jerk to the right, then the spur, and as he bounded they all let drive at us. A shot, I suppose it was one from their 58-calibre Enfields, grazing my sabre belt, struck the brass "D" buckle on my left side and tore the belt apart. My Colt's pistol in its holster began to fall and I grabbed it with my left hand. Just then a limb knocked off my hat and with my right hand I caught it as it was passing my right boot-top. Meanwhile the horse was tearing his way along the course we had come. The orderly disappeared instantly, and that was the last I saw of him till the next morning, just after I had returned Grant's despatches. When I met him — he was one of Meade's headquarter couriers — with unfeigned surprise he exclaimed, "Why, my God! lieutenant, I thought sure you were killed up there yesterday." I hardly know why he should have thought so unless he concluded I was falling when I was reaching for my hat. His judgment was better than mine, and had I followed it neither of us would have had such a close call.

Well, as soon as I could get control of my horse and both of us could breathe a bit easier, for the dear old fellow was no more anxious to go to Richmond that way than I, I struck off more to the left, and in a little while ran into lots of stragglers, and pretty soon met a little group falling back under some discipline. Upon inquiring, I found that they belonged to Cutler's brigade; they told me that the division had been driven with heavy losses and was all disorganized. I gave to the officer who said he was going back to the open ground, that is, to the Parker Store road or the Lacy fields, the following despatch, which will be found in the War Records. By mistake it is dated the 5th, instead of the 6th, —

8.30 A. M.

GENERAL WARREN: —

The Rebel skirmish line is about 1 mile from the field. I think they have tried Wadsworth's left. I will bear down to the left until I find him.

MORRIS SCHAFF,
Lieutenant of Ordnance.

He either delivered it in person or sent it by some one to Warren's headquarters, for the news it contained was given in a despatch to Humphreys dated 9.05. Soon after parting with him, I fell in with Cutler himself, leading back fragments of his broken command. There may have been seven or eight hundred of them, and possibly twice that number, for they were scattered all through the woods. He was rather an oldish, thin, earnest-looking Round-head sort of a man, his light stubby beard and hair turning gray. He was bleeding from a wound across his upper lip, and looked ghastly, and I have no doubt felt worse; for he was a gallant man, and to lead his men back, every little while coming to him and them the volleys of their comrades still facing the enemy, must have been hard for him. On my asking him where Wadsworth was, he said, "I think he is dead;" and one or two

of his officers said, "Yes, we saw him fall."

Relying on what they told me, I started back for Meade's headquarters with the news. When I reached there and reported what I had seen and heard, no one could believe it; but just then Cutler's men began to pour out of the woods in full view on the ridge east of the Lacy house, and the seriousness of the situation at once appeared to all. As to Wadsworth's death, Cutler and his officers were mistaken; he was not mortally wounded until about two hours later, but some of them maintained, as will be seen by their valuable contributions to the Loyal Legion papers, that he was killed before nine o'clock. It is highly probable that the general they saw fall was Getty, who was badly wounded about that time.

My despatch and Cutler's appearance verifying it brought alarm which found expression in the following despatch sent at once to Warren: —

The Major General commanding directs that you suspend your operations on the right, and send some force to prevent the enemy from pushing past your left, near your headquarters. They have driven in Cutler in disorder and are following him.

A. A. Humphreys,
Major General & Chief of Staff.

In harmony with the spirit of the above, the immediate front of Meade's headquarters suddenly bristled, as battery after battery came into position "action front" where the little chapel now stands. The cannoneers stepped blithely to their places and, boldly expectant, men and guns stood facing toward where Cutler's men came straggling out of the woods. But, as a matter of fact, the enemy had not broken our lines seriously, and were not following Cutler.

About this time too, word was sent in from Hancock's headquarters that a column was reported coming up the Brock Road deploying skirmishers. This lowering news on the heels of Cutler's appearance was translated by Grant in the light of its premonitory look. He called for his horse and set out to join Hancock where, if at all, the crisis would break. By the time he reached him, 9.50, Hancock had filled the gap Cutler's withdrawal had made, and within a few minutes Gibbon, who had been in a blue funk all the morning over Longstreet's mythical advance up the Catharpin Road, sent word back that the column reported approaching his front was not the enemy but some convalescents on their way to rejoin their comrades.

So much then for my attempt to reach Wadsworth, and events with which it had more or less connection.

(To be continued.)

OUR LOST INDIVIDUALITY

BY LOREN H. B. KNOX

THOUGH we, the people of the United States, boast of our individuality, we are regarded to-day by those who cater to our wants as an absorbent mass, rather than as discriminating units. Great agencies of supply give us a range of selection, it is true. But each differentiation is the standard choice of so large a number that it becomes a class by itself. Take, for example, those commodities and needs concerning which our personal taste is naturally selective, and we see that they are supplied, — but to a million or so others as well.

In foods, we are shipped train-loads of ready-to-eat, sometimes predigested, breakfast foods, biscuits, meats, soups, and desserts. In clothes, all of us who are not museum freaks are offered ready-to-wear, uniformly designed suits, shirts, underwear, collars, hosiery, and shoes. In medicines, ready-to-alleviate dopes cure all diseases, and produce a host of rural centenarians. In travel, we are urged to join ready-to-start excursions and parties to every quarter of the habitable globe. In music, the ready-to-grind phonographs and pianolas have given the art of the few to the mob. In education, the ready-to-fit curriculums of our great colleges, business and correspondence schools are adapted to every youth in the land who is not an idiot. In dwellings, the ready-for-anybody flat is making a whirlwind obliteration of the American home.

All, all is ready prepared. But these are only an indication. Everywhere we seem to be credited with an appetite for uniformities in bulk. In the industrial sphere, the urgency of making standard articles for the multitude has forced the hurried and ill-favored growth of vast corporations, " trusts " and " monopolies." In the dramatic, the combines, supplying the whole country with its run of melodramas, farces, comedies, and vaudeville performances, plead the generality of our taste. In the journalistic, we have the bright and shallow magazines boasting a million subscribers; also a daily press, even the best type of which gratifies the great average of us with a conventional line of exaggerations, fabrications, and vulgar sensationalisms. In the religious, the material and moral needs of the masses have given rise to forms of organized " practical Christianity," in which the orthodox, heterodox, and atheistic may join.

Indeed, the disease of democracy is upon us. We *are* a mass. Our appetite is for uniformities. It is clear that the " much-too-many," that canny coinage of the half-lunatic Nietzsche for the demos, dominates. But to what extent, and to what effect on individual character? What influence to-day has the mere number of us on each of us?

Of course, the attitude toward us of those who supply our real or fancied necessities is not conclusive. For them, we may be only a grand total, yet in our souls be lofty, alone, and *sui generis*. But the condition or position thus assigned to us by our servitors, whom our numbers have made so mighty, is important. Its summary alone is more than fanciful, because those servitors touch us at so many points; indeed, reflect us to a considerable depth. A course of study followed by a hundred thousand young men is no arbitrary schedule; it is not an isolated régime peculiar to our academies; it is a gauge of our national culture, and the demands of our life even to our fron-

tiers. Sameness in our food, clothing, medicine, and musical performance, for illustration, need not be, but it *may* be, a sign of enslavement in more senses than one.

We are wearily familiar with the tale of how railways, corporations, combines, trusts, and syndicates have in our West possessed themselves of immense areas of mining, timber, oil, grazing, and agricultural lands, to the extinguishment of the opportunity of the individual settler. By their control of judiciaries and establishment of "third houses" in legislatures, they have at various times rendered him a political nullity. Finally, by regulating his production and market, they have brought him to his knees crying for mercy.

Thus in our West, as in our East, a new kind of individuality has arisen: not of the man, which was once the boast of the plainsman and the mountaineer, but of the soulless entity created by the legislature. For example, in Colorado the commercial individualities have been the "American Smelting and Refining Company," "Boston Smelting Company," "Victor Coal and Coke Company," "Colorado Fuel and Iron Company," just as the "Standard Oil Company" and the "United States Steel Corporation" have been in the country at large. These are the real American individualities. Their chiefs, the leaders in our financial life, are celebrated, not so much on their own account as because of their connection with these mighty organizations.

Americans have not been quick to complain of this curtailment of their individual opportunity. All were after the almighty dollar. They were not disposed to lament that some successful rival had beaten them at their own game. Therefore, they have suffered long, and seen the evil grow. Westerners, who have prided themselves on their personal independence, have been the first to rebel. But their revolts came only after they felt that such abuses as those inflicted upon them by the railroad and oil companies, in discriminating and excessive rates, and the general coercions of the mining, fuel, and smelting monopolies, were unbearable. The Granger movement, the Farmers' Alliance, the Populistic, Socialistic, and Social-Democratic uprisings, have testified to their indignation at the flagrant denial by these their overlords, their superiors in individuality, of their right freely to extract, raise, move, and sell their products.

Those socialistic agitations toward paternalistic government were epochal struggles. Americans, traditionally the freest among us, were realizing that their vaunted Western independence and individuality were being slowly crushed out of them. When they, at various times, called for the government ownership of all lands not occupied by actual settlers; the reclamation of tracts held by corporations; the public ownership of transportation facilities, telegraphs, telephones, parcels' post, and other utilities in the nature of monopolies; the establishment of postal savings banks; the declaration of fiat paper money to be full legal tender; the loan of government funds on farm products in federal warehouses; the refining of oil by the state, — they were unconsciously in full retreat from their stronghold. Thereby they admitted that their boasted personal initiative was come to a sorry state. First, the corporations and capitalists had taken it away from them. Then, instead of seeking to reclaim it, they were willing to surrender its power to the authorities at Washington, or at best to those of their own state. Their common plea in "hard times" — "I can't pay until the government gives me relief" — showed the completeness of their capitulation.

The intermixture of two motives has made us preëminently a materialistic people: our eagerness to make money and the urgency of developing the unparalleled resources of our mighty empire. But though physical work and practical problems absorbed our fathers in the early and middle portions of our national

history, they did not prevent the development of unique types of character. Or perhaps it would be correct to say that the conditions were such as to permit the people at large to be typified by unique representatives. Threatening questions of government, involving reforms, nourished a burning patriotism which everywhere lifted the minds of people above their drudgery. Society had not coalesced to put its stamp on all. Commerce, industry, and agriculture were free and honorable. Avenues to livelihood were open to the humblest. Men wrought independently, thought independently. Benjamin Franklin, John Jacob Astor, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Abraham Lincoln, Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, George William Childs, were sample individualities representing thousands of men of lesser mould.

To-day we have inherited the American spirit of work and wealth. The world credits us with ideals and genius which are commercial. But we find our republic of opportunity divided into monarchies, oligarchies, and plutocracies. Wall Street has in some respects far overreached Washington. We have been endowed with characteristic impulses and longings, but, behold, the only fields in which they can mature to fruitage are preëmpted. Individual opportunity has been supplanted by corporate opportunity. It is the fault of our mass. To supply the demands of the tremendous aggregate of us requires the investment of vast capital. Modest expenditure is a mere wading in the shallows near shore. It also necessitates specialized education far beyond the reach of most of us. Untrained native talent has nothing of its prestige of fifty years ago.

In proportion as the acquisition of wealth becomes difficult, that process absorbs our time and faculties. The mass of us have money-getting as our real, if not our acknowledged, aim. But we are glad to fit into the vast system where we can. We no longer boast of fortunes to be had for the mere exertion of turning the soil of the prairies, felling the trees of the forest, or delving for minerals in the mountains. Instead, we are willing to spend time and money in technical preparation, that we may become simply cogs in one of the wheels of the complicated existing machine. We are subordinate to successive chiefs. Or, if we become chiefs, we are still subordinate to the plans of boards of directors, and to the universal corporate and commercial plan which rules in the business world.

Even if we rebel against this overpowering system, the effect is to lose ourselves in the mass to do it. Labor unions make man a numeral. The very psychological impress on us of organizing to overthrow the despotism is that of our separate insignificance.

Individuality, in the sense of a man's distinct personality, in the material domain is becoming an increasingly rare phenomenon. We are forced to a common standard. Even those of us who have not material objectives cannot be nonconformers. For the few are powerless to escape the brand of eighty millions. We are socialized into an average. This brand of the multitude is a mental trademark. There can be little deviation from its grading. Granted a people of utilitarian aims, who must conform to established financial, commercial, and industrial systems of completely dominating power, and it is clear that their intellectual type must be persistent. The more intent they become on wealth, the more material- or uniform-minded they grow. The dead level of intellectuality widens.

Our effort in competing for success over the same long, difficult, foreordained courses gives us all a similar mental cast. Prosperous times, with their elation, "hard times," with their despair, equally engrave the mark of tribe. Extinguishment of individuality is the tendency of our business system as surely as it is that of the German army system. In our world of affairs, intellectual individuality, if such it may be called, is shown in the degree, not the differentiation, of our

mental powers. The best fitted win distinction, but they are only large specimens of the same mental species.

Yet our Rockefellers, Carnegies, and Morgans are unlike the eminent merchants and financiers of fifty years ago. The latter were examples of our free, successful men of affairs. The former are generals in the hard-drilled army of this commercially militant country, which has been largely of their own mustering and training. What representative quality the latter may have possessed was due to personal achievement, and was, therefore, accidental and individual. But the former have been feverishly active these many years to create in us their own mental form and comeliness.

Each of us is under tutelage to the mass of us. Every moment we are acted on by suggestions from the demos. One cannot escape the thought of all. What John Stuart Mill and Frederic Harrison say, about society now having the better of the individual, is especially applicable to the United States. Americans tend toward the cities. One third of us live in them. There we are packed; there a thousand means conform us to the multitude. Our proximity, our universal communication, make us common. Numerous clubs, societies, coöperative charities, tend to merge our individualities. Social settlements, those necessary and admirable activities of "practical Christianity," are typical of a material people too busy for meditation and spirituality, and are the very apotheosis of the non-individual. A general type of social converse is current, not reflective of high culture, but of a low average. Our mass is increasing daily, hourly. The more we are weighted by it, the more subject to it we become, the more our capacity for individuality diminishes.

Intellectually, the rural regions are ruled by our centres of population. An idea taken up by a metropolis runs its course to our farthest national bounds. That we so often make a craze of such an idea shows our imitative quality. We copy because we are too busy to originate. Thus golfing and automobiling, catchy songs and slang phrases, styles of architecture and bridge-whist, picture postcards and frenzied finance, Christian Science and anti-graft, Teddy bears, and cheap magazines, are sweeping over us at present. From dense centres of the East, they, as all our fads and styles, take their imitative way westward. But they may, on a turn of the popular tide, be abandoned, just as bicycling, ping-pong, jig-saw puzzles, child-discipline, and orthodox theology have been left behind.

But how is it in the higher realms of thought? Ah, there also the mentality of the mass crushes us. Though students in the classical courses in the colleges of the United States still outnumber those in technical courses, education is turning from cultural to utilitarian ends. German authorities have noted this in the selective courses peculiar to our institutions, and assert that it promotes only superficiality, not scholarly individuality, in our undergraduates. Curricula are readjusted to vast numbers of students whose ambitions and abilities are similar. These students have all the traits of their shrewd, calculating parents. Their schooling they desire to be a practical, technical training for a livelihood in a material calling.

But even those students who pursue purely academic courses are beaten into an intellectual sameness. Coming from the democracy of our public schools, they enter the democracy of our colleges. Against this leveling influence the American home to-day does little to individualize the youth of the land. Parents are too preoccupied with material affairs; their conversation and their actions show it. They have neither the leisure nor the culture of Lyman Beecher, Bronson Alcott, John Gladstone, the elder Robert Browning, or the elder William Pitt, to develop and refine the separate characters of children. Students in their advanced schooling are still trained in battalions, and still are subject to our spirit of mob-

hurry. The high-pressure requirements of each department tend to exhaust what nascent individuality a youth may possess. With scores of companions, he is everlastingly hustling about, making "majors" and clearing up "hours." His energies are so spent on the general task assigned each day to his crowded class that he really cannot find himself. Naturally, when he gets his diploma he is uncertain whither his talents lead.

Probably he has specialized on sociology and economics, sciences of the multitude, because they deal with the teeming life about him, and are popular with his fellow students. From the nervous tension of his studies his sane diversions are few. Athletics, the most powerful leveler in our college life, has absorbed him, not as an exercise, but as a mob craze. Its rivalries and feverish materialism make it the analogue in our university world of the hot competition in the postgraduate world of trade. Is it remarkable that our fresh graduates seem cast in the same mould? They wear the same suits, hats, shoes; act the same; smoke the same pipes; think and talk the same athletic trivialities, and seem equally void of vital interest in cultural subjects. Very different, as President Nicholas Murray Butler has remarked, from the graduates of his day, whose minds inclined toward high themes. One is tempted to sigh for the old loose college régimes and easy schedules which allowed Burke, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Stevenson, to loaf through their courses, each with his individual genius undimmed.

Lecky was right. Our literature has suffered because of our equality, our haste, and our apotheosis of the average judgment. Everywhere things are adjusted to minds intent on material objects. The hurry of the omnipresent common mentality, on its mission of developing and extending the business of the nation, will not permit of the isolated culture necessary to great verse or prose. Our poets cannot flee the multitude, as Wordsworth did. To-day the inspired aloofness of men like Emerson, Hawthorne, Whitman, and Thoreau, would be a miracle. Coöperation, organization, a leveling union, is the rule. Our means of communication are too complete. In the remotest wilderness a hundred suggestions may remind us that we are still working bees which belong to the hive. In his *Maxims and Reflections*, Goethe complained of the newspapers of his day, "They publish abroad everything that every one does, or is busy with, or is meditating, — no one can rejoice or be sorry but as a pastime for others." What would have been his despair at the commonizing bombardment of our hourly press? If our character cannot escape the deadly level, our literature cannot.

Our science, as well as our letters, has felt the blighting animus of our mass. It is not because "we have not yet emerged from the backwoods" that we are to-day so wholly eclipsed by Europeans in this field of research. Nor is it because democracies in general are unfavorable to this branch of knowledge. Democratic France, perhaps, leads the world in it. But it is because the animus of *our* democracy is utterly alien to pure science. So charged has been the atmosphere of this country with the immanence of practical, physical problems, that we have been unable to see the use of theorizing, investigation, or experimentation, unless it promised return in dollars and cents. Such labor as that of Berthelot, who never took out a patent; of Pasteur; of the Curies, in its patient preliminary stages, we are too impatient to comprehend. We certainly do little in honors, emoluments, or equipment, to encourage it.

That doctrine of the supremacy of the individual, well taught by Nietzsche, in *Thus Spake Zarathrustra;* by Ibsen, in *The Doll's House;* by Hauptmann, in *Lonely Lives;* by Sudermann, in *Magda;* by Bernard Shaw, in *Man and Superman*, seems to have made headway in this country. Apparently we often act with their royal disdain of mob-wisdom, of the supreme sanctity of matrimony, formal

piety, precise social respectability, the duty of preferring others to ourselves. Certainly our Puritanic ideals of duty and morality are toppling. Notions concerning self-sacrifice, Sabbath and religious observance, obedience and reverence in children, common honesty in trade, are relaxing. Adulterations in food, deceptions in merchandise, graft, over-capitalization, the artificial raising of prices, the crushing of competition, frequent divorces and domestic scandals, point to a general lowering of the tone of our business and private morality.

Such instances, of course, show nothing more than that the old ideals are losing something of their force. They do not necessarily point to an enlightened emancipation of the individual will. But, as a denial of the unexceptional and universal rule of conventional ideals is the burden of the great modern playwrights, it is interesting to know how far our present state goes toward moral liberty.

It is one thing to supplant old ideals of "duty" and "morality," because they are outworn, with a more enlightened principle of conduct which shall obviate unnecessary self-immolation and suffering. It is another supinely to fall away from those ideals. By doing the first, I say, "The universal rules, laid by the church upon Christian civilization in the dark ages, while it was growing out of barbarism, have in particular instances proved unjust, and they should not, at this late day, be blindly followed by me, a free, cultivated individual, capable of judging my own case." By doing the second, I do not imply individuality, but merely lapse into moral anarchy. In the one case, my emancipation is justified by its enlightenment, in the other, condemned by its lawlessness.

Acts which to-day have the aspect of moral individuality, I can see only as acts of protest and moral chaos. We have felt the irksomeness and frequent injustice of straight-laced piety, morality, and custom. Thereupon we cast them behind us. But when, for example, we leave the home for the divorce court, or the church for the Sunday golf game, it is a retreat, not an advance. Like self-willed, pleasure-loving children, we have petulantly thrown aside something we were taught to cherish. We have merely forsaken a principle or an ideal, and have nothing positive in its place. And it is the sight of a multitude of others breaking bounds that makes it the easier. We have backslided as a mass. Acts which appear to indicate the moral freedom of the individual will are really the sheep-caperings of the flock when the bars are down. Our individuality has lost rather than gained.

After what has been said, it is enough to allude to the spiritual test of individuality. Without soul, man is common; with it, he is distinct. In art, it gives him temperament; in faith, insight into the divine. Our universally diffused commercialism and the uncertainty of our religious tenets, caused by the overthrow of the "orthodox" Scriptural cosmogony by Darwin, are clear as working against his spiritual development. Both oppose the religious enlargement of the soul; the former discourages its æsthetic cultivation as well.

Individuality in the United States, judging from the lack of its products, is more hard-pressed than in the countries of Europe. There the creations of distinctive genius flourish. In art, letters, science, music, the drama, the so-called despotisms of the Old World show a greater liberty to man as a unit than does our Republic. Social caste and military conscription certainly are still oppressive on the Continent, and many causes there restrain the growth of full, free personality. But against the established gradations of population under dynasties we, in this land of equality, have the incalculable tyranny of our commercialism. Over the water, certain classes are coerced into uniformity; others, as the scholarly, the artistic, the literary, are comparatively free. Here, where the law

knows no distinction between man and man, we are all to-day under that invisible master-monarchy which holds us, body, mind, and soul.

Full individuality, freedom in the material, mental, moral, and spiritual realms, — how few Americans have possessed it! Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, are the conspicuous ones. To-day we occasionally see, here and there, little groups struggling for it. Concord and Brook Farm ideas seem to lure them. But the cloud-like hosts of materialism envelop them. The Press quickly brays forth its ridicule, and they end by being resolved to earth again. Their combination for individuality is dissolved, and each mixes with the elements of the multitude. Thereafter they are merely "queer" to their separate neighborhoods.

"The average judgment" — what sway it bears over us! Deference to the views of others is the principle of our institutions and actions. Each man wishes to be a "good fellow;" that is, so to act as to meet the approval of the greatest number of other "fellows." He averages himself with the rest by everlastingly exchanging ideas and articles, of the appreciable sort, with his fellow beings. Small wonder that the wholesalers of our food, clothing, medicines, and musical machines know that their products will sweep the land. An article once favored must run its course, like a fad. We buy it because others do; we deceive ourselves into approval of it in imitation of a like self-deception on the part of our acquaintances. Yet we call ourselves the most individual people on earth! As a whole, we have lost the inclination and capacity for separate selfhood.

HERB-O'-GRACE

BY MARY NORSWORTHY SHEPARD

When that slim treader of the air, the wind,
Bends her long dances through the archèd green,
In the thin air no footprint can I find,
And no man has that sealèd vision seen.
Is there no herb-o'-grace to touch my eyes,
That I may see as tree or flower sees,
Behold the incense from the grasses rise,
Vision the swaying motion of the breeze?
— There, where the laurel and the sunshine meet,
Is it but laurel, vibrant in the light?
Or do a lover and a maiden greet,
She still a-tremble from her sudden flight?
There, where the quiver of his rays is poured,
Is it shy Daphne, yielding to her lord?

THE DANDER OF SUSAN

A PRATT PORTRAIT

BY ANNA FULLER

SUSAN LEGGETT was sound as a nut at sixty. Not that sixty is any age at all, so far as that goes. Susan's grandmother, Old Lady Pratt, of delectable memory, would have called it the edge of the evening. But it was something, even at sixty, never to have an ache or a pain, and to be able to read the Dunbridge *Weekly Chronicle* without glasses. To be sure, one knew pretty well beforehand what was in the *Chronicle*, so that was no great feat; especially as they had n't begun printing with mouse-colored ink at that period.

Susan's detractors said that the reason she kept so young was that she was always having the entertainment of making other people lose their tempers without ever losing her own. But her partisans, who were greatly in the majority, averred that she never said sharp things behind a person's back, — as indeed, where would have been the fun? For Susan was essentially dramatic. She loved setting character in play; it was like throwing a stick to a terrier.

Her husband, the professor of Christian Ethics, had resigned his chair seven or eight years ago, because he imagined himself an invalid. Susan, having come into her share of the Spencer property at about that time, and being anxious to get back among her own folks in Dunbridge, had readily fallen in with this notion, though once the move was made, she stoutly denied that there was anything whatever the matter with him; which might have been disconcerting to the professor, only that he was used to Susan. He admired his wife immensely, and thought that she had a remarkable mind.

Of all the advantages attaching to her change of residence, none was more highly prized than the frequent opportunity of treating her brother James to the unvarnished truth, and then using her fine mind in an effort to discover what could have disturbed him. Susan was by no means devoid of tact; but, like her "real thread" lace, she did not wear it "common."

She was calling at her brother's one day, when Nannie, her sister-in-law, pleading a headache, excused herself and left the room. James and Susan were invigorating personalities, but taken together they sometimes formed rather too powerful an astringent for a sensitive organism like Nannie's. Her defection was viewed with pitying tolerance by Susan, who did not however feel called upon to exercise a like indulgence toward her eminently robust brother.

"You know, James," she remarked, with unflinching sincerity, "it's all your fault, as I've told you time and again, Nannie's being such an invalid. First you don't let her lift a finger for fear she 'll tire herself, which is enough to make any woman a gibbering idiot; and then keep her nerves on edge by blowing out at her every five minutes about nothing."

"Blowing out at her?" was the indignant protest. "I never blow out at her! Never blow out at anybody!"

"There, there, James; don't get all wrought up, just as I'm leaving you." And, as she rose to go, "How's Benny doing now?"

"How's *Ranny* doing now?" James retorted viciously. For Ranny was Susan's only child, and there were rumors about Ranny.

These had not reached Susan, however; so she was able to reply with telling emphasis, "Oh, Ranny has never given us a moment's anxiety," and to leave the room with her head in the air. Susan was a short woman, not to say stout, but at mention of Ranny's name she had the faculty of holding her head so high that one involuntarily looked for stilts.

James meanwhile kept his seat, a smouldering eye upon the departing chignon, which was quite as provocative in its way as the ringlets of yore. He and Susan had been near enough of an age for fraternal amenities; and as often as not, when she referred to the golden days of childhood, as she occasionally did, being of a sentimental turn, this was the picture that arose in his memory: a small boy in a sputtering rage, and a startled little girl, a size or two smaller, with a deservedly rumpled head-piece.

"How's Ranny doing now!" she repeated, as she turned her steps homeward. "I declare, there's no lengths James won't go when he's out of temper. How's Ranny doing, indeed!" While as for Benny, — well, she certainly hoped he would not commit any more excesses, though if he did, she was too good an aunt not to wish to know all about it.

But what did James mean about Ranny? That was really what was gnawing at her consciousness all the time that she was simulating concern for Benny. What did James mean by that peculiar echo of her own significant inquiry?

The cousins were not far apart in years, but they had never had much in common. How should Ranny have much in common with a boy who was known to be dissipated? — a word which Susan spelled in italics, but pronounced *sotto voce*. Her Ranny, her only child, upon whom every care had been lavished that Christian Ethics could devise or parental devotion bestow. She did not believe he had ever had a glass too much in his life; and as for cards, he hated the sight of them — would n't even take a hand at euchre in the family circle. While Benny, poor boy, the youngest of nine, — of course his mother had had neither time nor strength to bring him up carefully. Really, a large family was a great mistake.

There had been a time when, if Susan had not been at bottom a thoroughly amiable woman, she would have hated her sister-in-law, whose babies used to come along so regularly that they might have been made a feature of the Old Farmer's Almanac; while she, Susan, had waited nearly fifteen years for Ranny. When the boy did arrive he was but a puling infant, — and our forbears knew what that queer little word meant, if we don't. It was thought in the family that the name Randidge Leggett, Junior, which was instantly clapped upon him, might have proved something of a facer for so young a child. But that was soon mended. For when, at a tender age, he was brought to Dunbridge and solemnly introduced to all the magi and magesses of the clan, Old Lady Pratt, without a moment's hesitation, addressed him as "Ranny." Upon which he was said to have ceased puling and chirked right up.

To-day, when Susan arrived at home, she found the professor mousing among his papers in an aimless way that was growing upon him, now that he was out of a job. He glanced up at his wife as she entered, and willingly relaxed his efforts. It always did him good to see Susan come in. She was so brisk and hearty and wholesome. When she fretted because she was not tall and stately, like her sister Arabella (which she frequently did, merely for the pleasure of drawing him out), he would assure her that long-necked women were formed for poets to write verses about, — though the careless fellows sometimes neglected to do

so, — while the roley-poley kind were made to be loved. Was it any wonder that Susan accounted her husband a profound thinker?

"Well, my dear," he inquired, "been cheering up your neighbors?"

She came over and dropped a kiss on the top of his head before replying. It had been her habit from time immemorial. Perhaps that was why she was the only person who seemed not to have observed that he was beginning to grow bald. As the professor would have put it, "The attrition of a frequently repeated process tends to blunt the perceptions." He used such erudite phrases in conversation with his wife, for, whether she understood them or not, she might always be depended upon to think that she did.

As she performed the customary rite, he got hold of her gloved hand and called her "my love." This he invariably did when he pressed her hand. Nor was he conscious in so doing of any attrition of the faculties.

"I've been to see Nannie," she announced, sitting down on the other side of the big study desk, and drawing off her gloves. "James was in a shocking temper. What do you suppose he asked me?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine."

"He asked me how Ranny was doing! Now, professor, what do you suppose he was driving at?"

"Perhaps he had heard of Ranny's promotion."

"Ranny's promotion? What do you mean?"

"Why, Ranny has just been in to tell us. He says they've moved him up a notch, and" — he eyed her apprehensively — "he asked me to tell you, so I have to, my dear, — he may have to go west."

"Never!" cried Susan, springing to her feet. "Never! He shall throw the whole thing over before he goes west."

"I was afraid you might feel that way. Of course we should miss Ranny."

"Miss him? Why, I would n't have him go west to be President of the United States!"

"He would n't have to," the professor interpolated.

"Go west? Go west? Where is the boy?"

"He said he should n't be in again until after we had gone to bed."

"He'll be in before *I've* gone to bed. You may rest assured of that! Why, Randidge, —" And she stopped, with a little gasp. "Do you suppose he was *afraid* to talk to me about it?"

"Well, my dear, you *are* pretty decided in your views, and — he appears to be pretty decided himself in this instance. In fact, it struck me" — and the professor began blinking through his glasses in a way he had when his brain was under its own steam, rather than towing in the wake of a brother savant, — "it struck me that he was rather particularly pleased with this opening — for every reason."

But Susan, in hot pursuit of her own thought, missed the implication.

"There's no need of his staying with the Stickman Company at all, if they put such conditions on his promotion." She had sat down again, and it was evident to the professor that she was about to use her remarkable mind. "Any one of his uncles could give him a new start, — James might certainly think of something, — though I don't know that I could ever bring myself to ask a favor of him, after the way he spoke of Ranny just now."

"But, my dear," the professor interposed, with pained insistence, "I was about to say that what the boy seems to want is to —" he hesitated, but there was no help for it, — "to get away."

"Randidge!"

As Susan spoke the word that was the Alpha and Omega of all she loved, she sank back in her chair, incapable of further speech, — and the professor knew what that meant. Ranny, her Omega, wanted to get away. To get away from home, from his father, from his mother,

— to get away! Their only child, that they had waited for so long! Their one chicken! No, it was too much! And Susan, the brisk, the cheerful, the hearty, broke completely down.

Then the professor got on his feet and came over to her and, perhaps with a vague reminiscence of past favors, essayed to kiss the top of *her* head. But his glasses were dangling on the string, and he found himself so suddenly confronted with a bunch of apocryphal roses, that he was obliged to content himself with patting her shoulder and saying, "There, there!" which did just as well.

Then Susan looked up through her tears.

"*You* won't desert me," she implored, clutching blindly at the sheet-anchor that had never failed her yet.

"Desert you?" he protested. "Desert you!"

And, as was ever the case in moments of conjugal fervor, his brain was fired with the familiar fiction that he had never loved another, and he found himself impelled as by automatic action to murmur something to that effect. What matter if there lived one or two elderly ladies who could have told a different tale? What mattered they, since they were clean forgotten! And so he comforted Susan, and cheered himself, with that immediate and unstinting devotion which is so much better than historic accuracy.

But when bedtime came and no Ranny, she would not let him share her vigil, but sent him off, in the well-founded assurance that, being an avowedly light sleeper, he was safe not to be disturbed by any echoes of the battle-royal for which she was preparing.

And when the house was quiet, Susan sat down on the top stair and waited. She could not have told why she chose just that conspicuous and uncomfortable situation, unless with some far-reaching strategical design. But there she sat, full-panoplied for the fray. And yet, while she knew that there was a struggle before her, she felt in no combative mood. Rather was she singularly open to gentle influences. That was because she was thinking of her boy, which always made her heart soft. And indeed, for all her martial aspect, never was there a heart more prompt to soften than Susan's own.

She had turned down the gas in the upper passage-way, leaving the entry below brightly lighted as usual. The house was still warm, in spite of a bleak November wind outside, for the professor had but just banked down the furnace. Pleasant odors of geranium and heliotrope came floating up from the wire stand in the dining-room, while the ticking of a placid old clock, taking quiet note of the passing seconds, swelled to the slow stroke of eleven. The sense of home was very strong. Surely Ranny could never hold out against it. He would only have to look and listen — and smell — to feel that here was where he belonged.

Good boy! It was as Susan had assured her brother; he had never given them a moment's anxiety. She had often said that if she had had a dozen children, she could not have loved the lot of them as she loved Ranny. He was so exactly what she would have wished him to be, — though there was no denying that she had been compelled to revise her specifications from time to time. She had fancied, for instance, that she wanted him to grow up tall, and of imposing carriage; but when he turned out short and stocky she saw that it gave him a singularly manly, trustworthy air. She had imagined that he would inherit his father's scholarly tastes; but when he begged off from college and chose a business career, Susan was the first to declare that that was the thing for a man in a big growing country like this. And even when he developed a slightly stolid temperament, — Susan called it judicial, — she perceived how much it was to the advantage of a man not to wear his heart on his sleeve. From the beginning she had accepted Ranny

as the Lord made him, concerned only to perform aright her supplementary task of keeping his manners and morals straight; for, despite her cheerful commentary on the surface foibles of her kind, Susan had a fundamental respect for inherent character and tendencies. Here, however, in this present crisis, was no question of such weighty matters. This deplorable caprice of Ranny's, — it was, it must be, fruit of some light impulse, lightly to be checked.

As the placid clock ticked off second after second, she told herself that she was really taking things too seriously. Ranny had no doubt felt flattered by the promotion, and for once his excellent judgment had been at fault. But as for his going west, — going west! And at the fatally reiterative phrase Susan clasped her hands together until the knuckles showed white. She would yield in everything else, but not here. On that path she felt herself a very rock of resistance. It seemed to her that no locomotive ever built could get past her if it were bearing Ranny away. She had a grotesque vision of the whole westward-bound traffic blocked by her stout person, immovable, indestructible, in its adamantine purpose.

The clock struck twelve; he must soon be here. And a sudden craving for the sight of him stirred her to impatience. Ah, there he was! How often had it happened that he came just when she most wanted him! And she held her breath as the latch-key turned in the lock, the big door opened, and Ranny stepped inside, — a short, close-knit figure, shutting the door and making it fast with a quiet decision of movement not suggestive of a pliable disposition.

As the young man turned to put out the gas, the light struck full on his face, and Susan's nerves, strained already to severe tension, vibrated to the shock. The boy's usually self-contained countenance was alive and alight as she had never seen it, not even in those rare moments of expansion which only his mother had shared. What could it mean, this look of exaltation, of strong emotional up-lift? She rose to her feet, prepared to take his secret by storm.

At sound of the movement he glanced up and saw his mother standing there; and swiftly, as in conscious self-defense, he turned out the gas. But not so quickly but that she had seen his face fall. A sickening reaction lamed her will. He had come in with the look of a young conqueror, and at the sight of his mother his face had changed. The mask of darkness that fell as the light went out had been no more effectual than that which his will had summoned at the same moment, against his mother.

"Why, mother," he exclaimed, "you up? Anything wrong?"

Then Susan descended the staircase, leaning heavily on the balustrade, and coming up to him said, "No, Ranny. There's nothing wrong. I only thought I should like to kiss you good-night."

"Dear little mother! How nice of you!"

But though he kissed her, dutifully enough, his words had not the true ring.

And so ended Susan's first engagement with the enemy that she could not see, that she could not locate, of which her very scouts were afraid. And worsted for the moment, not by the errant son outside there in a hostile world, but by the mother in the innermost depths of her, she crept to her bed and passed a sleepless night.

But not for nothing had Susan husbanded her reserve fund of tact for great occasions, and never did it stand her in better stead than in the watches of that sleepless night, from which she arose with her plan of campaign distinctly mapped out.

Stepping to the front door with Ranny after breakfast, as was her daily custom, she said quietly, "You'll not decide anything hastily, will you, Ranny?"

"No, mother," he answered, surprised and touched by her forbearance.

"Just when would it be if you go?"

"Not before January."

" Oh well," was the cheerful rejoinder, " that 's a long way off! "

And upon that she gave him quite the same kind of kiss as usual; while the professor, witnessing the little scene from his seat at the breakfast-table, fell to winking his eyes and assiduously wiping his glasses.

But to-day Susan had no time to squander on sentiment, and no sooner had she got the ordering of her household off her hands than she made a bee-line for James's store. She found him in his private sanctum, running through his mail, and, had she but guessed it, confidently anticipating her visit. For brother and sister had exchanged too many home truths first and last, not to be on terms of excellent understanding.

" Now, James," she began, without preamble, and planting herself at his elbow, " out with it. What did you mean by asking how Ranny was doing now? "

" Mean? " he repeated, beginning to sharpen a pencil, and breaking off the point. " Why, I was only hitting back."

" Then you *were* hitting back. I thought so. Now — what do you know about Ranny? "

" Mainly what his mother has told me," he answered, protruding his lips in sign of craft and deliberation.

" Come, James, don't prevaricate. You meant something."

But James seemed quite absorbed in his whittling.

" Do you know anything about Ranny that I don't? " she demanded.

" How should I know what you know? " His penknife was toying perilously with the attenuated point it had achieved. To relax his attention meant disaster.

" James! " The supplicating monosyllable struck home.

" Well, Susan," he admitted, with a shrug, "since you insist. It's something that pretty much everybody seems to have got wind of, except you and Ran."

Her hands were so tight-clasped by this, that one of the fingers of her glove split down the seam.

" Do you think that is right? " she asked quietly.

" No," cried James, tossing the pencil to one side, regardless of the point, " I'm blessed if I do! "

" Then, for pity's sake, tell me! "

He was looking out at the neighboring chimney-pots.

" It's a girl," he answered.

" A girl? Good heavens, James! But Ranny's nothing but a boy! "

" That won't help you any."

" But he's too young."

" Stuff, Susan. He's older than I was when I got married. We did n't think it young then."

" Who is she? Do I know her? " Her voice was grown monotonous.

" You would n't be likely to."

" Is she — respectable? "

" I guess so."

" Guess so? James! "

" She's a working girl. They're usually respectable."

" What does she do? "

" Waits on table in an ice-cream saloon."

But Susan never flinched.

" Where? " she asked, in the same dull, level tone.

"On Marlowe Street, next the theatre."

" Do you know her name? "

" Not all of it. They call her Biddy."

And still she kept a steady front.

" How did you find out about it? " she asked.

" Well, Bill met them driving together a week ago; and the girls saw them at the cathedral at some musical shindy; and they've been rowing up-river. Mary Anne's boys almost ran them down under the willows one day last August. It's always Sundays. Guess they've been going together for a good six months."

" And nobody told me! "

" I suppose they kind o' hated to bell the cat."

" James! "

" Oh, I'm not excusing them, nor myself either; though I did n't know a word of it till Tuesday, and I've been trying to

get the spunk to break it to you. For of course it's got to be headed off, and the sooner the better."

James rather prided himself on his family pride.

"But how did everybody know who it was?" she persisted, driving hard at the point, like a seasoned cross-examiner.

"Oh, it's a place the young folks go to for an ice-cream of an afternoon, or after the theatre."

"After the theatre? A young woman! For she is young?"

"Presumably." Then, with a keen look at his sister, "Going to do anything about it?"

"Do anything!" The challenge brought her to her feet. "I rather think I am going to 'do anything'!"

"What are you going to do?"

"*I'm going to get an ice-cream!*"

"Good!" he cried, springing to his feet. And as he held the door open for her, "I'll bank on you, Susan, when once you get your dander up!"

And Susan, strong in the "dander" of that brotherly encomium, marched straight for the "Ice-cream Parlor," as it called itself, which already her imagination was painting in lurid colors. She was a bit taken aback to find it merely a quiet, decorous place, with rows of marble-top tables, mostly unoccupied at this hour, and a bevy of tidy waitresses gossiping in a corner. As the stout, elderly customer entered and took her seat, a prettyish little person with freckles, detaching herself from the group of girls, came down between the tables and stood at attention.

"Bring me a chocolate ice-cream," Susan commanded, endeavoring to look as if such were her customary diet at this hour of the day.

"There's nothin' but vanilla so early in the mornin'."

"Then bring me vanilla!"

Susan loathed vanilla and all its works; but that was neither here nor there. Cold poison would scarce have daunted her in this militant mood.

And when the initial sacrifice was accomplished, and she was valiantly imbibing of the highly flavored concoction, Ranny's mother set herself to a systematic study of that group of girls. At first the half-dozen potential adversaries looked to her exactly alike, and one and all she regarded with impartial antagonism. But presently she found her attention concentrating upon a certain tall, showy blond, of stately bearing and masterful address, still further endowed with a rich brogue, — the only genuine thing about the hussy, Susan told herself, taking vindictive note of each unlovely trait which made the girl conspicuous. And that the maternal instinct, now keenly on the scent, should lack no confirmation, there straightway arose an agitated whisper of, "Look sharp, Biddy; it's your turn!" And behold the Biddy of her worst forebodings, bearing down upon a youth in tweeds, who had just seated himself at one of the tables, and taking him in charge, with an air of competence which left no doubt in Susan's mind of the girl's sinister identity. She recalled, with a shudder, Ranny's fatal predilection for great bouncing partners, away back in dancing-school, when, to his mother's unspeakable chagrin, he was forever leading out the tallest beanpole of the class. Yes; all signs and portents converged upon that stately siren; and as Susan grasped their ominous significance, her dander rose to boiling point, driving her brain in a dozen directions at once.

"So you would propose offering her money?" the professor inquired, in his leisurely, speculative tone, when she had sprung upon him her whole arsenal of high-pressure conclusions.

"To be sure. What else can we do? Money is the only possible bait for a creature like that."

Hm! Susan was undoubtedly right about it. And what a picturesque way she had of expressing herself! Only — might not the hook have to be heavily

baited? The professor, whose youth had known the spur of necessity, was not always able to share his wife's exuberant indifference respecting the power that makes the mare go.

"If only her demands be not exorbitant," he ventured half-heartedly.

"What if they are?" was the gallant rejoinder. "You would n't have the hussy put a low price on Ranny!"

And that night Susan slept a sleep so confident and so unbroken, that morning was upon her in no time.

At the earliest possible hour, and wishing that she might have the incredible luck of attracting the siren to her service, she repaired to the scene of action. But again the little waitress of the previous day came forward, this time with an engaging smile of welcome.

"We've got chocolate ice-cream this mornin'," the girl announced, pleased as if catering to an honored guest.

"How nice of you to remember what I liked," said Susan, glancing up into the friendly little face, which seemed all the more attractive for its piquant spatter of freckles.

"I always remember what folks like." The unconscious disclaimer was pronounced with a slight brogue, — a mere cadence compared with the siren's challenging accents, — but slight as it was, it touched a spring, and Susan's thoughts were off and away.

Her intrepid fancy had just arrived at the point when she should confront the enemy, a check for a large amount in one hand, in the other some sort of legal quit-claim for Ranny, when a much over-dressed young woman made a rustling exit from the room, and Susan's ear was caught by the delicate brogue of her own little Hebe, bubbling over with, "Say, gurrls! did ye mind the hat on her? Right on top of her head, where annybody could see ut! Now would n't yer thought she'd ha' put a thing like that under the table?"

And as the girls broke into suppressed titterings, "Ach, go 'way wid ye, Biddy!" the siren cried. "'T ain't a patch on my new chapeau!"

Susan's heart contracted with a quick misgiving. So that was Biddy too, the dear little one who had remembered that she preferred chocolate! She hoped to goodness that that was not Ranny's Biddy, — that honest little human girl with the sweet voice and the spirited, sensitive face! At mere thought of an antagonist like that, Susan's dander dropped to zero.

"How many Biddys have you here?" she inquired, ostentatiously fumbling in her purse for change, while the little Biddy waited.

"Only one. I'm the only Biddy o' the bunch."

"But I thought they called that tall one Biddy."

"Her? Oh, she's Liddy."

"And you are Biddy," Susan repeated, still managing not to find that illusive coin. "And pray what is your other name?"

"Molloy." It fell on the ear like a note of music.

"Biddy Molloy. How pretty!" was the involuntary comment.

"Do you like ut? Maybe ye're Irish yerself?"

"Oh, no!"

"Well, it's no disgrace," quoth Biddy, with a little toss. The protest had been a thought too spontaneous.

"No, no. I did n't mean it that way. But, don't you think we all like to be what we really are? Now, you would n't want to be a Yankee girl; would you, my dear?"

"I use n't to," was the candid response. "But now" — and she sighed wistfully — "I don't know."

Then Susan knew, with a knowledge as different as possible from any fantastic theories of tall girls and competent sirens, that this was Ranny's Biddy; and deeply dejected, yet curiously consoled, as well, she cashed her little ticket and went her ways.

To-morrow was Sunday, and when

Ranny slipped away to his poor little fool's paradise, he never guessed what solicitous and tender thoughts were following him. It was Indian summer weather, and Susan could fancy the two young people — how touchingly young they were! — rowing, up-river, where Mary Anne's boys had once come upon them. All day long she was haunted by a picture of their little boat, passing under the willows, — Ranny at the oar, Biddy paddling an idle hand in the water. She saw it all as vividly as if she had been standing on the bank. She saw the reflection of the boat in the tranquil stream; in their faces the reflection of an honest, natural love, such as all young things have a right to, — a love that had come to flower in the sweet out-of-door life, in the sabbath stillness, or quickened and uplifted on the strains of great cathedral music. For Susan was imaginative, in her own homely way, and the casual touches in James's report, which had passed unnoticed at the moment, fitted now into Ranny's little love-story, as a tune will fit the verse it was written for.

As the beautiful Indian-summer day wore on, poor Susan, dramatic, sentimental, soft-hearted, hardly dared look her unsuspecting husband in the eye. And yet his counsel tallied closely with her own inclinations. For the thrifty man, only too ready to agree that this was no case for bribery and corruption, urged upon her the necessity of getting to know the girl better, of winning her confidence, and thus studying how best to circumvent her. And, contrary as this programme was to Susan's frank nature, the initial steps at least were intimately alluring. On nothing was her heart so set, indeed, as upon getting to know Ranny's Biddy.

The enterprise bade fair to be an easy one, for there was something about the child so alive, so expressive, so individual, that she could not set a plate of ice-cream before a customer without some small, unconscious revelation of herself. A trig little hand it was that performed the humble task, and nicely tended, too. Susan had a feeling for hands; her own were rather pudgy.

"Are your father and mother both Irish?" she asked, next day, vainly striving to feel herself the relentless inquisitor it was her business to be.

"Yes; they was Irish. But they're both dead."

"Oh!" Susan grieved, with instant sincerity. "When did they die?"

"Whin I was a baby."

"You poor little thing! And who brought you up?"

"Me aunt."

"Are you living with her now?"

"No; she's dead, too. But I gets along." Clearly Biddy was not looking for pity.

"How old were you when she died?"

"Fifteen; big enough for a job. I'm seventeen, now," she added, with the pardonable pride of maturity.

And, as question and answer fell, brief and incisive, Susan perceived that Biddy — the Biddy she must get to know — was already emerging, clear-cut as a little cameo.

"And before that you were at school?" she persisted.

"The last year I was takin' care o' me aunt."

"She was ill all that time?"

"Yes; it was her heart." And the girl's voice dropped to a pitiful note as she added, "She suffered awful."

"But you helped her bear the suffering," said Susan warmly; and from that hour they were fast friends, — which did not help matters in the very least.

That Biddy had no lack of friends among her special customers, was patent to any observer. It gave Ranny's mother a turn one day, when a great calf of a boy had the impudence to twitch the girl's apron-string. But, "None o' that," laughed Biddy, serenely adjusting the loosened knot, "or I'll have ye put out o' this!" Whereupon the youngster blushed and grinned and looked a hundred foolish things.

That same afternoon, however, — it

was only Tuesday, — Biddy showed another side, a new phase of that vivacious temperament which she had so well in hand. The tables were nearly all full, when the girl stepped up to an unprepossessing person in a "sporty" necktie, and waited his order. The fellow saw fit to speak so low that Biddy was forced to bend her head, which she did with manifest repugnance. What he said was inaudible to Susan, keenly alert as always, but the effect was electric. Straightening up, the girl flashed back, "I guess I'm too busy to wait on you!"

As she turned away in tingling scorn, the competent siren, already come to seem as chimerical as her sisters of ancient lore, went sailing across the room, and took the discomfited gallant under her protection.

At last, on Thursday, — just one week it was, one anxious, futile, poignant week, from the day James put that fateful question about Ranny, — the professor was brought, much against his will, to expose himself to the seductions of ice-cream at an ungodly hour and, ostensibly at least to bring a trained mind to bear upon the situation. Did Susan have a sneaking hope that he too might succumb to Biddy's artless charm, that he too might own himself baffled and at a loss? If so, she had for once misread the open book that was her husband's mind.

"Well, dear, and how do you feel about it now?" she inquired anxiously, as they passed out into the busy city street, and wended their way to the horse-car, arm in arm, — an unblushing anachronism among the up-to-date populace.

"Feel about it!" he repeated, so gruffly that she could hardly credit her ears. "I feel that you've got to come to an understanding with that girl, and be quick about it too, or *I'll not answer for Ranny!*" As if anybody had thought of answering for Ranny, by the way.

Then Susan knew that matters were serious, — that her husband was bracing himself to take a stand; and she trembled at thought of the consequences. For, like many another tractable man, the professor had his rare periods of mutiny, when he became irritable, dogmatic, yet fatally ineffective.

They were sitting, as usual at dusk, before the study fire, trying to look the Darby and Joan they could not feel tonight, when suddenly the professor broke the silence.

"Susan," he declared, — and his tone was so accusatory that she felt her courage shrivel up as in a killing frost, — "Susan, you are in love with that girl, yourself!"

It was her own conscience coming to speech on his lips, and she dared make no denial.

"Perhaps I have been foolish, Randidge," she faltered. "But the little thing is so pretty, and so plucky, and so alone!"

"Not so much alone as she had better be!" he asserted harshly; at which, conscience or no conscience, Susan was up in arms.

"Randidge," she cried, "how can you be so unfeeling?"

"I'm not unfeeling," he insisted, grown suddenly didactic and authoritative. "Quite the contrary; I am feeling deeply. But my eyes are opened, and I see things as they are, — things that you, in your lamentable soft-heartedness, are unable to apprehend. I see that you are playing fast and loose with a very critical situation. Here is our son, our only son, exposed to one of the gravest dangers that can beset a young man on the threshold of life, — an ill-assorted marriage — marriage with a young person, —" Susan was holding her tongue by sheer force of will, recognizing the justice of her husband's contention, recognizing her duty to Ranny, yet conscious of a climbing revolt that had nothing whatever to do with reason, — "marriage with a young person," he was saying, "an ignorant, underbred young person, who would be a drag upon him all his life. And just because she has a pretty face and a taking way with her, — I will admit that I observed that trait in her myself, — but just

because of these skin-deep attractions, you are weakly sacrificing your own child, his happiness for life, rather than take the most obvious measures for saving him."

"No, Randidge," Susan interposed, with a slow, fierce self-control. "If you want me to agree with you, you must put it differently."

In the heat of conflict they had not heard the latch-key, nor the closing of the front door, — Ranny was always quiet in his movements, — nor were they aware of his approach, as he halted on the threshold, arrested by the tenor of their talk. This was his concern; he had a right to play the eavesdropper.

"I tell you, Susan," the professor went pounding on, "she is a girl of low extraction, and has lived all her life in a demoralizing atmosphere. Working in a public restaurant of an evening, exposed even by day to such rudeness as you yourself described to me, — walking the street at midnight, subject to still worse affronts, living by herself, with no one to see to it that she leads a decent life —"

There was a menacing light in the eyes of the listener on the threshold, and his hands were clenched till the knuckles showed white, precisely as his mother's were doing, over there in the firelight. But Susan broke in just in time.

"Stop, Randidge," she cried peremptorily. "Stop just where you are! I'm ashamed of you! Yes, I'm ashamed of you! To throw it up against that brave young thing that she lives the life she is obliged to live, — the only life that is open to her, — with no one to protect her, no one to guide her, no one to love her! Has n't she as good a right to all that as any other girl? Has n't she a warm heart, and a sweet soul, and the courage of a little soldier? Is n't she witty, is n't she kind, is n't she good? What more do you want in a young girl?"

"But, Susan," the poor man cried, vainly trying to stem the flood he had rashly let loose, "her low origin, her lack of education! Why, she can't even speak grammatically!"

"Speak grammatically!" Susan retorted, ruthlessly pouncing on the anti-climax. "Neither did my grandmother Pratt speak grammatically; and that's why we remember what she said! There was some flavor to her sayings! What's the good of everybody talking just alike, as if we were a lot of poll-parrots, huddled together in one cage? And what are we, anyway, you and I? I've never heard of any coronets hanging on our family trees, nor any laurel wreaths either! What's my family? What's yours?" And now Susan had slipped the moorings of a lifetime. "You were nothing but a farmer's boy, with your own way to make, and that's exactly what Biddy's father was in the old country! What have all the women of my family done, more than love their husbands, and bring up their children the best they knew how? I'd like to have you show me a sweeter, better girl than our Ranny's little Biddy, to do just that!"

"Mother!"

It broke like a great sob across her words, and as the professor looked around, dazed and defeated, there were Ranny and his mother, locked in each other's arms, as it were, carved out of a single block, Rodin-fashion; only there was n't any Rodin in those days, that anybody ever heard of.

Susan was the first to break that rapturous spell.

"Oh, what have I done?" she cried, as one who wakes from a bewildering dream.

"Done!" the professor echoed, settling back in his chair, and thanking Heaven that it had not been his doing.

But in Ranny's face was the look she had seen but once, and this time it was all for his mother.

THE NOVEL TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

NOT quite two thousand, since we hardly care to take account of Xenophon's graceful Sunday-school book, the *Cyropædia*, nor of the Milesian fables, of which we know little except that they were not Sunday-school books. Plutarch tells us that an officer in the defeated army of Crassus had a valise stuffed with these same fables, which greatly shocked his Parthian conqueror, though even the grave biographer points out a certain inconsistency in the Parthian's morals, in view of his own domestic arrangements.

Neither are we much concerned with the dreaming philosophy of Plato's Atlantis, nor with the various travel stories that have come to us in fragments, nor with the Alexander legends which were so popular in the Middle Ages. The *Satyricon* of Petronius is more a series of sketches of manners than a unified work, and even Apuleius's *Metamorphoses*, full of grace and full of spirit, is less a complete novel than a tissue of adventures after the fashion of *Gil Blas*.

There are, however, a half-dozen stories belonging to the later period of Greek literature which curiously anticipate certain types of modern fiction. It is characteristic of these books that everything about them is vague. We hardly know the authors' names, nothing of their lives. We do not know the dates of composition, nor which were imitations and which originals. And the contents are vaguer still. Lovers from far countries range through the known world, joyously indifferent to history and chronology, intent on their own affairs and regardless of what takes place about them. They might have told us so much that we should like to know, and they do not. This is the complaint of the learned Professor Rohde, exhaled at German length in six hundred closely printed pages. Not to be compared with modern novels, he says, — no psychology, no picture of real life at all. And when I read Professor Meyer's pronouncement, in the January *Contemporary Review*, that *Die Wahlverwandschaften* is the best of German romances, I am obliged to confess that, if that work and *Wilhelm Meister* are the highest types of fiction, Chloe and Chariclea may hide their heads at once.

But the Greek novels were not written for professors. They were read in their own day by those who read Scott and Dumas at present. And I greatly fear *The Three Musketeers* would suit Professors Rohde and Meyer no better than *Clitophon and Leucippe*. The Greek novels were written to amuse and to enchant, not to instruct. Curiously enough, I think we may infer almost certainly from their general character that they were written, as most novels are to-day, for women. And we must imagine to ourselves a Greek lady, with no church fairs and no woman's club to occupy her time, throwing her whole soul into the strange adventures of Callirrhoe and longing unutterably for a husband as brave, as handsome, as devoted as the much-enduring Chæreas. Why should we quarrel with these stories for what they are not? Let us put ourselves in the place of their readers and inquire what those readers found in them.

And first, and everywhere, and always, there is love. Anatole France charmingly misquotes Gremio in *The Taming of the Shrew* as requiring of books only "*qu'ils soient bien reliés et qu'ils parlent d'amour.*" The Greek romances may or

may not be beautifully bound, but assuredly they speak of love and of nothing else. Psychologically, no; that is not their way. But love in its tenderness, its grace, its early and youthful pathos, they often depict with extraordinary charm. "For never yet was anyone born loveless, or will be, while beauty is or eyes behold. But may the god spare me, even while I write of others' woes," says one author. Anthia and Abrocomas meet at last in the temple, after years of separation and torment and despair. "They knew each other at once, such was the overwhelming longing of their souls. And they embraced each other again and again. And their knees sank under them, in a tide of passions hardly to be borne, joy, grief, fear, the remembrance of things past, the agony and doubt of things to come."

What is distinctive in these stories, as in Greek literature generally, is the conception of love as a visitation and scourge of God, not as a weakness to be ashamed of, nor as a pretty sentiment to be nursed and cherished. Sainte-Beuve, in his essay on Theocritus, has admirably analyzed the difference between ancient and modern feeling in this matter. Love to the Greek poet was a malady, a fierce affliction; but the sense of its divine origin ennobled the physical torment and made the passion of Medea and Dido a strange blend of bodily and spiritual ecstasy.

It was just the lack of this essential mingling of soul and sense which Macaulay meant to indicate when he said that Southey's heroines loved "either like seraphim or like cattle." And the Greek attitude has never been better summed up than in Euripides's line, —

Κύπρις γὰρ οὐ φορητὸν ἦν πολλὴ ῥυῇ, —

so finely paraphrased by Horace, —

In me tota ruit Venus;

and by Racine, —

C'est Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée.

Phædra and Dido are doubtless a good way above the heroines of our Greek novels; but the point of view is the same. Love comes like a thunderclap. The heart is free, and the god envelops it and blasts it all in a moment. As Juliet speaks ten words to Romeo and droops and withers, —

"If he be marrièd,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed," —

so Callirrhoe sees Chæreas on her way to the temple and is lost. "The maiden fell at the feet of the goddess and kissed them and said, 'Sweet lady, give me to my husband the man whom you have showed me now.'" And she went home and pined away and was not to be comforted, till they gave her Chæreas. Then "like a lamp that has burned low, when you pour fresh oil on it, she glowed and gleamed again, in fresher, and brighter, and more perfect loveliness."

As with love, so with the beauty that enkindles it. The heroines of modern novels are as beautiful as language can make them, undoubtedly. But here again, the Greek attitude is different. It is not a matter of hair and eyes and color. There is very little description in detail. It is the Greek feeling of something divine in beauty, an adoration of pure lines and graceful bearing as in themselves almost inseparable from grace and nobility of soul. The impression given is quite as much of a different sense in the beholder as of a satisfying perfection in the thing beheld.

Note also that the mere physical beauty of the hero counts almost equally with that of the heroine. "When Abrocomas took his place among the young men, although the aspect of the maidens was very tempting, everyone forgot them in gazing at him, and the multitude, carried away by the sight of him, cried out, 'How fair is Abrocomas, fairer than ever mortal was before, and the very image of a glorious deity.'" Almost, not quite, so long as the writer is a man, even though a Greek. "Then Chariclea, chaste and lovely, issued from the temple, and we realised at once that Theagenes was surpassed, but surpassed by only so much

as it is natural for the beauty of woman to overshadow the beauty of man."

Perhaps it is in regard to Callirrhoe, the heroine of Chariton, that this public and general adoration of beauty reaches its highest pitch. And if there is something fantastic about it, there is also something sincere and genuine, which testifies to a real basis of human experience. Callirrhoe is summoned to the court of the great king. As she approaches the capital, a rival beauty comes out to meet her, but is completely eclipsed. "All the people strained not only their eyes, but their souls, one crowding before another, to get as near a view of her as possible. For the countenance and the glory of Callirrhoe possessed the eyes of all, as in the depth of night the sudden flashing of a splendid star. The barbarians, overcome, bowed down and worshiped her, and no one even seemed aware that her rival was present." A more humorous phase of the same thing is the naïve remark of Callirrhoe herself, when starting on one of her numerous wanderings: " I don't care so much about the length of the journey, but I am afraid that somebody over there may find me lovely, too."

If the heroes of these stories excel the modern article in physical beauty, it is by no means the same in other respects. Our friends, the German professors, are very indignant with the Greek hero for his selfishness and his pusillanimity. They forget that he was a Greek, not a German or an Englishman. The heroes of the Iliad fight like tigers, but they also run away and feel no shame for it. They brag and scold and jibe and weep and groan. So do Theagenes and Chæreas. The latter is advised to forego the sight of his love. " He did not like it, though he did his best; and the tears ran down his cheeks." Whenever this same gentleman meets trouble, he has immediate recourse to suicide, and has to be either cut down or pulled out by some accommodating friend. Hysmine is thrown overboard by pirates, and her lover stands by and sees it done. Clitophon loses Leucippe: " Six months had now passed and the greater part of my grief had disappeared." A little later he is caught by a rival and beaten: " I was much puzzled, having no idea who the man was, nor why he was beating me; but I suspected something was wrong and therefore made no effort to resist, though of course I might have done so. When he was tired of beating and I of philosophizing, I got up and said, 'Who are you anyhow? And what are you beating me for?'" Imagine a hero of Mr. Winston Churchill behaving after this fashion, or even a hero of Scott.

Yet the Greek heroes come out strong at times, with an inconsistency which, if unheroic, is not wholly unhuman. After all his weeping and mourning, Theagenes baits a bull single-handed and has a jollily impossible wrestling-bout with a "bony prizer," whom Orlando would have hesitated to face. Chæreas, shaking off his suicidal melancholia, regains his bride by leading a rebel army, besieging cities, and smashing the navy of Persia. Above all, the most striking merit of these romantic lovers is their constancy, which a modern novelist would naturally assume, but would hardly portray in such vivid fashion. Every one of them sticks to his love, in spite of the most enticing and fascinating blandishments, and even of stripes and torture. This trait is easy to ridicule; but it is really most significant. In the first place, it confirms our suspicion that these stories were largely written for women. And even more than that, it seems oddly out of keeping with our usual ideas of pagan morality.

The heroines are worth constancy, however; and in making them distinctly superior to their lovers, the Greek novelists have Shakespeare, at any rate, if not human nature, on their side. Chariclea, Anthia, and Callirrhoe are far more than beautiful, they are truly charming: simple, tender, affectionate, brave, self-forgetful. They will lie occasionally, for the good of the cause. What Greek would not? But otherwise they are quite fault-

less, and not offensively so. For spirit can you beat Chariclea, shooting arrow after arrow, like Artemis, or a Harding Davis girl with a revolver, at the pirates who are fighting for the possession of herself and her lover? And for tenderness, how about Anthia, who implores Abrocomas to save them both from cruel persecution by accepting the hand of the pirate's daughter? "I know you love me more than the whole world; but I beseech you, O sovereign of my soul, not to destroy yourself by braving the wrath of the barbarian. Yield to the tyrant's desire, and I will not come between you, but will kill myself. Only, I beg of you, bury me, and love me a little, and do not forget Anthia."

The most curious difference between these ancient heroines and their modern successors is that Callirrhoe and Anthia, at least, are married when the story begins. Therefore, instead of the old business of the lover seeking his beloved, we have husband and wife, separated, and faithful, and longing for each other unspeakably, and reunited at last. And that seems to give a different and peculiar charm and tender piquancy, which makes one wonder that modern novelists have not been tempted oftener by the theme. Callirrhoe, sold into slavery and about to become a mother, hesitates between death and second marriage, but finally decides on the latter alternative, as the only means of saving her child. Her prayer to Aphrodite seems to me singularly touching in its absolute simplicity: "'I beseech thee, sweet lady, be kinder to me in the future. I have suffered enough. I have died and come to life again. I have been afflicted by pirates and more afflicted in escaping from them. And now I have been sold into slavery, and am to enter upon a second marriage which is to me the worst evil of all. Yet, in return for this, I ask only one favor of thee, and through thee, of all the other gods: spare my child.' She would have said more, but her tears would not permit."

Other characters besides the heroes and heroines there are in the Greek novels practically none; shadows, puppets, figures of circumstance, playing their part in the action, — nothing more.

Likewise there is little local color: no description of frocks or furniture or back-alleys or afternoon-teas, such as French realists would revel in and German doctors gloat over. Heliodorus hangs up his narrative for the space of a book to tell us about some tedious Egyptian ceremonial; but he does it awkwardly, and hurries back as soon as possible to the rushing stream of adventure which is his proper business.

Ah, the adventure! For quantity nobody has piled it up before or since like these Greeks. The editor of a popular magazine for young people is reported to have said to the late Elijah Kellogg, "Why don't you write more for us?" And Kellogg answered, "It's too wasteful: you want incident enough in one short story to last me through six volumes." But the most popular editor would be satisfied here. With a little good-will you may find everything that has been invented and reinvented by all the novelists of yesterday and to-day. Read the opening of *Theagenes and Chariclea*. It might have served as well for G. P. R. James. "The morn was just breaking and the sunlight had tipped the mountain-tops, when a band of armed robbers paused upon the summit of a hill which overlooks one of the branches of the Nile delta. First their glances swept the sea, but in the piratical line there was nothing doing. Then they gazed along the coast, and this is what they saw."

Long ago it was pointed out that Juliet's drinking the potion and awaking in the tomb had been anticipated by Anthia, the heroine of Xenophon of Ephesus, who in his turn probably borrowed from some one else. So the marriage of Chæreas and Callirrhoe reconciles two houses who have been in bitter feud. And again Chæreas is driven mad with jealousy by Callirrhoe's maid who personates her mistress, as in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

These are mere trifles, however, in the furious tide of incident, which sweeps the reader along from one breathless page to another. Earthquakes and cataclysms, perils by sea, perils by land, murder, threat of murder, and thrilling rescue from murder, separations and recognitions, ordeals by fire and water, strawberry marks on the left arm — nothing is wanting. Anthia is twice buried alive, the second time with two starved dogs for company; but she escapes, — don't you wonder how? Chariclea is to be burned alive, but the flames will not touch her. Abrocomas is crucified; but a fierce wind blows him, cross and all, into the river. He is fished out again, and a fire is kindled around him; but the river rises and extinguishes the blaze. Leucippe has her entrails torn open before her lover's eyes; but she reappears, cheerful as ever. Later her head is cut off, also in her lover's sight; but, like the heroine of Sidney's *Arcadia*, after a similar experience, she reappears again. "O Leucippe, Leucippe," cries the lover, not unnaturally somewhat discouraged, "you have died on me so very, very often!" It reminds one of the Irish maid who exclaimed, on occasion of her mistress's third widowhood, "That poor lady's husband has died again."

Then there are the pirates: other diversions may fail, but the pirates are with us always. You may know them by their terrible aspect, and especially by their long hair. If Mr. Howard Pylè would only draw a few, with haggard eyes, and spots of gore, and always with that long hair! I commend this remark of Heliodorus to Mr. Pyle's particular attention: "These fellows do everything they can to appear blood-curdling. Above all, they grow their hair down over their eyes and on to their shoulders, knowing well that long hair makes lovers more lovely, but pirates more awful." Such a gorgeous fight as begins *Theagenes and Chariclea*, when the pirates divide into two parties and kill each other, every last man, while the hero and heroine take a hand at convenient intervals, and otherwise placidly await the result. Chassang complains that these are not real pirates, but the comic-opera variety. Bless his professorial heart! Does he suppose the readers of these stories wanted real pirates? "That were enough to hang us all, every mother's son." They must roar, but they must roar gently as any sucking dove, so as not to affright the duchess and the ladies.

All this is, of course, very primitive, very crude, inartistic, and overloaded. Yet sometimes it moves you. "So long as the human nerves are what they are, so long will things like the sounding of the horn, in the famous fifth act of *Hernani*, produce a thrill in us," says Matthew Arnold. I was glad myself that Leucippe came to life again. So with the repetition of the same incidents. The German critics complain bitterly of this, though how could it have been helped, when the first writer had used everything that exists in nature? But the point is that readers like what they know; witness the extraordinary limitation of our modern historical novels to the Stuarts and Valois. Sarcey's two rules apply to novels as to lecturing: be sure you make your material your own, and never tell your audience anything they did not know before. Again, Rohde grumbles because all these adventures are external, no psychology, no inward analysis at all. But inward analysis was not what readers wanted — or want to-day. To simple minds, violent incidents are the natural stuff of fiction. To simple minds, earthquake, shipwreck, pirates, lust, and bloody murder, are beautifully simple; what is complex and laborious and subtly difficult is the adventures of the soul. And he who cannot render his mind simple, for a few hours at least, is not to be envied, but pitied.

But it is their possible reality which most of all distinguishes the adventures of the Greek novels from the modern. Our pirates exist only in the hirsute and rubicund imagination of Mr. Howard Pyle. But to the Greek lady a pirate was

a splendid actual shudder, who might at any moment tear her away and put her through all the torments endured by Chariclea or Callirrhoe. To understand how literal these violent incidents were, we have only to turn from popular fiction to the real experience of Saint Paul, in a period very little earlier than that of our romances: "Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a day and a night have I been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren." It would be difficult to make a more concise catalogue of the adventures by which the luckless Greek novelists excite the wrath of the learned Rohde.

There is so little mystery left in the world nowadays, that we do not understand what the word meant two thousand years ago. Now the unknown is only a spot about the poles,[1] and perhaps a bit of Asia or Africa, even that tramped over by presidents with caravans and cameras. Then it was all unknown. What strange surprises, what sudden thrills, what wonders, what miracles, awaited the imagination as soon as it strayed from the accustomed nook! And as with the material world, so with the spiritual. Nothing of the dry certainty of modern thought, indifferent to the casual interplay of winds and tides, measuring, weighing, balancing even the brute forces that overwhelm it. With those old people there was always the sense of the unseen, of dim powers, of hidden personalities, some loving, some hating, some mocking, all to be courted and appeased. The presence of these things is constantly felt in the Greek novels; and while it is, doubtless, in part, as scornful critics suggest, rhetorical and literary, it also unquestionably reaches down into genuine depths of spiritual disturbance and dismay. The long picturesque narrative of Apuleius is a mine of supernatural matter: witchcraft, spells, transformations, oracles, and dreams. Dreams especially are the stock in trade of the Greek romancers; young and old hearken after them as eagerly as Hebrew prophets. And omens, and oracles, — now and then there is a skeptical jibe, but the usual tone is to interpret and believe.

And the land which above all others abounds in such things is the paradise of all the novelists, Egypt. They may start their characters in Greece, or Sicily, or Syria; but somehow or other Egypt always gets hold of them at last. "Tell a story about Egypt and all Greece is agog at once," says Heliodorus. Obviously because of the contrast. Greece was clear, bright-eyed, simple, living in the present. Egypt was always dreaming of the past, and forgotten glory, and the dead. It is properly in Egypt that this same Heliodorus lays the grimmest of all his inventions, that of the old woman calling her dead son to life by incantations, that he may tell her of his brother's fate. Heine, as quick as any one who ever lived to seize these contradictions, has set Greece and Egypt over against each other in his discussion of Shakespeare's Cleopatra. "You know Egypt, that mysterious Mizraim, that narrow Nile valley, which looks like a coffin. In the tall bulrushes lurks the crocodile, or the outcast child of revelation. Rock temples, with colossal pillars, and sacred monsters leaning against them, high-colored hideously. In the portal nods a priest of Isis, his cap all hieroglyphs. In lofty villas, mummies dream away the world, screened by their gold shrouds from the swarming armies of corruption. Like dumb thoughts rise the thin obelisks and the fat pyramids. In the background soar the moon mountains of Æthiopia, hiding forever the sources of the Nile. Everywhere death, stone, and mystery. And over this land the lovely Greek, Cleopatra, is queen."

Yet superstition and religion are never far apart. And the spiritual attitude of the Greek heroes and heroines is not

[1] Too many cooks have spoiled even this broth now — October 28.

wholly abject, but sometimes has a very pure and tender charm. It has been urged, indeed, and with some reason, that their prayers are too often addressed to Chance, Tyche: in Malvolio's phrase, "Fortune, all is Fortune." But even the austere Æschylus acknowledges the same wayward deity, "Fortune, our saviour." Souls naturally devout may revere the spiritual reality under very different names, and the prayers of Chariclea and Callirrhoe have genuine fervor, though offered to gods who do not seem to us very godlike.

It is with morals as with religion. I have been surprised to find in these stories, or some of them, a tone quite different from what one might expect. To be sure, they did not satisfy the Christians, who endeavored to meet the inborn craving for romance with fiction of their own, creating endless legends of the saints, such as the tale of Cyprian and Justina, which gave a foundation to Calderon's *Wonder-Working Magician*, or that of Saint Thais the penitent, which has made its way into modern novel and opera. The morals of Greek romance are not in every way our morals, especially in the light regard for truth which I have already spoken of as troubling us in otherwise most charming heroines. Nevertheless, there is a singular sweetness of tone, a kindliness, an element of human sympathy; there is a high estimate of virtue and goodness, even where they are not habitually practiced; most remarkable of all, there is an entire seriousness in the treatment of moral questions, an almost naïve sincerity; nothing whatsoever, absolutely nothing, of the leer of Ariosto and Boccaccio, or even of the riotous coarseness of Chaucer and Rabelais. This delicacy of tone is perhaps the most peculiar thing about the Greek novels, and is especially what convinces me that they must have been written for women.

There is a difference, however, and the novels may be divided quite sharply into two groups. Heliodorus, Xenophon, and Chariton deserve the compliments I have just been paying them. They evidently write with a moral instinct, though there are trifling inconsistencies of detail. Artistically, also, they stand together. Their object is to tell a story that shall thrill and stir and startle. Heliodorus does it with a better grace, the others with more naturalness. But none of the three cares for much besides adventure, incident, sentiment, and virtue properly rewarded.

The other group, consisting of Longus and Tatius, is more exceptionable from a moral point of view, but as literature much more interesting. Tatius's morals are hardly suited for discussion, though even with him there is no cynicism, merely an attitude totally different from ours. But as a writer he is of distinct importance, a true lover of words, and a consummate master of them.

Even more important is Longus, with his *Daphnis and Chloe*, and here we have the only one of these Greek stories that really deserves very serious consideration as matter of art. The moral difficulty, does, indeed, again confront us. But on rereading the book, I feel more than ever that there is neither impurity nor corruption, simply Greek nudity, a nudity not possible in modern English, but in no way ugly or offensive with the ugliness and offensiveness of many French plays and novels.

The little romance is really a poem, the last flowering of old Greek beauty, the last relic of that pastoral grace which holds us enthralled in the pages of Theocritus. Even as a story it is on a different plane from Heliodorus and the rest. There is the same use of incident, pirates, etc.; but the strange happenings have more of divine fitness and poetic beauty: as when Chloe, by merely playing on the pipe of Pan, makes all the stolen herd crowd to the side of the pirate ship, overturn it, and swim safe to shore with the triumphant Daphnis.

And the magic of the style is much greater than that of the story. Rhetoric, say the critics, and contrast the sweet *naïveté* of the old French translation by

Amyot. No one need deny the merits of Amyot, nor maintain that the original is naïve in exactly Amyot's fashion. He wrote at the beginning of a literature, Longus at the end. But a great writer is a great writer always. The simplicity of *Hermann und Dorothea* is a conscious simplicity. The simplicity of Wordsworth is a conscious simplicity. What can be more exquisite than the simplicity of M. Anatole France? Yet we know that it is the studied result of the most subtle literary art. So Longus was cunning in every resource of rhythm and diction, but he used these resources with taste and skill and delicacy to produce something very near a masterpiece.

At any rate, this was the opinion of Goethe. "The whole work," he said to Eckermann, "shows art and refined cultivation of the highest order, . . . a taste, a sense of perfection, a delicacy of sentiment comparable to the very best. . . . One would do well to reread it every year to renew the impression in all its freshness." What charmed Goethe most was, of course, the pastoral grace of the story, its exquisitely pure and simple lines. "The landscape," he cried, "the landscape. It is sketched with a few strokes . . . so that behind the figures we see clearly the meadows, the river, the low woods, and far away the infinite sea. No trace of gloom, or clouds, or raw, dank mist; always a sky of purest blue, an air deliciously soft, and the earth so dry and sweet that you could lie on it all day without a garment."

Precisely this purity of outline makes Longus difficult to translate, and without the gift of Amyot, perhaps it is rash to attempt such a thing; yet we must have one passage, at least. Chloe, hardly more than a child, is touched by love for Daphnis and does not understand it. "'I am ill at ease,' she said; 'yet I know not what ails me. I suffer, but no cause of suffering appears. I am troubled, yet no one of my lambs has gone astray. . . . How many thorns have pricked me and I have not wept. How many bees have stung me, yet I have eaten gaily afterwards. But this bites my heart more cruelly than thorns or bees. Daphnis is fair. So are the flowers. His pipe sounds sweetly. So do the nightingales. But neither nightingales nor flowers are anything to me. Would I were a pipe, that he might breathe upon me. Would I were a lamb that he might shepherd me. . . . I am perishing, sweet nymphs, and not even you will save the maiden you have reared. Who will honor you, when I have gone away? Who will feed my wretched lambs? Who will tend my babbling cicada? Him I captured with much toil, that he might sing me to sleep sitting in the shadow of your cave. Now I lie awake for Daphnis, and the poor captive babbles in vain.'"

But it should be read in the original, not in my translation, nor even in Amyot's. So only can one get the charm of it, that Greek something which is lost now, and which neither the mystery of the Middle Age, nor the splendor of the Renaissance, nor the human sympathy of the nineteenth century can quite replace; that something which Goethe meant when he said, "The art of all other times and nations requires some allowance; to the Greeks alone are we always debtor." No one has more delicately analyzed this charm of Greek life and work than Sainte-Beuve, in his delightful essay on Theocritus, from which I have already quoted. In a few words of translation and comment he sums up the whole matter: "'Thus let me sit and sing, having thee in my arms, beholding our two herds mingled together and far below us the Sicilian sea.' That is what I call the Raphael in Theocritus: three simple lines, and the blue horizon crowning all."

OGRIN THE HERMIT

BY EDITH WHARTON

Vous qui nous jugez, savez-vous quel boivre nous avons bu sur la mer ?

Ogrin the Hermit in old age set forth
This tale to them that sought him in the extreme
Ancient grey wood where he and silence housed :

Long years ago, when yet my sight was keen,
My hearing knew the word of wind in bough,
And all the low fore-runners of the storm,
There reached me, where I sat beneath my thatch,
A crash as of tracked quarry in the brake,
And storm-flecked, fugitive, with straining breasts
And backward eyes and hands inseparable,
Tristan and Iseult, swooning at my feet,
Sought hiding from their hunters. Here they lay.

For pity of their great extremity,
Their sin abhorring, yet not them with it,
I nourished, hid, and suffered them to build
Their branchèd hut in sight of this grey cross,
That haply, falling on their guilty sleep,
Its shadow should part them like the blade of God,
And they should shudder at each other's eyes.

So dwelt they in this solitude with me,
And daily, Tristan forth upon the chase,
The tender Iseult sought my door and heard
The words of holiness. Abashed she heard,
Like one in wisdom nurtured from a child,
Yet in whose ears an alien language dwells
Of some far country whence the traveller brings
Magical treasure, and still images
Of gods forgotten, and the scent of groves
That sleep by painted rivers. As I have seen
Oft-times returning pilgrims with the spell

Of these lost lands upon their lids, she moved
Among familiar truths, accustomed sights,
As she to them were strange, not they to her.
And often, reasoning with her, have I felt
Some ancient lore was in her, dimly drawn
From springs of life beyond the four-fold stream
That makes a silver pale to Paradise;
For she was calm as some forsaken god
Who knows not that his power is passed from him,
But sees with trancèd eyes rich pilgrim-trains
In sands the desert blows about his feet.

Abhorring first, I heard her; yet her speech
Warred not with pity, or the contrite heart,
Or hatred of things evil: rather seemed
The utterance of some world where these are not,
And the heart lives in heathen innocence
With earth's innocuous creatures. For she said:
"Love is not, as the shallow adage goes,
A witch's filter, brewed to trick the blood.
The cup we drank of on the flying deck
Was the blue vault of air, the round world's lip,
Brimmed with life's hydromel, and pressed to ours
By myriad hands of wind and sun and sea.
For these are all the cup-bearers of youth,
That bend above it at the board of life,
Solicitous accomplices: there's not
A leaf on bough, a foam-flash on the wave,
So brief and glancing but it serves them too;
No scent the pale rose spends upon the night,
Nor sky-lark's rapture trusted to the blue,
But these, from the remotest tides of air
Brought in mysterious salvage, breathe and sing
In lovers' lips and eyes; and two that drink
Thus onely of the strange commingled cup
Of mortal fortune shall into their blood
Take magic gifts. Upon each others' hearts
They shall surprise the heart-beat of the world,
And feel a sense of life in things inert;
For as love's touch upon the yielded body
Is a diviner's wand, and where it falls

A hidden treasure trembles: so their eyes,
Falling upon the world of clod and brute,
And cold hearts plotting evil, shall discern
The inextinguishable flame of life
That girdles the remotest frame of things
With influences older than the stars."

So spake Iseult; and thus her passion found
Far-flying words, like birds against the sunset
That look on lands we see not. Yet I know
It was not any argument she found,
But that she was, the colour that life took
About her, that thus reasoned in her stead,
Making her like a lifted lantern borne
Through midnight thickets, where the flitting ray
Momently from inscrutable darkness draws
A myriad-veinèd branch, and its shy nest
Quivering with startled life: so moved Iseult.
And all about her this deep solitude
Stirred with responsive motions. Oft I knelt
In night-long vigil while the lovers slept
Under their outlawed thatch, and with long prayers
Sought to disarm the indignant heavens; but lo,
Thus kneeling in the intertidal hour
'T wixt dark and dawning, have mine eyes beheld
How the old gods that hide in these hoar woods,
And were to me but shapings of the air,
And flit and murmur of the breathing trees,
Or slant of moon on pools — how these stole forth,
Grown living presences, yet not of bale,
But innocent-eyed as fawns that come to drink,
Thronging the threshold where the lovers lay,
In service of the great god housed within
Who hides in his breast, beneath his mighty plumes,
The purposes and penalties of life.
Or in yet deeper hours, when all was still,
And the hushed air bowed over them alone,
Such music of the heart as lovers hear,
When close as lips lean, lean the thoughts between —
When the cold world, no more a lonely orb
Circling the unimagined track of Time,

Is like a beating heart within their hands,
A numb bird that they warm, and feel its wings —
Such music have I heard; and through the prayers
Wherewith I sought to shackle their desires,
And bring them humbled to the feet of God,
Caught the loud quiring of the fruitful year,
The leap of springs, the throb of loosened earth,
And the sound of all the streams that seek the sea.

So fell it, that when pity moved their hearts,
And those high lovers, one unto the end,
Bowed to the sundering will, and each his way
Went through a world that could not make them twain,
Knowing that a great vision, passing by,
Had swept mine eye-lids with its fringe of fire,
I, with the wonder of it on my head,
And with the silence of it in my heart,
Forth to Tintagel went by secret ways,
A long lone journey; and from them that loose
Their spicèd bales upon the wharves, and shake
Strange silks to the sun, or covertly unbosom
Rich hoard of pearls and amber, or let drip
Through swarthy fingers links of sinuous gold,
Chose their most delicate treasures. Though I knew
No touch more silken than this knotted gown,
My hands, grown tender with the sense of her,
Discerned the airiest tissues, light to cling
As shower-loosed petals, veils like meadow-smoke,
Fur soft as snow, amber like sun congealed,
Pearls pink as may-buds in an orb of dew;
And laden with these wonders, that to her
Were natural as the vesture of a flower,
Fared home to lay my booty at her feet.

And she, consenting, nor with useless words
Proving my purpose, robed herself therein
To meet her lawful lord; but while she thus
Prisoned the wandering glory of her hair,
Dimmed her bright breast with jewels, and subdued
Her light to those dull splendours, well she knew
The lord that I adorned her thus to meet

Was not Tintagel's shadowy King, but he,
That other lord beneath whose plumy feet
The currents of the seas of life run gold
As from eternal sunrise; well she knew
That when I laid my hands upon her head,
Saying, "Fare forth forgiven," the words I spoke
Were the breathings of his pity, who beholds
How, swept on his inexorable wings
Too far beyond the planetary fires
On the last coasts of darkness, plunged too deep
In light ineffable, the heart amazed
Swoons of its glory, and dropping back to earth
Craves the dim shelter of familiar sounds,
The rain on the roof, the noise of flocks that pass,
And the slow world waking to its daily round. . . .

And thus, as one who speeds a banished queen,
I set her on my mule, and hung about
With royal ornament she went her way;
For meet it was that this great Queen should pass
Crowned and forgiven from the face of Love.

THE LOST ART OF AMBLING

BY HOLBROOK WHITE

THE word *preamble* might as well be omitted from the dictionary. Words must not loiter about, cumbering the language, when that which they stand for has become obsolete. Too many new recruits stand waiting for a place in the ranks. And we no longer indulge in ambles. The race of amblers is as undeniably extinct as the mound-builders. An ingenuous youth, like him of Oxford who queried "What *are* Keats?" might reasonably suppose the Preamblers to have been cousins-german of the Pre-Adamites.

Yet ambling was once considered an exceeding pleasant mode of progression, and the preamble a sensible way of making ready, getting in tune, for an excursion in any direction whatsoever. There was a time when a prologue was quite an essential part of the performance, on the opening night of a play. Garrick came down to the footlights to pronounce serious lines written, perhaps, by Johnson, for the occasion; or Peg Woffington or Mrs. Abington tripped from behind the scenes to recite, with smiles and curtsies, a witty prelude by a Restoration dramatist.

Once, too, it was considered eminently fitting that an author provide a preface

for his book, setting forth the reason of his sally into print, the direction in which he was going, and the way he proposed to manage the expedition. What with dedicatory epistles, apologies, and introductions of all sorts, the preliminary exercises wellnigh equaled in length the subject-matter that followed. As an old essayist once candidly admitted to his readers, they were kept standing a long time in the porch.

Even in works of fiction, a preface stood to introduce the tale. Scott furnished his novels with whole chapters in which one is conducted slowly to the story by such voluble gentlemen-ushers as Captain Clutterbuck and Jedediah Cleishbotham. On the way one learns a little about the story-in-waiting, and a good deal concerning the Captain's *penchant* for Gothic arches, and the worthy Jedediah's responsible position in the renowned town of Gandercleugh. But who ever wished the way shorter or the guides dumb?

Preluding remarks are no longer in order. Were Garrick himself to revisit the stare of the footlights, his prologue would languish unheard; for we do not arrive at the play until sometime during the first act. Stories are expected to plunge *in medias res*, shallow or deep, as the case may be, without hesitation. The solitary horseman who used to take his way, in the first chapter, through the landscape illumined by the rays of a setting sun, proceeded at so slow a pace along the winding road, that we became tolerably well acquainted with him by the time he reined in his steed at the castle gate. We could greet him, as free from embarrassment as the servant who answered his summons.

But now, our stories begin somewhat in this wise: "She looked at him with a radiant smile that led him to believe he had found a clue to the mystery."

Such a lack of ceremony is perturbing to any one naturally diffident. One feels as if a lasso had suddenly coiled about one's neck, slung from the hand of a galloping horseman rods away. One can but gasp — and run — urged forward by the jerks of that speed-compeller.

A good deal of the "reviewing" that attends this seven-league-booted fiction keeps pace with it. Judgments are meted out with the rapidity and vehemence of a Gatling gun, if not with its capacity for sure aim, or the effectiveness of its missiles. "A gripping story of tremendous power." "The greatest novel of the year." "The most remarkable work of the age." Met in every direction by these "criticisms," we cannot but reflect regretfully on the caution — and the temper — of those three early critics in the land of Uz, who, when they came into the presence of their "subject," sat down upon the ground seven days and nights and spake not a word. We need a few reviewers like Zophar the Naamathite, with his curt remonstrance, "Should a man full of talk be justified?"

There used to be a fine saying, extremely popular as a theme for Commencement eloquence, "Italy lies over the Alps." Some of those who wrote dissertations on the subject, strewn with metaphors as Vallombrosan brooks with leaves, afterwards sought a real Italy, over real Alps, remembering, with a smile and a sigh, their youthful effusions. It was all there, — just as they had described it: the dolorous passes, the bleak heights, the threatening precipices, the stress, the danger. But they discovered the enthralling interest of that august mountain wall, and were astonished to find that Italy, smiling at the foot of those southern slopes, lost something of the glamour it had worn as the end of pilgrimage, and one's heart remained in the highlands, that Via Mala which had been the barrier to the goal.

Italy still lies on the other side of the Alps. But the way to it, for eager tourists, is through the mountains, not over them. One does not "seek Italy." One emerges upon Italy from the mouth of a black, smoke - and - cinder - pervaded tunnel. Likewise the young traveler of the essays, who was described as seeking the goal of

his endeavors over heights appalling and through gorges fearsome, may now, light of heart, avail himself of the "short cut." The short cut is convenient, and convenience is a quality not lightly to be esteemed — but it is not usually picturesque. We feel no lively admiration for a vessel that slides toward its destination over the flat, safe water of a canal, though the canal itself be a marvel of engineering skill; but let that same vessel undertake the voyage through the boisterous waters that welter about Cape Horn, and we follow the story of its passage with thrills and shivers, and greet with cheers the record of its entry into the desired haven.

Moreover, the tolls collected on these short cuts are oftentimes astonishingly large. Some one must pay for the bridge that has been built, for the scooping out of the canal, for the cutting of the tunnel; and each passer-over is called upon, first or last, for a contribution. The greater the difficulties that have been overcome in the construction, so much the heavier the toll. Just as inevitably are contributions levied on those who choose to go "across lots" to success in any direction. They pay toll.

One encounters on every side solicitations to enter upon one or another of these short routes; solicitations advanced in the spirit of the old Sunday-School refrain, "Dare to be a Daniel!"

Learn to be a diplomatist. Statecraft taught by mail. Success guaranteed.

A boy who has set his face resolutely toward commercial enterprise or mechanical devising, thinks he cannot stop to sing of *arma virumque*, or to learn that *sunt lachrimæ rerum*. He asks that the schools, instead of delaying him in his start into business, shall assist him in that very starting. Hence the sound of the clicking of typewriters, and the buzz of revolving wheels, in rooms once dedicated to the cadences of hexameters. Hence, perhaps, also, the failure of that lad, by and by, to grasp some of the finer meanings in lessons set him by the world, his master, and his pitiful inability to discern, and to share in,

The sense of tears in mortal things.

He will not be the one to respond quickly to the "note" sounded by those soldiers of Cromwell who, on the gray morning of conflict, halted in the cold and the mist to pray and sing psalms to the Lord of Battles. The cry of his hero will be, "Up, guards, and at them!"

It is true the world's business seems to require haste. With specialists burrowing through the mountain of facts like steam-drills, it takes a youth with a far-seeing steadfastness, akin to genius, to take up his way over the mountain, in order that he may have clear air and wide prospects, and dream dreams under the stars. Specialists are, doubtless, they who shall inherit the earth. The "meek" will have to make shift as residuary legatees. And since for each generation of specialists there is a lengthening road to be run over before the standpoint of the former generation is reached, it will soon be necessary, in the nature of things, for a specialist to start on his career in the cradle.

Something of the kind is already provided for. A kindergartner is taught to distinguish the colors and forms of birds, butterflies, and various other things. As a primary scholar he must name these various things. In the next room he draws them; a little later he collects them; and by the time he graduates from the schools he may be a full-fledged naturalist. Technical high schools are being established through the breadth of the land. Some of our cities are even trying the experiment of allowing a boy to spend alternate weeks in the school and in a specified factory. From the time the specialist has decided "not to live but know," his line of way is about as straight, and as narrow, and as vacant of romance, as the towing-path of a canal. To urge forward that reluctant horse, to keep his own feet in that narrow path, until nightfall, is what life means to him. Of distant prospects, of humble interests

near at hand, of what Stevenson calls "the human scenery" along his route, he must be unregardful. He reminds one of those contemporaries of the letter-writer, James Howell, who provoked the genial old gossip into saying of them, "they travel much, but see little, like Jonah in the whale."

With such competitors in the field, it is not surprising that most young people scorn the leisurely spirit hinted at in Lamb's remark: "Mushrooms scramble up in a night, diamonds lie a long time ripening." Indeed, the account given, in a recent magazine, of examination-papers submitted at a certain government test, does not encourage the belief that diamonds lie "ripening" in large quantities in the training schools. When a student, after a four years' course at one of these technical institutions, has become convinced that, "Alexander the Great was a Roman general who conquered Gaul and Palestine," that the Ganges is in South America; and, when he is asked the cause of the Civil War, gives his opinion that "slavery was the main aggitation. So Carolina done most of the disputting and finely ceceeded," we may, not unfairly, judge his education to be a "scrambling up."

Whether Alexander the Great was a Roman conquering Palestine, or an early Briton campaigning in China, may seem an entirely irrelevant question; whether Carolina decided " to ceceed or not to ceceed," may appear a small matter to a scurrying student in the twentieth century. Perhaps they are small matters, but the pity of it is that he is content to think so. He is paying toll, without being aware of it. When a government official decides that because of this disregard of small matters the boy is not the one to attend to the coveted greater matters at West Point, then he feelingly pays toll.

As long ago as Swift was recording the foibles that his keen eyes were noting in those about him, he wrote, " Because to enter the palace of learning at the great gate requires an expense of time and forms, therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back door." The much haste and little ceremony are familiar enough now-a-days. We are accustomed to little else. In our frequenting of public edifices we are pretty sure to seek the door in the basement from which an elevator ascends, in preference to climbing the flight of steps toward the great hall where the architectural effects, so carefully planned, open out to the sight. It is considered a mere waste of time and breath (as a people we are scant o' breath) to toil up the long way. Moreover the " great gate " is apt to make us look — and feel — small. The postern gate is nearer the measure of a man. Perhaps it is this " feeling small," as much as the lack of leisure or shortness of breath, that causes the reluctance of some to climb to the great gate of which Swift speaks. Humility is a difficult virtue to " assume." When creation widens on the view, and one begins to feel like an ant setting out to explore a Californian giant sequoia, one wishes that he had undertaken something better proportioned to his size, — like a mullein-stalk.

As I listened, half consciously, the other day, to the tuning of the stringed instruments in a great orchestra, previous to the concert, I fell to thinking how much depended upon that teasing prelude. Not one of the players would so much as think of joining in the great symphony on the programme until he was sure that his violin, or 'cello, or harp, was tuned to the pitch, absolutely right. And when the grand chords of Beethoven filled the hall, we were all minded how beautiful a thing is the harmony of instruments in accord. Yet we seem perversely disposed, in all our undertakings, major and minor, to slur over, or give up altogether, the tuning of the strings. We get our cue, perhaps, from the much-advertised ability of the pianola to " take you at once into the presence of the great masters." A good deal of the sentiment we unroll, not a little of the emotion we put into play,

when brought into touch with the finer issues of life, is pianola emotion. We hasten " into the presence of the masters " when there has been, on our part, no preparatory tuning of the strings. To expect any one to be edified, or in any way stirred, by our interpretations, is to expect him to be warmed by the fire of glow-worms.

The truth is, I take it, that preambling, as a fine art, called for qualities that are alien to the present-day disposition. It was closely allied to that other art, sauntering, which was so fervently preached — and conscientiously practiced — by Thoreau. The milder attributes of his saunterer — his " Holy-Lander " — are what we moderns sadly lack. The zeal and the strenuousness we have no need to pray for. A double portion of that part of the crusading spirit seems to have fallen upon us. We can accomplish a prodigious flourish of the trumpets; we can march up to the walls, and demand surrender with admirable resoluteness; we can fight, if need be, with valor; but we are not conspicuous for the virtues that shine when lances are at rest and trumpets are silenced.

A little wayside chapel that stands in the English village of Houghton-in-the-Dale, a mile or more from the ruins of Walsingham Abbey, remembers in its name a custom of the old pilgrimages. It is still called the Shoe-House, because here, tradition has it, the pilgrims bound to the shrine of Our Lady put off their shoes, to walk the remaining way barefoot. A toilsome march they found it, in all likelihood, but it was the only way to reach the ear of the miracle-working Madonna. Whoever was found unwilling to humble himself so far was judged unworthy to ask favor at her altar. Would that something of the patience, the reverence, the humility, which that little chapel commemorates, could be bestowed upon the hurrying crowds bent upon reaching the temples which contain the objects of their adoration. How " this visible scene of things " would gain in impressiveness if the devotees of those temples would approach in seemly delay, to the halting music of a Song of Degrees.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE BELOVED CONSERVATIVE

EVERY child, declares Gilbert's rhyme,

> That 's born into this world alive,
> Is either a little Liberal,
> Or else a little Conservative.

J. O. H. was of the latter persuasion, even when being wheeled in a go-cart about the " Washington Square " of the small city of her birth. She was a conservative element in Miss Wicks's School for Very Young Ladies. Even then she had a kindness in her heart for society as it is, and viewed it by the pleasant light of a shaded lamp. Fate intended her to correct my radicalisms — a happy fate kept her in store to be the comrade of my early-middle years. It was foreordained that we should beguile the long windy autumn evenings of our mountain home with discussion and argument rather than with piquet and cribbage.

J. O. H. has the brow (and bonnets) of a conservative. The stillness and pleasantness of her look belong to that character, as my uneasy air betrays me for a contentious woman. The hairs of my head are belligerent, and form cowlicks in the midst of a smooth part. These are not to be mistaken for " escaping tendrils," " playful, wayward locks." They are brusque and uncompromising, and seem, as the Psalmist says, " to speak with a stiff neck." Though informed that

they are not becoming, I value these signs of character in my appearance. I am a holder of opinions — one who takes sides. I never use the dodging expression, "I don't know enough about it to judge." I am like my dear Aunt F., who could, and did, fly into a burning indignation over events in Portland and San Francisco. Well I remember the noble passion she displayed over the case of the elderly German who shut his wife up in a bureau drawer. My aunt was peacefully sewing when some one read this item aloud to her from the *Tribune*. She started up, and threw down her work. Her blood boiled, she said. She wished she had been present! *She wished she had been his wife.* Could the victim of the bureau drawer have seen my aunt then, as, pacing up and down our small parlor, she charged an imaginary jury, well might the meek frau have exclaimed, —

"O for a single hour of that Dundee!"

Very different is the beloved conservative. She confides all these affairs to the local authorities. There is nothing pleasing to her in the illusion that she is living next door to the actors in these unquiet scenes, or harboring a reporter on her doorstep. I cannot, at first, always drag her into a controversy. She often incenses me by remarking that "there is probably another side of it." She even interrupts me by introducing some family matters, which naturally are far from my thoughts. Have I called on the Taconic Avenue ladies? Did I remember to leave an order for the stage? What a spoke is this last in my wheel! I *never* remember to leave an order for the stage.

Such checks, however, have no lasting effect on me. Unlike Miss Pross, I begin to exaggerate when *no one contradicts* me. Contradiction is what I want and must have. Eventually I can always provoke the beloved conservative into a mild word or two for the defendant. She is sometimes foolhardy enough to try to season my indignation with some such remark as "Those wrinkles at the top of your nose are getting very deep."

This I regard as beneath my notice. When I become eloquent about the misuse of wealth, she says only that she knows many just and kind rich people in the world, and supposes there are many more whom she does not know. Blacker and blacker I paint the wrongs of my clients. What though I am hurting an unoffending cause by such vivacity of statement? I am not arguing for any cause, but enjoying a glorious sport. I underscore everything I say. Triumphantly I tell of oppression and cunning and fraud. It is an ill wind of man's inhumanity to man that will not blow some good to my argument. I am rejoiced if I can remember another and yet more pitiful tale. If the beloved conservative questions any of my tall statements, I quote a good authority for them. Sometimes, a few moments later, I begin to wonder where I found those statistics. I feel inclined to look up the reference. Strange that I cannot find it! The facts all *ought* to be on my side.

Our discussions do not always arise from timely topics in the papers. They are sometimes artificially introduced. By the kind grace of Heaven, J. O. H. and I disagree on almost every matter of public right and policy. Our views may coincide about mere housekeeping or family matters; but academically we are foes to the knife. Our differences of opinion are so well grounded, and have such a fine vitality, that one or other of us may even say, as we enter after dinner that long room lighted only by the fire, where we spend so much of our cosy solitude, —

"Let's argue this evening."

"Very well — what shall it be about?"

"What do you say to kindergartens?"

"Why, we've had that once this week. Let's take up the automobile."

Automobiles are very promising. They are sufficiently remote to be calmly discussed. If we argue about unions, or strikes, one or both of us may have to read Dr. Syntax "In Search of the Picturesque" before we can sleep.

J. O. H. holds correct conservative

views on property, warships, higher criticism, vegetarianism, education, psychical research, Canon Nineteen, etc. The necessary exception to the rule is in a surprising direction. (I do not refer to her opinion, which agrees with mine, on vivisection. Who but posterity can decide which side of that dark question is truly radical, which truly conservative?) But this gentle, this thoroughly feminine J. O. H. is not an anti-suffragist! Nay: should the gentlemen of her country offer to escort her to the polls, we should promptly behold the beloved conservative tripping forth, in her pretty little shoes, to cast a Republican ballot. She would not willingly set one of those little shoes on Mr. Asquith's geraniums; and yet I think she sometimes ruminates as she pays the taxes on this pleasant house, meadow, and orchard. I have made some deductions from this and other facts. At times I feel convinced that this beloved person is conservative only because she cannot endure any further wear and tear on her sympathies; because the church, the school, the town, the club, the S. P. C. A., her friends, — her letters, — her contrivings and plannings for distant relations, — leave little room on her not too broad shoulders for new burdens. To hear of wrongs she cannot help gives her only an aching pity, not a bracing indignation. Or perhaps, although she has a secret bias toward our camp, she is warned away by my example, and the noble saying of Bishop Wilson: "Intemperance in talk makes a dreadful havoc in the heart."

THE ENCHANTED DUSK

THERE was a bright crescent moon in the west, and the skies were everywhere blue as day. Not a star had as yet pulsed through the sunlight to earth. There was no whisper of air; tall and slender, the young trees were grouped about my cabin, motionless, silent, and the lake lay dead and blue under the blue heavens, with the far half of its surface darkened by the shadows of mountains. A group of late-flying curlews cried to each other, a night-hawk answered; far away the mountain whippoorwill whistled its two final bars over and over again, and in the woods behind my cabin a deep-throated owl hooted once. Then, silence. And after a long interval, while Venus and great Jupiter stepped out from their cerulean veils, and Arcturus throbbed into view, and the dusk gathered in ravines and forests and on the distant slopes, there came, quaveringly, from immeasurable distance, the long, heart-breaking ululation of a wolf.

Lying at half-length in a rope-hammock before my cabin, with the two pines whence I swung nodding to my slight movement, and the others high and still above me, I yielded to the enchantment of the dusk, and the silence, and the melancholy that forever possesses dark wildernesses and frowning hills and forests and hushed lakes. My pipe fell from my hand, and I too grew still and expectant and dreamy, while I waited with Nature. Waited for some miraculous happening, surely, that yet would not appear.

Through all the ages since its fiery birth out of chaos, the world has been waiting, tip-toe, breathless, for this unknown Something, this miracle, this fruition of universal desire. All Nature feels it, thinks it, dreams it, and the essence of the suspense steals over brooding humanity that watches; and so there creeps into the heart of man, by imperceptible impressions, the vague anticipation, and we feel that we are but tarrying in the world, and waiting, — waiting for the miracle. So our dreamers build dreams of the future, and with Tantalus-longing we hope and expect — what, we know not. When some great thing happens as we would desire, or some great soul visibly flames up before us, or some great crisis impends, then for a moment we think this is the predestined. But it passes, and yet we tarry, and yet we anticipate, and in the fervor of our longing we cry for the miracle. And we die, and others take up the vague vigilance. For the instinct is

implanted in us; visibly all Nature waits and wonders, and visibly we, imitative passing thoughts of Nature, wait and wonder with her.

The priests and the seers, the poets and the prophets, have from immemorial times felt this anticipatory vigilance of the hushed dusk, and it has brought strange and exalted thoughts to them, until, rapt out of themselves, thrilling with Nature's expectancy, they have given religious words to the wordless sensation, and have prophesied of the approaching dooms. The fervor and the faith of the coming miracle! All religions throb with it, all dreamers of dreams have interpreted the dumb rapturous ecstasies into mythologic fables and ideal parables, and many of the most exalted have lived their parables and have taught their interpretation of this expectancy of Nature by their very works and lives. Yet the dreamers fade; and the dreams, the fables, are forgotten; and the parables and the holy actions, the works and the religions, like watch-fires, flare and die; yet Nature waits, hushed and attentive, and new souls thrill and stand agog, wide-eyed, for the imminent flash. But there are no new words in the silence, no new marvels in the heavens, no new miracles on the earth. The pebbled globe with its human animalculæ falls through the eternities, and nothing happens. Yet we wait, and hope, and anticipate, watching vigilantly through the moments ere we vanish, and hush our breathing lest the coming Something strike us unaware.

The world is indeed enchanted, and we watchers brood on a Circean island of infinity, with strange gods in our hearts. The fables of fairy and gnome and elf, of wood-haunting dryad and satyr, of star-striding Olympic deities, are more real than the actual atomic globe, with its unguessable forces and riddled laws. This is the true land of Faerie, where the miracles are so many, and so often encountered in our own persons, that long ago we ceased either to marvel or to wonder; and not the pulsing of the sun, nor the growth of a tree, nor the changeful seasons, nor the birth of a child, fills our souls with the least amazement. If, from one of my dusk-pillaring trees, there should step out before me a graceful sylvan deity, I should not start from my hammock. Already I am satiated with miracles. Looking at my feet in the grasses, if I should see a ring of crystal elves dancing about some pygmy Titania, my delight would contain no poison of doubt or wonder. I have gathered flowers ere now, nor been startled by their beauties. I exist, and that is the utmost miracle; gnome or hamadryad are not above Nature's creative power if she can produce man. Anything is possible; the heavens and the earth are enchanted, and dusk is peopled by mysteries, and I only know that I, with all of Nature, am waiting and anticipating, and that ere long something should satisfy this universal longing, — some flashing stroke of supreme felicity or agony or atomic dissolution.

We have but to watch through one twilight to have its essence permeate our souls. Ever after, we are enchanted and see the broad day vaguely mysterious and tinged by the recollected dusk. Passing dreams are our portion until we, too, pass. There are shadows that go before us and that cast over everything we encounter and over every one we meet dim adumbrations of our inward essences, so that we see as through the glass, darkly. It would spell madness if we looked and saw the world as it is, wholly external, surrounding us, pressing close in upon us, but in no way a portion of ourselves; if we clasped hands with our fellows and our families, yet saw them as they truly are, no nearer our own souls than the beings who possibly may inhabit some planet of Arcturus; if we saw ourselves wholly alone, cut off by impassable barriers from all other life, quite as segregated as if we dwelt each on his own asteroid. And so our shadows go before and tinge the world with our own personalities, until we see through charmed dusk our environment. Thus our world is Faerie,

and we live with dreams, while we wait and keep vigilant watches for the coming destiny that will flash down the heavens.

Though, to us, in everything else the swirling universe changes momently, in that one thing we find no change. At twilight life and Nature stop, breathlessly, and look upward to the skies for a moment, and all of creation is struck by a Niobean fear. And then, with the falling of night, there seems to be one long breath drawn, whether of regret or relief, and the winds move again, and thought reënters man's mind, and the essential Pan resumes his wonted motionless content. The agony has not fallen, nor the ecstasy been consummated, nor the dissolution darted through infinitude. And again we prophesy and our dust is blown away. It is all Faerie, and unreality; and the dreams possess us until the twilight falls into darkness, and we with it.

THE OPEN-MINDED BIGOT

A RECENT contributor to this Club has eloquently described the comforts of bigotry, and many who read the arguments against a too hospitable mind will sympathize with the writer's point of view; for, doubtless, we have all tried the experiment of flinging wide the gates of our intelligence, only to admit the disorderly rabble of fads and fancies that come crowding into our minds, jostling the more dignified procession of legitimate ideas and beliefs.

This open-door policy certainly has its perils. During rush hours there is great danger that the more modest and quiet ideas which are seeking admission will be trampled to death by the lawless insurgents behind them. Only yesterday there was a serious casualty at the entrance to the mind of a friend of mine. A quiet, conservative little Dogma was just putting its foot over the threshold, when a horrid rough Heresy seized it by the throat, squeezed the life out of it, flung it away, and strode into my friend's mind, — a squatter sovereign.

It goes without saying that the opposite course has its dangers also. Where there is a Scylla there is also a Charybdis, and the dread alternative of the frying-pan is the fire. So even worse than the wide-open mind is the mind closed and locked, — barricaded with an unassailable conviction. Not all the tools of Modern Science — that miracle-working burglar — can prevail against the bolts and bars of Prejudice.

Is there no alternative between solitary confinement with one's own opinions, and the communistic freedom which finds expression in a placard bearing the wholesale invitation " Free to all "? Can we not leave the doors of our minds a crack open so that we can peek out and exercise a discriminating hospitality? We all like to feel sure of a thing, only we get tired of feeling sure of the same old thing, and so we get wobbly and undecided, and that is worse than being prejudiced.

I have a recipe which, if followed conscientiously, will produce an open-minded bigot; and it will only be necessary to say that my advice is thoroughly immoral to make sure that it will at least be read, if not followed.

It is an excellent bit of mental gymnastics to change your conviction without changing your mind, — like the impersonator who, in the same garb, can become alternately Sarah Bernhardt and Theodore Roosevelt. Assume a conviction if you have it not; or if you have one, discard it and assume a different one. How tiresome is the guest who, when asked by his host with weapons suspended over the chicken, whether he prefers light or dark, weakly replies, " Either." For myself, having really no preference, I deliberately alternate my inclinations. On Monday I say " light," — and there is light, — on Tuesday my vote is definitely cast for chicken of a darker hue. At luncheon I own to a weakness for beef as rare as a day in June; at dinner I promptly reply, " *Well done*, good and faithful servant," when the butler respectfully offers me my choice. So my advice to

those who wish to have convictions and yet keep an open mind is, on the intellectual plane, to go and do likewise.

It is not necessary to be all things to all men, but by being different things to different men at different times, one's mind becomes active even if one's morals get a little torpid. (In these days of specialties you must not expect treatment for your morals when you ask for mind-cure. Go to the heart-specialist around the corner.) According to my eclectic doctrine, you may with one man hold the views of a rank free-trader, and with another you may be a fierce protectionist. You may be by turns a Socialist and a Conservative, an Orthodox Christian and an heretical Hindoo. Who knows that you may not in time win the magic title of Pragmatist, — that name with which we all conjure, but which we cannot understand? In order to know the arguments for so many irreconcilable doctrines you *have to be* open-minded. In order to stand up for your (temporary) conviction against so many cogent reasons you *must be* bigoted. Through constant practice of this intellectual gymnastic exercise you will become supple of spirit and subtle of soul, — a cold adversary, a warm advocate. In short, you will become that delightfully irresponsible anomaly, a mental contortionist, an open-minded bigot.

A TIMID MAN'S COMPLAINT OF BABIES

Although a bachelor, I have no natural antipathy to babies; if I complain of their behavior it is only because I am grieved at the failure of a high ideal. I never could, with Charles Lamb, drink sympathetically to King Herod, nor tell a fluttering young mother that I "liked them best boiled." On the contrary, there was a time when I could read the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* with relish and approval; it pleased my youthful fancy to believe that primeval wisdom still might lie entrenched behind the silent, deep stolidity of babyhood — having nowhere else a refuge upon earth. In those days I thought it a high and holy privilege of infancy to share the secrets of another world. Now I have learned to question whether any one becomes a more agreeable acquaintance from the mere fact of possessing exclusive information, even from a previous existence. Exclusive information always tends to make the possessor arrogant, and in this case the arrogance is heightened by the rare consciousness of being able to keep the secret. Then again, knowledge may be of good, or of evil. The infant comes from heaven "trailing clouds of glory." But so did Lucifer.

Infants of former days, with the joyous innocence of those dark, unhappy ages, may have exulted in the consciousness of immortality. Infants of our day, if it is really the Wordsworthian problem that they ponder, seem rather inclined to ask that essentially modern question: "Is immortality desirable?" Infants I have met have glared at me in a manner to suggest the most baleful possibilities. Even on the Wordsworthian theory there follows no necessary implication that infancy is the happiest and most innocent portion of life. When we have granted that infants come to us direct from heaven, there yet remains the question, "Why do they come?" Were they silly enough to leave celestial blessedness of their own accord, or were they forcibly expelled — doubtless for sufficient reason? Is it a knowledge of Eden they bring into the world, or merely a knowledge of sin?

Parents and poets like to talk of the pretty innocence of childhood, but philosophers know better. Take that stern old bishop of Hippo in Africa, mighty both as saint and sage, who gave to the world his *Confessions* nearly fifteen hundred years ago. For the sins of my infancy, he says, I must grieve not the less in that I do not remember what they were. "Who then remindeth me of the faults of my infancy? Who remindeth me? Doth not each little infant in whom I see what I remember not about myself?" And for infant play-

fulness: "Was it good, then, even for a while, to cry for what if given would hurt? bitterly to resent that persons free, and its elders, yea, even its own parents, obeyed it not? to strive to strike and hurt with all its might because its biddings were not obeyed, which had been obeyed to its peril? In weakness, then, of baby limbs, not in its will, lies its innocence. Myself have seen and known jealousy even in a babe." I have attempted to say something like this to the young mothers who have held up babies for my admiration, but the young mothers never listen.

An infant, I believe, is shrewder than his older brothers and sisters; he employs his wiles and graces in the home circle, and shows his true character only to strangers. Parents and relatives are the last persons in the world to know his true character. They like to feel that they are protecting helpless innocence, and they pride themselves on drawing out the dawning intelligence with their playful endearments. The guileless infant encourages them. They should see how he receives the same playful endearments from persons whom he has no deeply-calculated interest in pleasing. My own experience of infants has been acquired mainly in railway carriages, over the backs of plush-covered seats, when the infant was free from parental supervision. Somebody once told me that infants are the only true judges of character, and I have labored for years to establish my own self-respect by entering into amicable relations with every infant whose attention I could attract. The result has been appalling. Either I have no character, or else those infants, catching me at a disadvantage, have vented on me the concentrated scorn that all infants feel, but are too prudent always to express, against adults in general.

In the days when I still trusted to find an entrance to the infant heart, I thought it a bright idea to carry about in my pockets certain small propitiatory offerings which are currently supposed to find favor in a baby's eyes. I soon discovered that it would be as easy to offer stick candy to Milton's terrible Lucifer as to one of these cold-eyed, bald-headed little mortal "cherubs."

> Darkened so, yet shone
> Above them all the archangel; but his face
> Deep scars of thunder had entrenched, and care
> Sat on his faded cheek.

It is in words such as these that I would like to describe those infants, not with any sentimental chatter of innocence and joy. Infants have looked into me, and through me, and over me, but have seldom smiled either at me or with me. The tiniest insignificant little mite, that seems hardly old enough to keep its eyes open, meets me squarely with a stare that is not insolent only because it is so entirely disdainful. I have nodded, and grimaced, and jingled keys until I was breathless, while some unblinking young Chinese idol would regard my performance with contempt. Then, when I had sunk back in my seat, discouraged and weary, the cold, hard eyes would follow me with a reproof too scornful for words. "You began this nonsense of your own free will, now why stop?" I have felt more abashed before one of these odious little pulpy wretches than Gulliver before the King of Brobdingnag.

Grown people who persist in believing that infancy is the happiest and best portion of life are not only ignorant of facts, but are strangely blind to their own interest. For my part I wish to believe that the happiest portion of my life is before, and not behind me. I confidently hope that my second childhood will be happier than the first, if only because I am determined that it shall be a great deal more humble and generally human. What has infancy to offer like the innocent, shrewd garrulity of Izaak Walton, or the genial, full-ripened philosophy of our own Oliver Wendell Holmes? Old age may have to rely less on memory than on faith for its intimations of immortality, but, for all that, the "last, best days" of a good man move upwards, while the infant keeps its back turned to the higher world.

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